



The Reader's Digest

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The Reader's Digest

An article a day — of enduring significance, in condensed, permanent booklet form

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Should Labor Have Glass Pockets?

By

William Hard

LABOR is not just a national-defense-emergency problem. We can never solve it if we think of it merely in those terms and we can make a lot of hasty bad mistakes by trying to. We have to get down deeper: *labor is the basic problem of the whole modern world, all the time.*

It was labor groups that gave Bolshevism to Russia. It was violent reactions against violent excesses by labor groups that gave Fascism to Italy. It was middle-class groups conducting a semi-civil war against socialist and communist labor groups that helped Hitler to give Nazism to Germany. It was a fanatical fight between labor and antilabor extremists that divided and demoralized France, that led directly to its military downfall and to the antidemocratic government of Marshal Pétain.

The labor movement is the principal social and political dynamite of our times. It begins by blasting

away a part of the control exercised by management over industry. But it goes on to blast away also a part of the control previously exercised by property and money over government. The ensuing struggle for the possession of the government can reach the stage where neither side is satisfied with anything less than complete mastery. The outcome, then, is sole power by one group and finally sole power by one person — and the utter destruction of democracy. The lesson for us is clear:

An irreconcilable and uncompromising political battle between labor groups and antilabor groups is the one sure modern road to totalitarianism.

And what does totalitarianism do to the two contending groups? It deprives labor of all leadership of labor and it deprives management of all control over management. It absorbs both management and labor into itself and into the hands

of its own political gangsters. To put it grossly, since neither side was willing to share the pie, both sides end up with no pie at all.

Most seriously, therefore, and most searchingly, we must ask ourselves: How can we avoid an all-out battle between labor and antilabor in America?

The first answer is that in our attitude we must be less like most of the peoples of the European Continent and more like the "illogical" British. We must learn to "give and take."

For instance, there is no use saying dogmatically: "The closed shop shall be always and everywhere outlawed." The fact is that there are many cases in which the "closed shop" is operating to the thorough satisfaction of all concerned.

And there is no use saying: "The right to strike must never be curtailed." Certain sorts of strikes have long been forbidden in Britain. British labor does not thereupon find itself in servitude. It finds itself, contrariwise, in the government.

We cannot solve this labor problem dogma by dogma. We have to solve it bargain by bargain. I do not shrink from that word bargain. The greatest student of the nature of liberty in the English-speaking world was Edmund Burke, the British defender of the principles of the American Revolution. He dared to say: "All government, indeed every human benefit and enjoyment, every virtue and every pru-

dent act, is founded on compromise and barter."

That is not cynicism. It is the spiritual spring of democracy. It means that you recognize that you are not God, but a man and that the other fellow is probably partly right. We can never solve the labor problem except in that spirit.

We have to realize that the labor movement is part of democracy. It can destroy democracy. It can end in totalitarianism. But it starts in democracy. Here's how:

We give a man *political* democracy. We allow him, through elected representatives, to express himself on police departments, fire departments, roads, schools, and even on tariff duties and the nation's monetary system. Is he not then going to want to express himself, through elected representatives, on wage rates, working hours, seniority systems, apprenticeship systems, speedup systems, production standards, safety appliances? Of course he is.

Having breathed the air of *political* representation, he wants to breathe the air of *economic* representation. Being a *citizen* in the remote matters of the national capital, he wants to be a *citizen* in the immediate matters of the shop in which he works. The democratic process is in his blood. It seeks expression not only in some of his veins but in all of them. He wants to be a *whole* citizen.

It accordingly seems to me plain

silly to talk about the labor movement as if it were created by busybody "organizers" and "leaders." That is the sort of talk the British handed out about Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson and George Washington in 1776. And it is perfectly true that without those men, and their colleagues, who "organized" and "led" the American Revolution that revolution would not have happened or would have failed.

But there are never any leaders till there is something for them to lead. Some of our Revolutionary leaders were patriots; some were scoundrels. Some of our labor leaders today are patriots; some are scoundrels. But they are all leading — or misleading — a democratic impulse which was already there.

We must accept this fact. It is then, and only then, that we are prepared to go on to make the labor movement as good as it ought to be.

So I applaud Senator Bridges of New Hampshire. In the course of introducing his recent bill for the regulation of trade unions he said: "There is no question today about whether we shall or shall not have labor organizations. We have them; and we should have them. There is no question today about whether or not we shall have collective bargaining. We have it; and we should have it. *The question today is what kind of labor organizations we shall have and what kind of collective bargaining we shall have.*"

Wise words, I think. Senator Bridges is not out to fight economic democracy. He is out to make economic democracy work democratically. He proposes that every union shall elect its officers annually by secret ballot. He proposes that every strike shall be preceded by a secret ballot of all members of the union. He proposes that every union shall file with the government its number of members, initiation fees, annual dues, and a clear statement of its financial accounts. He says he wants to "establish democratic standards in the conduct of the affairs of labor organizations."

I do not commit myself to all these things, but it is pertinent to note that our *political* democracy is not left uncontrolled; it is regulated by law. Our primary elections *within* parties, our general elections *between* parties are regulated by law. This was not always so. It is today. Every political campaign committee has to render financial accounts covering all its contributions and expenditures. We know that our political institutions are freer and fairer because they are regulated by public law.

But the unions say they do not need this kind of regulation. They say they are working democratically already. In succeeding articles I am going to report whether they are or not. Every inquiry I am making has just one objective. I want to know in what degree

unions are taking us to a fulfillment of our democracy.

For example, what unions in fact hold frequent free fair elections and conventions? What unions do not? What unions give full financial statements to their members? What unions do not? In what unions are strikes voted by the members? In what unions are they "called" by "leaders"? How prevalent are racketeers in the unions? How prevalent are absolutely honest officials?

There are scores of other items on which the general public should have complete information about the unions. I want to cover the whole ground; but I am going to cover it sympathetically; and I want thereupon to say a word to corporation executives.

Years and years ago the hero of my young manhood, President Theodore Roosevelt, said: "Great corporations exist only because they are created and safeguarded by our institutions. It is therefore our right and duty to see to it that they work in harmony with our institutions."

At that time a famous banker came down to Washington and derided the President for uttering such sentiments and for proposing that corporations should democratically reveal their internal con-

ditions and publish their financial accounts. "The President," he said scornfully, "wants us to go about with glass pockets."

It has taken some 40 years to bring our corporations to a full acknowledgment of the fact that they must indeed go about with glass pockets. It has taken some 40 years to make them realize that not only in their finances but also in their other activities they must, though free, live under the reign of law.

So let them be a little patient now in this matter of the regulation of unions. Let them not try to rush the country into regulation which would mean just kicking the unions about and finally kicking them down and out. Let them remember that when management starts to kick labor about labor starts to kick management about, and the result is a dictator who kicks both of them out.

In the struggle against totalitarianism you cannot save the free business enterprise system without saving the free labor movement. Both come from the same root: democracy and opportunity. Both thrive in the same air: liberty under law. You have to save them together. And you have to do it by "give and take" and in fellowship and with patience.



SIERRY'S, New York sweetshop, has candy glue on the flaps of the return envelopes sent customers with their monthly bills. Tastes good when you lick it.

— Alice Hughes in *N. Y. Post*

Bring Our Youngsters into the Community!

By

Stuart Chase

I WANT to tell you what is being done to harness the boundless energy and good will of our young people and bring them back into the community. What is being done here and there, and should be done everywhere, to tear down the walls that separate them from life, work and responsibility.

Most schools are apart from the community. The youngsters work at school tasks; their energy is withheld from the needs and opportunities around them. Here is the first wall. It can be broken down. I will show you how some schools have done it.

When youngsters are through school, most of them come smack up against wall number two. They can't get jobs. Even with the demands of the defense program, millions of them are out in the cold. Unless they are experienced they can't find work; without work they can't get experience. Full stop; complete vicious circle.

Some of them -- about one third of an army of four million youngsters who don't "belong" -- have been taken off the streets and out of the poolrooms by the CCC or the

NYA. But that still leaves nearly three million youngsters standing at the gates, waiting to be let in. In Germany it was from just such hopeless, idle young people that Hitler drew his first strength.

In the handicraft age, children were economic assets. They learned to plow, harvest, hunt, spin, cook, mind the baby. They "belonged" right away. The community needed and used them. In the power age, children are increasingly an economic liability. There is no longer a place automatically waiting for them. It must be planned by deliberate community effort.

This does not mean handouts. It means opening the door to responsible and important tasks. It means making young people feel that society cannot get along without them. It means *duties*, not *rights*. We have all been thinking too much of our rights in America, and not enough of our duties.

For years the schools of Fair Haven, Mass., have tried to make the children feel that they were part of the community, and had serious obligations to it. I recently attended a meeting of a section of

its Junior Improvement Association, to which most of them belong. The teacher turned the classroom over to a 13-year-old girl who called the meeting briskly to order. We heard reports of civic service performed since the last meeting. Various children proposed projects for the coming weeks. A spirited war against ragweed was organized, the menace of the weed discussed, plans of attack formulated, specific tasks apportioned. The teacher never spoke; the eager children ran the show, and every one of them will know how to conduct meetings in good parliamentary form all the rest of his life — better training for democracy than reading volumes of elevating speeches about it.

For their school, the Fair Haven youngsters do 44 tasks, such as repairing furniture, caring for playgrounds, acting as host or hostess, controlling traffic on the school streets. For the community, they sand icy streets and walks, wage war against the gypsy moth and other pests, plant vegetable gardens, feed birds, fill swampland, read to the sick, help the Community Chest drive, notify the authorities of dangerous conditions — say a leaking gas main — anywhere discovered, fight brush fires, clear gutters, clean up deserted lots. I inspected a corner lot which the children had rescued from rubbish and made into a trim, clean meadow with a bank of flowering shrubs.

Fair Haven is a town where both

the community and its children begin right. The youngsters start to "belong" at their most impressionable age. Here is a program which every town in the country could follow with benefit. But somebody must have the initiative to put it in and the drive to keep it going. In Fair Haven, this is Miss Elizabeth Hastings, one of the teachers. She is jolly, and wise; she loves and understands children.

From Fair Haven I went to Worcester, where I saw a group of young people harvesting their crops in the Junior Garden City. They were filling baskets with tomatoes, cabbages and big yellow squashes. Seven hundred youngsters from 13 to 21 had received a garden plot apiece. The crops go home to the family table and preserve closet. Sometimes they are sold in the markets, with the entire proceeds put in the savings bank for the young farmer's account. The gardens were started by a benevolent college professor during the 1907 depression, "to keep the youngsters off the streets." Then the city and the schools became interested.

Since the start, 7000 young people have worked in the gardens. The city plows and harrows the land. Fertilizer is furnished by the Community Chest. Boxes of young plants are started by inmates of the city prisons. Seeds come from friendly businessmen, and from Mrs. R. J. Floody, who is the Czarina of the project.

In Dealsville, Ala., is a high school with this objective: "to improve the economic, social and recreational conditions in our rural community." Every class carries its students outside the school into some form of community activity. The bonds between child and community are woven and interwoven.

The Dealsville students made a survey. They found that this rural town was getting most of its fruits and vegetables in tin cans from distant points. So the students, with the help of the NYA, built a cannery. For a small charge they can fruits, vegetables and meat which local farmers bring in.

The students acquired a tractor and a power sprayer. They plow fields, spray fruit trees. The farmers pay for this service at cost. The students plant cover crops, kill peach borers, lay out terraces for their farmer neighbors. In the school's woodshop they make milking stools, repair farm implements, build playground equipment for the elementary school.

The home economics girls try out their theories by redecorating the home of one of their members every year. Girls in the sewing classes refashion old woolen garments into warm clothing for poor children in the primary grades. Each spring they conduct a nursery school for small children. It teaches them more about babies than all the books ever written.

The town had no movies, so the

school bought a projector and rented films. The students put on five shows a week, one at the school and one each at four neighborhood centers. The movie business pays its own way and is entirely managed by the youngsters.

They also operate a game loan library for the public. In one week last year, 153 games were borrowed and 679 people in the town enjoyed them. The school gymnasium and bowling alley are open to the public in the evening. In all of these activities, the youngsters provide most of the operation and supervision. They learn by doing, and they learn to create jobs where no jobs were before. In Dealsville, the surplus energy of young people has been harnessed into a powerful engine vitalizing the whole community.

When Norris Dam was built by the TVA, a new town sprang up. The Norris High School students had a unique opportunity to help build it. Some worked in trade shops making furniture to be used in the new homes. Some helped to lay out gardens and landscaping.

Their most dramatic task was mosquito control. Where there had been field and forest suddenly appeared a great inland sea, 80 miles long — Norris Reservoir. It could produce a lot of power, but also, alas, a lot of mosquitoes. Tennessee mosquitoes can spread malaria, and the prospect was serious. The TVA, of course, had a control

squad of its own, but it called on the Norris High School boys and girls for help.

They responded with enthusiasm. Squads of youngsters reported all breeding places found, then tested various methods of extermination. Here they tried dusting with Paris green, there they tried drainage; at another point they covered the water with a thin film of oil. The effectiveness of each control method was carefully checked. It was a first-rate scientific job.

Each year a new group of students takes over. Local businessmen furnish funds to keep the work going in the summer months. Another student group made a survey of householders' screens. Where they found unprotected houses, they made screens without charge for any homeowner who would furnish the materials.

Provincetown, on the tip of Cape Cod, does not suffer from malarial mosquitoes, but it is a famous place for shipwrecks. In July 1940, 30 Provincetown boys, too young for the draft, were serving the community in a way which greatly excited them. They were being trained by the Coast Guard as an emergency force. At the community recreation center a "rigger loft" was constructed, like those in the naval training schools. After passing examinations in theory, the boys spent week-ends at Coast Guard stations taking part in drills, learning the use of breeches buoys,

beach patrol in good weather and bad, and first aid. They stood watch at the Coast Guard observation towers, kept careful weather reports, and sometimes took over the actual operation of a Coast Guard unit under supervision of the regulars.

The American Youth Commission knows of more than 650 similar projects going on in 30 states. They can furnish ideas for any community which wants to do something more about its young people than pass amiable resolutions.

Here are some of the tasks most frequently undertaken:

- Planting town and school forests, checking soil erosion, fighting forest fires.

- Building playgrounds, tennis courts, swimming pools.

- Conducting town clean-up campaigns; abolishing dumps, rubbish, billboards, community filth.

- Making surveys of stream pollution, pests, diseases, flood danger.

- Directing traffic and conducting safety campaigns, especially against automobile accidents.

- Growing and canning food, making furniture, mattresses, clothing; doing all kinds of repair work for the community.

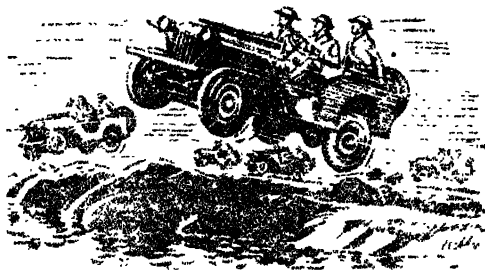
The trail has been blazed. You can organize such a project in your own town, with your children and those of your neighbors. You can help create permanent activities for young people, permanent duties and responsibilities. It takes only one person with ideas and energy to start something that may last for generations.

Meet the Jeep

Condensed from Scientific American

Jo Chamberlin

The astonishing success of the homeliest and most useful item in the Army's rolling stock — the midget combat car.



IN THE Battle of Louisiana, September 1941, invading tanks roared to the attack, but the defending forces didn't yield. Their lightning-fast jeeps towed anti-tank guns into strategic positions, outflanked the enemy tanks and destroyed them.

The Louisiana maneuvers demonstrated the amazing abilities of Uncle Sam's newest invention, the rugged jeep, or bantam car. General George Marshall, Chief of Staff, calls it our main contribution to modern war. A War Department tatement termed the jeep performance "sensational."

Our Army's youngest, smallest, toughest baby has a dozen pet names such as jeep, peep, blitzbuggy, leaping Lena, panzer-killer.* The names are all affectionate, for

* Some army men call the bantam a "peep," serving "jeep" for the larger command car in which brass hats ride. However, the term "jeep" is an acronym of GP, an auto manufacturing classification used by newspapers and most soldiers, and apparently will stick.

the jeep has made good. Only a year old, it stole the show in Louisiana. Now the Army plans to have 75,000 of them.

At Camp Shelby, Miss., I made firsthand acquaintance with the jeep. It is a combat car 11 feet long, 56 inches wide, 40 inches high — half the height of your auto and three feet shorter. Weighing 2200 pounds, it is rugged with power yet small enough to be flown in army transport planes. There are no doors, but safety straps keep you in as the car tears up steep slopes or around hair-raising turns. Normally it carries two passengers in front, one behind. In an emergency it can carry six, the extra men riding on flat front fenders. There are six speeds forward and two reverse. In mud, sand or snow, power can be transmitted to all four wheels.

My guide, Lieutenant Patrick Summerour, lifted up the hood.

"See that engine? Four cylinders, 60 horsepower. Plenty of zip,

and easy to repair because of standard parts."

He pointed to a rear towing hook. "You pull an anti-tank gun here. Civilians often ask why we don't fight tanks with tanks. Well, a jeep costs \$900, a tank \$35,000. And these tank-destroyers, towing anti-tank guns, can swarm round enemy tanks and give 'em hell. It's like David and Goliath, only there are ten Davids for every Goliath."

No one man developed the jeep. In the fall of 1940, when the Army was about to buy a large number of motorcycles, the American Bantam Car Company offered the basic idea. The Army allotted funds for experimentation. General Marshall himself promoted the venture. The first car was delivered in 49 days and proved itself under stiff tests. The Army added ideas. Bantam, Ford and Willys now turn them out wholesale, from standardized blueprints.

Tests showed that the jeep could go places a motorcycle couldn't. A single sniper can cut down a motorcycle dispatch rider, letting orders fall into enemy hands. A jeep is a tougher proposition, for it carries armed men and machine guns. Besides, it is a clawing, climbing hellion in reaching good places to shoot from.

The jeep can also be used for reconnaissance and command work. It can serve as a radio patrol car, or to lay a smoke screen to hide the movement of heavy artillery. It

can take ammunition, first aid or food to outposts, can evacuate wounded or get a gun crew out of a doomed position. It can cross bridges too weak for heavier cars, can reconnoiter rougher terrain. With a mounted 50-caliber machine gun it can help protect troop columns from airplane strafing.

The War Department has just formed at Fort Benning the first air-borne unit. Troops equipped with jeeps, motorcycles and folding bicycles are to be transported in planes, landing close on the heels of parachute troops.

I learned what it was like to ride in a jeep, across pine-studded acres at 50 miles an hour. The design gives no thought for the comfort of passengers. The seat "cushion" is merely a thin leather pad. Once Lieutenant Summerour straddled a half-buried log. I visualized a shattered crankcase but was shown protective guard bars underneath. Grabbing special handles, we shoved the car easily off the log.

Strategists admire the jeep's "low silhouette." Only three and a third feet high, it is hard to spot in brush country, still harder to line a gun on. Any armor would cut down its speed, which is its protection.

"Let's take a tactical problem," suggested Summerour as we were driving along. "S'pose we are out, scouting the enemy, and he fires on us from a hidden position — we dive for cover."

He slammed on the brakes, turned sharply left, and stopped the car behind a protective knoll.

"Then we locate the enemy fire," he went on, "and blast him. We're so low it's hard for him to see us."

We went on. Ahead of us was a huge live oak with gnarled branches close to the ground. "Duck!" he yelled. We roared under the lowest branch — the top of our car missing it by inches. We crossed a small stream, water flowing over the floor. But electric units are placed so that the 40-inch-high jeep can keep going through water 18 inches deep. We clawed our way up the 30-degree bank — twice as steep as you'll meet on the road.

Rivers are an army's worst obstacle, and raft or bridge builders offer splendid targets. Jeeps can be ferried across streams on three rowboats, on rafts of empty oil cans, or on logs wired together. Latest plan is to lay a tarpaulin on the ground, drive the bantam on it, fold up the sides, then drag it into the water. Car and tarpaulin will float with slight support.

Back in camp, Lieutenant Summerour gave me one more thrill. He drove the car up a narrow ramp to a railway loading platform, steered through the open door of a boxcar, and zipped down a ramp on the other side.

"Think we've got something here?" he asked, getting out of the bantam. I certainly did.

When war ends, jeeps will still be useful. They would aid certain kinds of farming which need practical Model T Ford type transportation. With a few trimmings for looks, and the spur of low gasoline consumption, they might even make good in cities.

The jeep has helped mightily to lay the legend of tank invincibility. Brigadier General Ira T. Wyche, commanding the 1st Provisional Anti-Tank Group, says cheerfully, "We might retire if attacked by heavy opposing infantry, but never if the assault is by tanks." Already the jeep has made major changes in army concepts of cross-country mobility. It also fits into the traditional American notion of individual action in war.



Sign in a New York flower market: Kindly desist from telling us to make up your order "nice, nice, nice." You worry yourselves and the sales help needlessly. You must realize it is a great strain on the salesmen to be told to "make it nice" by one customer after another. Your order will be carefully executed without unnecessary reminders.

— *The New Yorker*

Fitting the Worker to the Job

Condensed from Future

Frank J. Taylor

FOR YEARS, employers have tested workers' health, intelligence and skills — and still have been getting many misfits. Now 200 firms are testing their employes' *temperaments* as well, and the improvement in efficiency and in morale has been amazing.

A million workers have taken the temperament test. Every employer who has adopted the technique reports that his workers are turning out better work and more of it. Many report production increases of from 10 to 30 percent. No plant in which the technique has been thoroughly established has run into serious labor difficulties. Until the temperament test was added to its other methods of selecting and classifying personnel, Lockheed Aircraft Corporation found one man in every three hired was a misfit; now only one in 20 fails to make good. Not only the bosses like it; union leaders wholeheartedly approve it.

No hocus-pocus or laboratory paraphernalia is used in this business of discovering a man's emotional makeup. You merely answer a set of "yes or no" questions, rather simple ones — or so they seem. They are so worded, however, that you will not realize what you are revealing about yourself

Temperament tests — a device to place the worker in the proper niche, keep him happy, and increase production.

and will see no reason for not answering honestly.

"Do you prefer bright or conservative colors?" "Do you like to go on blind dates?" "Do you like to pass along a good story?" "Do most of the people you meet interest you?" "Do you like to see the villain punished?" "Do you try to settle quarrels between people?" "Do you find it hard to make decisions?"

Innocent? Yes, but the answers to the first two, *along with a dozen others* among the 318 questions, ascertain whether you are venturesome or timid and retiring. The next two help to indicate whether you are sociable or a lone wolf. The third pair are bits of evidence as to your leadership qualities. The last is one of the many which suggest the measure of your emotional control.

What does the test actually accomplish? Well, boisterous Mike Kelly, always noisily kidding or griping, used to drive quiet Bob Brown frantic when they worked

in the same repair crew. "I'd quit if I could get another job that paid as much," Brown told Johnny Graham, another quiet worker. Then the employes of the company were asked to answer the questionnaire. Soon thereafter the boss shifted Bob and Johnny to another crew, composed of steady, plodding workers. This crew's efficiency increased considerably — and so did that of the first gang, now made up wholly of noisy Mike Kellys.

Likewise Joe Williams, who had never worked well with any crew, was discovered to have the "lone wolf" temperament; on the one-man job of repairing meters he is doing top-notch work. Men who detested routine were shifted to jobs where the work varied from day to day; men who suffered agonies when they had to face a new situation were shifted to repetitive jobs. Efficiency of the whole organization shot up.

The system responsible for such results stems back to 1928 when Dr. Doncaster G. Humm, psychologist for the Los Angeles public schools, was invited to speak before an association of personnel managers. "You wouldn't think of hiring a physically handicapped man to climb telephone poles," Dr. Humm said. "Mental health and temperament are just as important in industry as physical fitness."

The personnel managers were impressed. They asked Dr. Humm to organize a course in industrial

psychology. He did. At its close Guy T. Wadsworth, Jr., one of the group, said, "At least 350 of our 1100 employes are falling down on their jobs. How would you like to see if you can find out why?"

Humm jumped at the chance. Wadsworth was personnel manager of the Coast Counties Gas Company, since merged into Pacific Lighting. Humm and Wadsworth analyzed the 350 men. Physical examination, aptitude tests and intelligence tests quickly showed why 70 men weren't doing well. But this left 280 of the failures unexplained. What caused them to fail in their work?

"Temperament," explained Humm. "If we could find a yardstick to measure their emotional makeup we would have the answer."

There being no scientific temperament test, Humm and Wadsworth undertook to originate one. They drew up a list of questions, the answers to which would reveal hidden traits, prejudices, inhibitions. They tried them — and made a rude discovery: People wouldn't answer them honestly! Humm and Wadsworth started over again. This time they developed questions so disarmingly worded that individuals could not give fake information. They worked for two and a half years, drafting more than 2000 questions, trying them on workers, students, convicts, acquaintances, finally narrowing them down to the 318 now in use.

The questions are based on a scientific breakdown of temperament into five fundamental components: self-control, self-interest, emotion, imagination and inspiration. No one component is necessarily significant in itself; it is the combination that counts. An overdose or underdose of one or more of these hidden factors invariably explains why a worker fails at his job.

"The temperament scale," says Dr. Humm, "gives us in a few minutes clues that would take a psychiatrist hours of personal questioning to obtain."

One thing Humm and Wadsworth learned early: their testing system has little practical value unless the workers' immediate bosses are trained to take advantage of the facts disclosed. Humm has now established classes in scientific employe evaluation for foremen, focusing attention on such essentials as attendance, production, spoilage, altercations and initiative; and he drills the foremen in reporting good work as well as bad.

The temperament scale is available only to employers who will send their personnel men to Los Angeles for a two weeks' intensive training course. To date more than 200 employers have done this.

The scale was drawn up primarily as an aid to placing properly men already employed, but in 1937 the Lockheed plant in Burbank, Calif., began to test new applicants.

Lockheed has now tested 250,000, about half of them at the factory, the rest at 1500 offices of the U. S. Employment Service scattered over the country. Lockheed's payroll skyrocketed from 1200 to 47,000. Practically all the newcomers were unskilled young men whom the factory had to train under pressure, and almost half of them were selected, sight unseen, on the basis of the tests. Yet Lockheed's production per man is 20 percent above that for the industry and the factory's labor turnover is one third the industry average. Aided by these tests the plant absorbs from 500 to 1000 green hands weekly. The personnel counselors make no mystery of the tests and are ready to explain what they reveal to any employe.

Lockheed also uses the scale for its original purpose — the scientific evaluation of each employe's ability. Superintendents and foremen keep records on every man's attendance, social adjustment, initiative, and so on. Every six months each worker's file is reviewed by the personnel department to see whether he should be promoted or raised in wages. Any worker who fails to advance is called into the front office for a mental check-over.

"Sam, they are considering you for a lead man," I heard a personnel director say to a workman. "The tests show that you have a selfish streak and are liable to look out for your own interests rather than those of the other men. Let's see if we

can't work out a way for you to get that in hand, so you can have this promotion."

To another he said, "Bill, you are either up in the clouds or down in the depths. That means you have an overdose of the emotional factor. That's nothing against you, because emotion is like steam. It can blow up a boiler, or it can drive a locomotive across the continent. Let's figure out some control for your steam."

Few workers resent these comments from the counselors. Most of them open up, get what is bothering them off their chests, experience a great sense of relief. Even those who don't open up almost always try to correct their faults.

Charles H. Tigur, business agent of Aeronautical Mechanics Lodge 22, is a tough, hard-hitting labor leader who once worked in the Lockheed plant. He wholeheartedly endorsed the Humm-Wadsworth Temperament Scale and other tests, on the ground that they substitute fact for opinion in employee evaluation and nip grievances in the bud before they become union issues.

"Did you ever take the temperament test?" I asked.

"Yes," he said. "Three times. I thought maybe I'd better take it and see what it was all about. When I asked what it showed, they said, 'On the basis of this test we wouldn't hire you.' I said, 'Hell, I worked for Lockheed five years.' 'We can't help that,' they told me.

'We wouldn't hire you now. You've got a chip on your shoulder.' I was plenty mad at first, but then it dawned on me that I did have a chip on my shoulder. I resolved to get rid of it. Six months later I took the test again, and they said, 'We'd hire you now.' I've taken it again since then to check myself, and have had other union men take it, too."

Only rarely does Lockheed employ a man or woman even in the executive offices without first giving the tests. "Nearly every time we've made an exception," explains Randall Irwin, the company's industrial relations director, "we've regretted it. More than 75 percent of the failures in our business are due to temperament faults."

On the strength of Lockheed's phenomenal production feat with green and quickly trained labor, 19 other defense industries have installed the Humm-Wadsworth system to select men for their rapidly expanding staffs. Sixty young engineer graduates had been selected by United Air Lines to receive expensive training at a special school. When President W. A. Patterson of United heard about the Humm-Wadsworth tests he arranged to have the 60 future pilots tested. Solely on the basis of their answers to the temperament scale, Humm and Wadsworth picked out seven, saying, "These men will never make pilots." Patterson said nothing to the instructors, and waited. By the

end of the course, six of the seven had been eliminated. The seventh decided to become a professor. United promptly adopted the system for all its employees.

Dr. Humm says the goal of the employe selection and evaluation program is to simplify industrial relations and provide happier working conditions.

"We are not trying to screen out the troublemakers, because anybody might be a troublemaker in the wrong job," he explains. "Fit him to the right job and he usually is a good worker. It is no favor to a man to hire him for a job that doesn't fit him. Find out what he can do, then find the right niche for him."



Personally Presented

☞ FEW LISTENERS — not even the woman who was supposed to introduce him — turned out for a lecture by Orson Welles in a small midwestern town. Welles undertook to introduce himself.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I will tell you the highlights of my life. I am a director of plays. I am a producer of plays. I am an actor on the legitimate stage. I am a writer of motion pictures. I am a producer of motion pictures. I am a motion-picture actor. I write, direct and act on the radio. I am a magician. I also paint and sketch, and I am a book publisher. I am a violinist and a pianist." Here Welles paused, leaned toward the small audience and said: "Isn't it a shame that there are so many of me and so few of you?"

— Sidney Skolsky in *N. Y. Post*

☞ ON THE EVENING Mark Twain addressed the Washingtonian Lyceum Society at the Newark opera house a tall sparse-looking gentleman in full evening dress stepped up on the platform and proceeded to introduce the

speaker: "Ladies and gentlemen, it gives me great pleasure to welcome such a splendid audience to such a momentous occasion. The Washingtonians have outdone themselves in presenting the very distinguished gentleman who is our guest. I will tell you about the trials of securing him. Not only did we have to take into consideration the astounding cost of his lecture, but in addition we had to pay his expenses from New York to Newark and back, to furnish him with a carriage to and from the railroad stations, and pay his hotel expenses. It amounted to a considerable sum, I can assure you, but on this occasion we were determined to have the very best that money could buy. And now, ladies and gentlemen, it gives me great pleasure to present to you Samuel L. Clemens, otherwise known as Mark Twain."

The speaker remained standing. No one came forward. Finally it dawned upon the audience that the speaker was Mark Twain himself.

— William Lyon Phelps in *Scribner's*

The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met



By

Dr. Robert Baird McClure

As told to

Dorothy Watworth

Author of "Faith of Our Fathers," "Rainbow at Noon," "Feast of Reason," etc.

I MET HIM in 1938 when we were having a rough time at our hospital on the Yellow River front. We were getting three punishing air raids a day, as well as trainloads of refugees and wounded soldiers. There was hardly room in the hospital for a man to die.

My job took me once a month to our Red Cross base, 500 miles down the rickety railway to the Yangtze River, for supplies. One day my Chief handed me a telegram: "Arriving by plane today. Please assign me duties at the front immediately. Donald."

We had heard hints from England that a new doctor, a volunteer, was coming out to help us.

"If you want the bloke you can have him," the Chief said. "Something tells me he'd like to be a

blasted hero or a martyr, and that sort always makes trouble."

"Can't you give me any line on him?"

"I don't know anything about him, but this is how I dope it out," he went on gloomily. "Here's a doctor flying from England all of a sudden. Probably he had a decent practice on Harley Street—but a bit too much of the bottle. License canceled, bottom dropped out. Now he's rushing here on an emotional jag to help the poor suffering Chinese. Bet you he's pot-bellied, red-nosed and drippy-eyed."

But, saint or sinner, I could use him. We needed all the man power we could get. When I met the plane, nobody got off who fitted the Chief's description. Then a young chap, standing some six feet four, came up to me and said in a heavy English accent, "I say, old chappy. Are you by any chance from the Red Cross?" This was Donald, looking as crisp and bright as an English morning. But I knew that a man rushing that distance by air feels like a wilted cab-

THROUGHOUT most of the war in China Dr. Robert Baird McClure was chief surgeon of the Missionary Hospital at Honan, under the auspices of the United Church of Canada. At present he heads an ambulance unit on the Burma Road for the American Friends Service Committee, and is also head of the International Red Cross in China.

bage, so I suggested that he would probably want to rest a couple of days. He only looked down at me, sort of startled, and said he felt perfectly topping don't you know and couldn't we leave right away?

On the four-day train trip back to the hospital, Donald troubled me like a hangnail. He talked like a burlesque stage Englishman. You'd swear he couldn't exist in real life, and yet there he was, babbling away about pellagra and septicemia and Piccadilly Circus on a foggy night, all in one breath. He talked a lot of copybook maxims, too, about playing the game, and it's always darkest before dawn. I decided he was probably a fool, though his keen eyes baffled me.

On the second afternoon we had an air raid. The fellow will crumple now, I told myself. But as the train stopped I had a hard time making him understand it wasn't cowardly to take cover. Even when the sky was screaming with planes, he kept saying he "wanted to watch the show, see the enemy at close quarters, don't you know." Finally he grudgingly consented to fold himself up in a railway culvert. When we climbed back into the train, he said it wasn't sporting of the Japs to machine-gun people who didn't have weapons, and how lucky we were to be out here doing our bit to fight that sort of thing. I just growled at him and his trite maxims. I wasn't feeling too lucky.

At the hospital, in the bachelor

bungalow that all the doctors shared, we were crowded and perpetually dog-tired. We operated from eight in the morning until eight at night. Got up just in time to make it, and weren't particular how we looked. But not Donald. He rose at six every morning and did setting-up exercises. When we asked him why, he looked surprised and said a man owed it to himself to keep fit. The rest of us shaved every third day, if then. But Donald shaved every morning. Then he shined his shoes into a couple of mirrors, put on his sport coat and gray flannel bags and the old school tie.

"Look here," I said one day. "What's the use of shining your shoes when in half an hour you'll probably be standing in a trench half up to your knees in mud?"

"One does that sort of thing, you know," he said. Casually, as if he were telling me the world is round.

"But the old school tie," I protested. "Out here in all this muck —"

"It's a bit of home, chappy."

We thought Donald was terribly funny until it became clear that he was an excellent doctor. No matter what we tried him in, he was first class. Steady eye. Sure hand. Keen and quick in the operating room. One of his first cases was a Chinese youngster about 15. An incendiary bomb had gnawed off both his legs and badly blurred his eyes.

We'd all given him up — except

Donald. The very hopelessness of the boy's case was a challenge to him. Every night after he had finished his 12-hour stint, Donald would climb back to the hospital to see "Shorty" and find out if he needed more saline or another shot of morphia. When air-raid sirens sounded he'd piggy-back the little blurred sawed-off China boy down into a trench. There was no use asking him why he did it. He'd have tossed off one of his irritating proverbs about the strong protecting the weak. "Shorty" pulled through.

Donald was that way about the dying, too. We had plenty of those. When the wounded poured in after an air raid we couldn't handle them all. Those who didn't have a chance to recover were left on the hill behind the hospital. Sounds hard, but it was the best we could do. Nights, when Donald wasn't in his bed, we knew he was out there on the hill with the dying. Though he must have been aching with fatigue, he spent hours with them in the dark, turning the sufferers so they'd lie easier, doing what he could with bandages and blankets. However, it was just his being there that comforted those people most.

We couldn't puzzle Donald out. He always did a bit extra, as if it were the most natural thing in the world to do a bit extra. All our surgeons were good, yet it got so we gave our toughest jobs to Donald.

It was more than his skill; the man possessed some elusive quality that seemed to make the difference between life and death in touch-and-go cases.

He was always as cool as ice water. During a particularly heavy bombing I asked him if he wasn't afraid. "It's like this," he said in his matter-of-fact way. "Even if the worst comes to the worst, they can only kill one. If one has always done the decent thing, one should not be afraid to die, should one?"

Well, speaking for myself, I knew somebody who was frequently afraid when the bombs began dropping. I looked at him, and I knew he had something I didn't have. I wished I could decide just what it was. That was how the Chinese felt, too. They gave Donald the Confucian name that means "noble soul." If you asked why, they just shook their heads. They didn't understand it either.

When air raids came, we doctors had orders to take refuge in trenches dug on the hospital grounds. After all, our lives were supposed to be valuable and we had to be ready for the stream of wounded afterward.

One morning we got it bad. Eighteen bombs hit the hospital area. Some of our trenches were caved in. We hurried to dig them out, because we knew from experience that after seven minutes nobody inside would be alive. When we had scooped everybody out there was no Donald. Somebody

said, "You know very well Donald wouldn't be here. He'll be up in his ward."

Donald's ward was for fractures of the thigh. You know how you do them with frames and ropes and pulleys. We couldn't take those chaps down to the trenches in a raid. We had told them that, and they knew they had to take their chances. We had them on the second floor of a rather rickety building. Nobody on the staff was supposed to stay there when the planes came over, but just make the poor fellows comfortable and then leave them to whatever happened.

When we got up there we found Donald standing in the center of the ward, his back against a wooden pillar. The windows had all crashed in, and long spikes of glass were stuck into that pillar beside his head. Another inch and they'd have nailed him to it.

A big sheet of plaster had fallen on him and come to rest on his shoulders. His head had gone through it. The patients afterward told us he hadn't moved once. He'd just stood there with his arms stretched out, and said, over and over, "It's quite all right, chappies. This doesn't matter. There's nothing to worry about, don't you know."

Absolute quiet was important for those patients. If they wrenched out of position it might mean a delay of weeks in healing, or even the difference between amputation and sav-

ing a leg. There had been panic in every other ward. But in Donald's not a single bone had to be reset.

"There's something queer about it," one of our interpreters said to me that night. "Not one of those patients understood English. But they understood him. They all told me the same thing. They said, 'Big Doctor, he believed — and we believed, too.'"

Then it hit me between the eyes — Donald had something the rest of us didn't have. He actually *believed* his moral precepts and copy-book maxims. They were so much a part of his being that automatically he did what he felt was the right thing. His ideals were his habits. He had something bigger than pity and courage. It was faith. We were often in the dark, while Donald moved about in a clear untroubled light. We wished we could do so. Maybe you can't until you've made a habit of believing and doing the right thing as simply as you'd turn your face to the sun on a fine May morning.

We had discovered that Donald was a graduate of one of the best medical schools in England; on the staff of a famous hospital. He could have stayed back home and built up a good practice. But that hadn't satisfied him. He had to come to China to do his part against the unsporting thing that was going on there.

A few weeks after that big raid, I had to return to England to help

raise funds for our work. The day I left I went to say good-bye to Donald. He was going his rounds, wearing the old school tie. I told him he was the one who should go back, as he knew so many people in England.

"Don't worry," he said. "You

won't have any difficulty raising money. All you have to do is tell them back home how things are out here and what we're doing. You can leave it to them, old chap. They'll rally round. After all, they're our own people. They know the decent thing to do."



"The Lord Helps Those . . ."

By Mark Twain

ONCE WHEN William Swinton and I were poor young cub reporters, a frightful financial shortage occurred. We had to have three dollars that very day. Swinton maintained with simple confidence, "The Lord will provide." I wandered into a hotel lobby, trying to think of some way to get the money. Presently a handsome dog came along and rested his jaw on my knee. General Miles passed by and stopped to pat him.

"He is a wonder. Would you sell him?"

I was greatly moved; it was marvelous the way Swinton's prediction had come true. "Yes," I said, "his price is three dollars."

The general was surprised. "Only three dollars? Why, I wouldn't take \$100 for him. You must reconsider."

"No, three dollars," I said firmly. The general led the dog away.

In a few minutes a sad-faced man came along, looking anxiously about. I asked, "Are you looking for a dog?"

His face lit up. "Yes. Have you seen him?"

"Yes, I think I could find him for you."

I have seldom seen a person look so grateful. I said I hoped he would not mind paying me three dollars for my trouble.

"Dear me! That is nothing! I will pay you \$10 willingly!"

I said, "No, three is the price," and started off. Swinton had said that that was the amount the Lord would provide; it would be sacrilege to ask more. I went up to the general's room and explained I was sorry but I had to take the dog again; that I had only sold him in the spirit of accommodation. I gave him back his three dollars and returned the dog to his owner.

I went away then with good conscience, because I had acted honorably. I never could have used the three that I had sold the dog for; it was not rightly my own, but the three I got for restoring him was properly mine. That man might never have gotten that dog back at all if it hadn't been for me.

— Condensed from *Mark Twain in Eruption*,
edited by Bernard De Voto (Harper)

American Newsreel

☛ THE U. S. Navy Department, which discourages tattooing, requires that gay blades who are decorated with pictures of female nudes must have them furnished with swim suits or at least with flowing tresses.

— Kendall Banning, *The Fleet Today*
(Funk & Wagnalls)

☛ ADVANCED autograph hunters now hound movie stars for lipstick kiss-prints instead of signatures.

— Hedda Hopper in *Philadelphia Record*

☛ DIPLOMAS in apple packing were awarded to 75 laborers near Yakima, Washington, who for five evenings a week graded, wrapped and packed wooden apples in a WPA class. — *Time*

☛ POLICE of Tulsa, Oklahoma, weary of autoists parking "just one minute overtime" in parking-meter zones, adjusted the meters so that they clock a 63-minute "hour." — *Time*

☛ A NEW YORK department store has introduced a line of misses' lingerie called "Mad-Money" — each garment has a pocket for carfare. — *Financial World*

☛ AN ILLINOIS dairy installed a microphone-loudspeaker cow-calling system. A farmhand croons "So-o-o-ey Boss" into the mike, the amplifier carries the call into the pastures and the cows

contentedly truck on down the lane to be milked. — AP

☛ CHECKING rail freight movements, the U. S. Chamber of Commerce found that the biggest item of export from Washington is wastepaper, baled and en route to paper mills for reclamation.

— *Newsweek*

☛ POLICE of Kinston, North Carolina, marked off "conversation zones" on sidewalks in an effort to prevent street gossipers from blocking entrances to business buildings. Within the markers you can talk as long as you like. — UP

☛ WHEN Raven Sherman, platinum-haired heiress in Milton Caniff's comic strip, *Terry and the Pirates*, met an untimely death, thousands of the strip's fans registered their sentiments by telephone call, telegram, sympathy card, quotations from the Scriptures, and even flowers. A New York newspaper, deluged with tearful and angry protests, devoted an entire letter department to them. A Chicago bowling team wore mourning bands, and a small boy in Dayton, Ohio, toting a cigar box, received contributions to defray the funeral expenses.

— Adapted from *Newsweek*

☛ A WEST VIRGINIA county conducted a contest to name a new county hospital. The prize: a free appendectomy.

— *Newsweek*

☛ THE District of Columbia Defense Council operates a "date machine" for soldiers. Girls file information on their height, weight and dancing ability on punch cards. Date-seeking soldiers specify their requirements, and presto — the sorting machine gives them the cards of girls who will suit. — *Newsweek*

Plan for Postwar Tomorrow

Condensed from The American Magazine

Charles E. Wilson

President of the General Electric Company

As told to Beverly Smith

IN OUR SHOP the other day I stopped to talk with a recently hired young man. On the strength of this job he had married, and has made the first payment on a home.

"How do you like your work?" I asked.

"Fine!" he said. "But" — and here his face fell — "*what am I, and all of us fellows working on defense, going to do when the emergency is over?*"

Multiply that man by several millions who now have a new job, a steadier job, or a raise because of the defense program, and you realize the implications of the present boom. All are uneasy, fearful of what will happen when it is over.

Our company has put 40,000 new employees on the payroll in the last 12 months and is adding 1000 more each week. I am deeply impressed by our responsibility to these people, and of industry's responsibility to these millions. What will happen to our country unless we plan, while we have time, for a new, better postwar system?

Peace will bring a crisis more complex, more subtle and possibly more cruel than war itself. The

Free Enterprise System will face the greatest challenge in its history. If it fails to meet that challenge successfully, we shall move toward state capitalism or state socialism, an America far different from the one we have known. The Free Enterprise System will have to provide full protection, full employment, full distribution of goods and services, or step aside for government agencies.

The world is experiencing a revolutionary movement of the masses. Hundreds of millions of people have been persuaded that the capitalistic system is the cause of their woes. They have sacrificed their political freedom, and are now sacrificing their lives, in the belief that dictator leaders will bring them a broader economic freedom.

Wishful thinkers believe that if the Hitlers were destroyed the revolutionary movement would collapse. We must be more realistic. These men are merely symbols. If they met disaster new leaders, new symbols, would arise, to continue to express the frustration and the aspiration of the multitudes. There is no "return to normalcy" ahead for the old world, whoever wins.

America has not escaped this mass movement. Happily, we have avoided revolution and preserved our political freedom. But capitalism stumbled badly in the 1930's, and the people have granted many economic controls to the government in exchange for promises and performances furthering greater economic freedom and security for the common man.

We have tinkered and doctored our Free Enterprise System and made many improvements, but when the war began we still had 10,000,000 unemployed, mounting deficits and a huge national debt. The riddle of want in the midst of plenty had not been solved.

After the war, if we follow a policy of drift, we shall have all our prewar headaches plus new ones. We shall be faced by the vicious spiral: men laid off in defense factories, hence less purchasing power, hence other factories closing, hence even larger unemployment rolls, greater relief burdens and less taxable income to support them. We know how deadly such a spiral is and how hard it is to stop.

People will ask: "What kind of civilization is this, which gives us employment to make guns and tanks but cannot find jobs for us in peaceful industry? Private enterprise has failed. The government should take over farms, factories and unions — to produce full blast and distribute the products of our progress to all the people."

Many actually hope for a situation where the American people, despairing of any other solution, would throw all their problems and a good share of their liberties into the government's lap.

I believe we can do better than that. I am convinced that Americans are better suited to private enterprise than to the public payroll.

I went to work when I was 12, and in the 42 years since that time I have seen almost every branch of our Free Enterprise System: research, invention, manufacture, selling and distribution. I know there are flaws in that system. But at its best it provides the highest standard of living in the world; it generates energy, initiative, ingenuity, ambition; gives opportunity and brings out individual ability — far beyond the power of government or political organizations to develop such gifts.

Government machinery and its peculiar politico-bureaucratic character discourage individual effort. For their own protection even the best of men in government bureaus must condone red tape, routine and rules of procedure. Play safe — pass the buck — wait for seniority. Habit replaces imagination, lethargy creeps in.

Business cannot succeed under such conditions. Free enterprise can still be the best provider of happiness and prosperity for our country.

But the challenge is coming. It

is not merely a threat; it is also an opportunity for the Free Enterprise System to repair its mistakes, do a better job, and regain the confidence of the people.

Now is the time for private enterprise to show initiative, foresight, coöperation, social responsibility, self-discipline, long-range planning, on a scale undreamed of before. We must lay out a blueprint of how we will meet the postwar crisis, and map not merely our own obligations but the government action we are prepared to support. I am not thinking of rivalry or conflict with government but of a new arm-in-arm concord free from the old confused suspicion.

I propose that we hold this winter a Congress of the American Free Enterprise System to draw up new, self-imposed rules for industrial and commercial progress, acceptable to the majority of our people. This Congress should include representatives of industry, agriculture, labor, finance and commerce, engineering and management. Its purpose would be to build a reservoir of civilian production, new business, purchasing power, distribution and employment, and to make plans for releasing this reservoir when military expenditure falls off.

In this war thousands of research men are uncovering new secrets in electronics, metallurgy, synthetics, plastics, aeronautics, and other fields; they are finding new

short cuts and economies in production. But unless we plan it now, these wartime discoveries will not be translated into new products and new businesses in time to cushion the postwar crisis.

In our research department at General Electric I have appointed some of our ablest men to study the new inventions and processes that we have developed, figure out their civilian uses, find out how they can be translated into new products, new conveniences, economies and pleasures for the American people after the war.

Every industry doing defense work should devote part of its brain power to future peacetime transformations. The shortage of certain strategic metals has opened a road to the new plastics industry. Housing for armed forces and defense workers can improve the technique of building cheaper homes. Mass production of airplanes foreshadows new peacetime industries. The way the health of the Army is guarded is a call for measures to raise the health of our entire population.

We have merely scratched the surface of invention. There is much to be done in the industrialization of agriculture — new synthetic materials, made of products which the farmer can grow instead of his present food surpluses. New processes are needed for extracting metals from low-grade ores, to free us from importing chrome and

manganese, for example. Synthetic rubber could become a great new industry and make our country more self-sufficient.

New plastics and materials may help solve a huge problem which we have failed at badly: how to build better houses at lower cost. There is a demand for 10,000,000 new homes and with them will come a vast demand for equipment and furnishings. There is also need of a program of rural electrification for the two thirds of our rural population still living in the oil-lamp age.

All this will remain in the realm of rosy dreams, however, unless we accumulate reserves of purchasing power, ready for release when the dangerous postwar spiral begins. Shortages of consumer goods are already developing. Now is the time to divert the money which would ordinarily be used to buy these civilian goods into savings, into reserves, into a backlog against the future crisis.

The simplest way to build these reserves is by individual savings, stimulated by government savings stamps and bonds, supplemented perhaps by some form of forced savings under which everyone would receive part of his income in savings certificates, not to be cashed until after the war, when purchasing power must be bolstered.

Another needed step is to curtail installment buying, nonessential personal loans, and business expansion loans for nondefense purposes.

Meanwhile, nondefense governmental activities must be drastically cut. Credit and price controls are vital, otherwise all plans will be thrown out of gear. Another most important reserve can be created by greatly expanding our Social Security coverage. We should set up medical and hospitalization schemes on a national scale for those of limited income.

Finally, corporations should be encouraged to set up special reserve funds to aid in the transformation from defense production to peacetime economy.

Research, planning, production schedules, social security, reserves — these are items for which the Congress of the American Free Enterprise System must find a place in its blueprint of the future. Given such a plan, we shall be prepared to forestall a postwar depression. The time to get ready is *now*.

It is the duty of the American Free Enterprise System to recognize the advent of a new, dangerous era. Our people demand economic freedom and security. If we don't give them their birthright, some other system will attempt the job.

It is my conviction that intelligent men in industry, labor and agriculture will seize this challenging opportunity to save our system and perfect it. Then we can go on together, a free, friendly, united people, to construct an ever-greater America.

"The Greater Man, the Greater Courtesy"

Condensed from "The Springs of Virginia"

Perceval Reniers

THE FASHIONABLE resort dining room at White Sulphur Springs was crowded one summer evening in 1867 when a little group entered, headed by a gray-haired man of distinguished military bearing. The diners were seized with a fit of uncertainty as they recognized their beloved General Lee. Should there not be some demonstration? None dared start it, well knowing how he shrank from display. But as he advanced into the room, a sudden spontaneous movement swept the whole company to its feet and all stood silently, many with tears in their eyes, until he who bore defeat so nobly had taken his seat.

Lee was campaigning to get his people to accept the inevitable, to alchemize the bitterness following the War Between the States into something sweeter — if not love, then courtesy. On this occasion at White Sulphur there was a party of Northerners present including Andrew Gregg Curtin, War Governor of Pennsylvania. Their manner had not been friendly, and the Southerners had looked on them with animosity and suspicion.

"Have any of you made the acquaintance of that group over there?" asked Lee when he saw the

Governor in the ballroom later. "Have they been welcomed?"

"No," the young ladies who surrounded him told him, "no one knew them."

"Can no lady introduce me?" the General insisted. No lady could. It was their duty to be hospitable to strangers, he reminded them. There was no response.

"Then I shall introduce myself," said Lee, "and I will be glad to present any of you who will accompany me."

No one moved, until finally Christiana Bond, one of the young ladies who worshiped the General, said hesitantly, "I will go, General Lee."

Halfway across the room, she asked the question that was in all their hearts.

"General Lee, have you never felt resentment toward the North?"

He had been preaching tolerance, but how, deep down, did he feel?

The General stopped under the radiance of one of the crystal chandeliers in the great room to answer. Solemnly he told her: "I believe I may say, speaking as in the presence of God, that I have never known one moment of bitterness or resentment."

You Can Sleep

Condensed from The Baltimore Sunday Sun

J. P. McEvoy

Do you lie awake at night, tossing and turning, hearing the clock strike two, three, four, before you finally drop off into exhausted slumber? I used to do that. But now I've learned the secret of quick, restful sleep. This is it: You *can* sleep — if you want to. It's as simple as that.

You lie awake because you *want* to lie awake. Don't tell me, "I go to bed and try to sleep but I just can't." Be honest with yourself. Do you really *try* to go to sleep? When worries crowd into your mind do you dismiss them — or dwell upon them? Do you think, "Gosh, that was a boner I made today . . . I must remember to do such-and-such . . . Maybe I'd better make a note of it. . . ." Honest now: are you wanting to go to sleep? Or are you wanting to stay awake and think?

Tonight try this experiment. Imagine you are taking down your thoughts in a notebook and that you must put them down carefully just as they come along. Start out by trying to think of nothing but sleep and going to sleep. Then note how many other thoughts keep interfering, and how only by definite effort can you bring back the thought of sleep — that you want

A well-known writer gives a simple formula for banishing worries and inviting slumber.

to sleep. You will be surprised to discover the tricks your mind will play to keep you thinking about your worries, how it will dodge and twist to throw off the notion of sleep like a slippery open-field runner shaking off a tackler.

Note one other thing — *the* most important thing. Whenever you are thinking about your troubles you are not thinking about sleeping. Whenever you are thinking about sleeping you are not thinking about your troubles. You cannot think of two different things at the same time. Thus, by concentrating on the mere thought of sleep, you can drive your worries from your mind. But you must first *want* to sleep.

"But that isn't easy," you say. "Worries pop into my mind and then I can't get rid of them. If you had my troubles . . ."

If I had your troubles and were as proud of them as you are — if I took them to bed with me as a child takes her dolls and hugged them to me and wouldn't let them go — they'd keep me awake too. In

fact, I used to do that very thing. I was writing and producing musical shows on Broadway, and anybody in that business will tell you there are tons of worries in it. They kept me awake night after night. And then I discovered that when I thought only of going to sleep I felt sleepy.

I used also a second and equally important technique. This is very simple too, though it took me a long while to become proficient at it. It is the technique of relaxing progressively. My psychologist friend Lucius Humphrey told me — and I can tell you — all you need to know about it in a couple of minutes. The rest is practice. Don't try it a few times and then give it up. With diligent practice you will become able to put yourself to sleep within five minutes whenever you wish.

Tonight when you go to bed make yourself as comfortable as you can. Take any position you like — the one in which you feel most completely relaxed. Close your eyes.

Now you are ready to start concentrating on the one thought of relaxation, progressing from one part of your anatomy to another. Think first of the muscles of your scalp, the top of your head, relax those muscles. Now concentrate on the muscles of your forehead. Feel the muscles sag. Now your eyelids. Relax them. They are so heavy you can't lift them. Now the muscles of your face. Let the muscles go.

Your jaws — let them sag. Note especially your neck. Move your head around until your neck is so relaxed your head feels like a dead weight. Drop it — let it roll until it comes to a stop of itself. Go right down your back. Feel the muscles let go.

Let your mind follow down each arm, relaxing the shoulders, the elbows, wrists, each finger. Now consider the muscles of your chest. Relax them. Then your stomach. Let everything sag. Heavy. Heavy. Have you ever seen a window washer go down a large plate of glass with a squeegee? Visualize just such a squeegee going down your body, slowly, relaxing all the muscles as it goes.

Feel the heaviness of your hips — pushing against the bed. Now relax the muscles of each thigh, foot, toe. Slowly. Slowly . . . You're asleep!

Maybe not the first time you do it. But if you are awake you won't be wide awake. And one more round trip from head to toe should put you under. Later, when you have practiced this technique faithfully night after night, you will never finish the whole route — you will be asleep long before that. Confidentially, I haven't got past my arms for years.

Don't give any thought to whether you forgot some part of the body. The magic lies not in any special order but in the fact that while you are consciously thinking of

relaxing each part of your body insomniac as you would ever meet.
 you are not thinking about your Now I can always put myself to
 troubles. sleep in a couple of minutes. You

It works. I was once as proud an can do it too if you really want to.



Turning Points—IX—

O. O. McIntyre

WHEN O. O. McIntyre got his first newspaper job with the *Dayton Herald*, he was terrified that he would lose it. He was sure that as soon as the Proprietor could catch him he would fire him, so whenever he had to pass the Proprietor's desk, he bolted by as though he had epoch-making news. One day the Big Boss asked the managing editor: "Who is that quick-stepping youngster who goes through here like a rocket?"

"That's Odd McIntyre, the new reporter."

"Say, you've been talking about sending to Cincinnati for a city editor. Why don't you try this boy? I'll bet he'll burn them up."

Odd was made city editor, boss of four reporters, three weeks after he took the new job in Dayton. The McIntyre star had begun to rise. — Charles B. Driscoll, *The Life of O. O. McIntyre* (Greystone Press)

The Devil Takes a Holiday

WHEN the famous American physicist, Robert W. Wood, was a young chemistry student at Johns Hopkins, the shortest route from the laboratory to his boardinghouse was through a Negro section. Every day he passed groups of Negroes sunning themselves before a grocery store — and just in front of the store was a depression in the street which was always filled with water.

Wood had learned that sodium, when thrown into water, will take fire spontaneously with a loud explosion and burn with a fierce yellow flame, emitting showers of sparks and clouds of white smoke. One day, as he passed the

grocery, Wood cleared his throat loudly and spat ostentatiously into the puddle, at the same time dropping a small ball of sodium into the water. There was a terrific bang, sparks and a great flash of yellow fire. Pandemonium broke loose — howls, prayers, overturned chairs, and one voice louder than all the rest: "Out o' my way! Dat man *spit* dat fire! He look young but only de ole Devil, ole Satan himself, can do dat!"

Wood said this was his first successful "experiment" with the element which afterward, through work of a soberer nature, contributed so his world-wide fame.

— William Seabrook, *Doctor Wood* (Harcourt, Brace)

Behold the Supermarket—It's Colossal!

Condensed from *Forbes*

J. C. Furnas

NOT LONG AGO the efficient housewife did her food shopping piecemeal, day by day, taking a list to the store where a clerk laboriously — and expensively — accumulated item after item.

Now the same housewife drives two or three miles, parks free in a huge lot back of a mammoth building, trundles a wheeled basket through aisles displaying shoals of packaged foods, meats, vegetables, fruits, and exits via the checker's desk with a week's supply of groceries.

Depending on locality, she saves from four to ten cents on every dollar spent. Paying cash, she saves credit charges. Waiting on herself and taking her purchases home, she saves clerk and delivery expense. Buying in large quantities, she shares the supermarket's savings from big-volume purchase.

John Hartford, of A & P, has stated that changing over to supermarkets makes possible prices eight percent below those of regular chain stores. No wonder the supermarket has spread all over the country. Some 10,000 supers, each with \$100,000 or more in annual sales, are bringing about a revolution in American food-buying habits.

And price isn't the only attraction. Mrs. America likes the supers'

Another merchandising revolution: the amazing rise of luxurious supermarkets with vast and varied wares, where shoppers serve themselves and save money.

astounding variety. Whereas A & P "neighborhood stores" carry perhaps 600 items, A & P supermarkets run well over 2000; and a really outsize specimen may carry 10,000. Only huge volume permits such variety — from staples to fancy cheeses, artichoke hearts and caviar — under the same stupendous roof, making a walk-through as fascinating as a mail-order catalogue. What is more, Mrs. America likes the absence of sales pressure, the feeling that she can take as long as she pleases in making her selections.

The supermarket is no one man's doing. Self-service, key to low prices by way of payroll reduction, was going well in Los Angeles' Alpha Beta stores in 1912 and swept the national imagination with the Piggly Wiggly stores after 1916. "Cash-and-carry" was still older, and chain stores had already shown the economies achieved by mass purchase and streamlined selling. The supermarket merely combined all

those ideas, with the family car as the activating factor. A survey last year showed that nearly 75 percent of supermarket patrons came a mile or more.

California, with the nation's largest per capita car ownership, probably started it. During the Coolidge era, some Los Angeles vacant lots were turned into open-air "drive-in markets" where concessionaires sold groceries, fruit, green-stuff, hardware, dime-store varieties, shoes, cosmetics, and so forth, at bargain prices based on low rental. A glimpse of such operations was probably what put big ideas into the head of an eastern food man, the late Michael J. Cullen, long an A & P executive. In the '20's Cullen dreamed of huge, low-rent, all-under-one-roof bargain bazaars, developing gigantic volume by passing the savings on to a motorized buying public.

Cullen put his idea up to several chains, but got nowhere. Then the Wall Street crash wiped out most of his personal fortune and simultaneously made available a huge empty garage on the outskirts of New York City, surrounded by small, low-income communities. In 1930 Long Island housewives were made dizzy by the advertising of King Kullen — "The World's Greatest Price-Wrecker — How Does He Do It?" Well-to-do wives parked their Cadillacs beside jalopies and waited on themselves to profit by the prices Cullen was put-

ting on standard food brands. Cash-ing in on the crowds, concessionaires in this shabby, pioneering supermarket also slashed prices on hardware, cosmetics, socks, radios, and hundreds of other items.

Two years later, a New Jersey wholesale firm tied up with two veteran food men, R. M. Otis and R. O. Dawson, to open the Big Bear supermarket in an empty auto-assembly plant at Elizabeth, N. J. Smashing price cuts — baked beans at three cents a can, for instance — plus such ballyhoo devices as blimps cruising overhead did the trick here too. Inquisitive women driving over to see what it was all about found that the advertised bargains were true and that they could also buy washboards, tropical fish, floor wax, lipsticks, and heaven only knew what else. When the second Big Bear opened, in Jersey City, it rang up sales to 150,000 customers the first week.

That same year a department-store veteran named Packard rented a disused factory in Hackensack, N. J., to house a supermarket on a new basis: all departments under single ownership. With two acres of selling space, parking room for 3000 cars, and some 20,000 customers every week-end, this Packard & Bamberger super is still a flourishing reminder of the early days. Standing on two railroad spurs, it gets its potatoes, oranges and case goods straight off the freight car — which means no trucking and ware-

housing expense, no wholesalers' profits. It will sell you a fancy dress costume, a whistling teakettle, a bicycle, a tin of aspirin, groceries from a stock of 3000 packaged items, plus meats, delicatessen and its own brands of beer and liquor. It will cut your hair, resole your shoes, fix you a lunch, entertain you with a fashion show, fill your gas tank and supply a boy to take your packages to the car.

Other supers sprouted throughout the country. Some stayed open seven days a week, 24 hours a day, cutting "loss-leader" prices till the blood ran, keeping all prices far below conventional competition, advertising like P. T. Barnum. Naturally there was trouble. The chains and the independent grocers suspended their feud long enough to gang up on this new competition, but eventually the chains themselves decided to try supering. (One reason was the rise of anti-chain-store taxation based on number of stores, which the chain now could nullify by maintaining fewer and bigger markets.) By now the A & P, colossus of chains, is reliably reported to do 60 percent of its sales in fancy new supers. One small New England chain, Economy Grocery Stores, went promptly over to all-food supers and now does a \$22,000,000 business yearly.

Later entrants in the race were food wholesalers, who found supers a way to move goods in big chunks. In three days Johnson's in Syra-

cuse, N. Y., can get rid of 1800 pounds of Spry, 1500 packages of Kellogg's Corn Flakes, 1900 cans of Libby's tomato juice. Many a small wholesaler would consider such quantities a tidy week's business.

Today's supermarket is a far cry from the crude warehouse stores of a few years ago. A California super that isn't floodlighted, glass-bricked and air-conditioned is hardly worthy of the name. Supers in the East, too, have air-conditioning, ultraviolet lamps to keep meats and vegetables germ-free, doors opening automatically by electric eyes, luxurious lounges, day nurseries for children. "The exterior is finished in ivory and black glazed brick," records M. M. Zimmerman, supermarket expert, of a new Indianapolis layout, "and the interior in lemon-yellow and sea-green with all fixtures to harmonize." It sounds like the Palm Beach branch of a New York modiste. Genetti's supermarket in Hazleton, Pa., includes a luxurious restaurant and bar, and a 15,000-square-foot public hall that draws weddings, banquets and meetings from 20 miles around. Fancy names have always flourished. The original Big Bear, Big Lion and Big Eagle were joined by Thriftmart, Jitney Jungle, U-Tote-Em, Pay'n-Takit, Stop-and-Shop.

As competition stiffens, promotion gets fancier. The East specializes in thoughtfulness for the cus-

tomers — handy paper towels to wipe your hands after touching vegetables, cooking schools in the super's own auditorium. But California comes through with free bridge lessons on slack days and a resident fortuneteller whose services are free. A Tucson, Ariz., super maintains a string of ponies to give the kiddies a free ride. The Boy's Country Store in San Bernardino, Calif., tops them all on sale days, with employees in ten-gallon hats, continuous Mexican music and free Saturday breakfasts of sausages and hot cakes.

Supers have their troubles, of course. Big troubles — such as gloomy prophecies that they haven't yet seen the last of punitive tax legislation. And little ones — such as what happened when King Kulen first replaced the market basket over the arm with the basket on wheels; youngsters joyriding in the new device injured themselves in spills, and their parents sued. The present spill-proof collapsible double-decker "food taxi" is generally conceded to be the brain child of Syl Goldman of Oklahoma City's Humpty-Dumpty supers. He manufactures them on the side.

Shoplifting is a headache. Not only kleptomaniacs and kids filching dried peas for pea-shooters, but men lifting caviar to impress their friends, women unable to resist small packages. Losses would run

high unless guarded against — cigarettes right under the checkers' eyes, aisles stacked low to give the light-fingered a sense of being observed.

The super's key problem is how far self-service can be carried. Many are experimenting with help-yourself packaging of meats, dairy products, fruits and vegetables, a scale hanging handy so the customer may check the weight.

Tops in food self-service is the idea hatched by Clarence Saunders, founder of the Piggly-Wiggly self-service stores 25 years ago, who plans to break out with Keedoozle Stores in Chicago. Mrs. Customer is turned loose with a gadget that looks vaguely like a pistol. All foods and their prices are displayed in samples behind glass. If she wants a certain can of beans at nine cents, she puts her pistol-muzzle into the slot beside the sample and pulls the trigger. Automatically "#2½ Zilch's Beans — .09" is printed, along with punch-holes, on paper tape inside the pistol. Successive orders are recorded below the first entry. The cashier feeds her tape into automatic machinery that uses the punched holes to activate sorting apparatus backstage. And as if by magic a moving belt produces her beans, butter, bread, cauliflower, tabasco sauce and scallions. She pays her bill and walks out pop-eyed.



Kate Behind the Mike

Condensed from Movie-Radio Guide

Hildegard Dolson

LAST MAY, on the 10th anniversary of Kate Smith's first broadcast, *Variety* brought out a special issue with a banner headline: "Homey Appeal Works Out." It has worked out very nicely indeed — to the tune of a \$7000-a-week contract and the title of "Radio's First Lady." Listeners to her Friday evening variety program, plus her five-day-a-week noontime chats, are estimated to total 40,000,000. For an ex-student-nurse who has never taken a vocal lesson, the 32-year-old singer has done right well.

The star, in person, is a broad-shouldered, muscular, 235-pound girl who can wham a golf ball to hell and gone. Her schedule of seven broadcasts a week plus rehearsals, benefit performances, and singing *God Bless America* at patriotic rallies, schools and hospitals, leaves her fit as a fiddle and bouncing with verve. She walks and talks like a breezy Texan. Ordinarily she is gustily good-humored. But given a good grievance she can roar like an outraged moose.

More than one spectator at a football game has been startled to hear an oddly familiar voice bellowing "Kill 'em! Mow 'em down!" as Radio's First Lady exhorts a



\$7000-a-week Kate Smith

plunging halfback in tones that would carry miles in a favorable wind. Business associates, imbued with the silly notion that a singer should pamper her voice, used to urge their high-paid star to stop hollering. They have long since come to the conclusion that she thrives on bedlam.

As a Broadway columnist has noted, "No one in public life has more power to inspire donations than Kate Smith." She has raised \$4,000,000 for the Red Cross, \$500,000 for the American Legion, and swelled the funds for hospitals, community chests, China relief, and homeless dogs. Her public, sensing that she's genuinely concerned over "all those folks in trouble," responds with spectacular generosity. When she asked over the air for dolls for needy children, listeners swamped the mails with 20,000 in three days.

On Armistice Day in 1938, listeners heard her introduce "a brand-new number which I'm sure you're all gonna like." The song was *God*

Bless America, written 21 years before by Private Irving Berlin at Camp Upton, and dragged out of an old trunk when the singer asked him to write her a patriotic number. She plugged it lustily over the air, at Legion rallies, and at the New York World's Fair. There was excited talk of adopting it as our national anthem.

Kathryn Elizabeth Smith was born in Washington, D. C. As a baby she baffled her parents by refusing to talk until the advanced age of four. "Leave her alone," the family doctor advised. "One of these days she'll make up for lost time." He was right. At five Kathryn was not only prattling great guns but causing a minor sensation at St. Patrick's Church, where her childish treble rang out above the entire choir. Soon the pigtailed songbird was performing at Sunday-school pageants and church suppers, and in 1917, after the United States entered the war, the eight-year-old singer was a featured attraction at training camps around Washington. Schools and the pursuit of knowledge made Kathryn yawn, and teachers winced as they wrote down the grades on her report cards. She has since explained this by saying, "I've always been suspicious of anything that required study."

After the Armistice, General Pershing presented the young singer with a medal for her contribution to soldier morale, and patted her kindly

on the head. "You must keep on singing, child," he said.

The child did, and developed a gratifying faculty for copping first prizes in amateur nights at local theaters. Her father, however, believed that any female connected with the stage would come to a bad end. Soon after her 16th birthday he persuaded her to enter George Washington Hospital to study nursing. She stuck it out for nine months, and says now that it made her nervous to tiptoe around in rubber-soled shoes, talking in whispers.

One day the manager of Washington's Keith vaudeville theater phoned Kate frantically, asking her to fill in for a performer who hadn't shown up. Headliner on the same bill was Eddie Dowling, scheduled to star in a forthcoming musical comedy. Dowling heard Kate sing and wired the producer: "Have terrific find for girl comedy lead in your show."

On September 20, 1926, Kate at 17 made her Broadway debut as Tiny Little in *Honeymoon Lane*. Opening nighters applauded wildly. The dramatic critics' notices were favorable, but inclined to playful puns: "She's immense in more ways than one."

After a year on the road as a singing black mammy in *Hit the Deck*, Kate was signed at \$500 a week for the comedy lead opposite Bert Lahr in *Flying High*. In this role she took a good deal of rowdy

ad-libbing about her size and feeding habits from Lahr, and many press comments such as, "She sat down in a chair like a giant dirigible coming to anchor."

It was tough going. But fate intervened in the shape of Ted Collins, a phonograph-recording company executive who asked Kate to make some records. Overcome at being accepted as a singer instead of a fat-girl laugh-getter, Kate burst into tears. Collins listened to her grievances and said mildly, "Forget it. I'll be your manager. All you've got to do is sing." Thus started a partnership that has prospered as the green bay tree for 10 years.

When *Flying High* closed, CBS offered Kate the 15-minute spot competing with Amos 'n' Andy. "Don't take it," a friend counseled her sagely. "That's too tough a spot for a beginner." Kate scowled thoughtfully and accepted the offer.

Listener response was gratifying. Collins showed fan letters to potential sponsors, and a cigar manufacturer promptly hired the singer for a half-hour program at \$1500 a week. That was in the fall of 1931. The fan letters doubled in number and fervor. A woman listener wrote in to say that as proof of her devotion she had taken to smoking the cigars. "They are all your announcer claims for them," she said loyally. "Mellow and full of contentment."

It was on the cigar program that

she launched her theme song, *When the Mooooooon Comes Over the Mountain*. Seven years later, when it was announced that Kate Smith was to sing at the White House for the King and Queen of England, the King asked, "Isn't she the girl who sings about the moon and the mountain?"

In 1938 radio prophets shook their heads forebodingly over the news that Kate would make her debut as a commentator. But the "Kate Smith Speaks" program recently zoomed to top ranking among daytime shows. Kate talks about everything from fifth columnists to baby robins, takes hefty cracks at magazines printing naughty pictures, and tells homey little anecdotes that point a moral.

"When we are planning our programs," the star explains, "I picture in my mind a little blue-eyed girl of four or five, sitting on her daddy's knee, listening intently to every song that is sung, every word that is uttered."

Fan letters now average 3000 a week. About half are requests — for money, advice, recipes, autographs, auditions. A few suggest diets or criticize Kate's habit of saying "I'm gonna." The remainder are almost frenziedly favorable.

Backed by this dogged loyalty, Kate Smith's name has led most radio polls for 10 years. During this time her sponsors — La Palina cigars, Hudson cars, A & P, and General Foods — have paid the pretty

sum of \$5,092,176 to CBS for her time on the air. Hollywood guest stars often appear on Kate's program, at an average \$2000 a throw, to play a scene from their latest movie.

Scripts for all her programs are turned out by staff writers of Kated, a corporation formed by Kate Smith and Ted Collins in 1932. Kated now pays salaries to 55 people, including an orchestra of 28. Collins, as manager, handles all finances and allows his star \$350 a week as personal spending money. Part of the \$350 goes for antique glass bottles, but her biggest extravagance is speedboats. At her summer home, Camp Sunshine on Lake Placid, she pilots one of these superjobs with a reckless abandon that makes nervous guests close their eyes and pray for sudden delivery. She also swims, golfs, and plays noisily at a slot machine installed in Camp Sunshine — all proceeds to the USO.

Noon programs are broadcast from the star's Park Avenue apartment. After a hearty breakfast at nine, she settles down with that day's script, making revisions and whacking out any phrases she complains of as being too highfalutin. When the final draft of the script is typed, the longer words are written out phonetically (archeologist, for example, becomes ar-kay-ol-o-gist) so that Kate can pronounce the words trippingly. Most of her afternoons are spent trying out

songs for the next week's evening show.

Every Friday that evening's show is rehearsed and timed piece by piece in an all-day workout at the Columbia studios, where Kate has her own dressing room complete with shower and electric grill. She can read only a few notes of music but members of her orchestra are appalled by her musical memory, since she's likely to point out firmly that their current playing of a song varies by one note from the way they played it six years ago. "It shoulda gone wumpee, vimp tee, *zoom-tee-ay*," she'll say reproachfully. She's always right.

Several years ago, when the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra was behind in a money-raising drive, the committee decided realistically to give a benefit beer party with Kate Smith as the star. During rehearsals, with Stokowski conducting the orchestra, Kate kept shaking her head glumly as they played her song. They weren't getting the right dum-dee-*oom* into the closing bars, she said. Suddenly she grabbed the baton from the startled Stokowski, and directed the orchestra energetically until the boys gave forth with the proper dum-dee-*oom*. The beer party was a wow. Afterward the pleased Stokowski told Kate, "God gave you that voice. Don't let anyone change it."

"I won't," Kate assured him heartily.



The Path Through the Cemetery

From *The Saturday Review of Literature*

Leonard Q. Ross

I MUST have been nine or ten when I read this story. I never forgot its subtle horror. I have told it many times, and to many people; no one has been able to offer a clue to the author or origin:

IVAN WAS a timid little man — so timid that the villagers called him "Pigeon" or mocked him with the title, "Ivan the Terrible." Every night Ivan stopped in at the saloon which was on the edge of the village cemetery. Ivan never crossed the cemetery to get to his lonely shack on the other side. That path would save many minutes, but he had never taken it — not even in the full light of noon.

Late one winter's night, when bitter wind and snow beat against the saloon, the customers took up the familiar mockery. "Ivan's mother was scared by a canary when she carried him in her womb." "Ivan the Terrible — Ivan the Terribly Timid One."

Ivan's sickly protest only fed their taunts, and they jeered cruelly when the young Cossack lieutenant flung his horrid challenge at their quarry.

"You are a pigeon, Ivan. You'll

walk all around the cemetery in this hell's cold — but you dare not cross it."

Ivan murmured, "The cemetery is nothing to cross, Lieutenant. It is nothing but earth, like all the other earth."

The lieutenant cried, "A challenge, then! Cross the cemetery to-night, Ivan, and I'll give you five rubles — five gold rubles!"

Perhaps it was the vodka. Perhaps it was the temptation of the five gold rubles. No one ever knew why Ivan, moistening his lips, said suddenly: "Yes, Lieutenant. I'll cross the cemetery!"

The saloon echoed with their disbelief. The lieutenant winked to the men and unbuckled his saber. "Here, Ivan. When you get to the center of the cemetery, in front of the biggest tomb, stick the saber into the ground. In the morning we shall go there. And if the saber is in the ground — five gold rubles to you!"

Ivan took the saber. The men drank a toast: "To Ivan the Terrible!" They roared with laughter.

The wind howled around Ivan as he closed the door of the saloon behind him. The cold was knife-

sharp. He buttoned his long coat and crossed the dirt road. He could hear the lieutenant's voice, louder than the rest, yelling after him, "Five rubles, pigeon! *If you live!*"

Ivan pushed the cemetery gate open. He walked fast. "Earth, just earth . . . like any other earth." But the darkness was a massive dread. "Five gold rubles . . ." The wind was cruel and the saber was like ice in his hands. Ivan shivered under the long, thick coat and broke into a limping run.

He recognized the large tomb. He must have sobbed — that was the sound that was drowned in the wind. And he kneeled, cold and terrified, and drove the saber through the crust into the hard ground. With all his strength, he pushed it down to the hilt. It was done. The

cemetery . . . the challenge . . . five gold rubles.

Ivan started to rise from his knees. But he could not move. Something held him. Something gripped him in an unyielding and implacable hold. Ivan tugged and lurched and pulled — gasping in his panic, shaken by a monstrous fear. He cried out in terror, then made senseless gurgling noises.

They found Ivan, next morning, on the ground in front of the tomb that was in the center of the cemetery. He was frozen to death. The look on his face was not that of a frozen man, but of a man killed by some nameless horror. And the lieutenant's saber was in the ground where Ivan had pounded it — through the dragging folds of his long coat.



Epitaphs of a Lusty Age

❑ THE CODE of the Old West is told on a natural rock gravestone in Cripple Creek, Colorado:

"He called Bill Smith a liar."

— *Cooper County Record*

❑ DATING back to the gun-toting age of the West is Boot Hill Cemetery in Dodge City, Kansas, where these epitaphs may be seen:

Played five accs.
Now playing the harp.

Shoot-'em-up-Jake
Ran *for* sheriff, 1872
Ran *from* sheriff, 1876.
Buried, 1876.

— Contributed by Edna May Ewert

Marvels of Pain-Conquering Nerve Surgery

Condensed from Hygeia

Lois Mattox Miller

WORKING like linemen on a far-flung telephone network, surgeons now operate on the nervous system itself — daring, delicate, miraculously effective surgery — to check the pain of incurable disease or block the effects of hidden ills that cannot be treated at their source.

Swoop of the Hawk

MÉNIÈRE'S DISEASE, a devastating form of vertigo, is probably as old as mankind, yet it is still a medical mystery. Overwhelming dizziness makes things seem to whirl; strange head noises ring alarmingly in one ear; the victim collapses. Recurrent attacks come so swiftly that they have been likened to "the swoop of the hawk."

The trouble seems to be centered in the auditory nerve, which serves both hearing and equilibrium. Some years ago, doctors discovered that they could banish the dreaded vertigo by severing the auditory nerve. But the operation also destroyed hearing.

Then a railroad conductor, who had been unable to work because of recurring attacks, brought his problem to Dr. Walter E. Dandy, celebrated neurosurgeon at Johns Hop-

Miraculous nerve-severing techniques are bringing relief to sufferers from many agonizing diseases.

kins. The nerve operation might cure him but the resulting deafness would cost him his job. Dr. Dandy had been studying Ménière's disease, and had reached an important conclusion. The auditory nerve is really two nerves in one. He believed that by severing *most* of the trunk he could check the vertigo, and that leaving *very little* intact would preserve normal hearing!

Dr. Dandy removed a small portion of the conductor's skull behind the ear and cut about five eighths of the auditory nerve, leaving the rest. Soon the man was sitting up in bed, his vertigo gone forever but his precious hearing saved.

Dr. Dandy has since performed the operation successfully on 125 patients, and it has been repeated hundreds of times by other neurosurgeons.

Cutting Hypertension

FOR 12 years Dr. Paul Brown ministered to his patients at all hours of the day and night; his "spare time" was spent in clinics, professional meetings, or poring

over medical journals. Repeatedly he promised his wife that he would take that long overdue vacation "next year." At 48, Dr. Brown collapsed.

He had splitting headaches, dizzy spells. He was exhausted, irritable, and unable to sleep. His systolic blood pressure hovered dangerously around 218. Dr. Brown knew the answer: hypertension.

As a common cause of death — particularly among middle-aged business and professional men — hypertension outranks even cancer and tuberculosis.* This destructive tightening of the blood vessels seems to start in the kidneys. Apparently it is caused by some impulse transmitted over the sympathetic nervous system.

Dr. Alfred W. Adson of Mayo Clinic and Dr. Max Minor Peet of the University of Michigan Hospital had separately gone to work on surgical methods for cutting the nerve pathway and thus relieving the fatal tension on the arteries. Dr. Brown proved to be ideal for surgical treatment, *because he was under 50*, his arteries and kidneys had not been extensively damaged, and he was physically fit to undergo a major operation.

Dr. Adson made an incision along the right side of his spine and removed a portion of the 12th rib. A smooth, illuminated retractor moved aside the liver and

right kidney. The surgeon gently engaged the splanchnic nerves which connect with the kidneys and other visceral organs, and delicately severed them. Then the operation was repeated on the left side.

Two weeks later Dr. Brown was discharged from the hospital and went for a short vacation. He is back in practice now, fitter than ever. His blood pressure is normal.

Dr. Adson has performed this operation on over 300 patients, and Dr. Peet on some 500. Blood pressure has been reduced in more than half the cases, and about 85 percent have been relieved of headaches, dizziness and insomnia. Other surgeons, utilizing their techniques, are now performing the operation regularly, though patients must be carefully selected.

Investigators are working hard to find a reliable medical rather than surgical treatment for hypertension. But neurosurgery meanwhile provides the only sure method of arresting this ruthless killer.

Surgery for Worry and Fear

PHINEAS P. GAGE was a quarry foreman who died in 1860. His brain is preserved in a Harvard museum. A premature dynamite blast drove a crowbar into Phineas' jaw and out through the top of his head. He lived on for 12 years, healthy in body. But his judgment was impaired, and he became dishonest, undependable, given to

* See "Science Challenges the Master Killer," *The Reader's Digest*, August, 41.

violent fits of rage. When Phineas died it was found that only the left prefrontal lobe of his brain had been destroyed.

This was perhaps the first real evidence that the higher functions of the brain—intellect, reason, judgment—are in its extreme front. Farther back, approximately between the ears, lies the thalamus—source of the primitive emotions: worry, fear, love, hate.

Presumably the thalamus is at war constantly with the higher centers in the prefrontal lobes. Over connecting nerves it pours forth a steady stream of raw emotions which must be controlled by the intellect. But sometimes the primitive force of the thalamus begins to dominate. Then the symptoms of certain mental disorders take a firm hold.

Dr. Egas Moniz, a Lisbon neurologist, determined in 1936 to try the surgical treatment of certain mental ills. He proposed to cure the sick mind by severing the nerve pathways that link the thalamus with the prefrontal lobes. He bored holes in the skulls of mental patients who had failed to respond to other treatment, inserted an instrument not unlike an apple-corer, and cut the connective nerve tissue in the frontal area. Patients were relieved of their exaggerated worry, fear and melancholia. The operation was particularly successful in cases of "agitated depression."

Thus psychosurgery was born. Drs. James W. Watts and Walter Freeman of George Washington University made improvements. They perfected an instrument called a leucotome which is a thin, hollow shaft containing a rotating blade. Through holes bored in the temples, the leucotome is pushed deftly through the brain, and a few turns of the blade separates the nerve tissue. Since the brain itself is insensitive to pain, the operation is performed under a local anesthetic.

Psychosurgery is still on trial and used only as a last resort. But it has been performed in this country on several hundred patients afflicted with abnormal fears. Results have been good in about 65 percent of cases, fair in 20 percent, and poor in 15 percent.

Hic!

SEPARATING the chest from the abdominal cavity is a tough tent-like muscle called the diaphragm. Controlled by the phrenic nerve which connects with the main "trunkline" high in the neck, this muscular structure moves up and down rhythmically in the breathing process. But psychic or emotional disturbances, chemical irritations, and disease can send abnormal impulses traveling over the phrenic nerve and cause the diaphragm to contract violently and spasmodically. These spasms we call hiccups.

Once in a great while hiccups

may persist for hours, even weeks. The victim becomes increasingly weakened, exhausted, unable to take nourishment or get sleep.

Knowing this condition may be fatal, the doctor summons the neurosurgeon. The phrenic nerve, running across the back of the neck, is easily accessible. The neurosurgeon severs it, and thus interrupts the mysterious hiccup impulse. But with the nerve cut, the diaphragm is paralyzed. The nerve ends must be reunited as quickly as possible so the patient can resume breathing. Obviously this is a desperate last resort.

Conquest of Pain

PAIN OF incurable disease can be such unending, unbearable torture that victims often look forward to death for merciful relief. Doctors administer drugs which interrupt the agony with spells of stupor.

Today the neurosurgeon declares that victims of incurable disease can live out their days without drugs or suffering. Every pain impulse, wherever it originates, must travel up the main spinal trunkline to the brain. When the pain cannot be eliminated at the source, the surgeon offers this recourse: interrupt the pathway of pain. This operation is performed at the point just before the nerves of the painful part enter the spinal column. Only a small incision is made in the nerve cable and great care must be taken to cut only the sensory nerve

and not the motor nerve. The patient is deprived of nothing but his sense of pain and temperature in that portion of his body. His tactile sense, or feeling, is left whole. Some 200 surgeons throughout the country are successfully performing this pain-conquering operation.

The Suicide Pain

TRI-GEMINAL neuralgia, sometimes called *tic douloureux*, is a nervous disease of obscure origin; but its pain is the most acute and maddening known to man. Intense paroxysms of agony in one whole side of the face recur unexpectedly at intervals of hours or days. They may be brought on by a gust of wind or even a slight movement of the face muscles. The "tri-germ" victim lives in constant dread of the pain's recurrence — afraid to talk, chew, or wash his face. Between pain and fear he may be driven to mental collapse or suicide.

Medical treatment of this harrowing malady is uncertain; but today the neurosurgeon simply makes a small incision between eye and ear, and severs the "great nerve" of the face. The pain of trigeminal neuralgia is gone forever.

Says Dr. Byron Stookey of the Neurological Institute of New York: "If it were more widely known that relief from pain can be obtained for the duration of the patient's life, more physicians would avail themselves of the neurosurgeon's service."

Youth Experiments in Latin-American Living

Condensed from The Intercollegian

Webb Waldron

"WHAT beautiful manners! What courtesy!" exclaimed a Peruvian, speaking of some youngsters from the United States who were living in Latin-American homes in his city last summer. "The young men raise their hats when they meet a lady, they step back and let her enter the room first!"

"But," said the puzzled leader of the "Experiment" group to which these boys and girls belonged, "such things are just ordinary good manners."

"Yes, of course. But we had a different idea of Americans. We've seen your tourists and your motion pictures." Then the Peruvian added: "But these young Americans, they are interested not in curios, not in ruins, not in drink, but in *us, us!*"

Thousands of Latin Americans had that sort of surprise last summer. Groups of college-age North American boys and girls, modest, unassuming, living with Latin-American families, gave a new conception of the "Colossus of the North" to the people south of us.

Their surprise was a tribute to Donald B. Watt, leader of the most exciting enterprise in world friend-

College youngsters, spending vacations in Latin-American homes, are helping to break down prejudice against the "Colossus of the North."

ship today — the Experiment in International Living. Watt believes that the most effective U. S. emissaries to promote international friendship are the best of our college youth. Not young collegians merely sight-seeing or officially visiting; but living in homes, taking part in family activities, learning the language, ideas, ways of the country, and in turn demonstrating the genuine America to their hosts by their character and behavior.

Last summer three Experiment groups went to Mexico, three to Peru, one group each to Guatemala, Colombia, Brazil. Whenever possible, Watt finds homes for the Experimenters not in the capital of the country but in some city less cosmopolitan, more typical of the land.

The Experiment offers to pay board for the American visitor; but invariably, when the idea is explained, the Latin-American family indignantly refuses any recom-

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pense. Experimenters pay a fee which barely covers transportation, the modest salaries of the group leaders, and office expenses. Watt gives his time to the enterprise the year round without pay. "Luckily I inherited a little money from a provident ancestor," he says.

Because many worth-while students hadn't the money for the adventure, Watt last spring got \$6000 for scholarships from Rockefeller's Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America. Princeton, Yale, Harvard and Carleton College contributed as much more from scholarship funds, so that last summer there were 21 Experimenters from these four colleges on scholarships. Watt hopes to have several times that number in 1942.

Watt tries to place the young people in homes with a son or daughter the same age. These friendships of youth with youth are a moving factor in dissipating misconceptions about the United States in the communities where Experimenters live.

"When mothers in Medellín, Colombia, learned that our girls were not wild and immoral as they had thought from our movies and certain tourists," said Joe Clawson, Harvard senior, "many who had hesitated actually competed in inviting us into their homes."

Barbara Hubbard, 19, of Radcliffe College, told me how warmly she was welcomed by the Escobar family in Medellín. "Within a day or so," she said, "the *señora* was

calling me daughter. She shed tears when I had to come home." Patricia Morris, of Vassar College, said much the same thing about her foster family in Peru; so did slim blonde Renée Timm, Smith senior, of her family in Mexico. Their experiences are typical.

Frequently the Experimenters found themselves projected into an intensely interesting circle of Latin-American life. Roger Henselman, Harvard junior from Medford, Ore., lived in the family of the leading book publisher of Brazil. A well-known Peruvian cotton merchant made a place in his home for Doug Divine, Yale senior, who plans to teach Latin-American history. Karl Harr, Princeton sophomore from New Jersey, lived with a distinguished Brazilian architect. Henry Bradford, 19, Yale senior, who wants to get into the U. S. foreign service, lived in the sumptuous home of Gabriel Velez, one of the wealthiest men of Colombia, and told of the daughter who spoke several languages and played the piano "gloriously," and how in the Velez home he met Guillermo Valencia, noted South American poet.

The Latin Americans were endlessly helpful. Joe Clawson, studying social conditions, tells how his Colombian family got him introductions everywhere, how experts generously gave him their time. Dwight Taylor, from Minnesota, got similar cooperation in his study of the Colombian press.

After spending part of the summer in homes, each Experimenter group reassembled and, taking some of their "brothers" and "sisters" along as guests, made a tour of the country, seeing and studying other phases of its life.

The rapidity with which Experimenters got a working knowledge of the language delighted the Latin Americans. For example, Pete Prouse didn't know any Spanish when he took ship for Peru. Several weeks later, at a small mountain railway station, he got into discussion with a group of Peruvians about the war between Peru and Ecuador. One man said that the U. S. was backing Ecuador on the promise of getting the Galápagos Islands. Another said a big U. S. oil man, knowing that if the boundary could be moved so his lands would be in Ecuador he'd have smaller taxes to pay, had bribed President Roosevelt to back Ecuador. "I think I convinced them they were wrong," said Prouse. "They seemed astonished to find a *norteamericano* there presenting our case in their own language."

Even while the Experimenters were breaking down prejudices against the U. S., they saw the causes of these prejudices with their own eyes. American businessmen in Latin-American cities often mingle only with one another. They have little personal interest in the country out of which they get their living. This hurts Latin-American

pride. The Germans, on the other hand, frequently marry Latin-American girls, become a part of the country.

"Our Peruvian friends," said a girl Experimenter, "don't understand American women tourists who wear slacks and smoke in hotel lobbies and on city streets. It seems to bear out what they have seen in our movies, to indicate bad breeding — or loose morals."

A Wellesley girl, Experimenter to Mexico, told how in a cathedral, when the choir was singing, a party of American tourists came in talking loudly and taking flashlight pictures. "I felt ashamed," she said. "Would Mexican people do that in one of our churches?"

Tom Goslin of Yale, gathering material in Peru for a thesis on Latin-American reactions to U. S. foreign policy, told me he was aghast at the bitterness against us in Peruvian books, magazines and newspapers of the past 40 years, the long-time suspicion of our acts in Mexico and the Caribbean, the resentment that still smolders at Theodore Roosevelt's encouragement of the revolution against Colombia which resulted in the independence of Panama and subsequent concession of the Canal Zone to us.

Many other Experimenters were aware, too, of that old deep-lurking suspicion of the United States, of the feeling that our new-born Good Neighbor policy is only a pat on

the back, and resentment toward our official good-willers.

Henry Bradford put it well:

"If you as a presentable American go down there and act like yourself, you are a good neighbor in the real sense of the word. But if you go down with a fanfare as an official Good Neighbor, you'll probably irritate the Latin Americans."

The Experiment-in-Living idea originated some ten years ago. Watt, a Princetonian, Y-worker in World War I, began with Europe and had groups in France, Germany, Italy, Scandinavia. When this second war came Watt swung to Latin America, sending down the first groups in 1940.

He used to go about the country talking at colleges and before clubs to spread his idea. Now Experimenters advertise it by their enthusiasm, by stories of their experiences told to classmates, parents, friends at home. They give talks in schools and churches, showing colored motion pictures they have taken — all with the fervor of evangelists.

In 1942 the Experiment will not only be bigger and more influential in Latin America, but Watt is now working to induce the Latin-American countries to send their students here, to live in our homes and thus weave the strands of friendship from both ends.

"Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory"

As a boy my father sadly needed optical aid, but his father pooh-poohed such nonsense: specs were for old folks. But with the first six dollars he earned himself, he defied his parent and secretly bought a pair of glasses from an itinerant optician. These lenses were not properly ground to correct his visual needs, but they served a purpose. Waiting until nightfall, he took them from their hiding place and stole out of the house, down through the orchard to an open field where neither trees nor houses could impede his view of the sky. There, with trembling fingers, he put on his six dollars' worth of magic glass and saw for the first time in his life that stars actually twinkled,

that the moon really was a sharp-rimmed silver disk and not a series of luminous concentric circles. He stood breathless, awed by the glory of that heavenly host, then suddenly a mist of tears obscured the sight of these wonders.

"I had known, academically," he said later, "that the sky ought to look like that, just as I had known academically that leaves go all the way to the top of a tree instead of dissolving into a green smudge above the lowest branches. But the first actual sight of such phenomena as they looked to other people was the most beautiful moment of my life."

— Peggy Wood, *How Young You Look*
(Farrar & Rinehart)

Jobs for Women with Money

Condensed from *Mademoiselle*

Frank J. Taylor

TWO DECADES ago, 18 public-spirited Los Angeles women set out to do the odd jobs of charity that nobody else bothered about. As a result, the Assistance League of Southern California today keeps 1700 leisure-class women busy every week helping 1400 beneficiaries who range from undernourished children to indigent actors.

The League's headquarters in Hollywood is an amazing place. The first part of this human beehive I visited was the Exchange and Opportunity Shop. "Here," explained one of the officers, "any woman who can make something may bring it for us to sell. This shop is a lifesaver for women struggling against going on relief." Its show cases bulged with knitted goods, lingerie, aprons, jams, pies, even etchings.

In the nearby Thrift Shop were counters piled high with used goods — dishes, clothing, home furnishings — for sale at low prices. A frying pan was six cents. A pair of good shoes, a quarter. Men's suits, one dollar. "We send one of our three trucks to collect anything

usable that anybody will give us, from underwear to stoves. Then we recondition the articles in our workshop," it was explained. "That makes work for a lot of women — all unpaid volunteers — and for a dozen elderly men whom we pay by the hour."

While I was in the Thrift Shop, a mother outfitted her 11-year-old son at a cost of 65 cents. For \$4 a couple of newlyweds acquired enough kitchenware and dishes to set up housekeeping.

In addition to the workshop there is a kitchen where other women, paid for their services, prepare lunch for the workers. All told, more than 100 women serve actively on the Thrift Committee, which is just one of 32 groups of volunteers, each in charge of a different activity and each self-supporting through its own effort. Most of the League's 1700 women devote at least one full day a week to its work.

In the Old Book Shop one can buy good secondhand books for a dime to a quarter. This shop and a lending library are run by the Bookworm Committee, whose 50

members serve as librarians, help with the annual benefit Bookworms' Ball, and are in charge of the Boys' Club and Girls' Club summer camps.

Crossing the street we entered the Day Nursery, where for ten cents a day working mothers may check their children. An average of 75 children are cared for by a nursery attendant and a trained nurse aided by volunteers. Youngsters who go to school are called for in the afternoon and kept until the mothers finish work. The operating deficit of the Nursery is met by special charity benefits.

The League's charming Tea Room is a popular place to have lunch. Hollywood stars are almost always there — many in their make-up straight from the sets. The lunchroom, like most of the League's activities, just happened. The League members had at first taken turns bringing and serving food, meant chiefly for fellow workers, but employes and visitors from the studios flocked in and the present thriving business was built up.

Across the way is The Playhouse, seating 400, Hollywood's leading little theater. Three times a week the League's Nine O'Clock Players present amateur plays. Other nights it is leased to producers for the tryout of new plays. Also, two motion-picture directors run a talent school here.

Nearby are the Girls' Club, with cooking and sewing facilities

for its 50 members, and the 200-strong Boys' Club with its crafts shop and athletic field, supervised by a trained worker.

Around the corner is the Toy Loan Shop, which lends toys as a circulating library lends books. There is also the Family Welfare Bureau, which helps needy families not qualified for public relief. Next there is the Motor Corps, whose volunteers take invalids to hospitals and clinics. Then comes the Christmas Basket Division, which last year provided 485 families with food for a week. The money is raised, and the baskets prepared, by subdebs who also model for the League's benefit style shows. Each member of the Day Nursery Committee has pledged herself to earn ten dollars a year as a contribution. At the end of the year each writes a letter telling exactly how she earned the sum and a prize is offered for the most unusual method. The College Auxiliary Group raises money for material used in sewing classes of the Girls' Club by giving entertainments, fashion shows, etc.

The League spends some \$50,000 annually in direct aid. It carries 285 families a month, or roughly 1200 persons ineligible for community relief, often because they are too newly arrived in Los Angeles. The League helps scores of other unfortunates. For instance, it rents a piano for a stranded musician and gets him pupils. It

buys a wooden leg for the victim of an accident, and a wheel chair for a woman unable to buy one. It provides hospitalization for the needy in cooperation with hospitals in Los Angeles.

The Assistance League dates from an inauspicious beginning in 1920, when a group of Los Angeles women, Red Cross workers during the war, decided to continue helping others. One of their first projects was raising a fund to buy milk for undernourished children. Renting a circus tent, they sponsored an exhibit of school children's handiwork, only to have everything wrecked by a terrific sandstorm. The damage, together with payments for a theatrical show which had been contracted for as part of the project, left them \$15,000 in the hole.

Instead of defaulting, they went to work. A society ball, a food show, even a boxing bout, brought in revenue. Women donated money earned by taking care of children on the maid's day off. Perhaps the oddest way of raising money came to light when one woman brought in \$24, a \$2 per month payment by her husband for not criticizing his bridge playing. In about a year the debt was paid off.

The women then formed a corporation to give direction and control to their work, the idea being to match each money-spending activity with a money-making business. The first money-raising idea

was originated by Mrs. Hancock Banning, president of the League.

Motion-picture producers often asked permission to film the Banning home, perhaps California's finest example of a southern mansion. Mrs. Banning agreed, adding, "And make the check payable to the Assistance League." One day it occurred to her that the League might sign up all the homes in southern California that typified English, Oriental, tropical or other desirable backgrounds. Thus began the Film Location Bureau, which today has exclusive picture rights to 6000 homes, clubs, churches and gardens. Half of the fee goes to the League, the other half to any charity the homeowner designates.

The Assistance League launched its business in a little Los Angeles office. By 1922 the place was crowded and the directors bought the first of their present buildings in Hollywood. Today the League owns property worth \$250,000.

But thriving shops, theater and welfare services, valuable though they are, loom no larger in the minds of the League's directors than do the benefits gained by the women who donate their time so systematically. "Our business is finding jobs for women with money, and money for women without jobs," says Mrs. Banning. "It's amazing how people who can't find anything to do at home are happy to do things in the stimulating atmosphere of helpful service."

*Grandpa's will brought sounds of merriment
by night among the Kentucky hills*

Settin' Up for Grandpa

Condensed from the story, "Betwixt Life and Death," by

Jesse Stuart

"**H**EP ME in at the door, Lonnie," says Grandpa to Pa. "Don't be so slow about it. My breath jest keeps gettin' shorter. I can't get enough wind to keep me goin'."

"I told you, Pap, about goin' out on a mornin' like this," says Pa. "Snow is on the ground. The frost is siftin' through the trees like corn meal through a sieve. Out without socks on your feet and your shirt open!"

Pa took Grandpa by the arm. He

JESSE STUART lives in W-Hollow, in the high hills of Kentucky's Greenup County where he was born. He worked his way through Lincoln Memorial College and Vanderbilt University, then taught school and farmed. Ever since his school days (he is now 34) he has poured forth a stream of lyric poetry — "something was in me that had to come out" — and large numbers of short stories about the mountain people. His books include *Man with a Bull-Tongue Plow* (poems), *Head o' W-Hollow* (stories), *Beyond Dark Hills* (autobiography) and *Trees of Heaven* (a novel).

hepped him up the steps. His beard was whiter than the icicles hangin' to it. Grandpa's hands were shriveled like a sleepin' black snake is shriveled under the dead winter leaves.

"Take me to the bed, Lonnie," says Grandpa. "I'm blind as a bat. Think it was th' sun shinin' on the snow that caused it. I looked at the hills for the last time. I'll pass to the Great Beyond before sundown, Lonnie."

"Maybe not, Pap," says Pa.

"I'm goin' to take a long trip," says Grandpa. "Bring you up a cheer. I want to talk to you."

Grandpa laid and looked at the ceilin'. He talked fast as his breath would let him.

"I'm deedin' you the home place, Lonnie," says Grandpa. "I'm deedin' Jim, Mart, Steave, Cy, Ambrose and Alf a farm apiece. I didn't have a farm for Liz and Nance. Their men can take care of them. I want the name of Grayhouse to go on.

*This story, which appeared originally in Esquire, is included in the book,
"Men of the Mountains." Copyright 1941, and published at \$2.50 by
E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., 300 Fourth Ave., N. Y. C.*

I'm deedin' all my children's children a hundred dollars apiece. I don't want them to save it nohow! I want them to buy clothes with it. I want them to come dressed to my funeral. I've got the dresses marked in the 'Wish Book' that I want my granddaughters to buy! I've deeded you boys my saddle horses. I want you to ride 'em to the funeral. I want the saddles and bridles shined. I want the horses to look like they did when I took care of 'em."

"Will we have time to do this, Pap?" says Pa. "Can we get Jim here from Oklahoma? He's down with the fever, you know!"

"Wait until he gets well," says Grandpa. "Keep me here at th' house until my grandchildren can buy their fancy clothes. Bury me in the spring when the wild roses begin to bloom. I never dressed fine enough while I lived. You boys never did. I want my grandsons and granddaughters to look like they've just come out'n a bandbox."

"I'll try to carry out your plans, Pap," says Pa, the tears streamin' from his eyes.

"Put me in the coffin I've made," says Grandpa. "Put me up in the garret. I want to stay here long as I can. I was born and raised and married in this house. I raised my family here and I will die here before the sun sets today."

"I'll do just as you say, Pap," says Pa.

"I didn't have enough fun in life

myself," says Grandpa. "So have a settin' up a night a week and let the young people come here and have a good time. That's about all, Lonnie. I hear the death bells! Have a good time, take care of the horses and hold to the land! I'm goin' — on my long trip!"

That's the last Grandpa said. He went to sleep. Died just so easy.

"Just to think Pap changed that way in his old days," says Pa. "I wonder if he was in his right mind."

"Yes," I says. "He was in his right mind. Grandpa just sees what he's missed in life. I'll take my hundred dollars and dress fit to kill I'll get me a girl and do some sparkin'."

"It'll be all right, I guess," says Pa. "But Pap jest never teached us like that. He used to make us work. W'y he's done more work than any man I know. He's got the land bound up until we haf to deed it to a male heir by the name of Grayhouse."

"Now you know he's in his right mind," I says.

Then Pa says, "Son, get on the mule and go over the deestrick and norate that Pap is dead. When they come tonight we'll read parts of his will and explain that we'll put him away now and bury him in the spring, just like he asked."

As I rode I saw the sun goin' down like a fadin' ball of fire over the hills. "Just as Grandpa said," I thought. "Said he would be a dead man before the sun got down."

WHEN the people come to our house that night through the flyin' frost, we sung a few songs. Brother Combs preached a few words. Pa told how Grandpa willed his land and horses to his children and his money to 49 grandchildren. He didn't have enough to will to his 36 great grandchildren or his five great-great grandchildren. Then the neighbor men dressed Grandpa in his weddin' suit and put him in the wild cherry coffin that had been seasonin' 15 years in the garret.

"It bothers me to know," says Pa, "how I'm goin' to keep Pap up there. It's all right in this cold spell. But what will happen when th' spell breaks?"

"They preserved my Pap all summer," says Washington Nelson. "They put his coffin in a big box and put about a foot layer of salt all around it. You could keep 'im five years like that."

"Then tomorrow we'll make a big box and put Pap's coffin in it," says Uncle Cy. "We'll put about ten barrels o' salt around 'im. That will keep 'im until spring."

We got Grandpa carried up in the garret and then the women went to talkin' about knittin' socks and piecin' quilts like nothin' had ever happened. The men talked about farmin'. The young people acted just like Grandpa wanted them to act. Gracie Thombs come. I liked her looks a lot. Cousin Willie Grayhouse, Uncle Cy's boy, watched her too.

January was cold. Snow laid on the hills. When I heard the wind in the pine tops I wanted to cry. It made me think of Grandpa in the garret with all that salt around 'im. I'd wonder if Grandpa was a spirit, flyin' about the house like a night owl.

Pa would get Grandpa's will and read a little bit of it every day. "I'll tell you," he would say, wipin' tears from his eyes, "I never thought a man could change so after he reached 90. He wants the young people to come here once a week until he's buried. He wants them to play Skip to My Lou. He wants them to even have dances, and drink if they feel like drinkin'! Pap's will sounds crazy! But I told him I'd see it was carried out. I'm afraid Pap will come back and haunt me if I break my promise."

We had four settin' ups in January. Young people from fur and near come in droves. Some of them didn't even know us. But they didn't have any place to go among the hills in the wintertime and they just come to the settin' up.

Gracie was there every time. We played Skip to My Lou. I skipped with Gracie. Cousin Willie got mad. He'd break in every time he had a chance. "Why can't he pick some other girl? People are talkin'," I thought, "about the way we're fightin' over Gracie, and Grandpa a corpse up in the garret!" But I didn't care.

Cousin Willie's ma said she

wished there was some way to stop the settin' ups. Said the whole country was talkin' about the way the young people were actin'. "I can't hep how much the people talk," says Pa. "I can't go against a promise I made 'im on his death-bed. I don't want to ride a saddle horse to his funeral, either. But I got to do it."

IN FEBRUARY, the deep snow held back the old people. A lot of them thought Grandpa was out'n his mind when he made his will. "Old Doug Grayhouse was a fine, Christian man. What got into him after he passed go — that he wanted the young people to leave the plow every Friday night and kick up their heels at a shindig under his dead body? Peared like he wanted to be where he could hear their lovemakin'. Peared like he wanted to be where he could hear the old dance tunes and the clickin' of their brogan heels on the puncheon floor."

In March we had to get the corn ground turned, and it nearly worked us to death. But all the boys and girls in the deestrick found time to come to the settin' ups. They come in from the fields tired and they went away rested. I fell deeper in love with Gracie. I could shet my eyes and see her standin' before me. I could hear her laugh and feel the touch of her hand. Willie was wild about her, too!

April come and we had the sheep

in the pastures. We had the cows and the thoroughbred horses on the grass. We had the corn ground and the terbacker ground ready. The birds come back to build in the boxes Grandpa had fixed for 'em. I wondered if Grandpa could hear their footprints above him on the clapboard roof. I wished Grandpa could just be back for a day and walk over his farm. "It takes clean fence rows to make a purty farm," he used to say.

The young couples almost doubled in April. "If th' crowd keeps multiplyin'," says Pa, "I don't know where we're goin' to put 'em. It's two months yet before we can bury Pap."

It was in May. The wild rosebuds started to swell. "The time is gettin' near," says Pa. "I hate to see Pap go under the ground. When we have him in the garret, it seems like he is closer to us. But the crowds at the settin' ups are gettin' too big. It is a great worry to me."

All of Grandpa's grandchildren got their hundred dollars to buy their fine clothes. Pa got a letter from Uncle Jim. "I'll be home June 10th for the funeral. My children have their clothes. They can hardly wait to come. I dread ridin' a horse to Pap's funeral. Pap must a-been out'n his head when he ordered sicha foolishness."

"Wait until he reads Pap's will," says Pa. "He'll see what a time I have had."

We had our last settin' up the

first Friday in June. It didn't end until the moon went down in the mornin' and the roosters started crowin'. Willie threatened to fight me for Gracie but he didn't want to dirty his new clothes before the funeral. I danced every dance with Gracie. I believe if Grandpa knowed how much better our good times was a-gettin' he wouldn't a-been buried until snow fell again.

THE CROWD at Grandpa's funeral was like a homecomin'. All the 27 granddaughters were in long dresses that swept the ground. They wore golden slippers. The dresses didn't have any back in 'em. I'll tell you they looked good. Grandpa's 22 grandsons were dressed fit to kill. "I wish Grandpa could see us now," I says. "He would be proud of us dressed fit to see the President of the United States."

Pa, Uncle Jim, Uncle Cy and Uncle Alf went up in the garret and took the coffin out'n the box of salt. Pa looked a little shaky when he unscrewed the lid. But he says: "Pap's just as natural as the day we put him in here."

"Looks just like he did before I went to Oklahoma," says Uncle Jim.

When we went to the graveyard, the mules and wagon were in front with Grandpa. Pa and all his brothers were on Grandpa's thoroughbred horses. Then all of Grandpa's granddaughters and grandsons come next. Then the rest of the kins-

folks. Then a whole army of young couples that had been comin' to the settin' ups. It was the biggest funeral we ever had at Oak's Chapel. I was with Gracie. Cousin Willie sat right over from us. I thought he was goin' to try something just by the way he looked.

When they carried Grandpa out'n the church house, many friends carried wreaths of wild roses to put on his grave. One rolled off'n the pile. I picked it up and put it back on the stack. Cousin Willie reached down and fixed it on the stack another way. Willie looked hard at me.

We stood and looked at one another all the time they's lowerin' Grandpa in the grave. Before they got him down, I lunged at Willie and give him a haymaker on the chin. He got up and come at me. The second haymaker I handed him, he stayed on the ground.

"Stop that fight, George," says Pa.

"Ain't no fight to it," I says. "I hit Cousin Willie and he hit the ground."

"It's awful," says Uncle Cy, "you boys fightin' at Pap's funeral."

"Let 'em fight," says Uncle Ambrose. "It's a good sign that the Grayhouse blood ain't losin' its color."

"Come on, Gracie," I says, "let's go home."

And we went off while the rest o' 'em watched th' men lower Grandpa into the grave.

America's Worst Disaster

Condensed from The American Legion Magazine

Jo Chamberlin

THE Johnstown flood of 1889 was America's worst disaster. Johnstown was destroyed in less than a quarter of an hour. More lives were lost than in the San Francisco earthquake and fire, the Iroquois Theater fire in Chicago, the Dayton flood and the 1937 Mississippi flood combined.

For years the people of Johnstown, Pa., had lived complacently below the dam that gave way. In 1889 Johnstown was a bustling city of 30,000, built along the flats of the Conemaugh River—a turbulent stream, flowing swiftly down a narrow gorge until it widened out to join the Stonycreek River. The town was prospering, with its new steel mills. New streets were added by filling in river land, thus further narrowing a channel already too small. Every spring the Conemaugh would overrun its banks and fill workmen's homes with mud. Johnstown folk were used to moving to upper floors and taking their livestock to hill pastures during high water. But town officials denounced those who expressed the fear that some rainy spring the dam might go.

The dam, built in 1853, was a huge earthwork structure, 90 feet high and 930 feet long, impound-

The Johnstown flood in a few brief hours killed hundreds, made thousands homeless.

ing Conemaugh Lake 16 miles above the city. The lake, one of the largest reservoirs in the United States, stored water for the Pennsylvania Canal, an important commercial route to the West until the coming of the railroads. The canal was abandoned in 1857, and there was no further need for the reservoir. The dam deteriorated and seepage drained the reservoir to half its normal level. A small break occurred in 1862, but only the lower part of Johnstown was flooded.

In 1879 the site was leased as a fishing club by a group of Pittsburgh millionaires. The club repaired and heightened the dam. The job looked fine, but stumps, sand, leaves and straw had been dumped in the breach. The dam itself was rotten at the core.

During the last week in May 1889, there was unprecedented rainfall in western Pennsylvania. Storm after storm drove across the mountains, until the overflowing Conemaugh, aided by the torrential Stonycreek, had flooded

Johnstown streets to a depth of three to six feet.

At the dam, water rose steadily until Friday, May 31. An official of the fishing club, alarmed at the water seeping through, set men to work with shovels. It was no use — more leaks appeared. At noon, a civil engineer, John G. Parke, inspected the dam and realized it would not hold. On horseback he rushed to the village of South Fork, two miles below, to warn its 2000 people. They took to the hills.

Telephones were not then in wide use; and washouts had cut service. But Parke sent two men to a nearby telegraph office with telegrams of warning for Johnstown. But the wires were down and the messages never got through.

Jets of water spouted from leaks in the dam, and then water began to trickle over the top. Frantic workmen watched with sickening hearts, as small stones began washing over the top, then larger and larger stones, in an alarming, fate-filled crescendo. Soon a notch 20 feet wide opened in the dam. At 3:30 p.m., with a rumble and roar, a great V-shaped section gave way completely.

Through the breach rushed over half a million cubic feet of water in less than an hour. At 40 miles an hour, the flood roared down toward Johnstown, 400 feet lower. An avalanche of water 75 feet high, it overturned huge trees, picked up great boulders, crushed homes and barns

like matchboxes. In actual volume it was as though Niagara Falls had been turned into the valley. And the results were the same: annihilation.

A railroad ran along the riverbank. Ahead of the oncoming flood a freight locomotive engineer tied open his whistle and tried to race the waters. The flood overtook him before he could reach Johnstown. Miraculously, he escaped to higher ground, with the waters churning round his legs. The whistle suddenly stopped. The train was swept off the tracks and into the current.

Other communities between South Fork and Johnstown — Mineral Point, Conemaugh and Woodvale — all met destruction.

Just above Johnstown the valley is very narrow; there the waters rose to a wall 100 feet high. Over 250 houses were crushed. A wire-and-steel works was demolished, its machinery and stock loosed into the boiling current. Barbed wire and steel fencing became ensnarled with the floating rubbish, dragging people under. Careening timbers crushed those clinging to other timbers. Swimming was impossible.

A train stopped and its passengers headed for the nearby hills. One of them records, "As I jumped off the coach I looked up the valley and was almost paralyzed by the sight. Not over 300 yards away was an advancing rotary wave of black water. Huge tree trunks lolled in the air as they turned endwise

and disappeared. I sprinted up the steep grade of one of the streets. The advance wave of the flood rushed by, carrying the houses away at the lower end of the block I was on, covering ground I had left less than five seconds before."

With no warning, the flood rolled down upon Johnstown at 4:10. Water in the streets was already six feet deep in places. There was no time or chance for mass flight. The water swept to the hills in the western part of town, then turned and drove through the flats of central Johnstown. Tree trunks, heavy boulders and debris battered down the city's houses.

Just below Johnstown the Pennsylvania Railroad bridge spanned the Conemaugh, a massive structure arching 32 feet above the river. The arches filled with wreckage, forming a leaky but immovable dam. Johnstown was thus covered with an immense and swiftly moving whirlpool, 25 feet deep and three quarters of a mile wide. Thousands who had survived the first onslaught floated around helplessly in the whirlpool, "most of them on roofs, some clinging to wreckage, shrieking and praying for help, while frantic groups of survivors rushed about the shore, powerless to render aid except to those few who, by accident, chanced to float near."

Most of those who clung to wreckage were thrown into the flood or pitched into the mass of

debris in front of the bridge. At six o'clock fire broke out at the bridge. Several carloads of petroleum had been overturned, saturating driftwood and houses. To refugees on the hills above, it must have seemed as if the Biblical Deluge had been loosed in Hell. Rafts would drift nearer and nearer the pyre and then be thrust into it. The crackle of burning timbers would suddenly still the screams of the dying. The fire burned for four days, consuming hundreds of bodies imprisoned in the debris.

Through Friday night the flood waters gradually receded.

On Saturday morning, dazed survivors began wandering about, seeking loved ones. Drowned mothers and children were found locked in one another's arms. Nearly 3000 were dead. No food or dry clothing was to be had. No communication. No shelter. What had been a thriving city was now a vast muddy plain. Every surviving Johnstown citizen had lost a brother, sister, relative, or friend. Whole families were wiped out.

A five-months-old baby was rescued uninjured at Pittsburgh the next morning after floating the entire 75 miles on the floor of a house. A mare standing in an alley was submerged by the waters; whole buildings were seen to pass over her. However, she was found later in a cellar, a half mile away, muddy but unhurt. Rescuers found a stable buried under two wrecked

freight cars. It contained a cow, calmly chewing her cud, a small dog and five angry wet hens.

One of those who miraculously escaped the flood, Victor Heiser, lived to record his delivery in *An American Doctor's Odyssey*. A boy of 16 at the time, he had been sent to the barn on an errand. As he started toward the house he heard the terrifying noise of the flood and saw his father frantically motion him toward the top of the barn. He had hardly reached its roof when he saw his home crushed. The barn was ripped from its foundations. Clinging to a piece of the roof, he was borne headlong toward a jam where wreckage was piling up before a stone church and a three-story brick building. Into this hurly-burly he was catapulted.

"The pressure was terrific," he records. "Huge trees would shoot out of the water and come thundering down. As these trees drove booming into the jam, I jumped them desperately, one after another. Then suddenly a freight car reared up over my head; I could not leap that. But just as it plunged toward me the brick building gave way, and my raft shot out from beneath the freight car."

In the whirlpool below the city his raft was swept behind a hill. As it passed a brick building he was able to jump to the roof and join a small group of people stranded there. The building held while others about it were smashed.

The biggest problem after the waters subsided was the burial of the dead.

Bodies were jammed in debris, covered with muck, thrust in strange places. Many were never found. There was grave danger of disease, for by the time many bodies could be recovered, decomposition had set in. Six thousand men were kept busy for six weeks, cleaning up the city, dynamiting, burning, salvaging.

Eight morgues were set up. Anxious relatives walked for hours between the rows of dead, seeking loved ones. Only clothes and jewelry could identify some of the battered bodies. Nearly 800 victims were never identified. Three men cutting off fingers and ears of dead persons for their jewelry were beaten unmercifully by vigilantes. The National Guard was called in to maintain order and would let no one into town without good reason. Crazy survivors caused much trouble. One man, who had lost his four children, walked into a store, bought a revolver, and shot himself on the spot. Other bereaved parents had to be restrained from throwing themselves into the waters.

Reporters dramatized the flood to millions. America, deeply moved, came through generously. Nearby farmers and residents housed victims until they could rebuild their homes. Cities rushed clothes, food and money. Gifts came from Eng-

land, Germany, Turkey, Italy, Persia and Mexico. The YMCA, fraternal organizations, the Red Cross all sent men with cash.

After '89, other communities examined their dangerous dams, and doubtless other disasters were prevented. Standards of dam building were improved, margins of safety

increased. Johnstown continued to have trouble with its rivers, culminating in the flood of 1936, which caused property damage of \$40,000,000 and made 9000 homeless. Not until 1937 was a large-scale flood-control project launched. The major part of the work is now complete.



That's a Place I'd Like to See

IN 8000 miles of traveling up and down the Amazon, Santarem, Brazil, is the most fascinating town we found. The old Castelo Hotel, where you can stay for 50 cents a day, is a hammock hotel, sleeping six to a room when crowded. You bring your own towels and soap, and wash at a corner washstand with a red-clay water bottle and a painted slop pail.

From your window you can see the beautiful white sand beach where you bathe and go boating. There are daintily gaited sand ponies to ride, descended from Arab horses brought by the conquistadors. You can spend weeks digging in the black earth of the *aldeia*, the section of the town where the Indians originally lived, and finding *caretas*, little surrealist-like faces and figures of baked clay. You can look down from your window into the floating fish market and watch the chef pick out your fish for dinner from the infinite variety offered at the flat rate

of one and one-half cents a pound. In the wet half of the year, you can fish from your own window. When the fishing fleet comes in at dawn and tea-time, it heralds its arrival by playing traditional tunes on thin tin horns six feet long.

Santaremers are an easygoing and sweet-smelling people. They practice the ancient art of making and using tropical scents from rosewood, vanilla and tonka beans. When you bathe (as you will three or four times a day) you wash with fragrant crushed herbs and flower petals, a Song-of-Solomon sort of ceremony.

These Amazonians all try to speak English, attracted by jobs in the neighboring Ford rubber plantation. Bowing respectfully in the *paseo*, they murmur politely, "Hello, Mr. Jones, how in hell are you?"

All in all, you'll find no place so fascinating and cheap as this little utopia.

— Robert Carlton Brown in *Esquire*

Conquering the Common Cold and Other Air-Borne Infections

Condensed from The New Republic

Bruce Bliven

UNTIL RECENTLY, prevailing medical theory discounted the belief that infections could be carried by air. Research work done at the University of Pennsylvania, however, has shown that the causative agents of a number of diseases — among them the common cold, influenza, pneumonia, and childhood maladies such as measles, mumps and chicken pox — can remain suspended in the air indefinitely. It was once thought that you would not get a cold if you kept at double arm's length from an infected person, but we now know that infection is possible if you are in the room where such a person is or has been recently.

Research workers proved this by placing an animal infected with one of the air-borne diseases in a cage a number of feet away from a cage containing an uninfected animal. In an overwhelming majority of cases the second animal contracted the disease. Once this theory of air-borne infection was established, the way was open for a scientific assault upon many common epidemic maladies.

The winter of 1940-41 saw one of the worst measles epidemics in

This is one of a series under the general title, "The Men Who Make the Future," based on interviews with leading research scientists.

our history, one particularly severe in large cities on the Atlantic seaboard. In some classrooms in Philadelphia schools, for example, 70 percent of nonimmune children caught the disease. In three Philadelphia schools, however, the number of cases that could be traced to contacts in the schoolroom was only one fifth as high.

The story of this apparent miracle is simple. The children who were so effectively protected spent their days in classrooms in which had been installed a new ultra-violet lamp, similar to a "sun lamp" but employing rays of shorter wave length. As the air in these rooms circulated, by means of the natural rise of the warm air, the viruses and bacteria it contained were inactivated or killed by the rays.

This experiment may prove one of the most remarkable advances in recent medical history. In time, increasing numbers of public buildings will doubtless be equipped with

such lamps and when that day comes, air-borne infection of colds, influenza, pneumonia and many childhood diseases should be largely a thing of the past. Now, for a fairly small sum anyone can greatly reduce the likelihood of catching cold by installing these lamps in the rooms in which he spends the greater part of his time, provided that he is careful about exposing himself in crowded buildings during seasons when colds and influenza are prevalent.

In an orphanage near Chicago, some of the children are protected by these germicidal lamps and others are not. On one occasion 12 nurses contracted colds simultaneously — far too many to permit them all to stay off duty. As a result, all but one of a large number of babies in a room not equipped with the lamps caught cold. Yet when the same nurses with colds took care of the babies in rooms equipped with lamps, not one infection resulted. In a period of almost two years, in rooms without lamps, there were 64 "cross infections" of respiratory diseases — infections traced to other children, nurses, doctors or visitors. In the same period, there was just one respiratory disease infection among children guarded by these ultraviolet rays.

In hospital operating rooms, post-operative infections have been sharply reduced by focusing the germicidal lamps, during the entire

operation, upon patient, doctor and instruments. The importance of the lamps in hospitals, especially in open wards, is obvious since cross infection between patient and patient, or among patient, nurse and visitor, is a serious problem.

Recent experiments in the dormitories of an eastern school show that if students who spend the day in crowded, unprotected classrooms are protected by germicidal lamps all night while asleep, they acquire fewer colds than would normally be expected in these circumstances. This seems to indicate that breathing germ-free air all night helps us to throw off daytime infections.

Germicidal lamps have been introduced into the air-conditioning systems of a number of hospitals, factories and public buildings. The air circulates through a glass-enclosed irradiation chamber which eliminates most of the organisms. However, it is simpler and more effective to place the lamps in the rooms themselves.

The lamps, now made by three manufacturers, are available throughout the U. S. at \$10 to \$40, depending on the size of lamp and style of fixture. Proper installation can be done only by a sanitary or lighting engineer trained in their use. Because ultraviolet rays irritate the eye, the lamps are installed above eye level and are tilted upward. They may be used in indirect lighting fixtures hung from the ceiling or attached to the wall. One lamp is

sufficient for a room approximately 12 by 16 by 8 feet, and consumes about the same amount of current as an ordinary light bulb.

Development of the germicidal lamp means that sanitary engineers, who already safeguard our water,

milk and other foods, will now go on to safeguard the air as well. With that step, another great frontier — where 400,000,000 colds a year cost us half a billion dollars, for example — will have surrendered to man's onward march.



*Y*OUR MARRIAGE stands a better than average chance of being successful, according to Dr. L. S. Cottrell of Cornell and Prof. E. W. Burgess of the University of Chicago,

IF:

Your courtship lasted between four and five years.

You are not an only child.

You were married in a church.

You lived in the country during childhood and adolescence.

You are fond of your mother and father.

The wife worked before marriage.

You don't change your residence often.

The wife is a year or more older than the husband.

-- *Your Life*

Cinenym

☛ HOLLYWOOD has coined and adapted words (It, Oomph) for some of its by-products, but until recently it had never found a suitable synonym for its basic commodity, which is not movies, not stars, but a souped-up state of mind accompanied by delusions of grandeur and prestige. Such a word has now gained currency in Hollywood: *izzat* (pronounced IZ-zat).

To receive several long-distance telephone calls (via lackey holding portable phone) while lunching at Hollywood's Brown Derby is to acquire *izzat*. To work for a mere \$1000 a week after once earning \$2000 is to lose *izzat*.

The word was borrowed from the Hindus and Persians, who took it from the Arabic. In Arabic, *izzat* (freely translated) means: *the most utterly glorious magnificence*.

-- *Time*

So Now We Live on Less

Condensed from Your Life

Stuart Kinzie

WHEN we finally faced the grim fact that our living standard had to be cut 20 percent because of rising taxation and living costs, Madge and I were pretty unhappy. Oh, we tried to pretend we didn't mind. We talked about sacrifice and the price of freedom. But we did mind — plenty. However, the time had come when we simply had to live on less.

I remember sitting down with Madge for a gloomy discussion of possible economies. "We're not faced with poverty," I said. "But we may have to move into a smaller house. In any case, the maid must go. And you'll have to make more of your own and the children's clothes. And I'll have to mow the lawn and wash the car. . . ."

"And the dishes?"

"I'll dry the dishes," I offered.

"And make the beds?"

We looked at each other. "Well," we said, almost in unison, "maybe it won't be so bad."

But at first it *was* bad. The loss of the maid disrupted our lives. In that first week of earlier rising our married life seemed to consist of burned toast, bitter coffee, and bitterer words. By bedtime we were both tired, and there were occasional tears.

How one family has grasped the nettle of rising taxes — and in thriftier living has discovered compensations.

The first week-end wasn't much better. I spent an afternoon washing our car instead of playing tennis. I put too much soap in the water — and had to do the job all over again. I was not amused. The next afternoon I raised a fine crop of blisters pushing the lawn mower. The children seemed to be underfoot every moment. In the kitchen Madge struggled endlessly with cookbooks and can openers — mostly the latter.

By the second week we were beginning to establish some routine and getting a grim satisfaction out of it. But still it was no fun. It depressed us to think of our more affluent friends amusing themselves while we were trapped in the routine of cooking, dusting, dish-washing and bedmaking.

But gradually — mysteriously, really — our perspective began to change. One day we decided despite our curtailed budget to give a party. We would offer our guests hamburgers cooked outdoors, corn from a neighbor's field, and sliced tomatoes. For drinks we would

have domestic wine and seltzer — an excellent hot weather drink and about one fifth as expensive as Scotch.

We had our neighbor's permission to pick the corn, and we decided to get up at six and do it before breakfast. We put on old clothes and walked across the meadows to the cornfield. I don't suppose it was a very unusual morning. On most summer mornings, no doubt, the grass is diamonded with cobwebs of dew, and the eastern sky is crimson and gold, and the birds' voices are clear and sweet in the silver air. But it was a very special morning for us, as we walked home with our arms full of corn, special because we felt as if we had discovered something. And we had.

We had rediscovered the old truth — forgotten by most people who are suffering from too much service — that nothing heightens enjoyment like participation. That discovery colors all this new life of ours. When we mow our lawn it looks no better than it did when someone else mowed it. But we like it better. The flowers we find in the woods probably can't compare with the ones we used to buy from the florist. But these are *our* flowers in a sense that the others never were.

It would be absurd to claim that this magic formula makes everything just dandy. We don't utter glad cries at the sight of a stack of

dirty dishes just because they are our dishes. But some of the chores have become less onerous; some even acquired a pallid charm. Car-washing, for instance. Once I learned how, I found a definite fascination in obtaining handsome results with a sponge, a charmois, and no mental effort at all. There was, I discovered, something remarkably restful in manual labor that calls for nothing but physical effort. When I took up wood-chopping to provide some winter fuel, I found it the best narcotic in the world for worry. Any man who wants a complete one-hour rest cure may have it for the price of a good axe and a few callouses.

The chores we have found to be the most fun are the ones that add to the family larder — digging for clams, or hunting mushrooms, or gathering apples under the gnarled old trees. The children participate in these excursions. Janet, aged five, is quite helpful; Junior, aged two, thinks he is. And there's the very human delight of getting something for nothing. When we go duck-hunting in the neighboring salt marshes (this, rather than college football, furnished our week-end sport this fall) there is added to the excitement of the chase the knowledge that a brace of big mallards represents five or six pounds of good eating for which there will be no butcher's bill. It's a lovely feeling.

In the beginning, we wondered

what we'd do with our spare time if we stopped going to the movies and playing bridge for a tenth of a cent. The answer is simple. There is no spare time. This business of living takes it all. When you know with a dreadful certainty that the next day begins at six-thirty, you don't go in for much time killing at night. Curiously enough, Madge, who used to lie abed of mornings because she was "so tired," has felt better physically since she's had to struggle up at dawn to make my coffee. Lately, the coffee's been better, too.

Naturally, we still go to an occasional movie. But we no longer "go to the movies" just for something to do. We hand-pick the show because we can't afford to waste time or money on a poor picture. We often make the six-mile jaunt to the theater with several neighbors, all going in one car instead of two or three.

Mostly, however, we spend our evenings at home. When people drop in, we just sit and talk — or play games. We'd have sneered at parlor games a year ago; now we know they can be fun. Some of our neighborhood economies are simple and effective. We pass around new books; we share phonograph records.

This trend toward simpler living is discernible elsewhere in the community. Several of the neighbors have moved into smaller houses, cheaper to rent and heat. Usually this maneuver eliminates that fine

old American tradition — the guest room. But hospitality doesn't suffer. When company comes, the children double up, or the living-room couch is converted into a guest bed.

Another painless way of saving money, we found, was to discontinue all charge accounts. We had two in large metropolitan stores, and as a result had been buying more than was strictly necessary. We couldn't *see* that money being spent, so we spent it too freely. When Madge started paying cash at the grocery store, she made far shrewder purchases than when she phoned and charged her orders.

We still have further economies to work out. We have yet to develop a system whereby more of the laundry can be done at home. Next spring we intend to start a vegetable garden; half the lawn is already allotted to this venture on the theory that grass is pretty but not edible.

Madge also proclaims her intention of experimenting with herbs that will turn cheap cuts of meat and ordinary stews into something ambrosial. And she is going to learn something about preserving. Her first samples will probably explode on the shelves, but eventually we may have the curiously satisfying experience of stocking the cellar for the winter with our own produce.

All this will require hard work and self-denial, but that seems to be a part of the new order. There's no

use laboring the point of all this. The point is simply that since we reduced our standard of living by 20 percent we're *tougher* people — spiritually. When an unexpected luxury comes our way — say, a pair of theater passes — we appreciate it far more than we used to. But if the luxury doesn't come, all right, we're happy anyway — happier than we've been in a long time.

We like this feeling of being in training — of being relatively tough.

In fact, if some mythical relative should drop dead tomorrow and leave us a fortune, I doubt if we'd change our way of life much. Oh, Madge might invest in an electric dishwasher, with my hearty blessing. But that's about all. We don't want anything else.

Except our health. And the right to keep on living this kind of life in the only country where such an existence is still possible — this country, yours and ours.

A Tribute to the Rotary Press

Editorial in Milford, N. H., Cabinet:

THE READER'S DIGEST released its net paid circulation figures recently. Each month 4,100,000 copies* of the pocket-size magazine are published, giving it the largest circulation of any magazine in the world.

It is easy to talk about millions, but what a million means is almost impossible for most of us to comprehend. So we did some casual figuring on how we would do the job in our small print shop.

We have a nice press here that would print The Reader's Digest 16 pages at a time. It is a good press, fast and economical to operate, ideal for small publications.

The December 1940 issue of The Reader's Digest had 176 pages, which, if printed 16 pages at a time, would make 11 forms of type for our press. The press is fed by hand. If it was run-

ning well, and the pressman fed it steadily for eight hours each day, 40 hours a week, every week in the year, he would have The Reader's Digest (one issue) printed in a little less than 22 years.

There are three additional colors on some of the Digest pages. It would take our pressman another six years to run through the colors. The two-color cover, on a hand-fed press, could be printed in about four years. Then there would be the little matter of binding and trimming, in order to be ready for the next edition.

Such figuring is entirely aimless, but it gave us a little more respect for the huge rotary presses of today, and perhaps a little better comprehension of what it means to talk about four million anything.

* Since this editorial appeared, the net paid circulation of The Reader's Digest has increased to over five million copies monthly.

Chronicles of Americanization . . . [VII]

By
Alfred Prowitt

ON AUGUST 27, 1941, Italian-born day laborer George Cascino, his wife Theresa, and their five children were guests of honor in the crystal ballroom of Chicago's dignified Union League Club. They had been invited to receive the Club's first annual award — an illuminated parchment, framed in gold — presented "in recognition of extraordinary achievement in maintaining the American ideal of family life, parental responsibility, and duty to community and country."

In the presentation ceremony, Ferre C. Watkins, the Club's president, said: "Mr. and Mrs. Cascino, in the face of great adversity, you have created a family circle in keeping with the best American tradition and have contributed something noble to the land of your adoption. In your children you have given it five splendid American citizens. You have faced hardship and sacrifice and you have won, just as did the founders of this great nation. We salute you as true Americans."

The story behind this award is a dramatic one.

Nearly four decades ago, George and Theresa Cascino sat on their doorstep in a little Italian mountain village, planning their future.

THE Union League Club of Chicago is composed of prominent civic-minded citizens. Early in 1941 it decided to search for the Chicago family that had done most to maintain high family standards in the face of adversity. The Cascinos first attracted its attention when George and Theresa Cascino, saying that they wanted their boys to have every possible advantage to become good Americans, enrolled their sons in one of the club centers operated by the Union League for underprivileged boys. After studying thousands of cases, the Club judged this family most worthy of its award.

Organizations in many cities have asked the Union League Club for details about this plan for public recognition of exemplary citizenship.

He was a shepherd boy and she, his beautiful 17-year-old wife, was of equally humble station. The question was, should George accept an uncle's offer to pay his passage to America.

"Go, George," Theresa urged. "Begin a home for us. I can go across later."

So George went, and letters came regularly from America — roughly written letters, because George had not owned a pencil until he was 11 and had had to learn to write with a stone. Each letter contained a small remittance. Theresa wondered

why it was so small, for was not America the land of plentiful gold? Surely George was using his money to build her a fine home.

Finally Theresa had enough money to sail for America. George met her at the station in Chicago and took her to his small room in a shabby neighborhood.

"But our house, George?" asked Theresa.

"This is all we have," he said, "but we're together in America at last." He explained that he had been able to obtain only intermittent employment as a day laborer at small wages.

"I will help," said Theresa, bravely. "I can work."

From their landlady she learned to hand-stitch trousers, then got a job in a clothing factory at \$2.50 a week.

A child, Angelina, was born to them. Theresa continued to work in the factory whenever she could get a neighbor to tend the baby. A boy was the second arrival, and at two-year intervals three other sons were born.

Throughout these years the going was rough. George's earnings were irregular; when he was not employed Theresa found work and he took care of the children. Illness struck almost every member of the family in succession. The need for a steadier income became pressing. So that she could take regular employment, Theresa sent for her mother to come from Italy to man-

age the household. After long hours in a factory Theresa came home to do the family washing and ironing, and that of one or two boarders.

Finally the Cascinos accumulated \$900, and with it made a down payment on a house. It was a day of jubilation when they moved into their own home—but a few months later they were told that, because of a flaw in the title, the house was no longer theirs. Thus disappeared the savings of years.

They rented a house for \$10 a month—the cheapest they could find, in order to save money again for one of their own. George patched the creaky structure as best he could, but rain still poured in and rats and other vermin resisted eradication. George and Theresa held a conference and came to a fateful decision: they would give up their desire to possess a home so that they could improve present living conditions for their children. Straining their slender budget, they moved into a better dwelling.

In the neighborhood it was customary to get children out of school at the earliest possible age and put them to work, but the Cascinos agreed that their children should have the fullest benefits of schooling. They were criticized and ridiculed for their ambitions. The district was a breeding-ground for gangs of automobile thieves, bootleggers and racketeers; boys were tutored in crime; eight schoolmates

of the Cascino boys were killed by police bullets and others were sentenced to prison.

"We must not let our children be tempted to crime," Theresa said. Thereafter each was given a weekly allowance, even though it was no more than a few pennies and nickels. Often the children turned back the money. "You need it more," they would say.

With their growing conception of Americanism, George and Theresa attended citizenship classes, along with their children, in nearby settlement houses. They studied the Constitution, the Bill of Rights, the election system, and were proud when they were able to discuss national, state and municipal issues. They bought a cheap dictionary and consulted it whenever they encountered a new word.

Mrs. Cascino's mother, who had been managing the household for six years, was following the customs of a backward Italian province, she spoke only Italian to the children and food was eaten from one central dish. "This must stop," George said to his wife. "You must give up your job, stay at home, and bring up the family as an American mother would."

So Theresa stayed at home, gently deposing her mother as mistress of the household. There was a sensation one evening when napkins appeared on the table. After the soup was consumed, Mrs. Cascino removed the empty bowls,

then set an individual plate of spaghetti in front of each member of the family.

Though always living in poverty the Cascinos were able to put Angelina through a high school secretarial course, after which she got a job. Dominic, the eldest son, wanted to be a mechanic, and he was sent to a trade school.

When Joseph finished high school his mother persuaded a neighborhood druggist to hire him at \$1 a week. The boy was so faithful to his tasks that the druggist began to teach him pharmacy. But Mrs. Cascino was uneasy; after all, a boy should select his own future.

"What would you be if you could choose *anything*?" she asked him.

"A surgeon, Mother. But it's impossible — you've got to be rich to be a surgeon."

"Joseph," his mother answered, "you will be a surgeon."

Joseph entered Crane Junior College for a premedical course. Upon graduation he was awarded a scholarship in the University of Illinois Medical School.

Michael, after finishing high school, worked as shipping clerk and attended junior college at night. Anthony, the youngest, was in high school and earning \$15 a month as supervisor of games in a boys' club. At times his earnings with those of Angelina were the sole support of the household.

In recent years, when their neighbors were rushing for relief checks,

the Cascinos never sought government aid. Today, after 35 years in America, the Cascinos still cannot claim any material possessions. They live, as they always have, in a humble, crowded Chicago flat. But —

Joseph is now a brain surgeon of distinction, and in 1942, when the last of his three years as resident physician of the Illinois Research Hospital is completed, he will enter the Navy as a surgeon.

Dominic is a dependable artisan in the shoe industry.

Michael is majoring in accountancy in Northwestern University's graduate school — attending evening classes because of the necessity of daytime employment.

Anthony, valedictorian in a class of 215 in high school, worked his

way through Lewis Institute, from which he emerged with a Bachelor of Science degree and a straight "A" average. He received the Austin scholarship at Northwestern, where he is now majoring in business administration. Both he and Michael will receive master's degrees this January.

Angelina, formerly supervisor of stenographers at the Western Electric Company, is now a wife and mother.

So STANDS the Cascino family. Like thousands of immigrants, they came to America with the idea that gold lay in the streets. Disillusioned, they reshaped their dreams and, by unrelenting toil and perseverance, reared their children in the American way.



Oomph at Seven

A WOMAN's most delightful age is seven. At seven she sits on a man's knee without hesitation, affected or genuine, and without putting the knee to sleep. She enjoys listening to him, encourages him to talk, and believes any story he tells. Her curiosity over what became of his hair is sometimes embarrassing, but her sympathy with him in his loss is unquestionably sincere. While unduly interested, perhaps, in the state of his exchequer and never too proud to accept pecuniary aid, she is no gold digger whose gratitude is measured by the amount of the contribution. For as little as two copper cents she will bear-hug his spectacles all out of shape, and he feels sure she means it. At seven she is more or less front-toothless, to be sure. But then she doesn't yet chalk her nose or paint her nails, and she hasn't begun to use tobacco. All in all, a charming age!

— Editorial in N. Y. Times

These designs, arranged as a test by a widely known art authority in *The American Magazine*, will answer the question:

How Good Is Your Taste?

BY MAITLAND GRAVES

GOOD TASTE is important not only to professional designers and decorators but to all of us who want to make our homes, our offices, our products attractive. It adds pleasure and beauty to the everyday business of living. Whenever we pick out a necktie, a new suit or dress, a rug for the upstairs hall, wallpaper for the living room, we face a definite problem in color, form and design.

Here is a test that will enable you to determine to what degree you are gifted with good taste. On these pages are 14 pairs of designs. They were chosen because they resemble nothing on earth and, therefore, can awaken no prejudicial associations in your mind. Study each pair carefully and

check the one, A or B, that appeals to you as more unified, better balanced, more satisfying. Then turn to page 124 for the correct answers and method of scoring.

The validity of this test has been substantiated by surveys in art schools throughout the country. A group of widely known interior decorators and architects scored an average of 13 out of 14 correct, or about 93 percent.

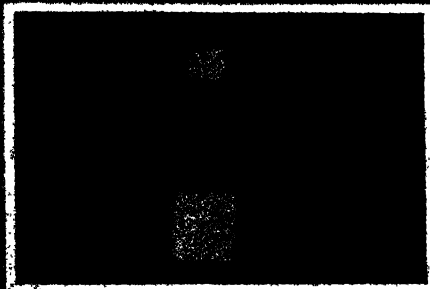
*Copyright 1941, Maitland Graves
(The American Magazine, Aug. '41)*

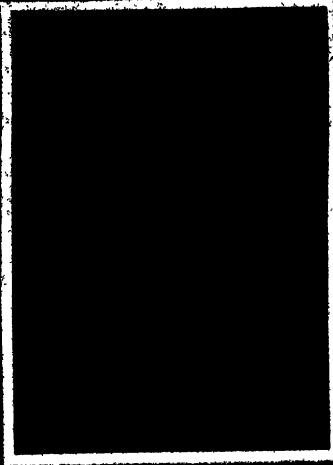


1A



1B





3A



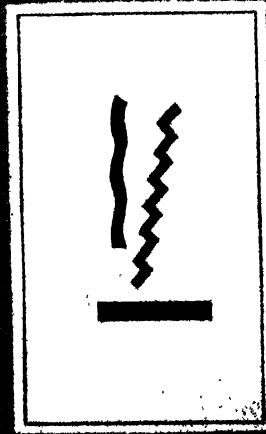
3B



4A



4B





7A



7B



8A



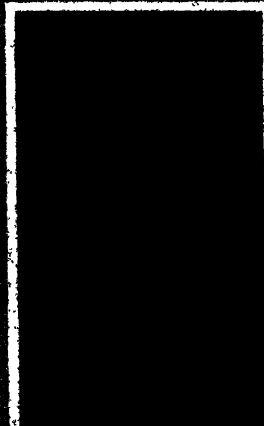
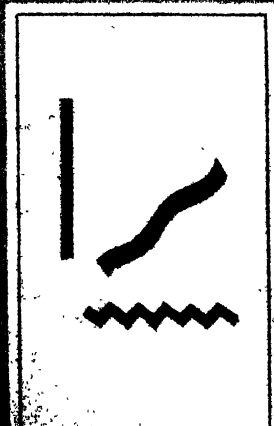
8B



9A



9B



"Three Miles a Minute—Down!"

Adapted from an Associated Press dispatch and The New York Times

ONE CLOUDY DAY in October a daring parachutist, Arthur Starnes, bailed out of a transport plane six miles up in the Chicago sky, dropped like a rock for five and a half miles, pulled his ripcords and floated to the ground. Starnes set a new world's record for the longest free fall ever survived by man. But more than that, his brief, clear-headed remarks gave literature its first account of how it feels to fall for miles through space.

Shortly after noon, Starnes boarded a Lockheed Lodestar, one of the few commercial planes in the country capable of flying above 25,000 feet. For an hour and 50 minutes the silvery monoplane spiraled into the sky—climbing, climbing. At 30,000 feet the plane leveled off. Starnes stepped to the door.

As the purpose of the jump was to provide data for the Army Air Corps, Starnes was burdened with 85 pounds of equipment. He wore a chute on his back, another on his chest. His coverall suit was electrically heated, with batteries in the hip pocket. There were headphones in his chamois helmet. His oxygen bottle was in a pocket on his right foreleg. A tiny radio transmitter strapped around his waist broadcast his heartbeats. On his chest, protected by an

*Six miles up, 46° below zero—
and a man steps out into the sky.*

aluminum plate, were a cardiograph to register heart action, a pneumograph to record breathing and a barograph to record air-pressure changes. An automatic motion-picture camera was strapped to his right hip, pointed downward.

At 30,000 feet, the plane was barely distinguishable to watchers on the ground. Flying fast, it crossed the airport. Soon afterward listeners on a portable ground radio station heard a muffled "All clear" from Starnes' midget transmitter—the signal agreed upon that he had jumped out into the 46-below-zero cold.

"I had only two moments of fear," Starnes panted to the crowd in the cow pasture where he landed four and a quarter minutes later.

"The first was as I stood in the open door of the plane, trying to get enough oxygen inside my helmet and wondering if my equipment would clear the door frame. But the second, more frantic sensation was when my goggles frosted up in a cloud bank at 23,000 feet and my body went into a series of violent spins and somersaults.

"I threw my legs far apart and

then crossed them alternately. That usually pulls me out of a body spin. But it had no effect this time. My head was clear and I began counting to myself. I knew I was falling about 250 feet a second. When almost half a minute had elapsed, I felt I must raise my goggles and look at my altimeter."

The instrument was strapped to his wrist. He raised it to his cheek, lifted one lens in his helmet to see the long, slender needle. It pointed to 15,000 feet. After counting four or five he glanced at it again, pushing the goggles up so that he could see with both eyes. At about 5000 feet the frost evaporated, leaving the goggles clear.

"I knew the worst was over then," he said.

He finally righted his body by holding his right arm out sidewise, like a railroad signal. At 1500 feet he opened his back chute, and "blacked out" momentarily from the jolt. He now became visible for the first time to spectators on the ground. Three seconds later they saw his chest chute open. He alighted. By the time attendants reached him he was on his feet, helmet removed, grinning.

A stop watch attached to the parachute lines showed the free fall lasted one minute, 56 seconds. Starnes' top speed probably reached 180 m.p.h. A gloomy statistician calculated that if Starnes had not opened his chute at 1500 feet, he would have struck the earth in six more seconds.



King's English

A student named Beans received an invitation, entrained for Baltimore to attend the Cadwalladar party, intending to dance and become intoxicated.

Are you taking a girl to the Yale game?

A man in the choir asked my girl first.

I intend to have a drink in my room.

Who is paying for the liquor, or did you cash a check?

I am impressed by your words.

Princetonese

Beans got his stiff card, hopped the hound for B-more today to show at the Cadwalladar smoker for soft-soling and a quick load.

Are you courting a cat to the Yale game?

Beat out by a sad apple.

I'm booked for hooching in quarters.

Who's heeling you for grog, or did you float one?

Your chatter rocks me.

— Adapted from *Newsweek*

So You're an Officer

Condensed from The American Legion Magazine

Lieut. Temple H. Fielding

It's 7:15 p.m. You squint down the track: in a minute they'll be here. And for 15 weeks they'll be yours — to teach, to guide, to mold. In a minute you'll be on the spot.

As the train shudders to a stop, down the line comes the command "Dis-MOUNT!" and from 18 coaches swarm men in khaki. Your noncoms herd them into squads, the band sounds off, and the long column heads for barracks.

You glance at the file nearest you. They've been in the Army less than a week. They plod along silently with eyes on the ground; most of them are scared, bewildered kids far from home.

At the Recreation Hall the Colonel welcomes them. "Soldiers, it is our task at this Replacement Center to teach you the principles of Field Artillery. You'll work hard. There's a big job ahead of us. It can and will be done. . . ."

The Chaplain takes over, gets

TEMPLE FIELDING is a lieutenant in the 1st Battalion, 1st Training Regiment, Field Artillery Replacement Center, Fort Bragg, N. C. Last year he was a businessman in New York. He had a commission in the Field Artillery Reserve, and after he was called up he became one of the first 20 officers stationed at the Fort Bragg Replacement Center, largest in the world.

A Lieutenant's Day with Our Army in the Making — he samples the chow before daylight; he straightens out sulky misfits late at night; and in between he marches and sweats and sets an example for the boys he's turning into soldiers.

them singing *There's a Long, Long Trail* and *Beer Barrel Polka*. A runner appears with the records; you turn out the men that belong to you and march them to barracks.

It's 1 a.m. when you get to bed. Your men have been quartered, fed, made comfortable. They've been shot for typhoid, quizzed for religious preference and have drawn rifles, blankets and other equipment.

At 5:15 a.m. you roll out again. Down at the kitchen you sample the scrambled eggs, milk and coffee. You see that there's fruit on every table. You inspect the bacon and fried potatoes. When the men swarm into the mess hall after reveille, they'll find a meal they'll enjoy.

The first few days are the busiest. You explain a thing, let them try it, explain it again, and make them do it until they've learned it. Salutes acquire more snap, backs develop more iron, morale swings

upward, and in a week you have the makings of a field artillery battery.

You study the problems of each man and help when you can. There's Kolenski, pale, thin, listless. One night you encounter him in the deserted Recreation Hall, sobbing softly to himself. You sit down with him, without turning on the light, give him a cigarette, and keep quiet. Slowly at first, then in a flood, he tells you his troubles. He's homesick, misses his girl, and rebels at being snatched from work he loved. You learn that he's a sign painter. You talk to him until he has braced up. Then you walk back to barracks with him.

The next morning you dig up orders for signs all over the area. The Regiment needs new guidons. The Supply Officer wants 12 warning signs. The Battalion staff need desk name blocks. You call Kolenski in and tell him he'll have to learn to soldier, of course, but he can devote part of each day to sign painting; and you promise that when his 15 weeks are up you'll try to get him transferred to Camouflage, where he can paint to his heart's content.

Or take Letto. You ask him how he likes the Army. He snarls, "The whole thing smells!" You let it pass because he's green. A week later you hear he's sassy to noncoms and is sloppy and inefficient. Then, objecting to baked ham and applesauce twice in the same week, he

dumps his plate on the floor of the Mess Hall.

You call him on the carpet at once. You say, "No pass privileges for one week, and extra duty for the next six days. But I think you've got the stuff a good soldier needs, and to give you a chance to redeem yourself I'm making you assistant leader of your section for one week."

It turns out that responsibility is just what this boy needs. Later you load him with new assignments, and he never lets you down. In three months he's a corporal, and a good one.

It doesn't always turn out so well. You find a few men who can never be field artillerymen — the mentally slow, and those whose physical coordination is poor. These you pass on to labor units. Then there are a few who buck you and the Army, despite your every effort. These are the ones who break your heart.

You do your utmost to be an example to your men, constantly check your bearing, the shine on your brass, your tone of voice. You make certain that all have been fed before you sit down, never march them at double time without doing it yourself. You defend them fiercely before all outsiders, censure them only in private. Most of all, you respect them as individuals — and you find that they in turn give loyalty.

The second week brings reclassi-

fication, and the men become part-time specialists in work they like to do. You round up the cooks, to the delight of the mess sergeant. You call for mechanics and put them to work in repair units. You appoint a certified accountant as battery clerk; train a medical student to give lectures in first aid; appoint a former fireman as building inspector, to check wiring and remove hazards.

Basic military topics are learned rapidly. Your noncoms smooth into an efficient machine. You set up competitions for the best gun crew, the best marching platoon, the 20 best riflemen, and pit them against other batteries. It's a thrill when two of your sections win regimental honors.

Then you swing into night marches and field problems, simulating war conditions. Twice you move out at daybreak through miles of scrub pine, camouflaging tents and trucks, and posting machine guns in likely avenues of attack. Most of the day is spent in field demonstrations.

When the work is over you gather with the men around a giant bonfire and there is impromptu entertainment. A radio performer sings. A comedian burlesques gun drill. A quartet starts *I've Been Workin' on the Railroad* and the woods resound with massed voices.

On night maneuvers you get the battery rolling in blackout convoy and run the guns into position

without lights. The cannoneers, working with speed and precision, "fire out" two targets. As you begin on the third, the Klaxon horn bleats ER-ER-ER-ER and all hands dig frantically for gas masks. An oily cloud of smoke and tear gas drifts over the emplacements. In 20 minutes you sound "All Clear," button up the guns, and move on to the next position.

No matter how much the training schedule is varied, the close quarters and the hard, fast routine often become monotonous, and it's your job to see that neither you nor your troops go stale.

One day you learn that your Italian boys hanker for a spaghetti dinner. You buy what they ask for, giving your regular cooks the afternoon off, and let 10 of them run wild in your kitchen. They turn out a fine meal, and the battery cleans up 70 pounds of spaghetti and 80 pounds of meat balls without pausing for breath.

The battalion gives dances in the Recreation Hall at regular intervals. Scores of young ladies are recruited in nearby towns. A 16-piece selectee orchestra furnishes the music. You loaf by the refreshment table, nibbling the sandwiches, leaving the merrymakers severely alone. This is their party. At 11 the young ladies are escorted to buses and whisked away.

Part of the battery fund is put aside for extras such as picnics. You stop work early and convoy

the men to a hillside by a lake. After swimming, games, and a chicken dinner, everyone gathers around the campfire. The songs are loud, the speeches long, and the entertainment spontaneous, but everyone has a good time.

For the camera bugs you have a darkroom built and equipped. Boxers, writers, musicians, amateur actors, fishermen — all are encouraged to pursue their hobbies during their off time. Trucks shuttle to and from the lake transporting those who like to swim on weekends.

Before you know it the training period is almost finished. There is frequent range practice with bobbing targets. You send one group of men to Machine Gun School, another to Automatic Rifle School where they practice on hundreds of helium-filled balloons. You appoint 20 acting sergeants and 10 acting corporals. You lec-

ture on chemical warfare and a dozen other military topics.

The days are crammed with amusing incidents. A private hoodwinks a pie from the hard-boiled mess sergeant, telling him it's for the Colonel's table. You're Officer of the Day and you ask a sentry to interpret for you the General Order "To salute all colors." He replies, "Sir, that means to salute all men, regardless of race."

Finally the day comes when you roll the troops out and march them to the railhead. The band plays; the men step out in perfect cadence, heads up, chests out. Their lean bodies swing along in flawless rhythm, grins on their tanned faces. When they line up on the platform you say your good-byes sincerely. They're your friends and you're going to miss them. As the train pulls out you glow with pride. You think, "It's going to be a whale of an Army!"



PAYMENT OF \$100 has been made to Gerald B. Klein of Tulsa, Oklahoma, and to Helen Davies of Santa Paula, California, for two items submitted to the contest on dramatic teaching devices announced in The Reader's Digest for March 1941.

Over 4000 items were submitted. Many were clever and obviously of great interest to teachers but few were sufficiently wide in appeal for the varied Digest audience. Additional awards of \$25 each have been made to the ten contestants whose letters, in the judgment of the editors, came closest to meeting magazine requirements.

Bolivian Tin and Tintypes

Condensed from "Inside Latin America"

John Gunther

YOUR ARRIVAL in Bolivia, third largest country in South America, is a vivid and exhilarating experience. The crash wagon chases cattle and llamas off the landing field, then your plane alights at an airport which, because of the thin atmosphere, has to be three miles long. You land at 13,300 feet above sea level, which is higher than most transport planes in the United States ever fly, and descend by car to La Paz, elevation 12,000 feet, the highest capital in the world.

Nowhere else do modern industries, railways and cities exist at such an altitude. Its effect shows on Bolivian character. The people are unpredictable, sometimes apathetic almost to the point of numbness, sometimes intensely nervous, with an irritability that may burst out suddenly. The country is a perfect example of the buffer state—keeping Argentina, Brazil, Chile and Peru from having common frontiers. If it didn't exist it would be necessary to invent it.

There are about 3,500,000 Bolivians, 90 percent of them pure Indian, most of them illiterate and intolerably poor. I have seen bitter poverty in Ecuador; but Ecuadorians at least grow crops and

A buffer state, separating powerful neighbors, Bolivia lives on thin air and skates on thin ice.

don't starve. On the Bolivian plateau, people do starve. There are no crops. Bolivia must import food to live. The tin companies turn over 42 percent of their foreign exchange to the government, with which it buys food, mostly from Argentina. At present the price of tin is high and Bolivia prospers, in a manner of speaking.

Bolivia thus is a kind of "company town" of the tin magnates. Most important tin magnate, hence Bolivia's most important character, is Simón I. Patiño.

His story is fabulous. Patiño is three quarters Indian. No one knows when or where he was born, but he is in his middle seventies. At first he was a small merchant in southeastern Bolivia, ran mule and llama trains up into the hills. Another businessman couldn't pay a debt and gave Patiño an interest in a tin mine instead.

Patiño worked his tin mine himself, night and day. Gradually he accumulated other mining properties until he was the largest owner of tin deposits in the world. Pres-

ently he controlled 60 to 70 per cent of Bolivia's tin production, and by 1925 his fortune was estimated at \$500,000,000. He was then supposed to be the seventh richest man alive.

Though Bolivia produced this vast wealth for him, he has never given anything to the country, nor has he set foot in Bolivia for 19 years. The story is that the altitude hurts his health. He was Bolivian minister to Spain from 1922 to 1927, and then to France until 1940, whence he came to New York. His son Antenor married a Bourbon princess, a niece of King Alfonso of Spain, and is now Bolivian minister to Great Britain; both his daughters married high into European aristocracy. One, who became the wife of the Marqués del Mérito, a Spanish grandee, got a reputed dowry of \$40,000,000.

Nowadays Patiño accounts roughly for 50 per cent of Bolivian tin production, the Hochschild and Aramayo interests the rest about equally.

Late in 1940 a highly important agreement was reached between Bolivia and the United States. For five years the United States is to take annually 18,000 tons of Bolivian tin, just half the total production. We are building a smelter in Texas to refine it — a job heretofore always done in Liverpool or Malaya. The Patiño companies are not in the deal. Their tin will continue to go to England.

Likewise, in May 1941 we agreed to buy Bolivia's total output of tungsten for the next three years, worth about \$25,000,000. Tungsten is indispensable in the manufacture of high-grade steel. The Japanese did their utmost to get this tungsten; even offered a better price. But they could not promise to maintain delivery for three years. Bolivia knew well that if the United States and Japan should go to war its tungsten would never leave the country.

Diplomacy and Standard Oil

STANDARD OIL of New Jersey had a \$17,000,000 investment in Bolivia, which was confiscated in 1937. This is the only case outside Mexico of Latin-American expropriation of United States property. The story is tangled and lugubrious, with much to be said on either side. Standard spent some years in drilling. It did not find as much oil as it had hoped for, and marketing it was difficult. The obvious market was Argentina, but the Argentines, cultivating their own oil industry, increased their duties. Disappointed, Standard began to think of giving up its investment and capped some of its Bolivian wells.

Concurrently came the Chaco war. Bolivia desperately needed oil, especially gasoline for airplanes. Standard, the Bolivians say, refused to build refining plants. There were other irrita-

tions, and on a minor technical point the Bolivians appropriated Standard. Buenos Aires may have helped cause the break — the Argentines wanted Standard out of Bolivia. Also the oil company, an international organization, hesitated to offend Paraguay. Bolivia and Paraguay each accused Standard of siding with the enemy. Standard claimed that it was strictly neutral.

The issue is still noisy. In April 1941 some remaining Standard officials (of Bolivian nationality) were indicted. At about the same time the Bolivian congress approved in principle that Standard should get some recompense — at least a token settlement. Bolivia wants a \$10,000,000 loan from the United States and apparently will not get it until the Standard Oil matter is cleared up.

Meantime Bolivia has discovered that it has neither the capital nor the technical experience to run its own oil business; nowadays it must import oil from Peru (from a Standard subsidiary!) and sell it to domestic consumers at a loss.

Grounding the Junkers

GERMANS in Bolivia have great commercial influence and tenacious roots in the army. Half a dozen newspapers in the country are pro-Axis. Until recently the air service was in German hands.

But no more. Lloyd Aero Boliviano was squeezed out of Nazi

control in May 1941. The Bolivians had been dissatisfied with the German service; there were several accidents (and it was hard to collect insurance from Berlin), and the Junker planes were old and shabby. The United States made proposals which were all but impossible for Bolivia to refuse. We offered fast modern planes, capital, management and service. The agreement finally reached gives Panagra (Pan-American Grace Airways) a five-year management contract to operate as far as Corumbá on the Brazilian frontier, where Pan-American takes over. This means that the German air line crossing the continent has been broken, and that an American line now takes its place. Bolivia promises not to give any concessions to Europeans during the life of the contract, to use only equipment made in the Americas, employ none but American pilots and technicians, and give the line \$192,000 a year subsidy. The United States lends Bolivia \$660,000 to pay for new planes.

Aviation is of the most extreme and dramatic importance to Bolivia. With its difficult terrain it can afford to build few roads, so it leaps straight from burro and llama to the airplane. And aviation in Bolivia is of tremendous importance to the United States. A few dozen bombers there can come close to dominating the entire continent.

Who Snitched That Letter?

A GERMAN *coup d'état* that was being organized in Bolivia was squelched in July 1941. An intercepted letter from Major Elias Belmonte, Bolivian military attaché at Berlin (who had been sent there to get him out of the country), allegedly to the German minister in La Paz, Ernst Wendler, revealed the plot: "I am informed by Wilhelmstrasse friends that the moment is approaching to strike our blow to free my poor country from a weak government with completely capitalistic inclinations. According to information received in the Foreign Ministry in Berlin, all the consuls and friends throughout Bolivia have prepared the ground and organized our forces with cleverness and energy."

So the letter read. No one knows, or will say, how it was intercepted. The Germans denounced it as a forgery, but the Bolivian government declared a state of siege, expelled the German minister, struck Belmonte off the military register, arrested one German consul, and imprisoned several local politicians — including a former minister of finance — whom it accused of being Axis agents. In Washington, Sumner Welles announced promptly that the Bolivian government would get "full assistance" from the United States if the affair should result in "any interna-

tional incident." American diplomacy works fast — and shrewdly — these agitated days.

Stupid, Bloody, Useless War

PART OF Bolivia's present trouble is the aftermath of war. The stupid, bloody and useless Chaco war lasted from 1932 to 1935 and killed 135,000 young Bolivians and Paraguayans. Its origins were slipshod statesmanship and even more slipshod draftsmanship by Spaniards in the 16th century, who never properly defined boundaries. The disputed territory, called the Gran Chaco and colloquially known as the Green Hell, stretched between the Pilcomayo and the Paraguay Rivers above Asunción. It is largely uninhabited swamp and torrid desert. It may hold wealth, but it is one of the least known regions in the world.

Let no one think that Europe holds any monopoly on carnage. The Chaco war was one of the bitterest and most sanguinary ever fought anywhere. The peace negotiators flew over a battlefield and saw thousands of skeletons. Paraguayans at the beginning had practically no arms. They made desperate forays with machetes, killed Bolivian sentries and armed themselves with the rifles of their enemies. Bolivian troops, who had spent all their lives on the high plateau, descended into the Chaco and died like insects; they could not survive the sudden change.

Officially the war was a draw, but in reality Paraguay won. Bolivia surrendered 55,000 square miles to Paraguay, in compensation got a narrow corridor to the Paraguay River and thus a very indirect outlet to the sea.

The peace conference lasted longer than the war. The negotiators represented the good offices of six American republics: the United States, Argentina, Uruguay, Brazil, Chile and Peru. Every conceivable difficulty dogged the weary plenipotentiaries in Buenos Aires. Paraguay and Bolivia each had two revolutions while the conference was going on. Months were consumed in argument over one letter in one word: Paraguay claimed that the preliminary truce referred to a "line" of demarcation; Bolivia said that the word was "lines." On this hinged vital questions of the distances between the opposing troops, control of neutral roads, and so on. Sixty-five different formulas for settlement were presented to the conference. The Argentines, who think of the Plata basin as their own private preserve, were maddeningly obstructionist. Their chief delegate, the Nobel Prize winner Saavedra Lamas, was stubborn, vain, suspicious, and afflicted by caprice.

But a peace treaty was finally

drawn up. Most of the credit should go to the U. S. ambassador to the conference, Spruille Braden, whose indefatigable patience wore out everybody else. Saavedra's tactics were to stall, hoping thus that the conference would break up, whereupon Argentina could pick up the pieces. But Braden outstalled him. His Brazilian friends called him a *garrapata*, a leech.

The political situation in Bolivia is dominated by the army. The army — German-trained — gets about 40 percent of the national budget. No single party is strong enough to form a cabinet and the army easily controls the coalitions that strive to govern. The president of Bolivia today is General Enrique Peñaranda, a 49-year-old Indian who has been in the army all his life and has never been outside Bolivia. During the Chaco war he was for a time commander in chief. He is honest, works hard, means well, does his best. His foreign minister is pro-United States.

President Peñaranda came to power by the first free elections held in Bolivia in years, and his government is the nearest to a constitutional regime that the country has seen in a long time. Well-meaning and patriotic Bolivians, tired of dirty politics and military *coups d'état*, hope he lasts.



PICTURESQUE *speech* AND PATTERN . . .

A winter's day, soft and velvet-footed (Jules Romains) . . . The snow made popcorn balls on every tree (Elizabeth Seifert) . . . The wind had cried itself to sleep (Howard Spring) . . . Little towns dumb with snow under the winter moon (John Buchan)

A whispered look (Keith Schwartz) . . . Hummingbird hands (Louise Peattie) . . . A cold and northern face (Hart Crane) . . . A neck like a celery stalk (John Steinbeck)

Sample of the gracious compliment:
You do my eyes a favor. (Bob Musl)

Every man in the room was trying to get her wave length, but she wouldn't tune in. (Florence Ryerson)

His voice went on with a rising wind in it (Ellis St. Joseph) . . . The kind of man who talks by the hour but listens by stopwatch (Alan Kent) . . . He monotonizes the conversation (Eleanor Clamage) . . . The joke went over with a hush (Red Skelton) . . . A small-talk expert — if there's nothing to be said, he can say it (Bernard Quinn)

Our son rises at ten and sets all day. (Bob Hawke)

Her evening gown has no visible means of support (*Life Begins for Andy Hardy*) . . . Her stiff white taffeta frock stood from her as if in amazement (Fannie Hurst) . . . My aunts kissed as hens take bits from the ground (Richard Llewellyn) . . . When he smiles he uses a lot of face (J. A. Holvik)

It isn't so hard to live on a small salary if you don't spend too much money in trying to keep it a secret. (*Capper's Weekly*)

His education is only pigskin deep (Weare Holbrook) . . . After her divorce, she felt like a new man . . . An inebriate approaching from various directions (Jake Brown)

Radio Patter: He's not himself today. A great improvement. Col. Stoopnagle (*Mennen's* — CBS) . . . A village belle who should have been told. Fibber McGee (*Johnson Wax* — CBS) . . . Those women in the southern resort towns — there are so many stuffed shorts among them! Uncle Walter's Dog House (*Sir Walter Raleigh* — NBC) . . . He was a fortune-hunter — just widow-shopping. Mrs. Uppington on Fibber McGee Program (*Johnson Wax* — CBS)

Night clubs are places where the tables are reserved and the guests aren't. Fred Casper (*Club Matinee* — NBC)

Restless as a chipmunk's tail (Irvin S. Cobb) . . . Elastic as memory (Rebecca Lowrie) . . . Busy as a fiddler's elbow. (Harold W. Thompson)

The rain ceased and a watery sun sent pale feelers toward the forgotten earth (A. J. Cronin) . . . Grass starched with frost . . . Sand dunes, hump-backed by the wind (Faith Baldwin) . . . Near the reef, a bell buoy talked to itself in the dark (Karl Detzer)

TO THE FIRST CONTRIBUTOR OF EACH ACCEPTED ITEM of either Patter or Picturesque Speech a payment of \$5 is made upon publication. In all cases the source must be given. An additional payment is made to the author, except for items originated by the sender. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned, but every item is carefully considered.

ADDRESS PATTERN EDITOR, BOX 605, PLEASANTVILLE, N. Y.

The Metal That Doesn't Get Tired

Condensed from Popular Science Monthly

Alfred H. Sinks

CHANCES ARE that you have never seen any beryllium, yet you probably have occasion to use it every day; and it makes a big difference in your comfort, safety and pocketbook.

Because of beryllium your new vacuum cleaner, refrigerator, or thermostat will last four or five times as long as the old one. To get that picture of Junior pole-vaulting you used a shutter speed of 1/1000 second; you can rely on such precision because of a tiny beryllium-copper spring in your camera.

We think of the properties of a metal as being eternal. But all metals, under strain, get tired. In industry this is serious. When some single part fails, the wheels of an entire factory may be stopped. Today machines of all kinds must travel at higher speeds. This makes it urgent that we have at every vital point some metal for springs and intricate parts that will hold up under increasing stresses. Beryllium-copper, for all practical purposes, is tireless. In a testing machine under salt spray, spring steel will stand only 3,000,000 vibrations. Beryllium-copper will take at least a *billion*.

Virtually all new aviation instruments, including the Sperry robot pilot, have beryllium-copper in them — to give them permanent accuracy under the toughest conditions. The new altimeters depend on an activating beryllium-copper diaphragm, as tireless as it is sensitive to the slightest change in atmospheric pressure. More than 100 other parts of the modern transport and bomber are made of beryllium-copper. They never lose their efficiency through fatigue.

Instruments and gauges of all kinds, in hospitals, laboratories, factories, electric power plants, and on ships, use springs and diaphragms similar to those in aviation. Beryllium is beginning to be used in automobiles, radios, electric motors — wherever there are higher speeds or exceptional strains.

Twenty years ago two groups of metallurgists began experimenting with beryllium. In 1921 Charles F. Brush opened a laboratory in Cleveland with C. Baldwin Sawyer. Maurice D. Sarbey and Hugh S. Cooper, both employed by the Union Carbide & Carbon Corporation, also began working with the metal.

Beryllium had been discovered

as a chemical element and identified as a metal as early as 1827. Now it was noised about that beryllium was more than a footnote in school textbooks. Tests showed it to be one third lighter than aluminum, yet harder than steel. But in spite of its hardness under steady pressure, it was so brittle it would shatter when dropped.

Metallurgists tried combining it with other light metal — aluminum, for instance. The resulting alloy could not even be rolled without breaking. Miraculous achievements seemed always just beyond the grasp of men who struggled with beryllium's tricky properties.

Then a young Tennessee Irishman, Andrew J. Gahagan, came into the picture. He had been interested in beryllium since college days. At the Ford Motor Company he had acquired a firsthand knowledge of modern industry.

With some of the resilience and tirelessness of the metal itself, he spread the story of beryllium's future until he found financial backers. He bought up existing patents and sent engineers throughout the country to examine deposits of ore. For experimental work he engaged as chief metallurgist J. Kent Smith, who as a young man had worked with Madame Curie.

In a small Detroit laboratory, Smith and Gahagan experienced a long series of baffling failures. Each new alloy developed quirks all its

own. Then, after two years of work, they made a startling discovery. Two percent of beryllium added to copper made it possible to harden that copper by heat treatment as steel is hardened.

In the laboratory of a copper company Gahagan and Smith watched their alloy tested for tensile strength. The needle on the indicator climbed higher and higher. It passed the normal figure for brass, for bronze, for stainless steel, for almost every known material. It did not snap until the needle showed a tensile strength of 185,000 pounds per square inch. In other words, a rod of beryllium-copper half an inch in diameter would lift 20 tons!

Next they set a disc of beryllium-copper on top of a larger piece of cold-die steel. Under 400 tons pressure, between the jaws of a giant hydraulic press, not the copper but the steel gave way. The beryllium-copper disc, unharmed, was imbedded in the steel.

Beryllium had graduated from the laboratory at last. Gahagan began refining beryllium from ore and producing beryllium-copper. C. V. Whitney became interested, eventually making a \$545,000 investment, and the Beryllium Corporation moved to Reading, Pa. Just before the war broke out, Gahagan bought from Germany valuable machines and patents to aid in fabricating the beryllium-copper alloy. Meanwhile Brush and Sawyer formed the Brush

Beryllium Company of Cleveland, now one of the major producers of pure beryllium.

Beryllium-copper proved to have other useful qualities besides its strength. In oil refineries, grain elevators and munitions plants, where iron tools might strike a spark and cause a fatal explosion, workers use beryllium-copper hammers, chisels, shovels.

Steel buckles on parachute harness often set a plane's magnetic compass askew, so beryllium-copper buckles are now being used instead. In machines that must work in a damp atmosphere, or near salt or other corrosive chemicals, beryllium-copper is used because it will not rust or corrode.

Beryllium-copper is soft and malleable until it is hardened by heat treatment. This quality is of infinite interest to the War Department. Every part of the firing mechanism of every gun, big or little, is made of steel. Every part must be rough cast, then machined and polished down to the finished form. But make a casting of beryllium-copper, then harden it. Little polishing or machining is needed and you save billions of man hours for national defense.

To design and construct the first model of any gun ordinarily takes months, often years. But when parts of a new gun for the British army were recently cast in beryllium-copper, the entire job was finished in two months.

The price of beryllium has dropped from \$200 to \$15 per pound since 1929, and will undoubtedly come down further. The supply is not limitless and the present demand may create a temporary shortage, but there is plenty of beryl ore in the earth's crust, most of it in the Western Hemisphere. The ore occurs along with feldspar and mica in scattered localities from Maine to Georgia, in North and South Dakota, Utah, Wyoming, Nevada, California, New Mexico and Arizona. It is mined only in Colorado, but in a number of places it is reclaimed as a by-product.

Argentina and Brazil produce beryl and used to supply Germany before the war. Now Germany depends on a single deposit in Austria, but there are abundant supplies in Russia's Ural Mountains.

The whole field of research in this metal is pregnant with latent marvels. Today, for instance, beryllium is used chiefly with copper. But beryllium-nickel has all the properties of beryllium-copper in far greater degree. Germany is ahead of us here and we have serious technical difficulties to overcome.

Used mainly now as an alloy, the pure metal itself has countless untried possibilities. Experiments are in progress to determine if the metal's brittleness is inherent or may be due to certain minute impurities. Pure beryllium is trans-

parent to X rays, and is used for windows in X-ray machines. Physicists use it for targets in their atom-smashing apparatus.

Beryllium salts have important uses. The tube of your fluorescent lamp — the closest thing to sunlight man has produced — is coated with beryllium oxide. So is the magic screen of new television sets. And Dr. Sawyer has discovered

that when kilns are lined with beryllium silicate bricks, the beryllium in some mysterious way imparts strength to porcelain.

So beryllium, tireless worker of silent miracles, has a fascinating future. What surprises that future may hold can no more be imagined than Fulton could have visualized an airplane operated from the ground by radio.



And So They Married — XII —

Edwin C. Hill

¶ WHEN Edwin C. Hill, commentator and journalist, first arrived in New York, he took a ride on the Elevated. His eye, always in search of objects of interest — human or otherwise — discovered one such, carefully arrayed in blue-and-white polka dot, sitting directly opposite him. By the time the train had reached Columbus Circle, he had moved over to the other side and was discussing love and life. Acquaintance flourished faster than the green bay tree, and when the train reached City Hall station, Bill and the lady walked over to City Hall and were married. Just like that.

— Frank Case, *Do Not Disturb* (Stokes)

Pride and Prejudice

¶ AT DINNER on a Florida-bound ship, a Boston lady remarked to the Captain, a South Carolinian: "I understand there are people who live in the South the whole year round." — Contributed by William E. Wilson

¶ TWO YOUNG GIRLS, newcomers to New York, had stopped a policeman to ask their way about Central Park. They fell into conversation, and the policeman said he'd walk along a bit to show them the way, to be sure. He asked the girls where they came from, and one said Ohio and the other Minnesota. This caused the cop to reflect. After some meditation he observed, "Ah, well, we're all God's creatures."

— *The New Yorker*

The Fellowship of the Bellows

Condensed from The Kiwanis Magazine

Elizabeth Borton de Treviño

STARTED by a group of young British businessmen living in Buenos Aires, and spreading like the wind throughout Latin America, is an organization with the daft name of The Fellowship of the Bellows. Much of its procedure is equally daft but its aim is serious — through a unique plan to raise money to buy new planes for the Royal Air Force. Every month Fellows of the Bellows get together for a good time — and also to make the standard "Blow-In" of one cent apiece for every Axis plane brought down during the previous month. To all Fellowships of the Bellows, the British Air Ministry cables each month the number of enemy planes destroyed.

So rapidly has the Fellowship expanded since its inception a little over a year ago that now more than 60,000 Britons, Americans and Latin Americans greet each other with the password: "Blow to it!" This is accompanied by the "high sign," an upward spiraling motion with the right index finger. They meet in towns from Mexico to Argentina, to find out what the monthly Blow-In may be, and help send yet more British Hurricanes spiraling into the air to continue the fight of

60,000 Britons, Americans and Latin Americans join in a highly original game to raise money for the RAF.

free men. In Buenos Aires and Montevideo alone about \$40,000 is "blown in" every month. These funds go straight to the British Ministry of Aircraft Production, and every airplane thus paid for bears special insignia — a little hand bellows in a circle. *Not a cent dribbles out into any other expenditure whatsoever.*

Instead of a President, each club has a High Wind; instead of a Secretary, a Whirlwind; there is no Treasurer, but a Receiver of Windfalls; no Assistant Treasurer, but a Keeper of the Windbag. Feminine members are represented on the governing board by a Windlass.

There are several degrees of Bellows Fellowship, each designated by a different colored badge. Advancement in degree depends entirely on the exploits of the RAF. All beginners are simple Whiffs, considered a rather low form of life, but vastly higher than Snuffs, or nonmembers. After 1000 planes have been downed and the Whiff has paid in at least \$10, he or she auto-

matically becomes a Puff. From Puff to Gust takes 2500 planes at one cent a plane; from Gust to Hurricane requires the downing of 5000. When 10,000 Axis planes are down (and duly paid for), the lucky member will receive the Order of the Bellows. No Fellow can advance himself faster by giving more money than the regular cent a plane. Extra money is gladly received as a Windfall, but the donor remains in his class until the required number of Axis planes is destroyed.

Typical of the speed with which the Bellows are spreading in Latin America is the Mexico City Fellowship, started about a year ago. "When we began," says Whirlwind F. B. Michael, local representative for Bethlehem Steel, "we expected to get about 350 members. In a few months we had 1600, and more are coming in all the time. Soon we'll have to have our meetings in the Bull Ring; no other place will hold us."

As yet, there are no Fellowships in Europe, Canada or the United States. However, a number of air pockets are stirring in this country,

and the Original Fellowship in Buenos Aires will probably soon approve several U. S. applications for charters.

The Fellowship takes great care that this movement, which has caught on in such a spirit of joyous comradeship, becomes no racket nor an administrative pressure group to raise money.

Though the Fellowship started out as a British and American movement, Latin Americans came in with such vim that rule books are now specially printed for them in Spanish. Strong for the movement are Frenchmen living in Latin America. The De Gaullists are in to a man.

The British do not perhaps realize that all this good bellowship has in a few months won them more Latin-American friends than German traders made by years of plodding spadework. The Latin Americans love good sport, and respect those who fight gaily and doggedly against odds. The Bellows are not only sending up more fighter-planes, but are helping to win over Latin America.



Illustrative Anecdotes — 53 —

❧ A NEGRO MAID philosophizes: "You know, Miss Bessie, trouble is so high you can't climb over it, so wide you can't walk around it, so deep you can't dig under it, so I be doggoned ifn de only way to beat it isn't to duck yo haid an' wade right through."

— Contributed by Noahlene May

Hollywood Handles Dynamite

Condensed from The Commonweal

Frederic Sondern, Jr., with C. Nelson Schrader

WHEN Charles Boyer, in *Love Affair*, throatily ordered pink champagne for Irene Dunne, he started a minor revolution in the wine industry. Immediately restaurants all over the country were amazed by the demand for this exotic beverage. Thus, from Nome to Jacksonville, Hollywood stars lay down the law on fashions, manners, speech and behavior.

The tobacco industry discovered that when movie directors began putting cigars exclusively into the mouths of corrupt politicians, gangsters and other unattractive characters, the sale of cigars dropped sharply. Advertising experts give Popeye credit for much of a 40 percent increase in the sale of spinach. Sonja Henie wears white skating shoes, and a week after her picture is released every available pair in the country is sold out. The elaborate bathroom, the one-hand telephone and the Venetian

blind, inspired by Hollywood, have become prerequisites of the American home.

But these are only superficial symptoms of Hollywood's powers of suggestion. The movies, with equal ease, lead and change the nation's thought on politics, morals and social questions of great importance. Every week, eighty-five million Americans go to the movies. In the darkness of the theater, where they sit relaxed and give undivided attention to the flashing pictures, psychological conditions are perfect for putting ideas across to them.

Nelson Schrader, co-author of this article, made a test on audiences of the technicolor picture *Maryland*, then playing at three New York theaters of various grades. Sixty percent of the people interviewed knew what color a particular automobile in the picture was, 40 percent knew it was a Packard. In another investigation 80 percent knew what brand of cigarettes Bing Crosby smoked in a certain picture. Some wide-awake commercial firms—for instance, Western Union, Remington Rand, Lipton's Tea, the makers of Ritz crackers and of Bromo-Seltzer—pay high fees to three successful

C. NELSON SCHRADER worked for a time in the Will Hays office and later joined a firm of radio analysts, sampling public opinion with regard to various broadcasts. For the last several years he has been connected with a large advertising agency, investigating the effect of the movies on the public mind. Now in the army, Mr. Schrader is assigned to the Film Laboratory of the Signal Corps at Fort Monmouth.

promoters in the movie capital who have a virtual monopoly on getting plugs for manufacturers into the pictures.

A few years ago the Payne Fund instituted an exhaustive scientific study of the effects of movies on the minds of young people. Twelve outstanding university psychologists spent almost two years at it, and did a monumental job. In one test, 4000 high school students were questioned on their ideas of the Germans, the Chinese, the Negro, war, crime and capital punishment. Then they were sent to see pictures which dealt with these peoples and problems. When questioned again, the large majority had swung over to conform with ideas presented by the pictures. For example, one who had written "*Most Chinese are cunning and underhand*" in the first quiz wrote "*Few Chinese are cunning and underhand*" after seeing *Son of the Gods*. *All Quiet on the Western Front* changed hatred for Germans to tolerance and even liking.

Dr. Gallup's poll-takers, some of the big advertising firms, and various educational groups have taken up where the Payne Fund left off in the analysis of the moviegoer's mind. The experts find that the average spectator believes that the scenes and characters he sees in a movie are authentic or typical. Ninety percent of a large cross-section of moviegoers thought that

Mr. Smith Goes to Washington, melodramatic fiction, gave an accurate picture of the United States Senate. So profound was the effect of this picture — which showed a gallant scoutmaster elected to the Senate and there battling corrupt politics — that in a Texas congressional district the Boy Scouts were able to campaign *their* scoutmaster, 31-year-old Gene Worley, into the House of Representatives. In a similar investigation, 65 percent believed that *Down Argentine Way* — a product of Hollywood's wildest imagination and bad taste — showed Argentines as they really were.

And it amazes army and navy morale officers to find that a great many people actually believe that admirals, generals and top-sergeants are like those in the Abbott and Costello comedies. "You're not at all like the sergeant I saw in the movies" — is a common remark made by mothers who visit their sons in camp to polite young men with three chevrons on their sleeves.

Hollywood has done serious damage to other American institutions. Over a period of years it has portrayed the newspaper publisher as an unscrupulous politician, the city editor as a noisy neurotic, and the reporter as a drunken bum. The newspaper office on the screen is always a bedlam of confusion. Competent authorities in the advertising field lay at Hollywood's door much of the blame for the pub-

lic's decreasing confidence in its newspapers, so devastatingly demonstrated in *Fortune's* 1939 poll.

Another sufferer is commercial and private aviation. Airlines have expanded slowly and private flying is still in its infancy, not because of expense but because of fear. The advertising people are sure of that. Hollywood pictures year after year have identified the airplane with disaster. *Test Pilot*, *Flight Command*, *Forced Landing* are recent examples. There are a few exceptions like *Cbina Clipper*, which did Pan-American airlines a lot of good, but the airplane crash is a favorite Hollywood thrill-maker. The average man, researchers have found, will leave the theater inclined to travel henceforth by rail.

The Nazis have long realized the impact of movies on national life. Movie theaters have been subsidized by the government throughout the Reich, even in the smallest towns, to form what the Propaganda Ministry considers the most powerful publicity medium in existence. Shortly before the war, the Gestapo found that the average German was not conscious of the extent of espionage within the Reich. Secrets were being given away freely to foreign tourists. So a picture designed to stop every German from telling anything of military importance to a foreigner was produced. It worked like magic. Goebbels experimented further, and finally reached perfection with *Bap-*

tism of Fire and War in the East, showing the annihilation of Poland. Circulated in Belgium, Holland and the Balkans, they were an important "softening" factor.

Back in 1917, Hollywood performed propagandistic miracles in conditioning this country for war. *The Battle Cry of Peace*, showing an invasion of the United States by the Kaiser's troops, drew enormous audiences; George Mock, in his *Words That Won the War*, gives it credit for swinging a considerable portion of American sentiment to the Allied cause. Under George Creel's Committee on Public Information — our official propaganda and censorship agency in the last war — Hollywood produced a series of shockers which rocked the nation. *Pershing's Crusaders*, *The Prussian Cur* and *The Kaiser, the Beast of Berlin* put their audiences in a fighting mood which no lectures or books on German atrocities could have duplicated.

After the war Hollywood went into reverse with pictures which did much to make the American people hate everything military. Movie audiences became familiar with the slime of the trenches, with the sight of men and animals blown to bits, with the racking fear of the "zero hour." *The Big Parade* was a harrowing story of doughboys returning to find their jobs gone and nothing but misery awaiting them.

Hollywood was slow to change that trend and to attack the dicta-

torships. European markets were not to be thrown away for the sake of ideology. The first try was *Confessions of a Nazi Spy*, a story of espionage in this country; but it was a poor draw at the box office. So were *Mortal Storm* and *Escape*, bitter indictments of Nazi brutality and oppression. It was only after Charlie Chaplin made profits with *The Great Dictator* that the studios began to change their attitude. Now the wave is rising. *Underground*, *Manbunt*, *Sergeant York* and other belligerent films have been successful, and Hollywood begins to see box-office receipts in stories dealing with our relation to the European war. *A Yank in the RAF* is one example. More are in production.

The power of Hollywood's movies to mold the nation's thinking, and how to direct that power, has become a major worry to the various agencies of the federal government which are responsible for maintaining this country's morale in the coming tempestuous years. A subcommittee of the United States Senate recently began investigating the motion-picture industry's influence on the war sentiment of the American people. But when the hearings degenerated into a mud-slinging political battle between interventionist and isolationist factions, the public lost interest and the investigation slid into oblivion.

Still if Spencer Tracy or Mickey

Rooney can skyrocket the sales of a beverage by asking for "a coke" in their pictures, responsible officials in Washington feel that warlike speeches from the screen can whip this country into frenzy for a war that it is not yet, by a long shot, prepared for. These same experts point out that, while exciting the country on foreign issues, Hollywood has done nothing to build the faith of the nation in itself and its destiny. Not a single film has shown the American people the seriousness of the situation facing them. War, according to Hollywood, would be a light matter interspersed with a few attractive spies, some uniformed and singing sisters who encourage the boys to do their bit, and a few Nazis who turn tail when they see a bayonet.

Serious men in Washington believe that there are only two alternatives for Hollywood. The movie industry should confine itself to entertainment alone and not deal with serious issues, or it should bring its tremendous power to bear in awakening the nation to a love and appreciation of its heritage, its traditions and its might. It should acquaint the nation with the actual nature of the crisis before Clark Gable is shown beating down Panzer divisions single-handed. If Hollywood puts box-office receipts before its duty to the country, the movie industry will deserve everything it gets—in restriction, censorship and ruin.

Your Precious Minerals

Condensed from You

Health and efficiency call for minerals as well as vitamins in your diet.

YOU ARE very watery. Your brains are 79 percent water, your body as a whole is 70 percent water. It is the other 30 percent of ingredients that make all the difference between a puddle and a person. That vital 30 percent is composed of proteins, fats, minerals and carbohydrates, in that order.

Some seven pounds of you consists of a variety of minerals ranging from salt to aluminum. Nobody has yet figured out what the aluminum is for, but at least 11 of the other minerals are as necessary to you as steel girders are to a skyscraper. They play a part in every function of your body, from carrying oxygen and keeping you nourished to making you intelligent.

In quantity, the two big minerals are calcium and phosphorus. Then come potassium, sulphur, sodium, chlorine, magnesium, iron, manganese, iodine, and tiny amounts of a dozen others, including arsenic and tin.

Bones are more than two thirds mineral salts, chiefly calcium and phosphorus. If your skeleton had lacked these two elements you would have to get about like an inchworm. Since even your skeleton is alive, it must be kept nour-

ished with the materials it needs for regeneration. All the calcium in your body is completely replaced about every six years; all the phosphorus, every two or three years. These and the other needed minerals must be continuously supplied from the outside to replace what is lost every day.

Like vitamins, minerals form such a small proportion even of those foods in which they are most abundant that it is possible to satisfy your appetite without knowing that your meals are not supplying enough inorganic matter. That this happens to most of us at one time or another is proved by the prevalence of ills caused by mineral deficiencies: bad teeth, anemia, thyroid troubles, rickets in children, brittle bones in elderly persons.

Most minerals would be automatically provided in adequate amounts if you ate rational, varied meals. Phosphorus and sulphur, for instance, are plentiful in meat, milk, eggs and fish. Sodium and chlorine you may get in even larger amounts than are good for you in the salt you use. Potassium and magnesium are in so many fruits and vegetables that you don't have to worry about them.

The minerals which you do have to take special pains to get are calcium, iron, copper and iodine. Some natives in various parts of

the world, and even some poor whites in this country whose diet is deficient in calcium, eat dirt that is full of lime. By far the best way to get most of your calcium is in milk, buttermilk or cheese. All adults should have a pint of milk a day, and nutritionists insist that children and nursing mothers take at least a quart a day. The milk need not be drunk; it can be eaten in other forms. One fourth pound of cheese is about the equivalent in calcium of a quart of milk.

All the iron in your body would make only five carpet tacks, but without it you would promptly smother to death, for the oxygen you breathe could not be taken up by the body cells. A tiny bit of this iron is lost every day, especially by women during the menstrual period. Since an adult carries no reserve supply, this loss must be made up.

Doctors have found that the body absorbs iron more readily from certain foods than from so-called "iron tonics." Liver is so rich in iron that in the formerly fatal disease, pernicious anemia, it acts more potently than any drug. The next richest source of usable iron has recently been found to be cane sugar molasses. White sugar has practically none, so it does more than bring variety of flavor to meals if you use molasses or brown sugar instead. Meat, eggs, whole-grain or enriched-flour bread products, green vegetables and fruits are other good iron sources.

The iron in your body won't function unless a little copper is also present. But fortunately most foods which have iron also have copper. Liver and molasses, for instance, contain both, as do potatoes, peas, beans, strawberries, dried fruits and oysters.

Less than one one-thousandth of a gram of iodine circulates in the blood of a normal person. Yet this mineral is the most important ingredient in the secretion of your thyroid gland, which regulates the tempo of your vital machinery. In nature, iodine comes from the sea. If you drink water drawn from coastal soil and eat vegetables grown near the seashore, you need not worry about getting enough iodine. But even in coastal districts, if your water supply comes from rain water—or from mountain snow, as on the West Coast—you should use iodized salt or other iodine-containing foods. In the Great Lakes, the Puget Sound and the Rocky Mountain country goiter was common until recent years, when iodized salt was introduced. In Michigan today the law prohibits the sale of any other kind of table salt. Largely because seafood is full of iodine, nutritionists insist that everyone eat it at least once a week.

We often waste the most mineral-rich parts of our food. In animal foods, the minerals are most abundant in organs, blood, bones, eggs and milk. In vegetable foods they

are found chiefly in the brown parts of grain and sugar, the peelings of fruits and root vegetables, and the outer green leaves of lettuce—all of which are usually thrown away. And since the usable inorganic matter in food dissolves easily, much of it is thrown out in the water in which our vegetables are cooked.

To get the most value from the minerals in your vegetables, cook them in as little water as possible

and then use that water later in soups and gravies and to baste meats. Always boil potatoes in their skins; when the skins are removed *after* cooking, the mineral-rich part sticks to the vegetable.

Your seven pounds of minerals might not mean much to the defense program, but they mean a lot to you in health and efficiency. It's worth your while to see that your diet contains enough mineral-providing foods, properly prepared.



How to Buy a Used Car

Condensed from The American Magazine

Ralph Graeter

As told to Lowell Brentano

If you follow these rules, you'll never be a used-car sucker.

MY FRIEND, out to buy a secondhand roadster, halted before a glistening job with an alluring price tag: \$125.

"If it isn't a stolen bus it looks like a good buy," I said. "But looks don't make the wheels go round."

I flashed my flashlight under the front wheels. The owner of the used-car lot rushed up. "Hey, what goes on?" he yelled. "I don't want any spies around here. Get going."

We did. I reassured my friend: "Don't worry, you didn't lose a thing. That frame was cracked in a wreck. Welded together. Rotten job—wouldn't last a thousand miles."

Helping friends steer clear of worthless jallopies has been a hobby of mine for 20 years. Now it's going to keep me busier than ever; new automobiles are going to be hard to get.

There's nothing mysterious in spotting a good used car. As a former race-track driver and master mechanic, I've lived with auto-

mobiles all my life. But any layman can pick a used bargain if he'll fortify himself against glib salesmanship and new paint jobs, and observe a few common-sense rules.

First test the "price level" of the market. Read all the ads of second-hand cars, studying the descriptions carefully, and compare the prices asked for the model you have in mind. Inspect the cars in parking lots and showrooms of automobile companies. Within a week you should be able to gauge within \$25 the fair asking price on any model.

After you have decided how much you want to spend, add about \$100 to the figure. You may fall in love with some car costing \$50 over your limit. The other \$50 is for license plates, unexpected repairs and extra gadgets.

Most amateur buyers place a dangerous overemphasis on gleaming chromium, new tires and spotless lacquer. But it's the stuff beneath the trimmings that counts. Unless the car is pitted with rust, a complete paint job can be had for about \$50. New tires are inexpensive and serviceable secondhand tires can be had for a song.

However, the external appearance of a car — paint, tires and upholstery — often tells a revealing story. A car that has been well cared for seldom has greasy, worn upholstery. The condition of the rubber on the pedals, and of the floor mat where the driver's heel rests, often indicates better than

the speedometer how far the car has been driven.

"Stance" — the way a car stands on its wheels — is a vital point in picking a used car. If the bus is lopsided, if it sags or leans in one corner, it probably suffers from a "fatigued" or broken spring. In a "healthy" car, the front wheels should look slightly bowlegged and pigeon-toed. If they are out of true, leave the car alone.

Body damages such as dents and scratches may seem unimportant, for usually they can be repaired cheaply. However, they may indicate deep, dangerous wounds. A crushing blow may have thrown the frame out of alignment. A brand-new fender may be replacing an old fender ripped off after a wreck.

If the car sags to one side, it may have received a blow severe enough to twist its skeleton. Squat down and inspect the unfinished metal parts around the front axle and radiator. Look for big welded areas, sure evidence of a crash. Look for blackened or rusted places, possibly painted over, where acetylene torches were used to straighten a bent steel section. Look on the ground to see if oil or water is leaking from the engine or radiator. A leak may mean only a loose hose connection — or it may mean \$20 for a new radiator.

Other signs of senility in a used car are loose, badly fitting doors (suggesting a warped frame) and slack steering wheels. Steering

must be easy. A woman should be able to turn the wheels with the car standing still. Laborious steering suggests structural faults that can cost human lives.

Don't be too upset if your potential purchase seems difficult to start. The car may simply have been standing unused for a long time. When the engine is turning over rapidly, the oil gauge should rise at least halfway. Don't buy a car if the oil gauge is not operating. If the engine runs for any length of time without oil circulation, it may ruin the bearings.

Next check the ammeter, which indicates the output of the electric generator. When your engine is running slowly, the needle normally should hover around zero, but when you race the engine the needle should jump to the "charge" side of the gauge — and stay there even after you switch on the bright lights. Assume the battery is bad and will need immediate replacing or recharging, which can be done inexpensively.

Now press down and let up on your accelerator. If bluish smoke pours out of the exhaust, the piston rings are worn and you are burning huge quantities of oil. A new ring job probably will be the only cure.

If the car survives these preliminary tests, suggest a driving demonstration. If the dealer won't let you take the car out, end the deal immediately — there's something fatally wrong. Out on the

road, with the engine running slowly, put the car in low, then release the clutch gently. If it is in good condition the car will move forward smoothly, without jerking.

Shifting from low to second, gradually increase your speed and listen for whining or growling noises. These come from bad gears. Now shift into high. If the gears grind, or the car vibrates, suspect trouble in the rear end. Repairs there generally start at \$25. The final tests concern safety rather than finance. If the frame of the car has been bent, it won't steer properly. Pick a straight, level road free of traffic and drive along the middle with your hands loosely on the wheel. If the car wanders or creeps to one side, leave it alone; a twisted car seldom can be repaired properly.

Last, but emphatically not least, try your brakes. Go along the same road at a moderate speed, with your hands lightly on the wheel. Apply the brakes gradually until you come to a stop. If the car swerves or the wheel whips out of your hand, the brakes are in poor condition. Either they need adjustment, or they require new linings, which cost up to \$20.

Few of the major defects I have listed can be concealed. If you keep your wits about you and apply the above tests, there is no reason why you can't find a used car that will give you your money's worth. If you're still in doubt, consult a good mechanic.

Death to a Hemisphere Invader

Condensed from The Living Age

Lois Mattox Miller

IN 1930, when few people worried about hemisphere defense, a small, bloodthirsty band of secret agents crossed from West Africa to Natal, Brazil. Soon the results of their death mission appeared explosively.

Dozens, then hundreds of people in Natal fell ill. Faces became white or lead-colored; aching bodies were racked by raging fever and bone-rattling chills. "Malaria," said the doctors. But this wasn't the type of malaria that haunts the tropics and semi-tropics of our hemisphere. These victims suffered longer and more severely. The death rate was appallingly higher. Sometimes the disease was followed by the blood-despoiling "black water" fever, a terrible malady which still mystifies students of tropical diseases.

A few wise old doctors, who had seen malaria at its worst in other parts of the world, had frightening thoughts which they didn't dare mention. But a mosquito-hunter soon confirmed their suspicions.

Dr. Raymond C. Shannon, a Rockefeller Foundation entomologist attached to Brazil's Yellow Fever Service, was making a routine checkup of rain barrels and roadside ditches when he encountered a strange mosquito. When

Brazil's unparalleled scientific achievement — extermination of the death-dealing gambiae mosquito — saved all the Americas from a fatal pestilence.

Dr. Shannon later slid his captive under a microscope he was horrified. The gambiae — deadliest of a malaria-carrying mosquitoes, the one that has made central and western Africa a hell-hole of disease — had invaded the Western Hemisphere!

But how? The flight of the gambiae is limited to three miles at the most. Had it traveled by boat? No, the gambiae won't remain indoors or under cover for more than 4 hours at a time. But the commercial planes of the new French airline had recently cut the time between Dakar and Natal to 21 hours. That was it — the African agent of the "living death" had become a stowaway.

The alarm was broadcast to all other American nations. Brazil health authorities clamped down rigid control: henceforth all planes from Africa must be inspected and fumigated immediately upon arrival. But malaria experts said, "The harm has been done! The gambiae is already here."

This death-dealing insect multiplies fantastically. The adult female (which alone is the blood-sucker and disease-carrier) breeds prolifically. Her eggs hatch in little more than a day; eight or nine days later the newborn females are busy breeding large families of their own.

Unlike other malaria-carrying mosquitoes that can feed on animals and be satisfied with only an occasional blood meal from human beings, the *she-gambiae* lives on human blood almost exclusively. And her body is a highly efficient poison factory — breeding malaria parasites by the millions. This combination of habits makes the *gambiae* the most vicious carrier of high-powered malaria on earth.

Between April and June in 1930 the city of Natal experienced the most severe and widespread malaria epidemic this hemisphere had ever known. During the long dry season from June to February it subsided, only to break out with renewed virulence.

Slowly, but with military precision, the *gambiae* spread out from Natal. Prevailing winds carried one spearhead of the invading army up the coast and inland for 115 miles. And it infected as much as 90 per cent of the population in some regions, killing from 10 to 50 per cent of its victims. It sapped the strength of the survivors, leaving many too weak to work, too listless to care much about living.

Public health authorities, recall-

ing the part played by malaria in the downfall of ancient Greece and Rome, watched the spread of the *gambiae* with increasing alarm. America's world-famous malariologist, Dr. Marshall A. Barber, returned from Brazil to issue this warning:

The *gambiae* threatens the Americas with a catastrophe in comparison with which ordinary pestilence, conflagration and even war are but small and temporary calamities. *Gambiae* literally enter into the veins of a country and may remain to plague it for centuries.

Then Brazil had a piece of luck that seemed providential. During the next two years terrific droughts scorched the earth under the *gambiae*, drying up breeding places, halting the march of the invaders. The respite gave the malaria fighters time to plan.

Brazil already had a scientific army for fighting mosquito-borne disease. This is its Yellow Fever Service which, under Dr. Barros Barato, Director General of Public Health, deserves to be the pride of the hemisphere — and the world. Working in the heroic tradition of the great Brazilian sanitarian, Dr. Oswaldo Cruz, who routed yellow fever from Rio de Janeiro over 30 years ago, it has fought the fever-bearing *aedes aegypti* mosquito so relentlessly that the species is rapidly becoming a rarity in Brazil.

"Set up a full-scale anti-*gambiae* organization," pleaded some of the courageous entomologists of that

Service. "Give us the funds, the men and the equipment and we'll wipe out this foreign pest!"

More conservative experts declared it impossible. They had stamped out yellow fever by mosquito *control* — adequate procedure in dealing with most species. But the gambiae are so prolific and so deadly that *control* would be futile. Only *extermination* would serve. And no mosquito fighters had ever imagined they could exterminate a species. Least of all gambiae! Other mosquitoes breed in well-known, easily found places — in pond, puddle, rain barrel. Controlling them is a matter of draining land and spreading larvicides. Mosquito fighters also have a powerful ally in a tiny surface-feeding minnow which feeds on mosquito eggs and larvae. Stock any body of water, large or small, with these and it will soon be rid of mosquitoes.

But the vicious gambiae shuns ponds and sizable ditches and prefers to lay its eggs in tiny spots of water — a rain-filled wagon rut or hoofprint. Said one conservative: "You would have to dry up every puddle in northeastern Brazil every time it rains."

So Brazil pinned its hope on drought. Perhaps the sun-baked earth would prove uninhabitable for the African invader.

But when the rains came in February 1934 the deadly march of the gambiae began anew. For the next four years it pushed relentlessly

north and west. By 1938 the malaria-infested area comprised 12,000 square miles. Whole towns were laid low by the disease. Work came to a standstill; crops went unplanted for lack of labor. The Rockefeller Foundation reported: "As a result of the ravages of this mosquito nearly every person in these affected areas will be on government relief in 1939."

Now the threat to the whole hemisphere became grave. One authority declared: "If the gambiae should break through to the well-watered Parnahyba and São Francisco River valleys, it would be impossible to prevent its spread to a large part of South, Central and perhaps even North America."

Then, in January 1939, Brazil formally declared war on the gambiae. By presidential decree the Malaria Service of the Northeast was organized. Dr. Manoel Ferreira, distinguished hygienist, was put in charge by Dr. Barato; other eminent Brazilian doctors, including Dr. Evandro Chagas, famous malariologist recently killed in a plane crash, were mobilized for the war. The government appropriated a preliminary \$250,000 and the Rockefeller Foundation contributed \$100,000. The argument over whether the gambiae could or could not be exterminated ceased. The orders were: "Find out how, then go ahead and do it!"

There was little time for training workers; there were no precedents.

But when the rainy season began in February 1939 the first army was in the field: over 2000 Brazilian doctors, technicians, inspectors and laborers. For four months the gambiae proved to be a formidable foe. The daily rains multiplied the breeding places endlessly. But the anti-gambiae army established patrols over the infested territory and sent scouting parties to set up outposts along its frontiers. By June the mosquito fighters announced that the gambiae had been surrounded. Then the real fight began.

Every possible breeding place was treated with Paris green. Workers with spray guns went from door to door killing the adult mosquitoes in houses, sheds, shops and abandoned buildings. This thorough policy of the "scorched earth" was prosecuted rigorously over every square inch of the known infested area, and then over a ten-mile safety zone beyond. Sanitary patrols halted and fumigated every vehicle before allowing it to cross into uninfested territory.

There were plenty of disappointments. Funds were soon exhausted and the Brazilian government had to appropriate another \$250,000. The campaign progressed by trial and error; there were times when the gambiae seemed to be mocking the pest-fighters. When everything seemed to be going nicely, there were new outbreaks of malaria miles away in previously uninfested territory!

Scouting parties sent to investigate learned the answer. In one instance, an automobile, traveling an abandoned wagon road through the jungle, had slipped out of the infested territory without being fumigated; in another, a small fishing boat, eluding the sanitary posts of the maritime service, had transported the invader miles up the coast.

The mosquito fighters were undaunted. In 1940 they obtained a budget of \$1,130,000 (including a \$230,000 grant from the Rockefeller Foundation). The field force was increased to 4000; tactics were improved. Confidently the mosquito fighters declared: "This year it shall be death to the invaders."

The tenacious gambiae did begin to lose ground. In the middle of the rainy season (an unusually heavy one) reports came in from district after district: "Area clean. No evidence of adults, eggs or larvae." Actually this should have been a big season for the gambiae. In two uncontrolled areas, set aside for research and checking, the mosquitoes were on a rampage. But wherever the chemical squads kept up their work the foe was being routed completely.

The mosquito fighters decided to make a crucial test. When an area was declared "clean" by the field experts, all chemical control measures were suspended. But the "scouting force" was doubled to watch for a possible reappearance.

Long, anxious months passed slowly. The gambiae didn't reappear!

The mosquito fighters were still cautious and apprehensive, for they knew the gambiae intimately as a difficult and treacherous foe. In fact, they did get another bad scare. An isolated pocket of gambiae was discovered about 50 miles beyond the last known frontier of infestation. It never has been explained; but it was cleaned up before any harm was done.

For over a year, now, a large staff of trained men has patrolled north-eastern Brazil without finding a gambiae. Cash rewards have been posted for anyone who brings in an egg, grub or adult. Thus far not one has been found.

Brazilian scientists are reluctant to claim that the gambiae has been "exterminated." Nonetheless their achievement has made a deep impression on scientists everywhere, for the winged killer has not been

seen in Brazil since November 1940.

Brazil, having stamped out this menace to the health and security of the entire hemisphere, has also given other Americans an object lesson which all public health authorities will find difficult to ignore. Malaria is still rampant in many areas of the Western Hemisphere; in the southern part of the United States it strikes down several million every year. True, it isn't the virulent type, such as the gambiae brought to Brazil; and neither are the anopheles mosquitoes that carry it from person to person such tough and elusive fighters as the gambiae. Their habits are simpler; they can be controlled and exterminated with greater ease and at far less cost.

Brazil has proved that malaria is an eradicable disease. Henceforth it must stand as one scourge that need be suffered by no state or community. Wherever it exists it is a matter for civic shame.



The Balance of Power

BLUNT-TONGUED Robert Gordon Menzies, just sworn in as Australian Prime Minister, was giving his first official interview. "I take it, Mr. Prime Minister," blurted a left-wing correspondent, "that you will consult the powerful interests that control you before you choose your cabinet."

"Naturally," replied the Prime Minister. "But, young man, please keep my wife's name out of this discussion."

— Alwyn Lee in *N. Y. Times Magazine*

A Plane in Every Garage

Condensed from Air Facts

Fillmore Hyde

WHEN HENRY FORD was asked recently what he was going to do with his colossal new army airplane plant after the war, he replied: "Make planes for everybody." He is not the only prophet who believes our miles and miles of new military plane factories will turn to making air flivvers in peacetime. The family plane may never be as common as the family car, but there are thoughtful observers who are sure a boom in little airplanes will create an industry big enough to help solve postwar economic problems.

There are solid reasons for expecting something of the kind. First, the popularity of light planes was already increasing rapidly when the defense program came along and nipped the boomlet. In 1939 our factories produced 3608 small planes, and production was doubled in 1940. There are 22,000 civilian planes in the air today.

Next, there should be a huge ready-made market among the hundreds of thousands who will have learned to fly. In 1934 there were 15,000 pilots in this country; at the end of 1941 there were 100,000 civilian and 25,000 military pilots. The Army and Navy are turning out 3000 more a month.

Our aircraft industry, soon to be bigger than the automobile industry, offers exciting possibilities for postwar flying.

"During the next five years," says Robert H. Hinckley, head of the Civil Aeronautics Administration, "we will develop at least half a million trained fliers — ready customers for air flivvers." And, besides a host of air-minded adults, there are two million young members of model-building clubs. They grow up at the rate of 250,000 a year and are eager to fly real planes.

There will be plenty of airports for these new sky-riders; there are 2000 now and more are being built at an unprecedented rate. Airways will be well marked. And scores of towns are being marked each month, thanks largely to reproachful leaflets dropped by members of the Aircraft Owners and Pilots Association. Usually it is a simple matter of painting a roof that probably needed it anyway.

America, then, will have fields, pilots and navigation aids galore. But what sort of planes will the future offer? What will the coming air flivver be like?

Manufacturers agree it will cost

no more than a good car costs today. Even now there is a wide selection of two-seater planes in the \$2000 class. Mass production could cut that at least in half. We have the mass production facilities. The airplane business will be a three-billion-dollar industry in 1942 — ahead of automobiles and still expanding!

The flivver plane will be simple to operate. Two new safety planes, the Engineering and Research Corporation's "Ercoupe" and the General Aircraft Corporation's "Skyfarer," have both been taken off, maneuvered and landed by novices, after less than a half hour's instruction. Controls actually are simpler than those of an automobile. The Ercoupe has only two flight controls: throttle and wheel. The Skyfarer has these plus flaps (air brakes), and that's all.

In most planes, coordination of stick and rudder is a fine art. The pilot must learn what to do in a spin, then how to avoid one. A full stall (plane falling from lack of flying speed) 50 feet up is almost certain disaster. Landing must either be directly upwind or expertly calculated for crosswinds — or the pilot risks a landing accident. Possibly two thirds of the accidents are due to the following causes: inability to see ahead while taxiing; excessive use of brakes just after landing, resulting in a somersault; stalling in a too-slow landing approach; losing control in a take-off run.

In the new ships, the whole operation of turning is automatically taken care of in a simple twist of the wheel. The tricycle gear provides perfect visibility while taxiing; it is stable, and the plane rolls straight of its own accord in take-off and landing runs. Brakes can be safely applied immediately on landing. Not even the most determined mismanagement will produce a spin, and if the new ships are flown too slowly the danger is only a "mushing" toward the ground that may smash landing gear but needn't prove fatal.

All of which means that you can learn to fly, and fly well, in a short time. There will always be a little more to it than driving a car, because you have another dimension and vagaries of wind to deal with but anybody who can drive well will, with a little extra effort, be able to fly well.

You can buy one of these planes defense quotas permitting, for around \$2500. *Lop off 60 per cent for mass production, count on research to produce even further simplification, and you begin to see what the family plane of the future may be like.*

And other improvements are on the way. There are experimental plastic and plywood planes — lighter, stronger and cheaper. W. B. Stout who plans to mass-produce flivver planes, foresees a hundred-dollar, hundred-pound, hundred-horse power airplane motor — half a

heavy and a fifth as expensive as anything available today. Every plane manufacturer has plans for its own version of the plane of the future.

The rotor ships, giro and helicopter, are likely to make a strong bid or family favor. The Pitcairn-Larson Autogiro Company has a sleek abin job that will jump straight up from a take-off space no bigger than a tennis court. It will never go as far on a gallon of gas as a plane, but in case of motor failure it can land almost anywhere with only a gentle bump and hardly any forward roll. If the pilot encounters bad weather he can land, fold back the rotor blades, and drive the giro to his destination like a car.

One of the most exciting glimpses of things to come is Igor Sikorsky's helicopter. Its huge revolving overhead blades enable it to fly with the accuracy of a hummingbird — straight up, straight down, forward, or even backward. It can hover stationary in the air, a far cry from the minimum 30- to 40-mile take-off and landing speeds of the gentlest winged plane. Mr. Sikorsky has a photograph of an assistant handing him up his lunch while he hovers four feet off the ground! Sikorsky admits that his new ship is far from ready for the market. It's a dark horse, however, that may win the race in the years ahead.

But there are still tough problems for the industry to solve be-

fore Americans will take to the air in vast numbers. Flying today, you need a car to take you from home to airport, another car to take you from terminal airport to your destination. You have to pay stiff hangar rent. Is it a fit day for a take-off? If so, will the weather hold all the way, or will you be grounded halfway?

What Mr. Public wants is a plane he can back out of his own garage, drive to a nearby take-off point and, quickly unfolding its wings, fly away. He wants a craft that will take off and land on either ground or water, come safely to earth anywhere in case of bad weather or mechanical trouble, and run along the highways at an automobile clip. And spokesmen for the industry say they can give it to him. Even now, each of these essential features actually exists: one item on plane A, another on plane B, a third on plane C.

The aircraft industry will have a head start autos never had: thousands of miles of air highways, thousands of service stations, half a million trained "drivers," thousands of expert mechanics, ready-made factories. The industry is already employing three quarters of a million workers. To supply them with materials millions of men in other industries are working overtime. Neither government nor industry likes to think of the dislocation which even partial stoppage of aircraft building would mean.

Some day the demand for bombers and fighters will slacken, and when it does these vast facilities *must* be converted to making planes for civilians. So start thinking now whether you want to keep the car

and get a foolproof plane for fast long-distance week-ends, or turn in the sedan for a reliable 100-mile-an-hour, all-weather, watergoing, landgoing rotor ship. Mr. Ford isn't fooling.



Texas Is Stranger Than Fiction

¶ A GENTLEMAN from New York, stranded for the night in a small West Texas town, sought to relieve his boredom. The hotel clerk suggested that he join some cattlemen who were playing cards and who would welcome a stranger — but, the clerk warned, the stakes were “pretty high.”

The New Yorker called at the room designated and was invited to join the game. “Hear you fellows play for real money,” he said. “Well, let me have chips for *all* of this.” He tossed a hundred-dollar bill on the table, glancing about to catch the players’ reaction.

Without even looking up, the dealer took the bill and slowly pushed one white chip toward the stranger. — Contributed by Richard M. Morehead

¶ WHENEVER he wants a rest, a businessman of Houston, Texas, goes to the headwaters of the Nueces River, where lives an isolated rancher friend. “I always make it a point to bring along a little snakebite medicine,” he says. “My friend doesn’t drink often, and he only takes one. He pours a tumbler full. And as he raises it to his lips, he shuts his eyes and holds his nose because, he explains, ‘If I either see it or smell it, my mouth will water and dilute it.’”

— Contributed by Bob McCracken

¶ A SALESMAN, traveling in Texas for a firm whose home office was way up in Chicago, rolled into El Paso to find a telegram from headquarters waiting for him at his hotel. It described a deal that had just come up in Texarkana. “Long as you’re down in Texas,” said the wire, “you better handle this.”

The salesman reached for a telegraph blank. “Cheaper to send a man out from Chicago,” he wired back. “You’re closer to Texarkana than I am.”

Goggle-eyed, the home office looked at the map. They sent out a man from Chicago.

Master of the Double-Cross

Condensed from *The North American Review*

William C. White

Author of "These Russians"

THIS IS really General Yablon-sky's story. He is the old man who sits nightly in a corner of that little Russian café on Nollendorfplatz in Berlin. The rows of medals that blot his blouse will attract your attention. The General is a typical Russian émigré, poverty-stricken, alive only in his roots which are all buried in the past.

Sometimes, when there has been vodka without stint, he tells this story of Captain Tanama. "One man alone is responsible for the Russian revolution and for all the following filth of the Bolsheviks," he says, leading up to that story. "One man, a Japanese, Captain Tanama. There would be a Tsar in Holy Russia today had it not been for this scoundrel. You see, the Japanese defeated us in 1905 and that defeat produced the revolutionary movement in Russia. And the Japanese would not have won, had it not been for that traitor, Tanama. You have never heard of him?"

I had not heard.

This is the story which the old General, once of the Tsar's Intelligence Service, then tells:

CAPTAIN TANAMA first came to

St. Petersburg as military attaché to the Japanese Embassy in 1901. He was of some special breed, I guess, not like most of his people but nearly six feet tall. His face was the color of bronze and ugly, like some Tibetan devil mask. Ugly, yes, but he looked striking in uniform and women seemed to be attracted to him.

In those days I was a captain, serving as assistant to the chief of the Military Intelligence Division. Naturally, we were interested in Tanama. He was a foreign military attaché, which is a polite way of saying "spy." He came from one of the oldest families in his country, and his father was one of the Mikado's closest advisers. Thorough breeding and long residence abroad had given Tanama a proud grace and polish that marked him in any gathering.

As a matter of fact, we were more than usually interested in him. We knew that it was only a matter of time before we would have to fight the Japs in the Far East. Furthermore, we were receiving information from our own agents in Tokyo that the Japanese War Office was continually securing our military secrets. Tanama could tell us where the leak was, that was sure.

He had a way of making friends, with officers, actresses, officials — it made no difference. It is not a far step from making friends to using friends. Tanama had a lot of money and was an inveterate gambler. He always lost and always with a smile, and he paid losses of the size which makes smiling difficult. A couple of my fellow officers bought diamonds for their mistresses with winnings from the Japanese captain.

For a year we put him under the closest observation, but with no results. We watched every Russian officer with whom he was friendly but we found nothing suspicious. Tanama was mixed up with a number of girls around town but these were only the usual sort of liaisons. We knew, because the girls were on our payroll. Yet every report from our agents in Tokyo told us that the leak still existed and was, if anything, growing larger.

There was one thing that we could do, drive Tanama out of the country in the hope that his successor would be neither so clever nor so ingratiatingly charming nor so efficient. We planned to threaten Tanama with disgrace, hoping that he would either leave or commit suicide. It made no difference to us, so long as we got rid of him.

It was easy to "frame" him. He was most friendly with an actress, Ilyinskaya. We went to her and told her what we wanted, but we had to use threats to get her to promise to help us. I think she

really loved that scoundrel! But she finally promised.

One evening she went to Captain Tanama and said that it was necessary for him to marry her, at once. He refused, like a polished gentleman of course, pointing out that when a Japanese officer marries a non-Japanese, he must leave his country's service. Besides, he added, somewhat as an afterthought, he had a wife in Japan. He offered Ilyinskaya money but she would not touch it. It was either marriage — or publicity. "You can think about it until tomorrow night," she told him. "I will come then for an answer."

The next day my telephone rang. It was the Captain, asking to see me alone immediately, "most urgently."

I went to his apartment. I must say that he was frank for he began, in straightforward fashion, "Do you know of this Ilyinskaya affair?"

Unable to return his frankness, I said that I did not.

He explained briefly the situation and said, "You realize what choice is left for me if she carries out her threat? Don't think me cowardly. I am not afraid of disgrace or even suicide. But my family is a very proud and ancient one and my father, on the Emperor's Privy Council, is a very old man. I should hate to have him know of my disgrace, at the very end of his life. He would think it his duty to follow me in a disgrace-

ful death. And my uncle. You do not know us Japanese."

Then, abruptly, he stared me in the face and asked, "*Monsieur le capitaine*, you *can* help me if you wish. What are your terms?"

I was rejoicing within that we had won as simply as that. But I answered with pretended hesitation, "I am not sure that I can help you. In any case you would have to leave Russia."

"Certainly. And what else?"

I was too confused by the connotation of that question to think clearly, but I managed to say, "I must speak to my superiors about that."

I returned to my office and told my associates of the conversation and of the terms. They laughed loudly at the idea of a Japanese officer, and one of high caste at that, offering to aid the Intelligence Service of a potential enemy in order to escape from a mix-up with an ordinary actress. "He puts a low value on our intelligence," Major Oblomov, my superior, said. "Japan must want very badly to furnish us with false information. But it would be a shame not to play with him. We might ask him to supply us with copies of plans for troop movements around Port Arthur and in southern Manchuria. It would be interesting to know just what the Japanese War College would prepare for us. We could be sure that in reality they would carry out just the opposite."

That was an appealing idea and, after discussing it, we decided to play Tanama's game. He left St. Petersburg on the following day. It was late summer in 1902 and we were busy with our own preparations for the war that appeared inevitable. We forgot Tanama until one day in December 1902, when a package came to us by diplomatic pouch from our military attaché in Tokyo. It contained plans, to the minutest detail, for Japanese action around Port Arthur, showing where troops would be landed, how they would be distributed, and what the objectives of any drive there would be.

We examined the plans carefully. There were several novelties in proposed tactics which surprised us. Everything had been done with the most meticulous care. "The Japanese are thorough, even in such imitation works of art as these," said Major Oblomov.

"Perhaps they are genuine," one officer suggested.

"Nonsense. Of course they would do a trick like this with the greatest air of authenticity." This was the common opinion. The plans were put in the archives and forgotten.

Six months later, in the summer of 1903, another set of plans arrived in just the same way. The same detail, the same meticulousness. These were plans for action on the south Manchurian peninsula in general, focusing on Mukden. The care with which the plans had been pre-

pared increased the number of skeptics in our department. Two or three officers now said that, in the possibility that the plans might be genuine, we should study them carefully and revise our counter-plans accordingly. But such work would have called for a complete revision of our own defense tactics and these plans, too, were finally set aside in our archives.

Late in December of the same year a third set of plans arrived, for action along the Yalu River. There was no chance for any of the usual discussion this time. A day or so after the arrival of this third package came startling information from Tokyo, information almost unbelievable but fully corroborated by our military attaché there: Tanama had been caught stealing plans from the War Office and had been executed as a spy.

We were inclined to scoff at this at first as another Japanese trick. But every source of information that we had supported it as a fact. And whatever doubts may have remained were erased a few days later by a story carried by the press of the world saying that his father, Prince Tanama, of the Privy Council, had committed suicide on hearing of the disgraceful death of his son.

And in our archives we had three sets of Japanese plans!

We went over them with all speed. Day and night we worked to correct our own tactics, to take ad-

vantage of these mobilization orders. Then the war broke out, in February 1904, the war that was to result eventually in the Revolution of 1905 and the later Revolution of 1917.

In April we fell back on the Chiuliencheng position on the Yalu River. The battle there, on April 30, 1904, is one of the important battles of the world. There for the first time in modern history an army of yellow men defeated an army of the white race. Think of the Japs in the Far East, doing as they please today, and remember the battle on the Yalu, almost 30 years ago.

We had the plans of the Japanese there. But, wherever we stationed one regiment to offset the Japs, there were two Japanese regiments waiting. Wherever we had one artillery battery there were two of the Japanese. And the battle ended with our army in flight, with our rear-guard completely destroyed because its left flank took the wrong direction in retreating. Why did we take the wrong direction? I knew then, and Captain Tanama's ghost, if he really had been shot, knew.

But it was too late to revise our general tactics. They had been built on the basis of Tanama's plans. We were defeated at Nashan, at Mukden, at Port Arthur. History tells you that we lost the war because the Trans-Siberian Railroad could not bring us men and

supplies fast enough. Nonsense! We had enough men, more than the Japanese. But in the wrong place, every time.

I was at the front and in December 1904 I heard the rest of the story from a captured Japanese officer. I asked him about Tanama.

"He is a great national hero," the prisoner said. "The Emperor has given him and his family the Order of the Rising Sun."

"Then he was not really executed?"

"Oh, yes, he was executed as a spy and disgraced. But a few months ago there was published the true story, how he had eagerly chosen

the privilege of disgrace and of being executed, so that he could completely deceive you Russians. It was a great honor."

"And his father?"

"He committed suicide, of course. That was likewise a great honor."

So we lost the Russo-Japanese War. But what can you do with a people who will face a firing squad or commit suicide in order to double-cross you?

Of the foregoing narrative the author writes: "When I first heard it from the Russian officer I thought it an incredible yarn, but later I encountered other Russians, once in the Imperial army, who had heard the story and who said that there were many who believed it."



The Art of Dying

SIR THOMAS MORE
at the foot of the scaffold:

"I PRAY thee, Mr. Lieutenant, see me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift for myself."

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
examining the executioner's axe:

"THIS gives me no fear. It is a sharp medicine to cure me of all my diseases."

PAVLOVA:

"BRING me my costume for the Swan Dance."

COROT:

"I HOPE with all my heart there will be painting in Heaven."

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
unable to speak, wrote for his wife:

"DON'T be frightened. If this is death, it is an easy one."

ANNE DE MONTMORENCY:

"DO YOU THINK one who has known how to live honorably for eighty years does not know how to die for a quarter of an hour?"

Snowstorm Reverie

Condensed from "1001 Afternoons in New York"

Ben Hecht

Author of "Erik Dorn," "The Front Page," "The Florentine Dagger," etc.

A SNOWSTORM came to town the other day and shouldered its way onto the front pages. This snowstorm was no blizzard; it froze nobody, wrecked nothing. Yet it was news.

But though the editors gave it space, they were too shy to tell the truth about it. They would have blushed to report what readers were thinking: that everybody was looking at the falling snow full of a sense that something beautiful was happening.

You can't blame the press for this. As well expect the British Admiralty to describe a sunrise over Valona as to expect a story of our snowstorm to begin:

The soul of New York was thrilled today by a lovely and capering snowfall that painted ghostly summer on the trees of Central Park and brought to the harried citizens of the town a few hours of esthetic exaltation superior to anything the stage or screen has offered this season.

Yet this is why the snow was news. The town looked up and saw Pavlova in the air, saw Cellini at work, and consorted with seraphs. But journalistic tradition kept reporters from stating the truth of what they had seen and experienced — the white capes on the

electric signs, the white-haloed lampposts, the shrubbery looking like lace fountains; the busy snow-covered streets suddenly haunted with long-ago village memories, the familiar and the commonplace taking on rakish fairy-tale contours. The buildings swayed behind white veils like ballet dancers; there were Moorish rooftops where only factory chimneys had been, and muted avenues that seemed to be sleepwalking and full of dreams.

People on the street had the look of those jerky figures in the old silent films, and seemed launched on equally dramatic errands. The poor looked full of a poetry usually missing from their poverty, and the rich acquired a carnival air that seldom attaches to mink coats.

Yet it was only a sonnet of a snowfall. I am sure most of us hoped for more, and dreamed of impassable roads, of gas buggies reduced to impotence, of inaccessible offices, of an hour of childhood the storm would bring them if it lasted long enough to blot out the face of the boss and the war.

Perhaps the memories were the real news. For of all pleasant events of the past, a snowstorm is about the only thing that hasn't changed. No new meanings have come into

the flakes. They have not been harnessed for progress or conquest. They have remained an unaltered souvenir of happier days. And so

when the snow came down, people drifted with it into the past, smelled again the freshness of young and untroubled times.



Amazing Interludes

— II —

THE GLOW of the Christmas of 1933 can never die for any of us who were playing *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* on tour. We were to play in Seattle Christmas night, but between Duluth and Seattle there had been a washout; slower, slower, slower we crept along — rain, rain, rain came down. Christmas Eve. We decided to get together a Christmas dinner and sent ahead for 20 chickens — we couldn't get turkey. The party was warm and bright with the beautiful gaiety which belongs to the theater on wheels. There were 10-cent-store presents for everybody, and we all sang carols, with the waiters joining in. *Silent Night, The First Noël* — Christmas Eve — everybody hundreds of miles from home off there in the middle of a flood.

Christmas Day. We were due at eight in the morning, then we thought it would be four or five in the afternoon; then eight o'clock that night; finally we didn't think we'd make it at all. The train crawled, stopped, crawled. Several miles of track had been washed away. As we passed on the emergency track, the crew stood below us with the rain sluicing over their bare heads.

Every fifth man was holding a torch, the rest watching as the wheels turned slowly above them. The gaunt, shadowy faces seemed themselves to be the bridge over which we moved in the night.

When eight o'clock came and we were still miles from Seattle, we gave up, disappointed and blue. It was 11:15 when we arrived. At 11:17 the manager convinced us that the audience was still waiting! We didn't believe him at first. Then we tore, the crew for the baggage car, we for the theater. We pulled up the curtain and the stage manager explained the properties to the audience as the stage was set up. Our wardrobes were unpacked on stage and everyone had to come there for his costume. The stagehands broke every speed record.

At one o'clock the curtain went down and the house lights dimmed. At five minutes after one it went up again and the play began. We never gave a better performance nor played to a more appreciative audience. When the final curtain went down at four, they cheered and cheered, gave us curtain call after curtain call. It was all so remarkable we couldn't believe any of it.

— Katharine Cornell, as told to Ruth Woodbury Sedgwick, in *I Wanted to Be an Actress* (Random House)

Marriage Repair Shop

Condensed from Survey Graphic

Gretta Palmer

A QUARTER of a million American marriages a year end on the junk heap of divorce. More than half of them could be salvaged if troubled couples called in the marriage expert as naturally as they send for the doctor or the repairman, judging by the records of the Bureau of Marriage Counsel and Education of New York. In the four years since she founded the Bureau, Dr. Valeria Parker has advised 4000 unhappy couples — some 20 a week — of whom 2600 have been reconciled.

Clergymen, social workers and lawyers send warring husbands and wives to her. Other clients come after hearing Dr. Parker lecture before women's clubs and social welfare organizations.

The magic employed by Dr. Parker is simple. Consider the recent case of Jane, separated from her young husband for several months and wretchedly trying to decide whether to divorce this man whom she still loved. She came to the Bureau — in six cases out of ten it is the wife who comes first — and was invited to tell her story to Dr. Parker as she would to a sympathetic friend.

Jane, an orphan, had been

The Bureau of Marriage Counsel and Education saves many homes from the junk heap of divorce.

brought up by two indulgent spinsters who showered her with expensive clothes and gifts. First they had jealously opposed her marriage to Bill; later they pitied her openly because he didn't provide "properly" for her. Taught to think that a constant stream of presents and flattery was the only proof of affection, Jane had become convinced that her reticent husband didn't love her. When he complained of her extravagance and resented the spinsters' meddling, she quarreled with him and returned to her childhood home. Should she divorce him?

At Dr. Parker's request Bill came in and told his story. He was hurt that his wife had not adapted her living standards to the salary he made. He resented the old ladies' intrusion and believed that they had killed Jane's love for him. He still cared deeply for her, he said.

With love on both sides, the marriage could certainly be saved. Jane needed to grow up. After several interviews she began to under-

and that her husband should not be expected to pamper her like a child, and that it was unfair to blame him for not making more money. Bill, for his part, had to realize that the lonely old ladies were the only family Jane ever had and that he should accept them as if they were real in-laws. He was urged to show his love for Jane more openly and bring her an occasional flower or trinket as a surprise. Bill and Jane now live in a suburb discreetly distant from Jane's childhood home and are wholly happy together.

Two out of every five cases are thus solved by simple discussion with Dr. Parker. The other three are referred to cooperating physicians, psychiatrists, personnel experts and social workers.

Dr. Parker has had 25 years of experience as a physician and a leader in marriage education. The conviction grew upon her that existing organizations, busy with such spectacular and broad social problems as prostitution and venereal disease, were neglecting the personal and sometimes seemingly minor difficulties that are at the bottom of so many unhappy marriages. With the help of the Martha Mertz Foundation and a number of philanthropists, she opened the Bureau in 1937. The office fee is nominally \$5, but about half the clients can pay nothing and are not asked to.

Money, or its lack, is a serious

factor in a large number of cases brought to the Bureau. Other common, curable causes of trouble between husband and wife are: real or apparent incompatibility; childlessness and disputes over adopting a baby; lack of preparation for marriage; and second-marriage difficulties. Sexual incompatibility is a common complaint, but usually, Dr. Parker finds, this is only a symptom. When a man and woman have lost their trust in each other, for any reason, their sexual happiness is always affected. When trust has been restored the symptom disappears.

For instance, Mrs. F. had become sexually frigid, but the real trouble was not physical, it was jealousy of her husband's deceased first wife. She felt slighted whenever he referred to his happy first marriage; she objected to his keeping his first wife's picture on the wall. Though she was a charming young woman, she felt that her husband's old friends were constantly comparing her, to her disadvantage, with the first wife. She was contemplating a divorce.

An interview with Mr. F. brought out the fact that he loved his wife and was deeply troubled by her demand that he be disloyal to the memory of a past romance. He was not asked to change his attitude. Mrs. F., however, was educated to the viewpoint that there might be room in a lifetime for two sincere loves, which need not compete, and

that she should be grateful to the first wife for having given her husband years of happiness.

Solutions are often so obvious and simple that it is difficult to see why outside help was required.

But Dr. Parker has found that petty differences are more likely to bring a couple to the threshold of divorce than are calamities. Many a woman who would rise magnificently to a serious crisis, such as a husband's invalidism, will talk of divorce because she and her husband do not like the same recreations.

Sometimes one partner in a marriage comes close to the breaking point over a difficulty of which the other is not even aware. Mrs. E. loved her husband and her home. Yet she came to Dr. Parker to discuss divorce. She had become convinced that her husband no longer loved her. He spent all his evenings in his study, reading business reports, and he no longer took her out.

When Mr. E. came to the Bureau, at the doctor's request, he was astounded; he had thought his marriage a complete success, was in love with his wife and had been working extra hours in the hope of supporting her in greater luxury. He was easily induced to set aside certain evenings for recreation. He was told a few facts about feminine psychology, which persuaded him to give evidence of his affection and to put his love for her into words.

Divorce was thus averted and happy marriage made secure.

This case illustrated an incompatibility which was only imagined not real. But when Mrs. T. told the Bureau that she and her husband had nothing in common, the fact seemed to bear her out. Their marriage had resulted from a strong physical attraction which made them overlook the fact that they lived in different intellectual worlds. The wife was interested in books, music and art. Her husband cared only for sports, business and the movies, and was annoyed when Mrs. T. tried to "educate" him.

Since the wife had all the intellectual adaptability of the family, she was shown that most of the adjustment must be hers. Instead of boring him with talk of the arts she must try to enjoy the things he liked. Both agreed to take up neutral interests, such as golf, gardening and Spanish — which Mr. T. needed for his business. The wife was encouraged to believe that if she had children one of them might share her artistic bent. Parenthood has provided them with the strong common interest which they lacked before.

The power of children to heal maladies of marriage cannot be overestimated. Many young couples, recently married, and about to be separated because the husband was going into the armed service, have asked whether they should have a child. Dr. Parker advises them to

go ahead. Lack of children often causes tension. Mr. and Mrs. Y. came to the Bureau at the insistence of the lawyer to whom Charles Y. had appealed for a divorce. His complaint was that, since after six years of marriage his wife had not borne him a child, she was sterile. Dr. Parker required both husband and wife to take medical tests; these showed that it was Charles who was sterile. He refused to consider artificial insemination, which often is suggested in such cases at the Bureau. The couple adopted a son and now seem quite happy.

Why can't sympathetic friends tell husband and wife the simple truths which Dr. Parker tells them, with the same happy results? Because, says Dr. Parker, no one close to a situation can view it without prejudice. Advice, if it is to be taken to heart, must be given by someone outside the family or social circle of the couple.

Anne J. came to Dr. Parker with familiar story: At 16 she had married a boy of 21. Both planned to continue their education, but Anne's studies were cut short by the arrival of two babies in three years and she felt dreadfully burdened with their care. Finding the domestic atmosphere depressing, her husband had begun to seek diversion with girls more glamorous than his drudge of a wife. Anne, in retaliation, wanted to divorce him, send the children to their grandparents, and "have fun, too."

These young people were made to see that their craving for amusement was normal, but that they must have their fling together. Anne saw that she had been worried and depressed by her seemingly endless home duties and had been neglecting her duty of being an attractive playmate for her husband. The boy was encouraged to put a recklessly large portion of his salary into an amusement fund, out of which he was to pay a high school girl to care for the babies two nights a week while he and Anne stepped out. This schedule tided them over the years in which they craved the bright lights and enabled them to enjoy their youth together. Now they have settled down, are devoted to their children and have many happy common memories.

This young couple had not paused before marriage to inquire just what they expected from each other. The things which engaged couples take for granted are the things which usually cause trouble later, hence Dr. Parker urges consultation with some outsider before marriage. If a boy assumes that he and his wife will have no children until he is making twice his present salary and a girl expects to become a mother the first year, it is important that this latent cause of disagreement be brought into the open.

Dr. Parker believes that husband and wife need to be jointly devoted to a strong, common interest out-

side themselves. Most often this interest is provided by children, but it may be a hobby, or a business in which both are concerned, or even the career of one of them, provided the other is personally involved in its success.

Dr. Parker receives annually about 10,000 queries by mail. More than half of the out-of-town correspondents are put in touch with local agencies which may help them — doctors, psychiatrists, social work-

ers and adoption agencies who have offered to assist.

Dr. Parker believes that every troubled home can be treated with therapy as cunning as that of the physician who is trying to save a patient's life. Her successful record gives her theory considerable laboratory support. The next of man's enemies for scientists to isolate and destroy may, if Dr. Parker is right, be the elusive and complex Virus of Divorce.

Answers to "How Good Is Your Taste?"

(Color insert following page 72)

MAITLAND GRAVES, the art authority who prepared this test, has been teaching at the School of Fine and Applied Arts, Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y., for ten years. He is author of the recent book, *The Art of Color and Design*. An engineer turned artist, he bases his visual design test upon the premise, proved by countless experiments, that unity is an essential requisite of all fine design.

In each pair, one design is definitely more unified, better balanced or more interesting than the other. The correct selections are:

1 A	6 A	11 B
2 B	7 A	12 B
3 A	8 B	13 A
4 B	9 A	14 A
5 A	10 B	

If you got 12 right you possess extraordinarily good taste, ranking with professional painters, interior decorators, commercial designers. Nine to 11 correct selections indicate superior taste. Occasionally you may make errors, but usually you choose pleasing designs and colors. Seven or eight right indicate taste above average. If you have less than seven correct, you will do well to listen to expert advice when buying clothes or doing over the dining room.

Business Gets a Soul

Condensed from Barron's

H. W. von Morpurgo

FIFTEEN SALESMEN were hired by the Nebraska Power Company for a special campaign which would last only three months. When the period was up the work duly came to an end. If this had happened in any ordinary company the salesmen would have come to a dead end also. Provided with a pay check and perhaps a polite letter of thanks, each would have gone his way out into the cold world to face weeks, perhaps months, of job-hunting.

But this Nebraska company was not an ordinary one. It felt grateful to those salesmen and somewhat responsible for their immediate future. So with all the power of its corporate lungs it shouted to the community at large: "Here are 15 good men. Come and get them!" It paid for announcements on local radio stations; for a quarter-page ad, listing their names, addresses and home telephone numbers, in the Omaha *World Herald*. "Though the work for which these men were hired was only temporary," said the ad, "they did it so well that we want to help them find permanent employment."

Within 24 hours each man had been called by five to eight companies, requesting immediate inter-

views. Within a week every one of them had a new job.

For several months I have been gathering instances of companies which went beyond the ordinary requirements of business and took that extra, imaginative, generous step which is the sign of having a soul. I found business — sometimes small business, sometimes giant corporations — doing things it didn't have to do and wouldn't have thought of doing a few years ago. Business has developed a conscience since the depression. And with proper care and feeding, a conscience soon grows into a soul.

The mass suffering caused by the depression made businessmen stop and think. Management saw before its gates millions of unemployed, and a state of lowered morale in their factories and throughout the nation. Management's own lowered morale made it more sympathetic.

Industrial statesmen realized that positive action was needed to rewin public favor. They saw that good public relations should begin with winning the confidence of their own public — employees, customers, stockholders and community. Management became more conscious of the human side of business. It was about time.

Through a Foundation created by its chairman, Frank Phillips, the Phillips Petroleum Company of Bartlesville, Okla., meets its obligation to society by giving scholarships to the gifted children of its employees. Says Phillips to his workers, "Many of you, like myself, were not so fortunate as to receive college training, but we should never allow our interest in learning to diminish."

The fund was started two years ago. The first year, three girls and six boys were awarded \$400 each toward the expenses of a college education — provided that they maintained high personal and scholastic standards. Last year all but one of these scholarships were continued and nine new ones were awarded.

Sears, Roebuck and Company acts upon the belief "that no firm has a moral right to harvest profits from a community and not plow some of those profits back into it." Under its Cow-Hog-Hen program, purebred stock is given to farm boys and girls in 382 counties of 11 southern states, to induce diversification among one-crop farmers. Each of the 2240 boys and girls now participating is pledged to turn over one member of his or her first brood to the county farm agent for further distribution according to a "chain-litter" plan.

Two years ago Sears began a new program centered about its retail stores. In the old days, Sears man-

agement reasoned, nearly every town boasted some man who had made his fortune there and left the town a hospital, a library, a park. But this sort of giving is less frequent now. Should not the chain store show similar evidence of civic responsibility?

A number of cities were selected for community projects — cities in which Sears stores had prospered, for under no circumstances were the gifts to be used as ballyhoo for weak stores. The projects must fulfill a definite civic need, the city must agree to maintain donated buildings according to agreed standards, and the Sears publicity director was to have no part in the proceedings. So far, in eight cities, Sears has quietly built community houses, recreation centers or children's camps, some costing \$40,000.

Utility companies that have disfigured many a landscape with power lines and gas reservoirs should learn a lesson from the Connecticut company which submitted various plans for a water tank to residents whose view it might have marred. The property owners selected a design resembling a Greek temple.

Staterooms for the men on tankers of the Standard Oil Company of California are fitted with a wide berth, thick mattress, two armchairs, desk, locker and fan. On tankers of the Texas Company every man has a room to himself, each room has its own radio outlet,

and each berth has a bed light for reading.

A sleepy truck driver is a menace, yet where can the thousands of long-haul drivers find a cheap, clean and comfortable place to spend the night? Unique is the truckman's dormitory, sleeping 38 men, which Standard Oil of Pennsylvania included in its Midway Service Station on Pennsylvania's new superspeedway. Here the truck driver will find a night's lodging for 50 cents; also shower baths, laundry, radio, smoking lounge and a Howard Johnson counter lunch-room operated day and night exclusively for truckmen.

A small concern, the Scientific Oil Compounding Company of Chicago, and its founder Otto Eisenschiml should get a prize for thoughtfulness toward employes. It's a \$3,000,000 business, with 48 employes. For the office force, the workday starts with a free breakfast. Lunch is also on the company. Mealtime is education time; office problems are worked out, employes get complaints off their chests. No worker has ever quit in anger or gone out on strike.

Each letter of application for a job is answered courteously. Every applicant who is asked to come in for an interview is given a dollar

for his carfare and time. "People looking for jobs are the most worth while of our unemployed and deserve at least kind words," Eisenschiml believes.

On Thanksgiving, each employe gets money toward a turkey. Plant workers are remembered with extra checks on very hot or cold days, "just to show them that we are aware of their hardships," says Eisenschiml. "If we land a large order, we celebrate. The men get a half-day off, with a five-dollar bill for a baseball game. The girls may be sent on a shopping trip at the company's expense." When office workers look pale they are given a company car and told to take a day off in the country.

Besides a fund earmarked "pay-roll reserve" to avert lay-offs or wage cuts, there is a "happiness fund," used to help employes who are ill. It has paid for an operation or two, has sent one girl to California to regain her health and another abroad to regain her spirits. One day a car owned jointly by some of the workers was stolen at the plant. The fund provided a new car of the same vintage.

More and more companies are learning that getting a soul and making money are not incompatible.



IN TIME of war, the first casualty is truth.

—Boake Carter

Red Guerrillas

Condensed from Life

A. Polyakov

IN THE first days of the war, A. Polyakov, special correspondent of *Krasnaya Zvezda*, official organ of the Russian army, found himself with troops that had been encircled by the rapidly advancing Germans. Their commander, Major General Galitsky, divided his men and ordered each detachment to forge its way to the east, back toward their own retreating armies. Day and night they traveled for three weeks, through forests and marshes. Keeping their armored cars and artillery, they were able to destroy German transport trains and generally sow panic in the enemy rear. When their ammunition gave out they used captured matériel. Two thirds of the men escaped. Although wounded, Polyakov kept a diary of the whole operation. — *The Editors*

June 28: After two days of fighting, enemy aircraft dropped leaflets on us: "You are surrounded on all sides." On the other side of the leaflets a sketched map showed our encirclement. "Thanks for giving us our bearings," Galitsky commented calmly. He summoned his staff. "All men should be informed of this openly," he said. "No panic. Set an example by your conduct. We shall retreat toward the front to rejoin other units, adopt guerrilla methods, fight the Nazis at every step. Harass them; give them no peace."

He issued orders: No one is to use the words "they say" — only, "I saw myself." Fire only on visible targets at point blank. Death penalty for smoking in the open air at night.

June 30: Scouts reported German guns, shells, tanks and fuel drums at a railway station. We decided to capture the stuff under the Nazis' noses. We held the station for five hours. When enemy aircraft was sighted, we spread the marked tarpaulins from German tanks over the engine tender, the station roof and a group of oil drums. Recognizing the familiar markings, a scouting plane dipped its wings and flew off followed by bombers. We unloaded tanks, pumped the fuel out of cisterns, and lorries loaded with war matériel vanished into the forest. What we could not take away, we destroyed. The Nazis returned to smoking debris.

Tonight our scouts brought in a thin, elderly man in a dazzling white shirt. While all the peasants sheltered during an air raid, he had gone on plowing his potatoes about two thirds of a mile from our com-

mand post. "Why don't you take shelter?" the scouts had demanded. "It's all the same to me," he muttered. "They can't aim properly anyhow. And potato tilling can't wait."

But then the scouts noticed fresh furrows laid not only lengthwise along the rows but also crosswise and diagonally. Some furrows converged in the direction of the grove where our command post was hidden, others pointed to our anti-aircraft batteries.

"That's how we plow in these parts," the old man explained.

He had to be brought in by force. Well, he confessed to acting as a Nazi agent. He was a target finder for the bombers. The white shirt was a distinguishing sign and the furrows indicated important objectives. He was shot.

July 1: Nine transport planes flew over our glade. At 1200 feet the belly of the first plane opened. There was a tuft of what looked like smoke — a Nazi parachute jumper in gray overalls with a gray chute. About 15 men fell out of each plane, 140 men in all. We were ready. We let them come down quite low, and then the forest echoed with the roar of our anti-aircraft machine guns. Bullets tore the parachutes to shreds. Like a burst bubble they collapsed into a bundle of wrinkled material which trailed sluggishly behind the falling parachutist. Some of the men sagged when they hit the ground

— corpses. Others threw themselves flat and opened up rapid fire from submachine guns. They tried to attack, but when they came up against our armored cars and artillery they scattered. Eighty Nazis lie dead. Our men are hunting the rest in the woods.

July 3: At staff headquarters they were seeking some plan of action for tomorrow to force our way through the encirclement, when at midnight two dim figures came up to the commander's field desk. I recognized Commissar Korpyak and Grandpa Kuprian, a peasant who attached himself to our unit yesterday. They were both soaked to the skin. "We had to watch a certain place from a pond," Grandpa Kuprian explained. They reported that the Nazi unit which yesterday razed a village to the ground had looted the wine stores. Most of them were drunk and sleeping like logs.

"In that case," said Galitsky drily, "we'll set out right now instead of at dawn."

We did a forced march of about five miles. Open fields prevented us from approaching the village unawares. One of our sub-units placed its artillery in position at the fringe of the forest.

Our first shells caught the Nazis by surprise. They rushed into the streets half dressed. Many went into action barefooted, stupefied. Their lorry drivers drove off at a furious speed, leaving the infantry to look after themselves.

Our men then attacked. The old peasant was in the thick of the fight, using a hefty peasant cudgel. The Nazis fled, leaving us a train of supplies and losing about 150 men. Our casualties were 30 men.

July 6: A cloudy night. Galitsky has a complete plan for the breakthrough. Three detachments of our men moved as if on tiptoe through the dense woods. We were about 1600 feet from a road posted with German infantry and artillery. Tanks patrolled the road, streaming with vehicles carrying infantry and supplies. Beyond was the railway line.

Our left detachment launched the first blow at the Nazis on the road. The right followed immediately. The middle detachment then went in, flinging grenades, firing automatic rifles and machine guns. Superior in number, the Germans resisted desperately, but Germans are not much at fighting in the dark. Our grenades set fire to their fuel lorries. Bullets and shells crashed in all directions. Nazi tanks were blocked by blazing vehicles. The lead tank caught fire. Our men finished the crew with rifle butts.

The ring of Nazis cracked. We left it behind and lost ourselves in the thick darkness.

July 8: We covered 12 miles last night, then slept in the woods. Tonight we risked a short cut across a road used by the Germans. Crouching in bushes, we watched Nazi motorcyclists speed by — evidently the head of a mechanized unit. One

stopped, walked up and down, looking at a map.

"The road branches here," our scout Sidorenko whispered to me. "One branch runs parallel to the front line and the other bears left to the German rear. He's directing traffic in the dark."

We heard approaching tanks. The traffic controller flashed his torch. The tanks came on, branching off as directed, toward the front.

"That's not a bad little traffic post," remarked Sidorenko.

There was a lull and the controller again walked up and down. We could hear him whistling. Sidorenko crept forward. The darkness swallowed him up. Then we heard a scuffle. Two minutes later the traffic controller was at his post, swinging his torch and whistling.

Approaching tanks again. Sidorenko, in the German's uniform, signaled the column to "move ahead — to the left." For over an hour tanks and vehicles streamed by — at least 200 of them — down the road leading back to their own rear. Sidorenko stood as cool as a cucumber, blowing his whistle and waving his torch. The confusion this will cause the Nazis, the fuel it will waste, the time it will lose — we are happy to think about. After the tanks had gone we crossed the road in safety.

July 14: Villages all around us have been burned by the Nazis. We continually meet shelterless people in the woods. We hoped to find a

radio somewhere but the Nazis shoot anyone who is discovered to possess a set. Today our scouts saw a little girl washing linen in the river. When she heard them she hastily hung the linen on a wire clothesline strung between trees. Then recognizing the scouts' uniforms, she said perkily: "Comrades! I have a radio. Only take the linen off the aerial or you won't hear anything."

The set was hidden under a pile of leaves. Every day Lusya does her washing, hangs the aerial out as a clothesline, and in the evening tells the news to the people left in the village. She is 13, daughter of a field surgeon. When he left for war, he told her to do this if the Germans came.

Our scouts joyfully returned to camp, bringing Lusya and the radio set. We tuned in and at last heard the familiar words: "Moscow calling!" Then the radio wheezed and went silent and would work no more that day.

July 15: Everyone again gathered around the radio. Suddenly, "Moscow calling! . . . Stalin calls upon the Soviet people in the enemy's rear to give all their strength in crushing the foe. Blow up bridges, disrupt telegraph lines, set fire to forests, stores, transports. Hound and annihilate the Nazis at every step."

We wanted to cry out: "We are here in the forest, comrade! Tell our people that we are ready to

fight to the last drop of blood!"

July 18: At 6 p.m. our scouts reported: "Station L. Troop train arriving here tonight. Railwaymen ready to help covertly."

We proceeded to the railway, to a point a mile and a half from the station, where the road runs through a cut. Concealed about 20 feet above the track, our men were busy tying grenades in bunches.

We let two pilot cars pass. Behind them the troop train approached our ambush. The pilot cars, reaching the station, fired a green rocket — "Road Clear!" As the train came abreast, ten bunched grenades hit the engine with a terrific explosion. There was a thunderous grinding as the coaches crashed into each other. The hissing steam, the screams of trapped men and the roaring tear of metal were deafening.

July 19: We do not know whether our messenger girls have crossed the front and advised headquarters of the signals we will give if and when we get near our own lines. The girls left three days ago. All through our difficult days these girls helped the detachment in hundreds of ways — cooking, darning, patching uniforms, looking after the wounded. They volunteered to cross the lines and get in touch with Red Army units. They changed into peasant dresses and said goodbye. Of course, some tears were shed. We watched them go off through the forest, straining our

eyes to catch a last glimpse of their white Belo-Russian dresses. Would they get through?

July 22: The front was now only 12 miles away. We were to make a final night push. What if our girls had not delivered our message? It would be too bad if after so many days of fighting against the Germans we were to perish by the bullets of our own front line.

Scouts returned. The enemy was on three sides, a swamp on the fourth. We must get by the trenches somehow and reach the woods beyond. In small groups we approached them. Quickly our scouts bayoneted the patrols who thought our men, coming from the rear, were reinforcements. Crawling stealthily we had got safely through when advanced German posts raised the alarm. Machine guns spat, but we were already in dense woods.

Later the night watchman from the village ahead limped toward us and said that someone had been telephoning all day asking to speak to whoever was chief. With a strong guard Zakutny went to the phone. "I wonder who will fool whom," he remarked. "Maybe somebody's trying to pull our leg." Then speaking into the phone, "Do you want the chief of the village Soviet?"

"No, we want the military chief. Have you any military men there?"

"What would you like — German or Russian?"

"Tell me who you are or I shall

order your arrest," the voice continued angrily.

"Oh, go on," replied Zakutny, amiably.

"What's your name?" said the voice. "Maybe we can straighten this thing out."

"No objections to that — my name is Zakutny."

"Zakutny! How the hell did you get there — this is Sudakov. Remember, we studied at the academy together."

Sudakov was in the fighting lines, a few miles away. He promised to send an armored-car company to pick us up. What luck that this telephone line remained unbroken!

Doubts assailed Zakutny. "What if it was all a trick? They may have forced Sudakov to phone."

We returned to the grove. Our men prepared bunches of grenades. "Be careful," Zakutny ordered. "They may really be our own men." We waited tensely.

The armored cars approached, their guns trained straight at us. A tank commander called out, "Red Army men! Let your commander come out."

Zakutny, taking the risk, stepped from the trees. Then he saw the Red Army uniforms.

Our men clung to the cars like flies, embraced each other and danced. What a pity we could not vent our joy with a cheer that would ring over the whole front — over the whole world.

What Do You Do for That "Fed-Up" Feeling?

HERE ARE SOME CELEBRITIES' CURES FOR THE BLUES

WHAT — *The Reader's Digest* asked — do you do when you're depressed, jaded, down in the dumps? Have you a favorite prescription for curing the mental staleness and spiritual weariness that from time to time plague all busy people? These are the answers we received from a group of prominent persons:

DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

*Writer and naturalist; author of "Flowering Earth,"
"The Road of a Naturalist," etc.*

WHEN I'm sick of myself and other men, I tuck my wife under my arm and go places — maybe as far as Saturn, via the dime-a-squint telescope on the street corner, maybe to the excitement in an anthill, or to watch the shore birds beat each oncoming wave to dinner. Always I take a jaunt outside the sphere of human affairs. There I see how well the world wags beyond the scope of human worry. So I get into focus again, and see mankind as only a part of nature, and nature as an eternally successful experiment.

DOROTHY DIX

Pioneer woman's page editor, whose column is syndicated to millions

WHEN I get fed up with the world and all that's in it, I go out and buy a red hat. There's no gloom a red hat won't dispel from my soul, no depression it won't lift. It is the final triumph of hope over experience. It makes me begin to believe that it can restore gray hair to its natural color, reduce poundage without diet, and return 60 to 16. It never actually performs these miracles, of course — but it gives a kick to my ego that restores me to sanity.

BRUCE BARTON

*Former Congressman and advertising executive;
author of "The Man Nobody Knows," etc.*

WHEN the brain backfires in the middle of a piece of work, put on the hat, walk down the street to the barbershop, and have the shoes shined. The combination of fresh air and the gentle massage of the brush across the toes starts the blood flowing headward again. For chronic staleness, a reliable formula is to announce that you're leaving town, and then not go. Sleep late, eat breakfast in bed, shun the office, and wander alone in the wide open spaces of your city: in its churches and cathedrals, museums, law courts, sporting arenas, amusement centers. Somewhere in the vast range of human interest and activity you'll find a fresh and stimulating perspective.

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

Famous columnist, raconteur and wit of "Information Please"

I HAVE many plans for exorcising the specter of staleness. All are concerned with absorption in something unakin to what I think has made me stale. I lose myself utterly in any of three games: tennis, poker and pool. And I go back to work vigorously, especially if I have lost at poker. But when I am alone this is my plan for renascence: I read Shakespeare — any play. That's my story. My wife, however, says that all I do when I'm fed up is to lash out at the person nearest at hand. What rot!

DELLA T. LUTES

Woman's magazine editor; author of "The Country Kitchen," "Home Grown," etc.

TO COUNTERACT the effects of too much concentration at my desk, I turn to activity in my kitchen. Baking bread is a natural counterpoise. When you're baking bread you're doing something fundamental, and you have the fragrant brown loaves to prove it. Its very atavistic simplicity tends to restore belief in one's own competence. There's a restorative homeliness about baking bread — or any kitchen task — that sends me back to my desk refreshed.

FRANK KNOX

Secretary of the Navy

I HAVE no cure for boredom, because I have never suffered from it — life is much too interesting if one attacks it with vigor.

LILY PONS

Opera Singer

WHEN life becomes dull, I make a beeline for the nearest zoo. Forgetting the cares of the world while watching and feeding the animals has never failed to give me a lift. I do everything that goes with an afternoon at the zoo. I eat all the things which I know will give me indigestion — popcorn, crackerjack, peanuts, pink lemonade — and find that such self-indulgence has a wonderful effect upon my outlook on life.

KATHARINE BRUSH

Novelist; author of "Young Man of Manhattan," "Red-headed Woman," etc.

FIRST I write it all out on paper — just how fed up I feel, and all the reasons for it. This is like a little self-psychanalysis, and it never fails to help — and furthermore it spares my friends, to whom I might otherwise go moaning. My next gesture is to take a trip if I can — but I usually can't, so instead I try:

1. A rest cure in bed with new books and magazines.
2. Making out a list of things I've been putting off, and have always meant to do — and then going straight down the list and actually *doing* them, for a change.
3. Meeting new people, if possible, or looking up old ones I've liked in the past but haven't seen in ages, and finding out what's on *their* minds.



FICTION
FEATURE

My Friend FLICKA

CONDENSED FROM "STORY"

MARY O'HARA

My Friend Flicka appeared first in story form. So successful was it that the author expanded the narrative into a novel, adding much colorful and authentic material on ranch life, and the breeding and training of thoroughbred horses.

The novel, with the same title, has been one of the leading best sellers of the current publishing season. "It combines deep understanding with a hard sense of reality," says Oliver La Farge; "I shall not be surprised if *My Friend Flicka* becomes an American classic."

Copyright 1941, Mary O'Hara. "My Friend Flicka" appeared in the January-February issue of *Story* magazine; the full-length novel is published at \$2.50 by J. B. Lippincott Co., E. Washington Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

MY FRIEND FLICKA

REPORT CARDS for the second semester were sent out soon after school closed in mid-June.

Kennie's was a shock to the whole family.

"If I could have a colt all for my own," said Kennie, "I might do better."

Rob McLaughlin glared at his son. "Just as a matter of curiosity," he said, "how do you go about it to get a *zero* in an examination? Forty in arithmetic; seventeen in history! But a *zero*? Just as one man to another, what goes on in your head?"

"Yes, tell us how you do it, Ken," chirped Howard.

"Eat your breakfast, Howard," snapped his mother.

Kennie's blond head bent over his plate until his face was almost hidden. His cheeks burned.

McLaughlin finished his coffee and pushed his chair back. "You'll do an hour a day on your lessons all through the summer."

Nell McLaughlin saw Kennie wince as if something had actually hurt him.

Lessons and study in the summertime, when the long winter was

just over and there weren't hours enough in the day for all the things he wanted to do!

Kennie took things hard. His eyes turned to the wide-open window with a look almost of despair. The hill opposite the house, covered with arrow-straight jack pines, was sharply etched in the thin air of the 8000-foot altitude. Where it fell away, vivid green grass ran up to meet it; and over range and upland poured the strong Wyoming sunlight that stung everything into burning color.

Ken had to look at his plate and blink back tears before he could turn to his father and say carelessly, "Can I help you in the corral with the horses this morning, Dad?"

"You'll do your study every morning before you do anything else." And McLaughlin's scarred boots and heavy spurs clattered across the kitchen floor. "I'm disgusted with you. Come, Howard."

Howard strode after his father, nobly refraining from looking at Kennie.

At supper that night Kennie said, "But Dad, Howard had a colt all of his own when he was only eight. And he trained it and schooled

it all himself; and now he's eleven, and Highboy is three, and he's riding him. I'm nine now and even if you did give me a colt now I couldn't catch up to Howard because I couldn't ride it till it was a three-year-old and then I'd be twelve."

Nell laughed. "Nothing wrong with that arithmetic."

But Rob said, "Howard never gets less than seventy-five average at school."

Kennie didn't answer. He couldn't figure it out. He tried hard; he spent hours poring over his books. That was supposed to get you good marks, but it never did. Everyone said he was bright. Why was it that when he studied he didn't learn? He had a vague feeling that perhaps he looked out the window too much, or looked through the walls to see clouds and sky and hills and wonder what was happening out there. And then the bell would ring, and study period would be over.

If he had a colt . . .

When the boys had gone to bed that night Nell McLaughlin sat down with her overflowing mending basket and glanced at her husband.

He was at his desk as usual, working on account books and inventories. There was a worried line between his eyes, and a grim look on his face.

Rob, thought Nell, was a lot like Kennie himself. He set his heart. Oh, how stubbornly he set his

heart on just some one thing he wanted above everything else. He had set his heart on horses and ranching way back when he had been a crack rider at West Point; and he had resigned his army career just for the horses. Well, he'd got what he wanted. . . .

She drew a deep breath and snipped her thread. To get what you want is one thing, she was thinking. The 3000-acre ranch and the hundred head of horses. But to make it pay — for a dozen or more years they had been trying to make it pay. People said ranching hadn't paid since the beef barons ran their herds on public land; people said the only prosperous ranchers in Wyoming were the dude ranchers; people said . . .

But suddenly she gave her head a little rebellious, gallant shake. Rob would always be fighting and struggling against something, like Kennie; perhaps like herself too. Even those first years when there was no water piped into the house, when every day brought a new difficulty or danger, how she had loved it! How she still loved it!

She ran the darning ball into the toe of a sock, Kennie's sock. The length of it gave her a shock. Yes, the boys were growing up fast, and now Kennie — Kennie and the colt . . .

After a while she said, "Give Kennie a colt, Rob."

"He doesn't deserve it." The answer was short. Rob pushed

away his papers and took out his pipe.

She put down her sewing. "He's crazy for a colt of his own. He hasn't had another idea in his head since you gave Highboy to Howard."

"I don't believe in bribing children to do their duty."

"Not a bribe." She hesitated.

"No? What would you call it?"

She tried to think it out. "I just have the feeling Ken isn't going to pull anything off, and" — her eyes sought Rob's — "it's time he did. It isn't the school marks alone, but I just don't want things to go on any longer with Ken never coming out at the right end of anything."

"I'm beginning to think he's just dumb."

"He's not dumb. Maybe a little thing like this — if he had a colt of his own, trained him, rode him. . . ."

Rob interrupted. "But it isn't a little thing or an easy thing to break and school a colt. I'm not going to have a good horse spoiled by Ken's careless ways. He goes wool-gathering. He doesn't stick at anything."

"But he'd *love* a colt of his own, Rob. If he could do it, it might make a big difference in him."

"If he could do it! But that's a big if."

AT BREAKFAST next morning Kennie's father said to him, "When you've done your study come out to the barn. I'm going up to section twenty-one this morning

to look over the brood mares. You can go with me."

"Can I go, too, Dad?" cried Howard.

McLaughlin frowned at Howard. "You turned Highboy out last evening with dirty legs."

Howard wriggled. "I groomed him . . ."

"Yes, down to his knees."

"He kicks."

"And whose fault is that? You don't get on his back again until I see his legs clean."

The two boys eyed each other, Kennie secretly triumphant and Howard chagrined. McLaughlin turned at the door, "And, Ken, a week from today I'll give you a colt. Between now and then you can decide what one you want."

Kennie shot out of his chair and stared at his father. "A — a spring colt, Dad, or a yearling?"

McLaughlin was somewhat taken aback, but his wife concealed a smile. If Kennie got a yearling colt he would be even up with Howard.

"A yearling colt, your father means, Ken," she said smoothly. "Now hurry with your lessons."

Kennie found himself the most important personage on the ranch. Prestige lifted his head, gave him an inch more of height and a bold stare, and made him feel different all the way through. Even Gus and Tim Murphy, the ranch hands, were more interested in Kennie's choice of a colt than anything else.

Howard was fidgety with sus-

pense. "Who'll you pick, Ken? Say — pick Doughboy, why don't you? Then when he grows up he'll be sort of twins with mine, in his name anyway. Doughboy, Highboy, see?"

The boys were sitting on the worn wooden step of the door which led from the tack room into the corral, busy with rags and polish, shining their bridles.

Ken looked at his brother with scorn. Doughboy would never have half of Highboy's speed.

"Lassie, then," suggested Howard. "She's black as ink, like mine. And she'll be fast . . ."

"Dad says Lassie'll never go over fifteen hands."

Nell McLaughlin saw the change in Kennie, and her hopes rose. He went to his books in the morning with determination and really studied. A new alertness took the place of the daydreaming. Examples in arithmetic were neatly written out, and as she passed his door each morning before breakfast she heard the monotonous drone of his voice as he read his American history aloud.

Each night, when he kissed her, he flung his arms around her and held her fiercely for a moment, then, with a winsome and blissful smile into her eyes, turned away to bed.

He spent days inspecting the different bands of horses and colts. He sat for hours on the corral fence, very important, chewing straws.

And when the week was up he announced his decision. "I'll take that yearling filly of Rocket's. The sorrel with the cream tail and mane."

His father looked at him in surprise. "The one that got tangled in the barbed wire? That's never been named?"

In a second all Kennie's new pride was gone. He hung his head defensively. "Yes."

"You've made a bad choice, son. You couldn't have picked a worse."

"She's fast, Dad. And Rocket's fast . . ."

"It's the worst line of horses I've got. There's never one amongst them with real sense. The mares are hellions and the stallions outlaws; they're untamable."

"I'll tame her."

Rob guffawed. "Not I, nor anyone, has ever been able to really tame any one of them." Kennie's chest heaved. "Better change your mind, Ken. You want a horse that'll be a real friend to you, don't you?"

"Yes." Kennie's voice was unsteady.

"Well, you'll never make a friend of that filly. She's all cut and scarred up already with tearing through barbed wire after that hellion mother of hers. No fence'll hold 'em . . ."

"I know," said Kennie, still more faintly.

"Change your mind?" asked Howard briskly.

"No."

Rob was grim and put out. He couldn't go back on his word. The boy had to have reasonable help in taming the filly, and he could envision precious hours, whole days, wasted in the struggle.

Nell McLaughlin despaired. Once again Ken seemed to have taken the wrong turn and was back where he had begun; stoical, silent, defensive.

But there was a difference that only Ken could know. The way he felt about his colt. The way his heart sang. The pride and joy that filled him so full that sometimes he hung his head so they wouldn't see it shining out of his eyes.

He had known from the very first that he would choose that particular yearling because he was in love with her. The year before, he had been out working with Gus, the big Swedish ranch hand, on the irrigation ditch, when they had noticed Rocket standing in a gully on the hillside, quiet for once, and eying them cautiously.

"Ay bet she got a colt," said Gus, and they walked carefully up the draw. Rocket gave a wild snort, shook her head wickedly, then fled away. And as they reached the spot they saw standing there the wavering, pinkish colt, barely able to keep its feet. It gave a little squeak and started after its mother on crooked, wobbling legs.

"Yee whiz! Luk at de little *flicka!*" Gus had said.

"What does *flicka* mean, Gus?"

"Swedish for little gurl, Ken." . . .

Ken announced at supper, "You said she'd never been named. I've named her. Her name is Flicka."

THE FIRST thing to do was to get her in. She was running with a band of yearlings on the saddle-back, cut with ravines and gullies.

They all went out after her, Ken, as owner, on old Rob Roy, the wisest horse on the ranch.

Ken was entranced to watch Flicka when the wild band of youngsters discovered that they were being pursued and took off across the mountain. Footing made no difference to her. She floated across the ravines, always two lengths ahead of the others. Her cream mane and tail whipped in the wind. Her long delicate legs had only to aim, it seemed, at a particular spot, for her to reach it and sail on. She seemed to Ken a fairy horse.

He sat motionless, just watching and holding Rob Roy in, when his father thundered past on Sultan and shouted, "Well, what's the matter? Why didn't you turn 'em?"

Kennie woke up and galloped after. Soon they had brought in the whole band. The corral gates were closed, and an hour was spent shunting the ponies in and out and through the chutes, until Flicka was left alone in the small round corral in which the baby colts were branded. Gus drove the others

away, out the gate, and up the addeback.

But Flicka did not intend to be eft. She hurled herself against the poles which walled the corral. She tried to jump them. They were seven feet high. She caught her front feet over the top rung, clung, scrambled, while Kennie held his breath for fear the slender legs would be caught between the bars and snapped. Her hold broke; she fell over backward, rolled, screamed, tore around the corral. Kennie had a sick feeling in the pit of his stomach, and his father looked disgusted.

She hurled herself again. One of the bars broke, then another. She saw the opening and, as neatly as a dog crawls through a fence, inserted her head and forefeet, scrambled through, and fled away, bleeding in a dozen places.

As Gus was coming back, just about to close the gate to the upper range, the sorrel whipped through it, sailed across the road and ditch with her inimitable floating leap, and went up the side of the saddleback like a jack rabbit.

"Yee whiz!" said Gus, and stood motionless and staring.

Rob McLaughlin gave Kennie one more chance to change his mind. "Last chance, son. Better pick a horse that you have some hope of riding one day. I'd have got rid of this whole line of stock if they weren't so damned fast that I've had the fool idea that someday there might turn out one gentle

one in the lot — and I'd have a race horse. But there's never been one so far, and it's not going to be Flicka."

"It's not going to be Flicka," chanted Howard.

"Perhaps she *might* be gentled," said Kennie; and Nell, watching, saw that although his lips quivered, there was fanatical determination in his eye.

"Ken," said Rob, "it's up to you. If you say you want her we'll get her. But she wouldn't be the first of that line to die rather than give in. They're beautiful and they're fast, but let me tell you this, young man, they're *loco*!"

Kennie flinched under his father's direct glance.

"If I go after her again I'll not give up, whatever comes; understand what I mean by that?"

"Yes."

"What do you say?"

"I want her."

They brought her in again. They had better luck this time. In trying to get free she jumped over the Dutch half door of the stable and crashed inside. The men slammed the upper half of the door shut, and she was caught.

The rest of the band were driven away, and Kennie stood outside the stable, listening to the wild hoofs beating, the screams, the crashes. His Flicka inside there! He was drenched with perspiration.

"We'll leave her to think it over," said Rob, when dinnertime

came. "Afterward we'll go up and feed and water her."

But when they went up afterward there was no Flicka in the barn. One of the windows, higher than the mangers, was broken.

The window opened into a pasture fenced in barbed wire six feet high. Near the stable stood a wagon-load of hay. When they went around the back of the stable they found Flicka hidden behind the hay wagon. At their approach she leaped away, then headed east across the pasture.

"If she's like her loco mother," said Rob, "she'll go right through the wire."

"Ay bet she'll go over," said Gus. "She yumps like a deer."

"No horse can jump that," said McLaughlin.

Kennie said nothing because he could not speak. It was, perhaps, the most terrible moment of his life. He watched Flicka racing toward the eastern wire.

A few yards from it she swerved, turned, and raced diagonally south.

"It turned her! It turned her!" cried Kennie, almost sobbing. It was the first sign of hope for Flicka. "Oh, Dad! She has got sense. She has! She has!"

Flicka turned again as she met the southern boundary of the pasture; again at the northern; she avoided the barn. Without abating anything of her whirlwind speed, she investigated every possibility. Then, seeing that there was no

hope, she raced south toward the range where she had spent her life, gathered herself, and shot into the air.

The three men watching had the impulse to cover their eyes, and Kennie gave a sort of a howl of despair.

Twenty yards of fence came down with her as she hurled herself through. Caught on the upper strands, she turned a complete somersault, landing on her back, her four legs dragging the wires down on top of her, and tangling herself in them beyond hope of escape.

"Damn the wire!" cursed McLaughlin. "If I could afford decent fences . . ."

Kennie followed the men miserably as they walked to the filly. They stood in a circle watching, while she kicked and fought and thrashed until the wire was tightly wound and knotted about her, cutting, piercing, and tearing great three-cornered pieces of flesh and hide. At last she was unconscious, streams of blood running on her golden coat, and pools of crimson widening and spreading on the grass beneath her.

With the wire cutter which he always carried Gus cut all the wire away, and they drew her into the pasture, repaired the fence, placed hay, a box of oats, and a tub of water near her, and called it a day.

"I don't think she'll pull out of it," said McLaughlin.

Next morning Kennie was up at five, doing his lessons. At six he went out to Flicka.

She had not moved. Food and water were untouched. She was no longer bleeding, but the wounds were swollen and caked over.

Kennie got a bucket of fresh water and poured it over her mouth. Then he leaped away, for Flicka came to life, scrambled up, got her balance, and stood swaying.

Kennie went a few feet away and sat down to watch her. When he went in to breakfast she had drunk deeply of the water and was mousing the oats.

There began then a sort of recovery. She ate, drank, limped about the pasture, stood for hours with hanging head and weakly splayed out legs under the clump of cottonwood trees. The swollen wounds scabbed and began to heal.

Kennie lived in the pasture too. He followed her around; he talked to her. He, too, lay snoozing or sat under the cottonwoods; and often, coaxing her with hand outstretched, he walked very quietly toward her. But she would not let him come near her.

Often she stood with her head at the south fence, looking off to the mountain. It made the tears come to Kennie's eyes to see the way she longed to get away.

Still Rob said she wouldn't pull out of it. There was no use putting a halter on her. She had no strength.

One morning, as Ken came out of

the house, Gus met him and said, "De filly's down."

Kennie ran to the pasture, Howard close behind him. The right hind leg which had been badly swollen at the knee joint had opened in a festering wound, and Flicka lay flat and motionless, with staring eyes.

"Don't you wish now you'd chosen Doughboy?" asked Howard.

"Go away!" shouted Ken.

Howard stood watching while Kennie sat down on the ground and took Flicka's head on his lap. Though she was conscious and moved a little she did not struggle or seem frightened. Tears rolled down Kennie's cheeks as he talked to her and petted her. After a few moments Howard walked away.

"MOTHER, what do you do for an infection when it's a horse?" asked Kennie.

"Just what you'd do if it was a person. Wet dressings. I'll help you, Ken. We mustn't let those wounds close or scab over until they're clean. I'll make a poultice for that hind leg and help you put it on. Now that she'll let us get close to her, we can help her a lot."

"The thing to do is see that she eats," said Rob. "Keep up her strength." But he himself would not go near her. "She won't pull out of it," he said. "I don't want to see her or think about her."

Kennie and his mother nursed the filly. The big poultice was band-

aged on the hind leg. It drew out much poisoned matter, and Flicka felt better and was able to stand again. She watched for Kennie now and followed him like a dog, hopping on three legs, holding up the right hind leg with its huge knob of a bandage in comical fashion.

"Dad, Flicka's my friend now; she likes me," said Ken.

His father looked at him. "I'm glad of that son. It's a fine thing to have a horse for a friend."

Kennie found a nicer place for her. In the lower pasture the brook ran over cool stones. There was a grassy bank, the size of a corral, almost on a level with the water. Here she could lie softly, eat grass, drink fresh running water.

Kennie carried her oats morning and evening. She would watch for him to come, eyes and ears pointed to the hill. And one evening Ken, still some distance off, came to a stop and a wide grin spread over his face. He had heard her nicker. She had caught sight of him coming and was calling to him!

"You'll be well soon, Flicka," he whispered as she ate her oats and he played with her cream-colored mane. "You'll be so strong you won't know I'm on your back, and we'll fly like the wind. . . ."

This was the happiest month of Kennie's life.

Then one day all the wounds were swollen again. Presently they opened, one by one; and Kennie and his mother made more poul-

tices. Still the little filly ran about on three legs, but she began to go down in flesh and almost overnight wasted away to nothing. Every rib showed; the glossy hide was dull and brittle and was pulled over the skeleton as if she was a dead horse.

Gus said, "It's de fever. It burns up her flesh. If you could stop de fever she might get vell."

McLaughlin was standing in his window one morning and saw the little skeleton hopping about three-legged in the sunshine, and he said, "That's the end. I won't have a thing like that on my place."

Kennie had to understand that Flicka had not been getting well all this time; she had been slowly dying.

"She still eats her oats," he said mechanically.

They were all sorry for Ken. But Nell McLaughlin stopped disinfecting and dressing the wounds. "It's no use, Ken," she said gently; "you know Flicka's going to die, don't you?"

"Yes, Mother."

Ken stopped eating. Howard said, "Ken doesn't eat anything any more. Don't he have to eat his dinner, Mother?"

But Nell answered, "Leave him alone."

Because the shooting of wounded animals is all in the day's work on the western plains, and sickening to everyone, Rob's voice, when he gave the order to have Flicka shot, was flat and unemotional.

"Here's the Marlin, Gus. Pick it up at a time when Ken's not around and put the filly out of her misery."

Gus took the rifle. "Ya, boss. . . ."

Ken knew what had to happen, and he kept his eye on the rack which held the firearms. His father allowed no firearms in the bunkhouse. The gun rack was outside the dining room, and three times a day, on his way to meals, Ken's eye scanned the weapons to make sure that they were all there.

That night they were not all there. The Marlin rifle was missing.

When Kennie saw that, he stopped talking. He felt dizzy. He kept staring at the gun rack, telling himself that it surely was there — he bunted again and again — he couldn't see clearly. . . .

Then he felt an arm across his shoulders and heard his father's voice. "I know, son. Some things are awful hard to take. We just have to take 'em. I have to too."

Kennie got hold of his father's arm and held on. It helped steady him. Finally he looked up. Rob smiled down at him, and gave him a little shake and squeeze. Ken managed a smile too.

"All right now?"

"All right, Dad."

They walked in to supper together.

Ken even ate a little. But Nell looked thoughtfully at the ashen color of his face and at the little pulse that was beating in the side of his neck.

After supper he carried Flicka her oats, but he had to coax her and she would only eat a little. She stood with her head hanging but when he stroked it and talked to her she pressed her face into his chest and was content. He could feel the burning heat of her body. It didn't seem possible that anything so thin could be alive.

Presently Kennie saw Gus come into the pasture carrying the Marlin. When he saw Ken he changed his direction and sauntered along as if he was out to shoot some cottontails.

Ken ran to him. "When are you going to do it, Gus?"

"Ay was goin' down soon now, before it got dark. . . ."

"Gus, don't do it tonight. Wait till morning. Just one more night, Gus."

"Vell, in de morning den, but it got to be done, Ken. Yer fader gives de order."

"I know. I won't say anything more."

An hour after the family had gone to bed Ken got up and put on his clothes. It was a warm moonlit night. He ran down to the brook, calling softly. "Flicka! Flicka!"

But Flicka did not answer with a little nicker; and she was not hopping about the pasture. Ken hunted for an hour.

At last he found her down the creek, lying in the water. Her head had been on the bank, but as she lay there the current of the stream

had sucked and pulled at her, and she had had no strength to resist; and little by little her head had slipped down until when Ken got there only the muzzle was resting on the bank, and the body and legs were swinging in the stream.

Kennie slid into the water, sitting on the bank, and hauled at her head. But she was heavy, and the current dragged like a weight. He began to sob because he had no strength to draw her out.

Then he found a leverage for his heels against some rocks and pulled till her head came up onto his knees, and he held it cradled in his arms.

He was glad that she had died of her own accord, in the cool water, under the moon, instead of being shot by Gus. But then, looking searchingly at her, he saw that she was alive.

And then he burst out crying.

THE LONG night passed.

The moon slid slowly across the heavens.

The water rippled over Kennie's legs and over Flicka's body. And gradually the heat and fever went out of her. And the cool running water washed and washed her wounds.

When Gus went down in the morning with the rifle they hadn't moved. There they were, Kennie sitting partially in water, with Flicka's head in his arms.

Gus seized Flicka by the head

and hauled her out on the grassy bank and then, seeing that Kennie was stiff and half-paralyzed, lifted him in his arms and carried him to the house.

"Gus," said Ken through chattering teeth, "don't shoot her, Gus."

"It ain't fur me to say, Ken. You know dat."

"But the fever's left her, Gus."

"Ay wait a little, Ken. . . ."

Rob McLaughlin drove to Lar- amie to get the doctor, for Ken was in violent chills that would not stop. His mother had him in bed wrapped in hot blankets when they got back.

He looked at his father imploringly as the doctor shook down the thermometer.

"She might get well now, Dad. The fever's left her. It went out of her when the moon went down."

"All right, son. Don't worry. Gus'll feed her, morning and night as long as she's . . ."

"As long as I can't do it," finished Kennie happily.

The doctor put the thermometer in his mouth and told him to keep it shut.

All day Gus went about his work thinking of Flicka. He had not been back to look at her. He had been given no more orders. If she was alive the order to shoot her was still in effect. But Kennie was ill, and maybe the boss had forgotten about Flicka.

After their supper in the bunkhouse Gus and Tim walked down

to the brook. They did not speak as they approached the filly, lying stretched out flat on the grassy bank, but their eyes were straining at her to see if she was dead or alive.

She raised her head as they reached her.

"By the powers!" exclaimed Tim. "There she is!"

She dropped her head, raised it again, and moved her legs and became tense as if struggling to rise.

"Yee whiz!" said Gus. "She got plenty strength yet."

He took his pipe out of his mouth and thought it over. Orders or no orders, he would try to save the filly. Ken had gone too far to be let down.

"Ay'm goin' to rig a blanket sling fur her, Tim, and get her on her feet, and keep her up."

There was bright moonlight to work by. They brought down the posthole digger and set two aspen poles either side of the filly, then, with ropes attached to the blanket, hoisted her by a pulley.

Not at all disconcerted, she rested comfortably in the blanket under her belly, touched her feet on the ground, and reached for the bucket of water Gus held for her.

KENNIE was sick a long time. He nearly died. But Flicka picked up. Every day Gus passed the word to Nell, who carried it to Ken. "She's cleaning up her oats." "She's out of the sling." "She bears a little weight on the bad leg."

Tim declared it was a real miracle. They argued about it, eating their supper.

"Na," said Gus. "It was de cold water, washin' de fever outa her. And more dan dot — it was Ken — you tink it don't count? All night dot boy sits dere and says, 'Hold on, Flicka, Ay'm here wid you. Ay'm standin' by, two of us to-gedder' . . ."

Tim stared at Gus without answering, while he thought it over. In the silence a coyote yapped far off on the plains; and the wind made a rushing sound high up in the jack pines on the hill.

Gus filled his pipe.

"Sure," said Tim finally. "Sure. That's it."

THEN CAME the day when Rob McLaughlin stood smiling at the foot of Kennie's bed and said, "Listen! Hear your friend?"

Ken listened and heard Flicka's high, eager whinny.

"She don't spend much time by the brook any more. She's up at the gate of the corral half the time, nickering for you."

"For me!"

Rob wrapped a blanket around the boy and carried him out to the corral gate.

Kenny gazed at Flicka. There was a look of marveling in his eyes. He felt as if he had been living in a world where everything was dreadful and hurting but awfully real; and *this* couldn't be real; this was

all soft and happy, nothing to struggle over or worry about or fight for any more. Even his father was proud of him! He could feel it in the way Rob's big arms held him. It was all like a dream and far away. He couldn't, yet, get close to anything.

But Flicka — Flicka — alive, well, pressing up to him, recognizing him, nickering . . .

Kennie put out a hand — weak and white — and laid it on her face. His thin little fingers straightened her forelock the way he used

to do, while Rob looked at the two with a strange expression about his mouth and a glow in his eyes that was not often there.

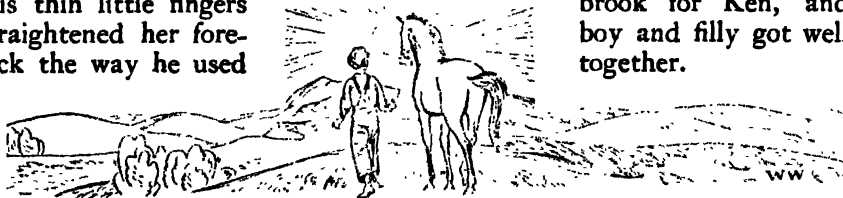
"She's still poor, Dad, but she's on four legs now."

"She's picking up."

Ken turned his face up, suddenly remembering. "Dad! She did get gentled, didn't she?"

"Gentle — as — a kitten. . . ."

THEY put a cot down by the brook for Ken, and boy and filly got well together.



American Aristocrat

I HAVE a liking for almost every kind of American, but there is one type which I value especially and which I have never met elsewhere in quite the same form. I refer to the pioneer. Though the day of the covered wagon is over, the pioneer still lives. I have met him in the New England hills where he is grave, sardonic, deliberate in speech; in the South where he has a ready smile and a soft caressing way of talking; in the ranges of the West where he has a gentle voice and clear friendly eyes which have not been dulled by reading print — the real cowpuncher,

far removed from the vulgarities of film and fiction. At his best, I think, I have found him as a newconier in Canada where he is pushing north into districts like Peace River, pioneering in the old sense. By what signs is he known? Principally by the fact that he is wholly secure, that he possesses his soul, that he is the true philosopher. He is one of the few aristocrats left in the world. He has a right sense of the values of life, because his world embraces both nature and man. I think he is the most steadfast human being alive.

— John Buchan, *Pilgrim's Way* (Houghton Mifflin)

A Good Companion in Strange Places

(Continued from Back Cover)



IT WAS a stormy trip from Lisbon to America. Most of us were lonely and poignantly aware that it would not be an easy thing for us old Europeans to become young Americans. Eagerly we searched the magazines and books in the ship's library for something which would give us a synthesis of American opinion. One of the men picked up a small, chunky magazine, began to read aloud the titles of "articles of lasting interest." "This," he said, "seems to draw the face of America." We still have much to learn, but *The Reader's Digest* gives us hope.

— Michael Wurmbrand, New York City



ONE of the loneliest jobs in the United States is that of forest fire lookout on one of the great mountain peaks of the Pacific Northwest. Often a lookout will spend an entire season without seeing another person except the packer who, at long intervals, brings in his supply of hardtack, bacon and beans. The men who perform this task must not allow loneliness to dull their senses. Hence, in countless lookout cabins and towers scattered through the Northwest, *The Reader's Digest* has proved a trusty companion. Rare indeed the Forest Service sentry post where old copies of the *Digest* are not treasured by lookouts who run through them over and over again, finding many an article the more interesting for repeated readings. I have often seen a target ship one in his pocket before starting out on patrol. *The Digest* is the best of campfire friends.

— Jack Horton, Assistant Regional Forester, Pacific Northwest



WHEN the long-decaded news came that I was to be interned in a concentration camp and could take only a minimum of possessions, I had the inspiration to tuck into my rucksack a tiny Bible, Goethe's *Faust* and two old *Reader's Digests*.

I could not then realize what those *Reader's Digests* would mean to me and my comrades. They turned our thoughts from our personal fate to an enormous variety of human accomplishment. They filled our minds with the hope that everything was not over, that there was still freedom in the world.

I often used to read aloud to a group of young girls. It was thrilling to see their eyes brighten and their mouths, twisted with sadness and privation, curve again into youthful sweetness at something amusing or inspiring.

There was one anecdote which never failed to give us courage: the Arab folk tale about Plague-telling man that it was not she, the terrible disease, that killed most men, but Fear.

Fear would not kill *us* either! And Fear did not kill us. And here I am, in America, miraculously rescued from the European volcano, and now able to read even the very latest number of *The Reader's Digest*!

— Emma Simon, New York City

A Good Companion in Strange Places



AMONG the 20 badly injured passengers in a bus crash at San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge was George Randall, of Ross, Calif. Though his leg was crushed and his nose and several ribs were broken, he would not let himself be removed until the others had been rescued. To keep his mind off his sufferings while he waited, reports the San Francisco *Chronicle*, he lay in the wreckage "reading The Reader's Digest."

From all over the world come letters describing singular ways and conditions in which the Digest serves its readers. A few excerpts:



A PRIVATE, first class, in the U. S. Marine Corps, I can remember many a time when The Reader's Digest was a particularly welcome companion -- once when we were snowed in for a week by an Alaska blizzard; another time when spending three weeks at sea on a crowded transport. It was most welcome of all during the time our survey party was marooned on a tiny island off Puerto Rico.

-- Private William J. Henderson, Jr., U. S. M.C.



MANY OF us police officers have the experience of lying awake at night trying to forget some very nasty murder or accident. Sleepless from such horrors, I know of many like myself who reach over on the night table and pick up the latest Reader's Digest. Its stimulating articles soon banish from mind the day's unpleasant experiences.

-- Officer Henry H. Jensen, Accident Prevention Bureau, Police Department, Rochester, N. Y.



DURING the seven years I spent in mission work in the lonely coastal plains of western India I found that a danger far more insidious than malaria or plague was that of intellectual stagnation. The Reader's Digest proved an effective remedy. My copy was read dog-eared by my wife; then I carried it in my knapsack on trips to the jungle villages. While resting from pushing my bike, I would seize the opportunity to hobnob in its pages with people of far horizons.

-- Rev. Edward K. Ziegler, York, Pa.



MY WIFE and I find The Reader's Digest immensely comforting at night when the air-raid alarm has awakened us. Often we have been absorbed in reading aloud from its pages whilst bombs were falling.

-- Albert W. Parker, Richmond, Surrey, England

(Continued Inside Back Cover)

The Reader's Digest

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FEBRUARY 1942

The Reader's Digest

An article a day—of enduring significance, in condensed, permanent booklet form

TWENTY-FIRST YEAR



FEBRUARY 1942

VOLUME 40, NO. 238

Bombers and More Bombers— How We Can Get Them, and When

Condensed from Fortune

NEITHER British nor Germans have in production a military bomber equal to the four-engine Boeing Flying Fortress B-17 or the Consolidated B-24, which can lug between two and a half and four tons of bombs from 2400 to 3000 miles at more than 300 miles an hour. Thanks to the turbo-supercharger, * a U. S. development, they can maneuver with full sea-level efficiency up to 25,000 feet and climb as high as 40,000 feet.

The four-engine bomber is a peculiarly American weapon—the logical development of a nation of high mountains and vast distances. Three British aircraft missions—in 1938, 1939 and the spring of 1940—had scoffed at it as impracticable. But when Britain lost her Continental air bases and wanted bombers that could reach Berlin and beyond, she appealed to President Roosevelt for the “loan” of

Flying Fortresses in active use by our own air corps. These were transferred last spring. The results achieved brought an ever-rising, even desperate appeal from across the Atlantic for more bombers.

In May 1941, when the President called for a substantial increase in heavy-bomber production, the public scarcely grasped the difficulties involved in sweating 500 heavy bombers a month from an industry that then had barely capacity for 40. The factories, raw materials, manpower and tools were almost entirely on paper. The program is one of the greatest industrial projects ever launched, bigger than any dam or canal. At the peak it will absorb at least 420,000 workers and involve an outlay of \$175,000,000 monthly.† The big bombers will use yearly 30 percent of the nation's present aluminum capacity.

* See “The Sky's No Limit for Dr. Moss,” The Reader's Digest, September, '41.

† Since the Japanese attack, even this large-scale program has been further expanded.

We — the people, the Administration, and the army whose ward the air corps is — have been prodigal with time in the matter of the big bomber. As early as the fall of 1938, when President Roosevelt was warning of the necessity of strengthening U. S. air power, his private emissary, Harry Hopkins, was holding conferences with aircraft manufacturers with the idea of creating a huge armada of long-range aircraft, including 500 Flying Fortresses, for hemisphere defense. There was a plan afoot to set up government-managed factories so as to provide additional capacity fast.

Of this grand scheme nothing ever came. The big-bomber program as it stands today is the product of frantic improvisation. In the summer of 1940 only two companies were tooled for production — Boeing, which had never turned out more than 15 Flying Fortresses in a month, and Consolidated, only one of whose B-24's had been flown. They divided a 1000-bomber order, calling for 100 a month by 1942.

The second, or Knudsen, plan, which also included a greatly expanded production of medium bombers, was concocted in November 1940. It was significant as representing the first serious attempt to swing the enormous resources of the automotive industry behind the hard-pressed aircraft manufacturers, who were swamped

under combined British-U. S. orders. It undertook to double the output by bringing in Ford, who agreed to produce the equivalent in sub-assemblies of 100 Consolidated B-24's a month for assembly plants in Tulsa and Fort Worth.

But before these contracts had been signed the President called for 500 big bombers a month. Where were the extra 300 to come from?

Consolidated's 50-plane quota at San Diego was boosted to 95, Fort Worth's and Tulsa's from 50 each to 65, and Ford was asked to add 75 wholly assembled planes monthly. Then Douglas was ordered to make 65 Boeing B-17's a month in its new Long Beach plant; and Vega, whose new plant at Burbank was intended for medium bombers, was asked for 40 a month. Boeing's own schedule was pushed up from 50 a month to 75.

These totals come within 20 of the 500 four-engine bombers a month called for by the President.

The OPM, the air corps, and the aircraft industry thus have agreed upon an inspired and decisive course of action. It shows what can be squeezed out of the vast pool of machines and management that is the industrial U. S., when an objective is clearly set.

At first the aircraft industry fought Mr. Knudsen's idea of annexing it to the automotive industry, out of the understandable fear

that the peace would leave its collaborator entrenched as a competitor. Then came the noiseless shotgun marriage of Consolidated and Ford by the subassembly plan. The problem of intermarrying the resources of the aircraft industry itself was solved when Douglas and Vega suppressed their own four-engine designs and agreed to build the Boeing B-17. If Plymouth and Chevrolet were to extinguish their trademarks for the sake of putting more Fords on the road, the effect could hardly be more spectacular.

Since both aviation and automotive industries shied away from the necessary plant expansion, the government has built huge plants for them. One, for Ford at Willow Run, near Ypsilanti, is the largest aircraft factory in the world (3,700,000 square feet, including hangars).^{*} It will employ 35,000 to 60,000 workers. Government-financed also are the two \$22,000,000 assembly plants now under way at Tulsa and Fort Worth. At San Diego the government is putting up a \$25,000,000 parts plant, where Consolidated will hire 30,000 workers for the B-24 alone.

All this refers only to the prime contractors and master assemblers. Fanning out from each are far-spread systems of subcontractors and vendors, specializing in various parts. Boeing is supplied by 250 sources in 80 cities; Douglas and

Vega are ranging behind themselves 350 different subcontractors. Even the subcontractors are sub-subcontracting — for example, Bendix, making turrets for the B-24, is lining up some 200 suppliers.

For the 2700 engines a month that will be required at the peak — for 500 four-engine planes, plus spares — the government is depending chiefly upon automotive sources. Buick, having just finished a new plant in Chicago for 500 Pratt & Whitney engines a month, is expanding again to double its output for the B-24's. This plant will cost the government \$41,000,000. Chevrolet, at a cost of \$37,000,000, is reconditioning three plants near Buffalo, which will be tooled for 1000 engines a month. For the Wright motors of the B-17's there will be the Wright plant at Pater-son, and the new \$50,000,000 Studebaker plant at South Bend, with feeder plants at Fort Wayne and Chicago. To help with the propeller load, United Aircraft is enlisting Nash-Kelvinator, the refrigerator company, which at a cost of 22 million dollars is rebuilding an ancient factory at Lansing, Michigan.

The dispersion of the factories has been according to strategic considerations which guarantee ability to produce bombers in the face of local strikes, sabotage and enemy destruction. And, finally, wisdom is evident in freezing production on two models and drafting the best brains and facilities of the aircraft

^{*} See "Architect of the Colossal," page 22.

and automotive industries to push the bombers out.

The question now is: When do we get the four-engine bombers, how soon and at what rate? In September, Consolidated was turning out 20 a month, was straining for 90 a month by the end of 1942. Boeing, after rushing out a 1940 order for an earlier model months ahead of schedule, was actually in production and confident of hitting a monthly rate of 65 ships by mid-summer of 1942.

With Ford's, Douglas's and Vega's contributions, the 500-a-month program should become an actuality by July 1943. However, it will most certainly be delayed unless the managers of the heavy-bomber pool cut through the enormous difficulties facing them; unless the Administration is prepared to give them priority over the rest of the economic system.

What aircraft-production men are really waiting for is to see what Ford does with the B-24. Ford curiosity and ingenuity have already been in evidence in the production formulas. Ford will use mechanical presses and all-metal dies to an unprecedented extent.

Faced with the double responsibility of manufacturing the heaviest weight of airframes at the fastest rate the world has ever known, and of producing interchangeable parts that will come together with absolute precision at distant Fort Worth and Tulsa, Ford has slowly but confidently struck out for itself. A landing-gear hinge that before was made in nine hand-welded parts is being cast by Ford in one piece, at a 75 percent saving in time and a 50 percent saving in tools. The Ford-built B-24 will use more spotwelding of parts than has been the practice, and will thereby eliminate a third of the 370,000 rivets in the airplane. A veteran Douglas engineer, who has worked with the Ford men, said: "Maybe we've been ultra-conservative."

Two years hence, if nothing goes wrong, we shall hear the horizon-filling sound of 20 four-engine bombers sweeping off the test fields of the nation every working day under the full-throttle drive of 4800 horsepower each. If that comes to pass, the nation will not only have grasped the meaning of air power, it will have grasped the naked weapon itself.



AN AUSTRALIAN who spent last winter — a particularly rainy one — in England was asked what he thought of the country. He looked out of the window at the barrage balloons tugging at their cables in the dripping sky, and replied, "Why don't they just cut the ropes on those things and let the place sink?"

— Edward Murrow over CBS

Mental Armament for Civilians

By

Lloyd C. Douglas

Distinguished clergyman, author and lecturer

WITH our country at war, few there are among us whose customary manner of living will remain undisturbed. But the actual perils cannot be equitably apportioned. We civilians will pay heavier taxes. We will learn how to put out incendiary fires and offer first aid. We will go without many things we want. Yet our contribution to national defense will be related to the sacrifices of our armed forces as nothing is related to everything.

Is there, then, no place for valor in the civilian's wartime program? Is his armament to consist merely of a shovel and a bucket of sand? What else can he do for his country?

The task required of us who remain at home is to maintain the strongest possible base. We must safeguard the emotional stability of the nation, and conserve the things that can't be bombed but could be lost.

AFTER 30 successful years in the pulpit, Dr. Lloyd C. Douglas at 51 wrote a novel, *Magnificent Obsession*, which became a nation-wide best-seller. He has devoted himself to writing and to occasional lectures ever since. His most recent novel is *Invitation to Live*. The accompanying article, presented recently as an address before the Chicago Sunday Evening Club, was elaborated and revised by Dr. Douglas for publication in *The Reader's Digest*.

Since I cannot fight for my country, I have an obligation to be calm, to avoid disruptive controversy, to discipline my prejudices.

If I have frights and frets I shall keep them to myself. Jitters are contagious. If you are scared don't tell anybody. The most heroic act of patriotism that some of us can perform, in a time like this, is to shut up. If I can't do anything else for my country, I can refuse to act as delivery boy for rumors.

The armed forces are very sensitive to the mood of their constituency. In desperate moments they need to be sure the people they are fighting for are loyal and confident. Hence the civilian who wants to see the morale of the fighting forces sustained through thick and thin must first build up his own morale. How shall he do it? It will not aid him much to say, "Whatever happens, I must keep cool."

He must find some firm ground for the position he means to take. He must know the world he is fighting in — and the enemy. Our world is in a great muddle. But it is not the first time. It has always been in a muddle. Few of us realize it because until recently the processes of communication were cumbersome. A couple of nations across the sea could put each other to a

great deal of distress without bothering us very much. They were too far off. The reports were vague, scanty and tardy.

But at present there is no greed, no guilt, no guile anywhere in the world that we do not know about, hour by hour. Excited voices on the ether, working in 15-minute shifts, endlessly repeat the appalling story. Such is the flexibility of the normal mind that we can listen to this — when it doesn't affect us directly — of an evening while playing gin rummy. The world has been in so much trouble from the beginning, and yet has somehow managed to carry on, that our instinct tells us the institution we call civilization is built to endure all manner of experiences. Let our faith and instinct guide us now.

As far back as I can remember, hysterical men have been leaping up and down on platforms and soapboxes, shouting that civilization was at "the crossroads." Civilization, however, is the long march of humanity across the ages toward some bright fulfillment of a divine purpose, and this interminable procession is not following a highway but *making* one. So it is foggy thinking to say that civilization in this trackless trek has now arrived at a crossroad.

It is equally false to lament that we are living in a "lost and ruined world." If you are going to postulate a "lost" world, you will have to presuppose a world that once

knew where it was and where it was going. If you've never known where you were, you can't get lost. You cannot have a "ruined" world without hypothecating a world that once was substantial — sound — solvent. We have no reason to believe that the world was ever substantially sound and solvent. In our heretofore fortunate new land with its great natural resources we have never fully realized that fact. Our spiritual vision has been limited by our luck.

We may say, "Why can't those unhappy people in Europe and Asia settle down and live normal lives of peace and brotherhood?" Well — when was peace normal? The world has always been in confusion. But it is the only world we have. We are a part of it, and we have to live in it. We must accept the risks that belong to our generation.

Do you think you would have had any more fun if you had lived in this area 120 years ago; no roads, no lights, no books, no doctors; the woods full of wildcats and Indians; your whole life spent in the mud and the dark? . . .

Perhaps you might have found life more pleasant had you lived through the Civil War. . . .

Perhaps you would have enjoyed the voyage on the *Mayflower*. . . .

Every era has its own pains and predicaments. And yet this world has its good points. Many days are fair. Many families are happy — a good deal of the time. Many friends

are true. Some employers are considerate. Some employes are loyal. Some parents are kind and understanding. Some children are obedient and affectionate. Most people — if given a chance — would live in peace with their neighbors, at home and abroad. It is a baffling world but our own individual resources are such that we can all live in it to some purpose. We can take it. And let those who fear pain and dodge responsibilities remember that whoever would save himself when truth and honor are in jeopardy has made a bad bargain.

Now we who say we wish to live in peace must go to war to get it. Our enemy's strategy is to *divide and conquer*. According to this formula, the way to prepare a nation for disaster is to set disintegrating forces in motion. By skillful propaganda, these forces are stimulated until they are accepted and spread by unwitting stooges — citizens unaware that they are being used for such purposes.

Under this insidious and sinister strategy, irritations are set up between groups. Protestants are urged to distrust Catholics. Gentiles are spurred to hatred of Jews. The Irish are encouraged to hate the English, the Scotch to hate the Irish, and all of them to revile the Italians. Our enemy wants a maximum of confusion in our efforts to defend ourselves. He wants our industry to be riddled with strife and misunderstanding. He wants

to make us conscious of all our differences of creed, color and culture, and to forget the similarity of our needs and aims.

Having succeeded in putting our people at loggerheads, the rest of it, according to *Mein Kampf*, is easy: climb aboard the battle wagons and ride in; the people will be licked before you get there.

But there is not much to fear from subversive parties engaged in our disruption unless we ourselves put into practice the disharmony they strive for. Our enemy is counting on us to be terrified. He hopes we will point trembling fingers at the maps of his invasions and wonder whether we have it in us — and in our democratic processes — to pit our unregimented lives against a system so highly organized, so completely ruthless. He thinks we have been so softened by our easy living and unprecedented personal liberties that our hearts will fail us when we confront an army composed of men who have been taught contempt for goodness and mercy.

Now our job as civilians is to nullify this strategy. It is our task to demonstrate that the enemy has been mistaken about us. This is no more the task of our armed forces than of the civil population who send them forth to battle. Our fighting men are our own flesh and blood. They will be strong if we are strong. They will have the will to be victorious if they know we are united and confident at home.

Lou Gehrig's Epic of Courage

Condensed from Cosmopolitan

Paul Gallico

Former sports writer; author of "Secret Front,"
"Farewell to Sport," etc.

I REMEMBER writing years ago: "There is no greater inspiration to any American boy than Lou Gehrig. For if the awkward, inept and downright clumsy player that I knew in the beginning could through sheer drive and determination turn himself into the finest first-base-covering machine in all baseball, then nothing is impossible to any man or boy in this country."

The last chapter in the life of this baseball hero puts a big exclamation point after that statement. Gehrig was at the height of his career. From the press box, sports writers looked down with honest affection at the piano legs, the broad rear porch which had earned him the name of Biscuit Pants, the powerful shoulders and the pleasant face of "that big dumb Dutchman."

In 1936-7-8, with Gehrig as captain, the Yankees won three World Series in a row. In 1936, Lou was for the second time named the most valuable player in the American League, nine years after he had first achieved this honor. And his consecutive-games record went on and on. Sick or well, he never missed a game. Lou played in spite of colds, in spite of fevers. He played

The tragic end of America's best-loved baseball player who, doomed by infantile paralysis, devoted his last days to public service.

so doubled over with lumbago that he couldn't straighten up — and, though bent over at the plate, he still got himself a single.

One year he fractured a toe. He played on. Knocked unconscious by a wild pitch and suffering from a concussion that would hospitalize the average man for two weeks, he was at his position the next day *and collected four hits*. When, late in his career, his hands were X-rayed, they found 17 assorted fractures that had healed by themselves. He had broken every finger on both hands and some twice, and hadn't even mentioned it to anyone.

The fantastic thing about all this is not that Lou was able to endure the pain of breaks, sprains and torn tendons, but that it failed to impair his efficiency. If he had something the matter with him he tried all the harder.

The slow tragedy of disintegration began in the winter of 1938-39

when Lou, a fine skater, fell repeatedly on the ice. The following spring, finding himself slow in training, he began to drive his body harder to make up for its mysterious failure. When the symptoms of his slowing up were obvious at St. Petersburg training quarters, the sports writers sadly wrote that the old Iron Horse was running down. But the players on the Yankee ball club knew that a ballplayer slows up gradually—he doesn't come apart all at once.

There are grim tales of things that happened in the locker room. One tells of Gehrig leaning over to lace his shoes and falling forward to the floor, to lie helpless; and of tough men with the fine instinct to look away and not to hurt him by offering help as he struggled painfully to his feet.

Among the elements that go to make up a hero is the capacity for quiet, uncomplaining suffering. This was Lou Gehrig. Not even his wife Eleanor knew how terribly he suffered during those days when his speed and skill were deserting him, when he found, to his bewilderment, that he could not bat, could not run, could not field. The nightmare strain and terror of it lined his face in a few short months and brought gray to his hair. But it could not force a complaint from his lips.

When it became apparent that there was something wrong, Lou drove himself still more relentlessly.

It never occurred to him to blame something beyond his control. His performance during the early part of 1939 was pitiful. And yet, so great was the spell cast by his honest attempts to please and his service over the long years that the worst-mannered individual in the world, the baseball fan, forebore to heckle him.

On Sunday, April 30, 1939, the Yankees played the Senators. At first, Lou muffed an easy throw; he came to bat four times with runners on base, failed even to meet the ball, and the Yankees lost.

Monday was an off day. Gehrig did a lot of thinking. He had the toughest decision of his life to make. Tuesday the team played the Tigers. Lou went to Manager McCarthy in the dugout. "Joe," he said slowly, "I always said that when I felt I couldn't help the team any more I would take myself out of the line-up. I guess that time has come."

"When do you want to quit, Lou?" asked McCarthy.

Gehrig looked at him steadily and said, "Now."

His consecutive-games record ended at 2130 games.

Lou went to the Mayo Clinic for a checkup. The Yankees released the doctors' diagnosis: it was a form of infantile paralysis. The cause of the sudden, mysterious decline of Henry Louis Gehrig was solved.

Before Gehrig came home from

the Mayos', his wife went to their family physician, told him the name of the disease and asked the truth. He told her that her husband could not live more than two years. Eleanor telephoned the Clinic. She learned that the doctors had not had the heart to tell Lou. "Please promise me that you never will let him know," she begged.

Lou came home full of smiles and jokes, and the girl who met him was gay too, though neither noticed that in the laughter of the other there was something feverish. They were too busy with their magnificent deception of each other. Eleanor fought a constant fight to keep the truth from Lou. As to what Lou knew, he never told anybody.

On July 4, 1939, there took place the most tragic and poignant scene ever enacted on a baseball diamond — the funeral services for Henry Louis Gehrig.

Lou attended them in person.

Lou Gehrig Appreciation Day, it was called, a gesture of love and appreciation, a spontaneous reaching out to a man who had been good and kind and decent, to thank him for having been so.

The most touching demonstration was the coming from the ends of the country of Gehrig's former teammates, the famous Yankees of 1927.

And there was George Herman Ruth. The Babe and Lou hadn't got along very well in the last years

they played together. But despite their childish feud, the Babe was here now with an arm around Lou and a whispered pleasantry that came at a time when Gehrig was very near collapse from the emotions that turmoiled within him.

The principal speakers were Postmaster General Jim Farley and Mayor La Guardia; 61,808 were in the stands. It was what was known as a Great Day.

To Lou Gehrig it was good-bye to everything that he had known and loved.

In a box in the stands were those he held dear: his mother and father, unaware of his doom, and his wife. Lifelong friends were there, and as Lou observed them gathered in his honor, he knew he was seeing them thus for the last time.

Gifts piled up for him: a silver service, smoking sets, writing sets, fishing tackle. They were from the Yankees; from their great rivals, the Giants; from the baseball writers; even from the ushers and peanut boys in the stadium. The warmth of the feeling that prompted their presentation melted the iron reserve in Lou and broke him down.

It was so human and so heroic that Gehrig should have wept there in public — not for the pity of himself, nor for the beauty and sweetness of the world he would soon leave, but because the boy who all his life had convinced himself that he had no worth now

understood for the first time how much people loved him.

Not only were his immediate family, his adored wife, and his personal friends broadcasting their warmth to him, but a great throng of plain, simple people with whom he felt a deep kinship. To tune in suddenly upon so much love was nearly too much for him.

The speeches were ended at last and the stadium rocked with wave after wave of cheers. Lou stood with head bowed to the tumult and pressed a handkerchief to his eyes.

When at last he faced the microphones, the noise stopped abruptly. Everyone waited for what he would say. With a finger he dashed away the tears that would not stay back, lifted his head and spoke his epitaph:

"For the past two weeks you have been reading about a bad break I got. Yet today I consider myself the luckiest man on the face of the earth. . . ."

ALTHOUGH the tale of Lou Gehrig really ends above, perhaps in the simple story of how he lived what time was left to him is to be found his greatest gallantry. Those two years called for the most diffi-

cult heroism of all — the heroism of the laugh that covers pain, the light phrase that denies hopelessness and a sinking heart.

Lou chose to spend his last days not in one final feverish attempt to suck from life in two years all that he might have had in 40, but in work and service.

Mayor La Guardia appointed him a city parole commissioner. And so for the next months, as long as he was able to walk even with the assistance of others, Gehrig went daily to his office. He listened to cases, studied them; he brought to the job his thoroughness and his innate kindness and understanding.

He sat at his desk even when no longer able to move his arms. When he wanted a cigarette, his wife or secretary lit it for him and put it between his lips, removed it to shake the ash.

He listened to thief, vagabond, narcotic addict and prostitute. When there was help to be given he gave it unstintingly from what strength there was left to him. He would not give in. He did not give in.

On June 2, 1941, Lou Gehrig died in the arms of his wife in their home in Riverdale, N. Y.



WAR is the surgery of crime. Bad as it is in itself, it always implies that something worse has gone before.

— Oliver Wendell Holmes

This Spy-Catching Business

Condensed from The American Mercury

Frederic Sondern, Jr.

THE UNITED STATES used to be the spy's paradise. The Gestapo agent, the Comintern agitator, and the cameraman of the Japanese Intelligence Service roamed the country at will. It is a paradise no longer. The FBI and our military and naval intelligence services have built organizations whose scientific methods, personnel and efficiency are more than a match for the dictators' emissaries. And our men do their jobs without the brutality and witch-hunting which has scourged the authoritarian countries.

Within the past year the counter-espionage branch of the Federal Bureau of Investigation pulled off one of the most ingenious coups in the history of the spy business. Early in 1940 the Gestapo had picked up one William Sebold, a naturalized American who was on a visit to his family in Germany. He had been a German machine-gunner in the last war. The Nazis stole his passport and made it clear he would not be allowed to leave the Reich unless he entered their service. Sebold finally agreed, and was sent to Berlin for the rigorous training with which the Gestapo equips its agents. He was then ordered to return to the United States and set up a short-wave radio station. This

Despite lack of support and public apathy before the war, our intelligence services have quickly built efficient organizations and swung into action -- as these cases testify.

was intended to be the main clearing point for information on the movement of British ships, on American rearmament, and other matters of interest to the German High Command.

Sebold was a better American than Nazi, however. He went on the FBI payroll. He set up a radio transmitter, as directed, in a quiet house in Centerport, L. I., but it was run by G-men. For over a year they were in daily touch with a Gestapo station near Hamburg, using the elaborate code which Sebold had been given.

The G-men fed the High Command with credible but misleading nonsense, and they obtained a clear picture of the Nazi espionage organization over here. Nazis who came to Sebold's office were photographed from a neighboring room by a concealed movie camera, their conversations recorded by dictaphone. Finally, last June, in one sweep, 33 men and women — the backbone of the Nazi espionage sys-

tem — were arrested. The Gestapo's American section was knocked out.

More recently, on the fateful Sunday of Pearl Harbor, Japanese who could have made trouble were under lock and key within a few hours. And when war declarations arrived from Berlin and Rome most of the German and Italian agents whom the FBI had left on the loose as a lead to others were soon behind bars. That much was in the newspapers. Not in the papers are the operations of Military and Naval Intelligence. When the war is over they will make good reading. There are spies and saboteurs, left, of course. No country can be entirely cleansed of them. But they are going to have a tough time.

Spy-catching requires not only experience, courage and infinite patience — which any good detective must have — but also a broad knowledge of foreign peoples, their languages, mentality and peculiarities. Above all, the counter-espionage agent must have a peculiar knack which lets him weed out witch-hunters from among the earnest citizens who are his informants. Every day a flood of mail, telephone calls and visitors deluges the offices of the FBI and the other agencies.

Mrs. Smith writes that there is a German, Mr. Schultz, in her neighborhood who carries a camera and takes walks in the country. There is a city aqueduct near her home and two important bridges. Mr. Schultz

has been seen taking pictures of them.

Mr. Jones telephones that there is a tavern opposite his house, operated by an Italian. Although no Italians live in the neighborhood, there is always a group of them in the rear of the establishment. They use the telephone a lot, they act furtively, and disappear by way of private stairs to the second floor. Once or twice he has heard a gramophone play the Fascist anthem.

Mrs. O'Brien cleans in a big office building. She works from 9 p.m. to 5 a.m. In a loft across the street is a printing shop. It often works late at night, behind drawn blinds. A few nights before, the draft from an open window kept blowing one of the shades sideways and she could see in. The men looked like Germans. And before they closed the shop they emptied the trash baskets into a pile which they put into a big stove and burned. She had seen spies do that in the movies. So she had decided to tell the FBI about it.

The field office has received a sheaf of other tips, inevitably including one or more from agitated ladies who have seen mysterious flashlight signals from rooftops to German U-boats in the harbor. But the three mentioned seem likeliest for investigation.

Mr. Schultz, the photographer, is processed through a tremendous collection of information on all alien and domestic suspects in the

country, which is one of the FBI's most important counter-espionage weapons. Ehrich Schultz is a refugee from Vienna. There is nothing against him. But there have been fake refugees, complete with records and proof of internment by the Gestapo, and even equipped with scars of whippings. An agent consults the local police, the mail carrier, the owner of the shop where Schultz has his photographs developed, and finally Schultz himself. The agent satisfies himself that Schultz is a harmless, elderly gentleman who photographs flowers.

Signor Benito Ricco, the tavern proprietor, proves to be less harmless. He was once arrested for felonious assault and set free by a political judge of questionable honesty. He joined the New York Fascio. He made trips to Italy and was given a Fascist decoration. His recent movements had escaped the FBI record. The agent who goes up to Signor Ricco's tavern every night for a drink and a bite finds that the neighbor's report was substantially correct: there are suspicious looking Italians hanging around and the place reeks of conspiracy. The agent-in-charge orders a surveillance.

On the telephone line to Ricco's tavern the telephone company — on a court order — splices a wire which leads to an FBI listening post. Whenever Ricco's telephone is used a light flashes at this listening post and an agent records the

conversation on a dictaphone. Recorded conversations are not admitted as evidence in court, but they usually so horrify a guilty man that he confesses.

Meanwhile, somewhere near Ricco's tavern there is always a car with two men in it. If Ricco or one of his friends leaves by car, the FBI men roll after it. If he goes on foot, one of the G-men takes up the "tail" on foot. And here the shadowing gets tricky. "Tailing" is the toughest job in the business, most boring and most difficult. It is strictly not for amateurs. The trained spy is taught to find out whether he is followed. He gets on a car in the subway, for example. Just as the door is closing he steps back onto the platform. If anyone else does the same, he can be fairly sure that someone is after him.

In an office building the suspecting suspect takes an elevator to any floor he chooses. Then he stands in front of the directory of that floor, apparently trying to figure out what room he is supposed to go to. While the suspect ponders, the shadower must manage to disappear. The suspect pushes both "up" and "down" buttons and dives into the first car that arrives. If someone bowls around the corner and dives in after him, he will try the final trick, a public lavatory with several exits. The chicaneries possible there need no explanation.

After months of work on Ricco, the agent-in-charge concludes that

there is nothing sinister in the Italian's design. His telephone conversations, his friends and their friends show no contact with Italian espionage and indicate that Ricco is fed up with Il Duce. He holds meetings to encourage his companions to spend money at Ricco's Tavern. That's about all there is to it. He might, at some future date, be approached by the Italian intelligence service and would then become dangerous. So Signor Ricco will be reinvestigated from time to time.

Meanwhile, Mrs. O'Brien's printing shop has developed into a case of the first order. Inquiries by the police, who do much of the FBI's spade work, reveal that it belongs to an old Norwegian who makes greeting cards and commercial folders. His employees are Germans, but they are all naturalized American citizens with clean records, according to the files. He has a sound business and pays his taxes. The telephone tap has brought nothing but legitimate conversations. The employees shadowed have been guilty of nothing more than visits to German beer-halls with innocuous friends. But the agent-in-charge can't get it out of his mind that Mrs. O'Brien saw them burning the contents of their trash baskets. Military Intelligence has informed him that somewhere in his area there is a printing plant turning out seditious pamphlets which are distributed to army camps. Naval Intelligence has found forged passes

which have admitted saboteurs to dockyards and arsenals, printed with the same type as the pamphlets. The agent-in-charge has a hunch.

The superintendent of the loft building is checked and watched until the FBI is sure he is reliable. An agent plies him with beer. Yes, there are some funny things about that printing shop, he confides. One man always sleeps there at night. They don't let anybody beyond the front office that they don't know. And they have elaborate photographic equipment. The agent is not much impressed, but finally the superintendent says, "They do a big business with army camps." Once he had been cleaning near the door of the shipping room and had heard them talking. "This one is for Camp Dix, that one's for McClellan," and so on.

That report clinches the suspicion of the agent-in-charge. He is onto a big case. The chief of such a plant will be an important Nazi and will lead the FBI to other important Nazis. The agent knows also that one false step will set off an alarm which will make the Nazi organization fade into the night, only to spring up somewhere else. So the FBI gets really scientific.

In the Department of Justice Director Hoover has a group of the finest criminological scientists in the world. They have developed methods and devices which are a match for anything the Gestapo

has in its arsenal. There are tiny microphones which can be hidden almost anywhere. There are stethoscopic microphones which can pick up a whisper on the other side of a fairly thick wall. There are automatic dictaphones that look like a brief case and run on batteries, which if left in the room of a suspect will take down every word spoken for 24 hours. For codes and secret inks there are cryptographers and chemists who can "break" any code and "raise" any ink.

In the print shop, a "telephone inspector" installs a microphone in a telephone bell box. Every word spoken goes to the earphones of an agent stationed a few floors above. Postal inspectors check incoming and outgoing letters. In the building across the street is a well-hidden agent with a telescopic camera. On the street, as soon as one pair of "tailers" moves off after a suspect, a second rolls up to cover the next. By this time 20 agents or more may be involved in the job.

Mistakes, disappointments are inevitable and harrowing. Just as the print shop owner is about to meet his Nazi higher-up, he pulls the subway trick and the agents must "drop the tail." It may take months to make contact again, but they must not jeopardize the whole case by a move which will excite suspicion.

Finally the associates of the man who runs the shop have been found. The microphones have revealed

that the printers are, indeed, members of a secret Nazi organization which is sending subversive literature into the army camps. The German-owned trucking line that transports it and the method of distribution in the camps have been uncovered by cooperation with Military Intelligence. Evidence for an open-and-shut case has been gathered. And early one morning a fleet of cars fan out from the FBI field office. The homes of all those to be arrested have been studied in case of resistance or attempt at flight, and at the same time Military Intelligence strikes in the camps. The print shop case is over — except for a quick trial.

Three years ago the counter-subversive branch of the FBI was the laughingstock of foreign agents. Trained to deal with the American underworld, they had little knowledge of the technique and skill of the Gestapo's and the Comintern's experts. Officers of the intelligence services were frowned on as "snoopers" by the brass hats in Washington, who restricted their personnel to a minimum. The intelligence system of the State Department consisted of one man. They have all come a long way despite the indifference of Congress and of the people themselves up to only a few months ago. Now the country should be grateful. FBI men and intelligence officers never get medals, but they certainly deserve them.

It's More Fun to Be Fit

By

Gene Tunney

Lieut.-Commander, U.S.N.R.; author of
"Arms for Living"

PHYSICAL FLABBINESS has always seemed to me a criminal, even sacrilegious abuse of that wonderful instrument, the human body. Ever since boyhood I've made a religion of keeping in shape by regular, conscientious exercise. Adhering to a high ideal of stamina and endurance has paid me dividends not only in the prize ring but in the almost equally gruelling struggle of everyday life.

To enjoy the glow of good health, you must exercise. I don't recommend that you develop bulging biceps or go in for exhausting roadwork and bag-punching. But I do say that if you will regularly devote 15 minutes a day, preferably before breakfast, for 60 days to the simple set of exercises that I've devised for conditioning men in the navy, I guarantee that you will enjoy the increased physical buoyancy and mental vigor that are so necessary in these times. Perform them faithfully and you can take puffy inches off your waistline, recondition unused muscles, feel better, work better and live longer.

The man who has allowed his body to deteriorate cuts a pitiful figure — chest collapsed, stomach protruding. His sagging diaphragm forces his visceral apparatus out

*Draft 15 minutes of each day
for the defense of your own body.*

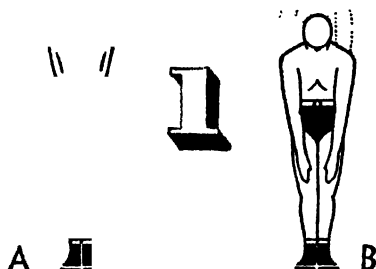
of place, hindering digestive and eliminative processes. He tires easily and complains that he feels like the breaking up of a hard winter.

The first thing this human meal-sack must learn is proper posture, the basis of all physical conditioning. "Head up, chin in, chest out, stomach in" — that's what we tell recruits in the navy. It's important for civilians, too, and not merely for the sake of appearance. Proper body-carriage conserves the energy that postural defects drain away.

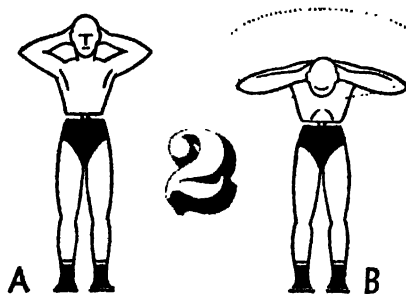
The worst of these defects is the protruding paunch caused by abdominal muscles that have become flabby through disuse. There are broad bands of muscle like cinchstraps around our waistline, whose job is to hold the stomach, intestines and liver in place. When these muscles lose their firmness or "tone," they allow the intestines to sink down and become impaired in function. Indigestion, headache, constipation and chronic fatigue follow.

To toughen the abdominal muscles, I developed exercise No. 1. If

you perform it 20 times every morning, gradually working up to 50, you'll get rid of that paunch and the evils that accompany it. Remember that it's never too late to start rehabilitating broken-down muscles. The material is there, waiting for you to begin working on it.



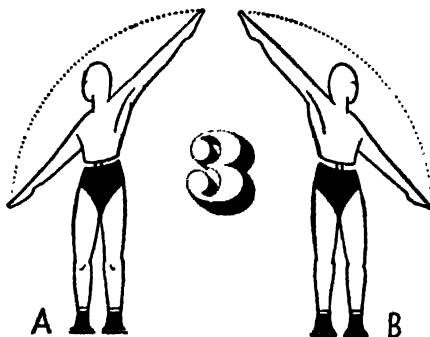
(A) Raise arms to front and above head, inhaling deeply. (B) Lower arms, keeping them stiff and straight, until hands touch knees, with head dropped until chin touches collarbone. Bend at diaphragm, not at waist. Draw stomach up as far as possible. As hands touch knees, exhale. Do 20 times.



(A) Clasp hands behind head, heels 5 inches apart. (B) With diaphragm drawn up and shoulder muscles relaxed, swing upper body in circle, ending at original position. Exhale on way down, inhale on way up. Circle to left 10 times, then to right 10 times.

Another deformity of posture is the flat, sunken chest, which occurs when we persistently neglect to use full lung capacity. We can get along on only 20 percent of our lung capacity, but that dragging sort of existence is a poor substitute for the vitality we enjoy when the twin bellows of our lungs are taking in great drafts of oxygen. As Dr. George Crile said, "Oxidization is the only source of animal energy. We *live* in proportion to the amount of oxygen we get into our lungs."

A concave chest means that your diaphragm is sagging. This elastic wall of muscle, the partition between your abdomen and chest, forms the major part of the bellows mechanism that we use in breathing. If the diaphragm sags, the



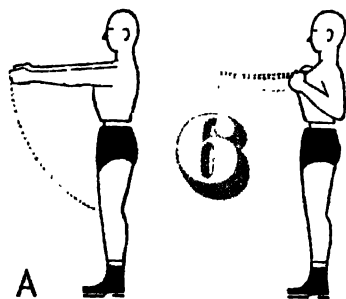
(A) Extend arms sidewise at shoulder level. Drop right hand 10 inches, raise left 10 inches. Draw stomach up; hold hips stationary. Swing right hand behind and down, the left going forward and up. Keep arms in straight line. Pivot from diaphragm, eyes and head following hand that goes back and down. Inhale as head comes up. (B) With stomach drawn up, exhale as head follows left hand around and down. Do 20 times to each side.

bellows won't work properly; you can't breathe deeply and therefore don't get as much oxygen as you need. According to Dr. Herman N. Bundesen of Chicago, a sagging diaphragm may lead to a stroke of coronary thrombosis. He explains that an insufficient supply of oxygen slows down heart action; the blood flow becomes sluggish; a blood clot may form and clog the coronary artery of the heart, stopping it like a cork.

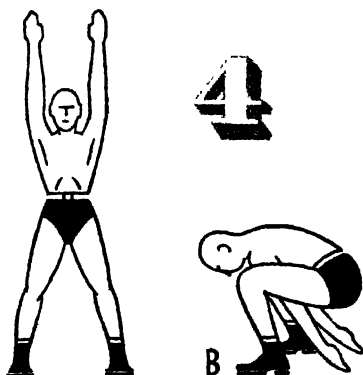
Exercises Nos. 1, 2 and 3 will strengthen and put new resiliency into the diaphragm, and draw blood-purifying oxygen into every recess of the lungs. But the job isn't done when the exercise period is over. Keep your chest out and keep your stomach in, until it becomes a habit. At the end of a

month you will have doubled your lung capacity, and thereby benefited every cell of your body.

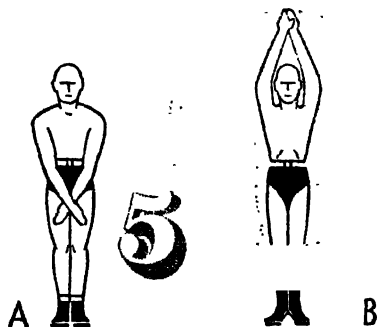
Many people complain of a chronic weariness that sleep will not banish. Their trouble is that too little blood is being pumped through the body per minute; this sluggishness, permitting poisonous



(A) Stand at attention; slowly raise arms straight to front, shoulder width apart. Inhale, filling lungs, and clench fists. (B) Move arms back and forward as vigorously as possible 6 times, holding breath. On 6th stroke, exhale and return to attention. Do this 6 times.



(A) Stand with heels 15 inches apart. Inhale while rising on toes and reaching arms overhead. (B) Bring arms down stiff and straight between legs, exhaling and bending knees and touching floor with backs of hands as far behind heels as possible, to stretch back, hips and abdominal muscles. Repeat 20 times.



(A) Stand at attention; cross hands. (B) On count of 1, slowly raise arms in semicircle to front and overhead, rising on toes and inhaling steadily. Hands cross each other before reaching top position. On count 2, bring arms in semicircle slowly down to sides, holding breath until they reach original position. On count 3, exhale completely. Do 6 times vigorously.

waste matter to accumulate in every cell, clogs the channels of energy.

Sinking into an overstuffed arm-chair is not the cure. You must speed up your circulation. The only way to do this is to exercise. A brisk 20-minute walk will send 25 to 30 quarts of blood coursing vigorously through your arteries every 60 seconds — blood that contains four times as much oxygen as it possesses when you loll in a chair.

While walking, inhale deeply for six paces, holding the breath, then exhale slowly. Do this 10 or 15 times during your walk. Like a cleansing torrent, the increased circulation and fresh oxygen will sweep away stagnant, toxic impurities — and take with them your tired feeling.

In youth, we get plenty of exercise through games and running around, but as middle life approaches, we settle down, literally and *figuratively*. Muscles that formerly were lean and resilient become slack and overlaid with fat. Fat is one of the chief enemies of the heart because it has to be plentifully supplied with blood and thus needlessly increases the pumping load that the heart must sustain. The less superfluous lard that you carry around with you, the easier job your heart has.

I never fully realized this until I saw ghastly proof of it in the surgical amphitheater. A grossly fat patient lay on the operating table;

the surgeon, who had to slice through three layers of yellow fat to reach the patient's internal organs, pointed out to me the thousands of fat-embedded blood vessels that were putting extra strain on the man's heart. But what shocked me even more were the pillows of yellow suet surrounding his liver and digestive organs, crowding and hampering them in their functions. This shameful, useless burden, one carried to a degree by every overweight man and woman, is recognized as one of the principal factors in premature death.

Excessive fat can't exist in a body that gets proper exercise. Physical activity, by increasing your metabolism, "burns" it up. If you are accumulating pads of fat around hips and abdomen, or if your once-lean arm and leg muscles are becoming suety, you must decrease your intake of starches and fats, and take regular exercise. Not violent week-ends of golf and tennis or sporadic outbursts of squash, but a daily drill that becomes as much a part of your life as brushing your teeth. The six exercises shown here, if performed every morning on rising, will not only strengthen the diaphragm and lungs but will also take off a pound a week.

Exercise should be regarded as tribute to the heart. This marvelous organ — which is a tough bundle of muscles — thrives on a good workout, and no person free of

organic heart trouble need fear that exercise will strain it. More hearts have failed from flabby degeneration than from overexercise. If you're in doubt about the advisability of exercising regularly, see your family doctor and have him check you over.

Yesterday the paunch, the stoop, and the glazy eye didn't matter so much. But these pitiful signs of flabbiness and decay do not fit into the picture of a nation grappling with mortal enemies. To be in poor physical shape in our present crisis is unforgivable.

You can buy substitutes for exercise in any drugstore — headache powders, antacids, laxatives, pick-me-ups — which promise to confer priceless blessings. But you need never buy them again. You

will not need the false stimulation of benzedrine or the painkilling effects of aspirin; you can shake off your dependence on habit-forming laxatives and overcome the acid torments of heartburn if you spend 15 minutes every day in exercise.

Today exercise is needed not only by soldiers and sailors who are fitting themselves for combat. It is a voluntary effort that all civilized men and women should make toward physical perfection — a quickening, cleansing discipline that does for the body what prayer does for the spirit. Stimulated by it, our life-flame burns with a clearer ray; nothing seems hopeless or impossible, and we are charged with the joy of being wholly alive.



How Do You Pronounce It?

THE italicized words in the following paragraph are commonly (and often quite elegantly) mispronounced. You'll be doing much better than average if you pronounce half of them correctly:

The old man with the *flaccid* face and *dour* expression *grimaced* when asked if he were *conversant* with *zoology*, *mineralogy* or the *culinary* art.

"Not to be *secretive*," he said, "I may tell you that I've given *precedence* to the study of *genealogy*. Since my father's *demise* it has been my *vagary* to remain *incognito* because of an *inexplicable*, *lamentable* and *irreparable* family *schism*. It resulted from a *heinous* crime committed at our *domicile* by an *impious* scoundrel. To *err* is human, but this affair was so *grievous* that only my *inherent* *acumen* and *consummate* tact saved me."

(For correct pronunciations, turn to page 90)

Architect of the Colossal

Condensed from Who Magazine

Marc A. Rose

AT WILLOW RUN, Michigan, 20 miles from Detroit, the random trees of a pleasant farm have given way to a forest of steel columns set in rows two thirds of a mile long. All 62 acres have been put under one roof. Inside, there is not a single partition. It is the largest building ever erected all at once; its few rivals in size have grown by accretions. Presently army bombers will roll from its great door — 150 feet wide — directly onto its mile-square flying field.

This \$47,000,000 Ford bomber plant was designed by Albert Kahn, architectural specialist in the gargantuan. In his lifetime he has been architect of two billion dollars' worth of structures on six continents. At 72 he is busier than ever before, speeding up the housing of our defense industries. His staff of 500 crowds five floors of a Detroit building; he has 100 men in the field supervising construction. Kahn has already designed 50 huge defense plants. The Chrysler tank factory, the Hudson Motor's naval ordnance plant, the Wright airplane motor plant near Cincinnati (all 16 major league baseball teams could play in it simultaneously) are typical.

Albert Kahn, the genius of design behind many of our giant new defense plants.

Albert Kahn has revolutionized industrial architecture. His factories are handsome — well proportioned, with clean, simple lines, bold patterns. They are light, well ventilated, not only efficient but pleasant and healthful. The trend he started has swept America. Millions of workmen thus owe him thanks, though few of them realize what dingy firetraps factories were 40 years ago, before Kahn began letting sunlight into them.

This reform was deliberately achieved. "I have always contended and we have proved that it costs no more to plan for the welfare of the men and make the plant bright, comfortable and good-looking as well as efficient," he says.

Kahn arrived in Detroit from Luxembourg in 1879, oldest of six children of a dreamy, impractical rabbi. Failing to get a synagogue, his father peddled fruit. His mother ran a lunch counter near the Michigan Central station. Albert helped them both (there was no more school for him) and besides got a

job in an architect's office. But he was soon fired — out of kindness, his boss said, explaining that he had no aptitude for the work. Besides, he smelled strongly of the stable, from currying papa Kahn's horse.

Shortly thereafter, the boy had a stroke of good fortune. Julius Melchers, father of Gari Melchers, famous American artist, offered to give him drawing lessons on Sundays. He did so well that Melchers got him a job with another architect. Here he stayed several years, sometimes eking out family earnings by working nights as a waiter.

During that time Albert Kahn had his first success. When he was 21, he won the *American Architect* scholarship — \$500 for study abroad. He was bewildered in Europe, didn't know what to study, until he met by chance and traveled for three months with Henry Bacon, Jr., the cultivated young architect who was later to design the Lincoln Memorial in Washington. Kahn speaks of that trip as his real education in architecture.

Back in the United States, he was glad to get commissions to remodel small houses. His engineer brothers joined him. Louis is still general manager of the firm. Moritz died a few years ago. Felix is one of the famous "Six Companies" group which built Boulder Dam. The firm's first important job came in 1903: the University of Michigan's \$150,000 engineering building. That year Albert also built an apart-

ment house of reinforced concrete, a daring departure at the time. Although such construction had made a start in Europe, methods were still clumsy and expensive. Americans had experimented with it; sometimes their buildings collapsed. Kahn's apartment proved sturdy and his courage had momentous results.

About this time his brother Julius, whom he had helped become an engineer, returned from a job in Japan. He asked Albert how he had calculated the strength of his reinforced concrete. "By guess," said Albert frankly. "There are no scientific data." Julius went to work on the problem, designed a type of reinforcement in which the strength of steel-concrete columns and beams could be calculated precisely.

An alert general of the Army Engineers was enthusiastic over published reports on Julius's experiments. Would the Kahns supply their type of reinforcement for the new War College buildings? They had no real experience; no one was making the kind of steel they would need. But they said yes, and did it.

By now the automobile industry was transforming Detroit. Early plants were built of masonry, with wooden beams and flooring. Fires caused heavy losses. Moreover, new methods of manufacturing called for ever-greater areas of unobstructed floor space, greater cleanliness, better light.

Reinforced concrete seemed the answer. Albert Kahn tried to get the job of designing a new Pierce-Arrow plant in Buffalo. He lost to a firm which used the traditional piers and masonry. The old plant burned one night, before plans were ready for the new. Next morning Pierce-Arrow sent for Kahn.

He became the country's outstanding authority on concrete construction, creating such a demand for the special bars needed that Julius organized his own steel fabricating company — Truscon. Albert pioneered the use of metal sash, and began putting acres of windows into factories designed for an ever-widening circle of clients, including nearly all the automobile manufacturers. He has designed 1000 buildings for Ford alone, including the gigantic River Rouge plant.

Kahn's latest ideal, floor space entirely unbroken by columns, reaches its climax in his addition to the Glenn Martin airplane plant, 300 feet wide, 700 feet long, with five acres of absolutely clear floor. The roof is supported by the longest flat spans in the world. It's not too wide a floor; already there are bombers with 212 feet of wing-spread.

One reason Kahn is the industrialists' favorite architect is that "they always want the new plant finished by yesterday," as he says. Kahn comes close to giving it to them. The Glenn Martin building,

for instance, was completed in 77 days from the moment Martin first telephoned Kahn that he wanted to build.

In 1939 you could get labor, steel, any materials you needed. Now it's different. I asked Kahn what was most remarkable about the stupendous Ford bomber plant. I thought he might talk of the ingenious arrangements for handling traffic; in the ten-minute shift changeover period there will be 20,000 cars crisscrossing, 40,000 men entering and leaving the building. Kahn has laid out the plant so that men get to the spot where they work much as you enter a football stadium at a point near your seat, traveling along basement corridors or elevated ramps, instead of streaming into the plant hit or miss.

But what Kahn said was, "I take most pride in the fact that this biggest of all buildings has been constructed out of materials on hand, so to speak. We found out what we could get at once, from the steel mills, and we designed the building around that. Nothing had to be specially manufactured. America wants bombers in a hurry, and that was our contribution. I never did anything that took more ingenuity!"

Albert Kahn looks back on his Russian experience as the weirdest of his life. In 1928 he was asked to design the Stalingrad tractor plant. The next year the U.S.S.R. handed him the most stupendous commis-

sion any architect ever undertook. He was to design all the 512 factories of the first Five Year Plan. Albert and his brother Moritz set up shop in Moscow and recruited 1500 Russian assistants. They made no progress for a year. The Russians would take no orders. Sometimes "please" moved them, and sometimes it didn't. They had a maddening habit of responding "Why?" to simple instructions, and wouldn't budge until answered. Vigorous protests in high quarters eventually got better discipline.

But the task was a kind of Alice-in-Wonderland fantasy. Kahn men had been trained to design economically and save labor. In Russia the idea was to use as much labor as possible. There had to be work for everybody; no job, no food card. When the plans called for timber, logs were sent, to be sawn by hand on the site of the building. Even simple tools were scarce; men drove nails with stones. But there was such a lavish supply of manpower that results were achieved — albeit uneconomically.

At 72, Kahn looks 60. He is serene ("I work fast, but I never hurry"), good-humored, companionable. He is passionately fond of music. As a child he aspired to be a pianist but poverty balked him. He still gravely draws \$40 a week salary and gives \$35 of it to his wife, as he did when he started. Twenty-five of Kahn's associates, who have been with him over 20 years, share

in profits and will take over the business at his retirement.

The General Motors Office Building in Detroit is his special pride. It is one of the most beautiful buildings in America, 20-odd years old but as modern as the newest. He's also proud of the problems solved in the press shop at River Rouge, where second floors carry 500-ton presses. Another of his favorites is Edsel Ford's residence, a stone house in the English Cotswold style.

Kahn sums up his philosophy about his craft thus: "Architecture is the *art* of building — adding to the mere structural elements distinction and beauty." He pokes fun at those who put columns and pediments on banks and breweries. "More buildings suffer from too much ornament than too little. The mere clothing of the skeleton of an airplane makes a thing of beauty. So with buildings."

Kahn's designs have strongly affected the Modernists, with the large M, but he isn't wholly in sympathy with them. He argues for fitness. "A hospital shouldn't look like a hotel, or a home like a laboratory."

He is the apostle of sunlight, doesn't think much of the windowless factories. The government demands that new defense plants have blackout facilities. "Nonsense," says Kahn. "Bombers drop flares. You can't hide a 60-acre plant." But he dutifully designed

galvanized iron window coverings, easily installed, easily removed. Most of his new plants have bomb-proof basements, which also provide space for locker rooms, cafeterias and rest rooms.

And what, I asked, is to become of all these factories when the war is over?

"Unless the world arrives at a perfection I do not expect, we shall continue to build planes and guns and tanks in some of them," he replied soberly. "But if we have the sense I do think we have, the rest will not be any too big to provide room for making the goods our people can use."



China Can Do!

WHEN I was a bride in China, my husband casually suggested to the guests at a tea dance that everybody come home with us for dinner, and some ten persons accepted. I smiled politely, all the while nervously remembering only eggs and cold chicken in the icebox, but John merely told a serving boy, "Telephone homeside, talkee cook ten piece man come dinner."

As I entered our home, our boy privately reassured me, "Can do, Missie." By the time I reached the drawing room, our Chinese servants, in long white coats, were already serving tempting canapés. Then we entered the dining room, everyone completely at ease except the hostess. The table was lovely. Candles gleamed over cut glass, silver, flowers. I tried not to stare—I had never seen the flowers before, nor the elaborate silver container which held them. In a daze I watched the boys serve a delicious dinner: mushroom

soup, crab Louis, roast capon, rum ice. Everything was perfect. I wanted to rush into the kitchen and embrace Ah Kun, our cook. All evening long as we played bridge I kept wondering: How did he do it?

Ah Kun, when he received notice of the impromptu dinner, had phoned the cooks of two or three of our guests and "borrowed" their dinners. From one home he acquired the capon, from another the ice, and so on. Ah Kun would never let the "master" down, nor would he himself lose face.

When dining with friends the following Saturday I was amazed to see the table set with my own wedding silver. I saw the hostess give a slight start as she picked up her fork, and then carry on calmly. Her houseboy had decided that my new silver was "more nice" than "he missie's," and so he had borrowed mine.

—Edna Lee Booker, *News Is My Job* (Macmillan)

The Fleet and Brother Joseph

By

Alexander Woollcott

THIS IS the story of naval action by certain American battle-ships in the waters of the Pacific just off the Hawaiian Islands — a fleet action involving the American flag and directed by the Commander in Chief of our armed forces. The month was July, the year 1908.

The story begins years before that — begins, let us say, on a certain Sunday more than half a century ago in a church at Molokai. That is the gray, lofty and most desolate Hawaiian island, long ago set aside as a place where lepers might hastily and conveniently be hidden from the sight of healthy men. The church was one built for Father Damien, a laughing and violent peasant from Belgium — a crude little wooden church built for this priest of theirs by parishioners who had fashioned the homely tabernacle with their own rotting hands. On this Sunday came the first tidings of Damien's now historic martyrdom, for then it was that he changed the familiar beginning of his sermon. This time he did not start, as so often before, with the salutation "My brethren." Instead the first words that morning were "We lepers."

One day in 1887, when Damien's malady had so advanced that he could no longer walk and was able to move about his strange parish at all only by trundling himself in a home-made tricycle, he went down to watch the arrival of the periodic steamer from Honolulu, which usually lingered only long enough to toss the mailbags over the side before hurrying on her way. But this time she was landing a passenger, a lean fellow clad in blue denim and bearded like a prophet. This stranger toted enough luggage to give Damien the wild notion that he had come to stay. He had. He stayed 44 years. It was he who nursed Damien in his last illness, buried him there on the island, administered his estate and, until his own death in 1931, carried on the work which the flaming little Belgian had so nobly begun. Back in Vermont, where he was born the son of the village school-marm by Ezra Dutton, the shoe-cobbler, he had been christened Ira but at Molokai they knew him as Brother Joseph.

About the uneasy years before this man Dutton sailed for Molokai we have much scattered informa-

tion, but the crucial periods are blank. We know that after his service in the Union forces and after the wreck of his disastrous marriage he took his troubled heart to the Church of Rome. We know that even after months of meditation in the Trappist monastery at Gethsemane in Kentucky he had found no peace. Then, when he was adrift in New Orleans, he came one day, through what we have the effrontery to call chance, upon a magazine article about Father Damien. A few months later he was in San Francisco, booking steerage-passage for Honolulu.

Brother Joseph never saw his native land again, never would consider even a visit to it. But there was no day in those 44 years when he was not homesick. The vast litter of letters and diaries left behind him bear witness to his love of his country, and the leper boys who learned about America from Brother Joseph were taught to think of it as an earthly paradise. He set up a flagpole on the Molokai shore at a point so high that the flag snapping in the breeze could be seen from far out at sea, and the old-timers there will tell you that no one else was ever allowed to run it up in the morning or take it in at sundown. They say that in that moment when the red and white folds fell tumbling to his shoulder, he would let them rest there just for the space that a breath is held. It was as if the flag caressed him.

Then in 1908 there came in letters from the States and in the new packets from Honolulu word that our fleet was going around the world. Brother Joseph was beside himself with excitement. Each day, when he ran up the flag in the morning and took it down at night, he used to point out to sea and tell the leper boys that maybe the ships would come near enough for them all to see them. Now someone happened to mention this unworded prayer in a letter to the White House in Washington. When Theodore Roosevelt read that letter his heart skipped a beat for *he* knew the fleet was not scheduled to pass by Molokai at all. There was no time to lose. In another moment he had the Navy Department on the telephone and in an hour the cable was catching the admiral in Honolulu with a change in sailing orders.

Thus it befell that there came a day on Molokai when Brother Joseph — he was getting on now and his beard was snow-white but his back was as straight as ever — a day when Brother Joseph stood on the promontory with the leper boys around him and his heart overflowing as they watched the long file of battleships go by. It is good to remember that to his gay bit of bunting, so bright in the afternoon sunlight — was ever a flag dearer or more honored? — each gray ship as she went by dipped her own colors in salute.

In secrecy, Russia has created a vast new industrial region — a potent reserve for her war machine, greater than anyone imagined

Stalin's Ural Stronghold

Condensed from Barron's

John Scott

THIS PICTURE of Ural industries is obviously based on firsthand observation. From personal knowledge I can verify many of the facts. It gives an excellent idea of the titanic achievement of the Russian people, their early leaders who conceived the project, and Stalin who ruthlessly carried it out.

I am familiar with the area. I visited its plants in line of duty. As head of a purchasing mission I bought the machinery for Magnitogorsk and other plants Scott names.

It is important to know that Russia has great industrial strength that has not been touched by the invader. But the Ural industries are dependent in some degree upon interchange of raw and semifinished materials with the older industrial regions. The Germans have interrupted that system. The damage they have done should not be minimized. To keep fighting, Russia will need American supplies, not only of military armament but industrial products. Lease-lend must go on. — Alexandre Barmine, former Brigadier General, Red Army; head of the Soviet machinery importing mission, Paris, 1930-33; head of the armament export syndicate, 1933-35. Fled from his post as chargé d'affaires in Athens in 1936 to escape Stalin's purge.

AMONG the best-guarded secrets of a secretive nation has been the industrial strength Russia has created in the Ural re-

JOHN SCOTT, on emerging from the University of Wisconsin in 1930, intended "to see the world." To visit Russia was only part of this plan. He got a job as welder in the Magnitogorsk plant in 1932, later was rated as an engineer. He married a Russian girl. Then he couldn't leave, for the U.S.S.R. refuses to permit its nationals to cross its borders. The Scotts went to Moscow, where he corresponded for British publications, meanwhile carrying on a running battle with the authorities for permission to take his wife and two children to America. In June 1941 he was expelled for writing some remarks the regime did not like — and with the help of the American Ambassador got permission to bring his family with him.

gion, 800 miles east of the battle lines. Now, with the industrial regions of Leningrad, Moscow and the Donets Basin partly occupied by the invader or damaged by bombs, the Soviets' ability to fight on is dependent upon supplies from the industrial stronghold created in the past 15 years for just this emergency.

The press has talked of this Ural development almost as if it were wishful rumor. It is not. I spent five years working in one of the largest plants there and visited many others. It is one of the great industrial regions of the world. Its creation was an almost incredible feat; 200 industrial plants, many

staggering in size, were constructed between 1930 and 1940. Since the outbreak of the European war in 1939, the moving of plants to the Urals — and even farther east — has been going on. I saw some of this; I heard about more. Russia's ability to produce war materials has suffered. But she still is strong.

The Ural region, roughly 500 miles square and almost in the center of the largest country in the world, has iron, coal, copper, bauxite, lead, manganese, potash, magnesium, zinc, petroleum, rich forests and hundreds of thousands of acres of arable land. Until 1930 these fabulous riches were undeveloped, and 90 percent of Russia's industrial output came from centers near the European frontier.

The planners of the regime knew this was dangerous and resolved to build an industrial empire beyond reach of enemies. Stalin pushed the program through — brutally, but he did it. What it cost may be told in two ways: statistically and in terms of blood, sweat and starvation. Statistically, Russia put 56 percent of the national income into industrialization, to take the single year 1932 as an example. When the United States was in a comparable industrializing stage — when we were building railroads and blast furnaces in 1860-70 — our expenditure on industrial construction never was greater than 12 percent of national income.

In 1929, Magnitogorsk did not exist. On its site was a village of seminomadic herders. From the foot of a high mountain range, the barren steppes rolled away to the horizon. The mountains are solid iron ore — hence the name Magnetic Mountain. For 200 years a little iron has been mined in summer, hauled 70 miles on sledges in winter to a little charcoal furnace at Beloretsk. There were not even trees for fuel any nearer.

Soviet engineers planned to unite this incredible iron deposit with the equally inexhaustible coal fields of Kuzbas, 2000 miles away. It would be the largest coal-iron combination in the world. It would be out of reach of any enemy. The costs would be enormous but it seemed worth it.

Construction began in 1929. Thousands of workers arrived. Some came as enthusiastic volunteers, some wanted the high wages, and some came escorted by troops — convicts, both political and criminal. A railroad was built; the Ural River was dammed for water supply. At extortionate cost, industrial equipment was brought in from Europe and America. The great furnaces began to rise.

For two winters a large proportion of the workers lived in tents. The temperature ranged down to 50° below zero. Hundreds froze to death. Steel and equipment came through, but food, clothing and similar supplies were often forgot-



ten or delayed. Thousands of gaunt workers toiled at the construction of blast furnaces, coke ovens, and railroad beds with only black bread and potatoes or cabbage to eat. They died of typhus in winter, malaria in summer. But the work went on.

When I arrived in 1932, Magni-

togorsk was a swarming city of 250,000. That year the plant produced its first pig iron — but I saw no butter for 12 months, meat was seldom to be had, and bread was severely rationed.

Gradually living conditions improved, and as Russian workmen learned their jobs the plant's effi-

ciency increased. Today it is one of the largest steel plants in the world, producing over 6000 tons of steel a day, and processing much of it into structural shapes. There are, of course, important quantities of chemical by-products. The plant has been surrounded with factories which use steel, including at least one munitions plant transferred within the year from Moscow.

The original project has been improved in one vital particular. Instead of bringing coal all the way from Kuzbas, 85 percent of it now comes from newly developed mines at Karaganda, only 600 miles away. The remaining 15 percent has to be Kuzbas and local Ural coals to make proper coking mixtures. The coal cars from Kuzbas, however, do not go back empty; they haul iron ore to smelters there.

Magnitogorsk is estimated to have cost the equivalent of two billion prewar rubles, a rather meaningless statement considering the Russian economic system. But one third of this, say \$300,000,000, paid for equipment bought abroad was not meaningless; that bill had to be met by selling abroad enormous quantities of things the Russian people themselves had to go without — wheat, butter, lumber and other goods. Those who grumbled were shot. The job had to be done, and this was Stalin's grim way of doing it.

During my five years in the Urals I was able to visit other plants al-

most as impressive as Magnitogorsk. I saw the great caterpillar tractor plant in Chelyabinsk, equipped with the best German, English and American machines. The foundry where cylinder blocks are cast automatically is one of the most beautiful pieces of mechanization I ever saw. A few miles away is another immense "aggregate," Stankostroy, ostensibly a machine-tool manufacturing plant. Actually both are tank factories.

Twice I visited the enormous machine works at Sverdlovsk, formerly Ekaterinburg. Machine Shop No. 2, a quarter of a mile long, was filled with the finest lathes and planers that America produced. At first the plant made rolling mill machinery and some artillery. Later it turned to making submarines which were shipped to the Pacific, the Baltic and the Black Sea. Sverdlovsk had also a large electrical equipment plant, a number of small munitions factories, and extensive railroad shops.

This only begins the inventory of the Ural industries. At Usolye an old salt mine now supplies raw materials for the manufacture of various chemical products. Nearby is Berezniki, an enormous center for the production of fertilizers and explosives. Just north are the rich potash deposits of Solikamsk, turning out 2,000,000 tons a year of this war essential, and as a by-product extracting magnesium for airplane engines and incendiary bombs.

High-grade steels are made at Chusovaya. East of that is Krasnouralsk, with its copper smelters. Zinc is produced at Chelyabinsk; Alapaevsk has unlimited asbestos and a plant for processing it; some nickel is produced at Kabilovo and Ufa. Kaminsk has some bauxite and reduces it to aluminum — though most of Russia's aluminum has been supplied from invaded areas.

In the Urals also is a new oil field, believed to be the largest in the world. The oil is cracked and refined at Ufa where a high-octane gasoline plant was built in 1940. American engineers who built it told me they thought it would produce nearly its rated 500,000 tons of aviation gasoline the first year of operation. At Saratov on the Volga is another aviation gasoline refinery, supposedly completed in 1941, but its capacity is not known.

Ufa also has one of the largest Diesel motor plants in the Soviet Union, an impressive sight from the train.

Power and transportation have been chronic bottlenecks in Russian production. The Urals now have seven power plants rated at four billion kilowatts, all linked in a network so that if one shuts down the others will take over. As to railroads, much has been done. Thanks to three new trunk lines, freight moves in this region at a speed well above the average for Russia.

In the vital matter of airplane production, Russia has suffered but

there is more left than outside observers guess. At Perm is one of the largest airplane engine factories; it is a thousand miles from the front. No foreigner has been allowed in the district for years, and workers there are discouraged from traveling — they might talk. There are airplane plants at Voronezh, Gorki, Kazan, Tomsk, Irkutsk, Khabarovsk and Komsomolsk — from 200 to 3000 miles east of the fighting lines. And I have reason to believe that some of the aviation plants in the war zone were evacuated successfully. Plans to evacuate were made almost a year ago, and one could see trainloads of machinery moving east on the railroads.

I know of 20 Russian aviation factories. But I feel sure there are many more large factories deep in Siberia of which no hint has been allowed to escape. I came out by the Trans-Siberian railroad; at various points I saw great new factories surrounded by industrial towns. What they are, nobody would say.

Russia, it is true, has suffered serious loss of industrial capacity in the west, but the eastern industries are stronger than the outside world knew. She can still fight a mechanized war.

The fatal blow would be the loss of the oil fields in the south. New fields in the Urals are believed to be larger, but they are far from adequate development. Nine tenths of Russia's oil comes from regions that

were directly threatened when Hitler's armies reached Rostov. It is the Caucasus which Russia must hold at all costs, for Russia is more dependent upon oil than any other nation, even the United States. Not only does she need gasoline for tanks and airplanes; without gasoline she cannot even eat, for her agriculture is completely mechanized. Russia could not now go back to the old farm system if she wanted to; the peasants who resisted collectivization killed off the

horses. It is doubtful if food reserves in the hands of the government could feed the country more than a few months.

The new Ural oil field and those east of the Caspian could keep Soviet industries lubricated — a most important point — but loss of the Caucasus fields would be disastrous. Planes, tanks and tractors would stall in six months. Unless there were enormous help from Britain and the United States, the Russian economy would collapse.



They Make Their Classes Interesting

IN AN unforgettable lesson, Gerald B. Klein, a teacher in Tulsa, Oklahoma, impressed on students the questionable value of hearsay testimony. One day he took a student aside and read to him this statement:

Shortly before sunrise on a cold drizzly morning late in January 1889, three pistol shots rang out in the hunting lodge of Rudolph, Crown Prince of Austria-Hungary. Friends of Rudolph, smashing their way into the room, found chairs upset, wine bottles on the floor, a woman's clothes neatly piled on a bench in front of the huge fireplace. On the bed, fully dressed even to his riding boots, lay Rudolph, the top of his head blown off. Beside him was the nude body of a woman, her face covered with her beautiful brown hair.

The teacher told the student to repeat to his neighbor what he had heard. So, round the class, from ear to ear, the story went. Then Klein told the 24th and last student to write the incident

on the blackboard. He wrote: "Four men and four women went into a cabin one night and when they came out they forgot why they had gone in."

ENGLISH composition is a desperate chore to many pupils. What to write about? How to get started? A teacher at the Santa Paula Union High School in California got action. Suddenly the classroom door flew open and a young man burst into the room. The teacher, an attractive young blonde, jumped to her feet. "Jenny!" the young man cried. "Jenny, darling!" He clasped the teacher in his arms.

"Paul!" cried Jenny.

Paul kissed Jenny; together they ran out of the room. The class sat dumb with amazement. Then the door opened and the teacher came back into the room. "That was the end of the story," she smiled. "Now write the beginning and the middle."

Fifteen Babies Aren't Enough

Condensed from *The American Magazine*

Winifred Kennedy Klosterman

IN 30 years of happy married life I have borne 16 children, none of them twins, and I haven't a gray hair in my head. Fifteen are living — as charming and as brilliant boys and girls as you could find. Every one is in perfect physical condition; there isn't a problem child among them. My nine girls and six boys are popular, they earn athletic and scholastic honors, the older ones have good jobs, four are happily married. All are regular churchgoers; only the oldest boy smokes; not one of them drinks.

This year when Tommy, the youngest, kissed me and skipped excitedly off to school for the first time, I stood at the window and cried. I was married when I was 18, and for 29 years there had always been a baby in the house. Now my last baby had grown up, and I was alone. The house, and my life, seemed terribly empty. I would have given anything — even my choicest possession, the new refrigerator the children bought me — if I could have had just one more baby.

I won't pretend that I have been content with my lot every minute of my married life. There have been

days when I was tired and discouraged, when the wolf had his eye on our door, when I doubted that children are as much of a blessing as the poets say. I remember when I told the doctor I was going to have my 14th baby. It was 1931; times were hard. The doctor tried to cheer me up. He beamed, "You know, Mrs. Klosterman, the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world!"

I set my lips and said, "Well, I'd just as soon you'd rule it a while. I'm tired."

Low in spirit, I walked home to get supper. I found the house filled with flowers the children had picked. Two of the girls were cooking supper. Hanging on the back line was the washing I'd expected to do the next morning. The older children had guessed my news, and they came running to kiss me and tell me to rest. I stretched out my arms and gathered in as many as I could. There were tears of joy on my face. I was heartily ashamed for doubting I wanted them all.

My husband and I grew up on farms near Le Mars, Iowa. He was a successful young farmer, one of 12 children. We wanted a large

family. Birth control was unthinkable, not only because we believed it to be wicked and unhealthful, but particularly because we love children. However, if some prophet had told me I would bear 16 children I would probably have decided to be an old maid. Few brides, I believe, have a deep, abiding love for children. Mother love increases by geometrical progression as the babies come. I wouldn't presume to urge other women to have large families, but we've found that if you have only two you can happily provide for three. When you have nine the tenth is easy.

And I do say to healthy women who are childless because they fear childbirth, forget it! It's like being afraid to dive into cold water. After the shock is over it's wonderful. Many a time I got supper for the family, did the dishes, put the children to bed, and had a new baby the next morning. Twice when the roads were deep with mud or snow the babies arrived before the doctor.

The more babies I had, the healthier I became. Except for an appendicitis operation and a spell of influenza, I have never been ill. Even now housework never tires me. Once a week my husband and I drive to a dance hall and waltz and fox-trot all evening. It sounds foolish, but it makes us feel young again.

We lived on farms for 18 years after

we were married. We worked hard; we were, by most people's standards, poor, but we were healthy, well fed, and until the depression came had hardly a care. Sometimes we went into town to the movies, but most evenings we gathered around the piano; I played and we all sang. If some of the children had quarreled during the day, if my husband and I had disagreed, singing would always clear the atmosphere.

When the depression came it was impossible to make a living on the farm, so we moved into Le Mars, where my husband sold insurance and took odd jobs. Kenneth worked in a store, Marian and Adeline did housework. Sometimes we got pretty close to the bottom of the barrel.

One day on her way home from school, Ruth, who was six, was struck by a car. The doctors said it was concussion, that there was nothing to do but wait. She might live, she might die. She was still unconscious in the morning when Mr. Klosterman wearily rose from her bedside and said, "I have a pain in my side." The doctor rushed him to the hospital for an appendicitis operation. And in a few months I was to have another baby!

Although the oldest of them was only 17, Kenneth, Marian and Adeline came to my rescue like the United States Cavalry in the movies. They took charge of Ruth, who had recovered consciousness,

and of the other seven children and cooked supper while I hurried to the hospital.

I had no money. My husband's pocketbook was empty. A check for \$80 he had expected had not arrived.

"Borrow at the bank," Kenneth suggested.

The next morning I faced the president, carrying in a tiny bundle the few jewels and watches we owned. I had never borrowed money. I was shaking.

"How much do you want?" he asked.

We needed food. I decided to be bold and ask for plenty.

"Could you let me have ten dollars?"

He smiled and made the loan without security.

We pulled through those depression years better than most families — not in spite of our children but because of them. Even the little boys helped by selling papers and magazines. When times began to improve, Kenneth went to California and found a good job with a dry-cleaning company. He sent for Marian and Adeline to work in the same place, and soon we all moved to Compton, California.

Now we are 17 Klostermans again — really 21, for Kenneth, Marian, Josephine and Addie are

married. We have as yet no grandchildren, but we have hopes. We usually gather on Sunday, have big times at Christmas, and celebrate every birthday. I figured the other day that I have made 247 birthday cakes. When we are all together for a big dinner it takes two turkeys, one ham, six pies, one or two cakes, and five quarts of ice cream. I do all the marketing, buy apples and oranges by the crate, potatoes in 100-pound sacks, and stock up at grocery sales.

One insurmountable problem has always been the bathroom! With one bathroom and a separate wash-room we operate on a schedule as precise as that of a radio station. In some moments when I am wanting one more baby I might settle for one more bathroom.

With 17 in the family, nobody tries to be boss, no one could be. The children are glad they are part of a large family. They have more fun, none is ever lonely, none timid, none is a bully. They have trained one another. If I have taught them anything it has been to give and take, to be gentle and kind.

But when I try to think of the things I have done for my children I find myself thinking only of what they have done for me. I wish I had a dozen more like them — well, anyway, *one* more.



A Letter to the People of Japan: —

THE LEADERS of your military machine have thrown you against us in a war which will be the most devastating conflict of history. It is not a war of your making; from the years I have lived among you I know that *you, the people of Japan*, did not want this war. Many of you, it was reported, wept in the streets when you heard of it.

For you know what war is. You have borne four years of short rations and long hours, and clothing that dissolves in the rain. Your sons have gone away and only the ominous white boxes containing their ashes have returned to you. But because you have not known how to override the military clique that controls you, the worst of your suffering is ahead.

Since war abridges those human rights which we Americans cherish, our free people will do anything to avoid war — *and anything, once we are involved, to win*. We have

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Condensed from
The Kiwanis Magazine

Bradford Smith

something to fight for; you have nothing. We have the liberties we have fought four times to gain or to extend; you have only another attempt at conquest pressing you into still greater misery.

We Americans would have been less amazed by the treachery at Pearl Harbor had we understood your nation and its history better. Your militarists opened the Sino-Japanese war by sinking a troop ship without warning; they began the Russo-Japanese war by firing treacherously upon the fleet at Port Arthur.

For centuries you, the people of Japan, have had to endure a military dictatorship. In the feudal period from 1185 to 1868, you had to support with your labor the private armies of the samurai. To support them the farmers starved. What we call fascism is no new thing to you. You were brought up to believe in the supremacy of the state over the individual. And whenever you imported a democratic notion from abroad, your rulers perverted it to fascist ends.

More than a thousand years ago

they made a pretense of adopting the democratic Chinese system of examination by which the poorest boy might through merit become a high official. Then they barred all but influential clan members from the schools in which one could prepare for the examinations.

After your long seclusion was brought to an end by Commodore Perry, you seemed for a time to be headed for modern democratic government. But again the old pressures worked. Liberals who urged the formation of a representative government were forbidden freedom of the press. In 1884 the liberal political party was suppressed. When the new constitution was promulgated in 1889 it gave your army and navy a power almost independent of the civil authority. The attacks on Korea, on China and on Russia followed, without warning.

But you kept struggling for a liberal form of government. You almost won it in the '20's, when rising trade and prosperity left your army little excuse for action. But the world depression brought them another opportunity. They assassinated the liberal premier, Hamaguchi; then, against the desire of the civil government, they invaded Manchuria. When conquest failed to relieve the troubles at home they resorted to terrorism to silence every opposing voice. Inouye, a former finance minister; Baron Dan, important head of the

Mitsui banking and industrial interests; and Premier Inukai were murdered in 1932.

You as a people repudiated the gangsters who claimed to represent you, when in 1936 a general election showed overwhelmingly the popularity of the liberals. So the fascist overlords decided to act again. I remember well that day in February when we heard that in downtown Tokyo the murderers were at work. Militarists assassinated the finance minister, Takahashi, and Admiral Saito, a former premier. They planned also to kill the Premier, and Prince Saionji, and a long list of Japan's greatest men. For three days they occupied the new Diet building. They had in the end to give themselves up, but their sentences were light.

Again in 1937 you, the people, repudiated militarism. Out of 466 members of the Diet you elected less than 50 supporters of the fascist clique. But now the ingenuity of your constitution became clear. The Diet's power could amount to nothing so long as a determined army clique, with direct access to the Emperor, could overrule it. And the army's imperialistic answer to you that time was the war with China which, forced upon the people, put an end to all pretense of parliamentary government.

Is it true that a people deserve the government they get? Do you deserve yours, which has blackened your name as a nation before the

world? What has been lacking in you that would have overthrown your unwanted military masters? Not liberal sympathies, for you have shown these repeatedly at the polls and in private conversation.

I remember many of you, from gardener to professor to nobleman, who spoke against the regime which had you in its clutches, and by whom a war with America was regarded as the worst conceivable catastrophe. I remember your kindness as individuals; your courtesy, your honesty, your love of little children.

I know that many among you are ashamed of the bestial, unprovoked attacks made on other peoples by your self-appointed masters. You are a people whose life is built around the family and who ask for little — a house the size of a Western living room, a table, a roll of bedding. I have seen how out of that little you make living an art, your simplest acts based on a code of courtesy that lends dignity to daily life. How can you — who are as individuals so civilized — act *as a nation* with such perfidy and brutality?

Perhaps one reason is that your military rulers have taught you from childhood to believe in the divinity of your Emperor. By pretending to fight in his name and by keeping him virtually a prisoner to its wishes, the army has led you to think its mission has his sanction. Thus you have been too confused

and too fearful to revolt. And now we in America too must suffer from the depredations of the overlords you could not control.

It is our tragedy that during your ten years of aggression we in this country tried to believe that peace was more important than liberty, and that encroachments on the other side of the world could never touch us. But now we recognize the magnitude of our task, which is nothing less than the saving of our civilization itself; we realize that the liberties so precious to us — liberties which you have never known — may be lost by us also if your militarists are not defeated.

The surest reason why we *shall* defeat them is that we, *as a people*, have united to accept the challenge of this war. For us it is no war of a military clique. We enter it with the knowledge that we have done our best to avoid it, and with the desperate conviction that all we value most depends upon our winning it. But you, the people of Japan — you who by a large majority have voted against your military machine — must come to know that victory would only perpetuate your enslavement. And those of you who want to see your country really free for the first time in its history must realize that you have more to fear from your overlords than from us. For in their defeat and our victory lies the only hope of final freedom for you.

What Makes Welders So Wild?

By

William Hard

WELDERS on the Pacific Coast were our first labor outfit to try to pull a big strike after we went to war. They thus became a sort of tops in the labor problem of the United States. They had already created plenty of tumult all over the country. They kept trying to organize themselves into unions which the American Federation of Labor refused to recognize. They dramatize a modern phase of a very old labor trouble.

We are going to have unions, and we ought to have them in order to move toward a democracy that will be economic as well as political. But there is never any new advance without the development of new difficulties. The very first difficulty arises as soon as unions exist, the problem of "jurisdiction": What work belongs to what union?

An employer has two unions in his plant. He gives a certain type of work to one. The other says: "It belongs to us" — and calls a strike. There were thousands of interruptions of work before two unions agreed that all work on metal under "16 gauge" should belong to the Sheet Metal Workers Union, and work on heavier metal to the Boilermakers.

The welders present a new slice of the "jurisdictional" problem. Welders deal with metals. Their

The jurisdictional problem, one of the worst headaches in labor relations, and some suggestions for solution.

leaders think there should be a welders union as part of the American Federation of Labor. But the existing unions already have laid out their various "jurisdictions" so that they cover all the metal work there is or can be. So the AFI, national convention says to the welders:

"No new union for you. You join one of the unions already existing. You are not a 'craft' on your own. All that you have is a new tool — your torch. A tool is not a craft; a tool, such as a hammer or a saw, can be used by many crafts. When you use your torch on work that belongs to the Boilermakers Union, you are a boilermaker. When you use it on work that belongs to the Sheet Metal Workers, you are a sheet metal worker. We cannot have a new union every time somebody invents a new gadget for doing an old thing differently."

Well, it's an argument, isn't it? The central headache of life is that there is almost always an argument, each way, on everything. A fanatic is a man who misses that fact. Let us go on to see that the

welders have an argument, too.

They have called numerous strikes on behalf of that argument. They have brought that argument to the War Department, the Navy Department, the Justice Department, the Labor Department, the National Labor Relations Board and the Office of Production Management. The welders are one of Washington's worst woes.

The welders allege that they *are* a craft, and a highly skilled one. It takes months in school and years of experience on the job to produce a real welder. Certainly the welder looks like our most modernistic and magical mechanic. He is dressed like a sorcerer in grand opera and bathed in a shower of sparks. He wears a helmet and a mask with a glass window in it. He wears a heavy jerkin, a heavy apron, heavy gloves and heavy leggings of fire-resisting material. He is armed with a torch fed by gas or by electric current, and with it he burns his way right through layers of metals or — even more miraculously — unites them into a seamless unity.

One welder can put ship plates together faster than four riveters; and a welded ship can be 15 percent lighter than a riveted ship and therefore carry more cargo and go faster with it. Welders are also vital at other spots, such as bridges and steel frame buildings.

So much for the welders' claim to industrial dignity. Now for the grievances they allege against the

American Federation of Labor. Before a committee headed by Senator Truman of Missouri, one of their attorneys, Leonard Weinberg, testified essentially as follows:

Let us suppose — and it is easy to suppose it — that a steel frame building is being erected by AFL unions under closed-shop contracts. A welder is going to weld beams. He thereupon must belong to the Structural Iron Workers — and pay an initiation fee and dues and assessments.

The framework up, he goes to weld a pipe. So he must belong to the Plumbers and Steamfitters — and pay an initiation fee and dues and assessments. Soon he is to weld a boiler. Instantly he is married into the Boilermakers Union — more initiation fees and dues and assessments.

The welder is our champion union bigamist. He goes from one union shot-gun marriage to another. Some welders claim to have been members of five unions at the same time. One welder claims to have married 20 unions successively and to have fled for peace to Alaska. "If I had kept on," he said, "I'd have had to join the International Ladies' Garment Workers, I suppose."

Many welders have been obliged to pay new initiation fees not only when going from union to union but also when going from one local to another local within the same union.

Initiation fees, say the welders,

can run from \$25 to \$250. Dues can run from \$3 to \$10 a month. And when the welder is not given a union card but only a "work permit," the fee for that permit can run to six percent of the welder's weekly wage.

That's why many welders think they ought to have a union of their own. But it can be dangerous for a welder to entertain that thought. Cornelius Cardno told the Senate committee he was welding in a shipyard in Tacoma as a member of the Boilermakers Union. He agitated for a welders union.

J. A. Franklin, president of the Boilermakers, thereupon expelled Mr. Cardno from the union. The Boilermakers had a closed-shop contract with the shipyard, so the shipyard had to dismiss Mr. Cardno from his job. Mr. Cardno wants to know if he can talk in favor of a welders union in the United States of America without losing his livelihood.

There are the arguments. A tough situation. But the remedies lie, I am convinced, in the field of public law or agreement; not at all in the field of strikes.

The National Labor Relations Board has the power by law to find and fix appropriate "units" for collective bargaining. Both the AFL and the CIO advocated this law. They now increasingly will feel its consequences.

In some cases the board has found that the welders should be a

"unit," with officers wholly their own. It did this in the Douglas Aircraft Company case where 93 welders were involved. In others it has found that the welders should be merged into a larger "unit," containing perhaps many different crafts and trades.

This piece-by-piece and step-by-step method is tedious and exasperating. But it is preferable to strikes. And note:

If this method is carried to its logical finish, the board one day will have found and fixed the jurisdiction of every union in every plant in the whole commerce of the United States — that is, in every plant out of which a reasonable complaint has come.

We might thus see the total final end of jurisdictional quarrels in trade unionism. It is an end that everybody desires. I submit that it can be reached only by pressing forward on the road of law — not by strikes. These union troubles — like our corporation troubles — have ceased to be troubles that can be left wholly to private force.

Even if the welders by law acquire unions of their own, we shall have solved only half the problem. The other half lies in preventing closed-shop contracts from becoming instruments of gross injustice.

It is futile to seek the abolition of all closed shops. They have long and deep roots in American industrial life. What we have to aim at is improving the operation of these

contracts. The welders themselves, as soon as they get their unions, start in to operate closed shops. A welders' local in the Northwest, as AFL officials grimly point out, has been known to charge a work-permit fee of one dollar a day for 90 days and then an initiation fee of \$90, before letting a man fully into a union job.

In the shipyards of the Pacific Coast the American Federation of Labor metal trades unions have already moved toward improvement. They have agreed that shipyard welders shall not have to pay work-permit fees. They have agreed that welders shall not have to pay initiation fees higher than those customarily charged by each union. They have agreed that no welder shall have to join more than one union. These agreements represent a big forward step.

Some government officials now make suggestions which are based on these agreements but which go much further. They are directed toward "humanizing" the whole closed-shop situation throughout America. They would:

1. Abolish the work-permit system in all closed shops everywhere. Abolish — that is — the system of submembers with no voting rights. Let every man working on the job have all union rights.

2. In all closed shops, abolish all initiation fees. Why should the union operate a tollgate between

the man and the job? The man has to join the union anyway. He will have to pay dues. Let that be enough. The political citizen pays taxes in any state in which he happens to reside, but he does not pay an initiation fee to Texas when he moves there from Iowa. Unions are becoming economic states. Let them collect dues from the man who is working and earning. But let them stop collecting initiation fees before he has a chance to work and earn.

3. In all closed shops, protect the membership against the union itself. Britain is a staunch union country. But in Britain, in certain circumstances, a man who is turned out of his union and thereupon turned out of his job has the right to sue in the courts for reinstatement or for damages. A similar right is beginning to be recognized in some American courts. Why not clearly give all union men full protection against arbitrary expulsion by union officials?

I venture a prophecy. Some such reforms will happen by voluntary action; or they will happen by law. We are in an age of organized groups in business and in labor. We are going to have unions. But we also are going to have an economic Bill of Rights which will bring the new collective claims of the unions into some sort of harmony with the old, individual, undying claims of the American citizen.

Mortality, Zero: The Goal Now in Appendicitis

By

Paul de Kruif

EVERY MINUTE of every day sees an operation for acute appendicitis; there are over 520,000 yearly. And every year some 25,000 of the victims die. Despite educational campaigns urging persons with abdominal pains not to take cathartics but to see a doctor, the appendicitis death rate has not been lowered much since 1910.

Suddenly, however, the outlook has changed. This year a new way of using that wonder-worker, sulfanilamide, comes to aid the surgeon's knife. So potent is this weapon, and so cheap and simple, that only unheeding complacency of the public and the medical profession alike can prevent appendicitis deaths from falling by at least one half this year and becoming negligible in our mortality figures within five years.

In its early hours appendicitis is not dangerous; any fairly good surgeon can cut the disease out of you and put it in a bottle. But if you wait too long, that useless, dangerous, worm-shaped death trap called the vermiform appendix may burst. When it does it spills its poison onto an exquisitely sensitive, delicate membrane, vulnerable to the attacks of microbes which are harmless inside the appendix and

*The path lies open to a brilliant
new medical victory over death.*

intestines. This membrane, the peritoneum, covers the abdominal organs and lines the abdominal cavity. The instant it is invaded with spreading infection, you're changed from a citizen with hardly more than an annoying stomach-ache into a mortal with one chance out of four to die.

If we are attacked by peritonitis it is largely our own fault. We have not heeded the abdominal warnings that should have sent us to a doctor at once. Even after five years of a publicity campaign that notably reduced Cincinnati's death rate, in more than a third of the patients coming to hospital with acute appendicitis the disease had already extended beyond the appendix. And 44 percent of those people had taken Epsom salts or castor oil before they got to the hospital.

Another cause, according to Dr. Mont R. Reid, professor of surgery at the University of Cincinnati Medical School, is bad surgery. In certain rural regions lack of surgical skill is largely responsible for an acute appendicitis death rate of 15

percent — as against six percent in the cities. There is also a nationwide death toll (not statistically demonstrable) from peritonitis following the *needless* “remunerative” removal of normal appendixes.

Whatever the cause of peritonitis, the stark fact remains that it has been deadly. Dr. John O. Bower, who pioneered the public health fight that has given Philadelphia the lowest appendicitis death rate in the country, makes this admission: “As surgeons, we have been really up against it so far as management of spreading peritonitis is concerned.” It is true that certain exceptional hospitals, like the Johns Hopkins in Baltimore, have reported saving nine out of every ten peritonitis victims. But in general the one-in-four chance of dying is what scores of thousands of Americans have been facing yearly.

The first systematic use of sulfanilamide against appendicitis was reported from Philadelphia. Dr. Isidor Ravdin and his fellow surgeons at the University of Pennsylvania Hospital faced the fact that in nearly 40 percent of their acute cases the appendix had already ruptured. They didn't *know* what to do, but boldly they made a stab in the dark. Mind you, when a red-hot appendix ruptures, it spurts out billions of intestinal microbes of *various species* onto the peritoneum. All take part in the ensuing murder, but of these billions the common colon bacilli are most nu-

merous. Now, sulfanilamide taken by mouth in the usual way had proved feeble against the colon bacillus although powerful against the hemolytic streptococcus. Yet Dr. Ravdin and his men decided to try the sulfa miracle, since once in a while the microbe killer in peritonitis *might* be hemolytic strep.

Presently they found themselves giving solutions of sulfanilamide under the skin to all the gravely sick victims of peritonitis, streptococcus or no streptococcus. That was toward the end of 1936. By 1940, out of 257 cases of red-hot appendicitis, only one had died!

Then, in September 1940, in the excellent but not widely known medical journal, *Mississippi Doctor*, appeared news of a far simpler way to give the sulfa magic. Dr. J. Gordon Dees of the University of Tennessee described it: you simply sprinkled a snow of powdered sulfanilamide into that terrible abdominal battlefield where life had only a one-in-four chance against savagely spreading microbic death. Out of 25 peritonitis victims so treated, reported Dr. Dees, only one died.

Mightn't this be a happenstance, one of those “interesting observations” that come to nothing? What you needed were hundreds of cases, reported in the big league medical journals.

And it happened! On January 10, 1940, Dr. R. Stirling Mueller of Roosevelt Hospital in New York stood looking in dismay into the

just opened abdomen of a man with a ruptured appendix, a man marked for death. Over his shoulder peered another surgeon, Dr. William H. Cassebaum. Neither knew anything about Dr. Dees and his still unpublished experiments. But they thought suddenly, desperately, of pouring a little sulfanilamide into the man's abdomen. It seemed silly, hopeless, but it could do no harm. He was done for anyway, they thought.

They hadn't the foggiest notion of whether they were pouring too much or too little. But the next morning that man was still alive. And after 48 hours the Roosevelt Hospital surgeons gathered round him, muttering, "He's got a chance to make the grade." He did. This anonymous but historic man belongs in that strange, ghostlike army of mortals to whom science gives life on borrowed time.

That man was the first of 204 victims of acute, suppurative appendicitis who came to the Roosevelt Hospital as emergencies in 1940. All were operated to remove the appendix. Among them were 59 who had already developed peritonitis. To the knife's mercy, for these, was added the magic of that white powder. And of all the 204 not one died.

These official, astounding figures were published in 1941 by Drs. J. E. Thompson, J. A. Brabson and J. M. Walker — with due credit to Mueller and Cassebaum for their wild idea. There were no seriously bad

effects from the treatment; some of the people got a pretty deep blue, but that alarms no one acquainted with the lesser annoyances of sulfa magic.

And gradually the surgeons made important improvements. The dosing with sulfanilamide became more exact. They sprinkled their lifesaving powder not only into the peritonitis area but also into the layers of the abdominal wall as they closed it up after the operation. Then they saw wound infections vanish.

Dr. Thompson and his co-workers "do not desire to give the impression that the mortality rate will henceforth approximate zero." They were fortunate because there were no deaths from embolism or other conditions having nothing to do with peritonitis. But as the months of 1941 went on they could report 331 successive cases of acute appendicitis — all red hot, all emergency, all operated upon. Without one death.

As the news of this simple, powerful science spreads from coast to coast, many thousands of lives will be saved. The humblest backwoods surgeon today can be a more successful death-fighter against peritonitis than the greatest knife-man of three years ago. All the citizens who get this news, and all the practicing physicians and surgeons, can now get together in a drive toward this goal: appendicitis mortality — zero!

Time Enough for Everything

Condensed from The Rotarian

Robert R. Updegraff

THE HEAD of one of our urgent war industries surveyed the accumulation of work on his desk. "I wish to God I could buy back the dribblets of time I've wasted in my life," he said with fervor.

Who of us has not felt the same way? Crucial spots teach us sharply the meaning of time. But until we are under pressure we are prone to let our minutes slip by unused.

In my own work I must keep posted on what is going on in six different industries. The job leaves me nothing but odd moments. I have had to learn to manage efficiently those irregular chinks of time that fall between exacting tasks. There are fragments of time to be gathered riding in elevators, waiting for trains, or at the barber's or dentist's; there is the time we usually kill while someone finishes dressing or primping, or when guests are late. These moments in the aggregate are considerable.

We usually put off writing letters until we can get a free evening or a free hour — and as a result we are eternally behind. Emily Post carries in her handbag a fountain pen, paper and stamps. Whenever she has a few spare moments she writes a note. Similarly a busy lawyer

You have all the time there is — here's how to use it wisely.

keeps up a stimulating personal correspondence during odd moments.

In the press of daily duties we tend to neglect friendships. I know a woman doctor, also playing the role of wife and mother, who keeps up with her many friends by paying one of them a short visit each day, staying only a few minutes.

Rest is one of the wisest uses of our time-margins. A schoolteacher who encounters 12 traffic lights on her way to school, half of which are usually against her, used to arrive nervous and irritable. Her doctor suggested using these traffic stops to settle back momentarily, breathe deeply and relax. She now arrives at school calm and controlled.

Most of us, knowing we need exercise, salve our consciences by saying that some day we shall do something about it. Meanwhile the bulges accumulate. The famous football coach, Walter Camp, was also the busy president of a clock company. In odd minutes between appointments in his office he used a set of exercises to relax himself. These afterward became famous as

The Daily Dozen. Bending, stretching, breathing — simple exercises that can be done in spare moments — are almost as beneficial as that game of golf or tennis which we never get around to anyway! *

We neglect the care of our eyes. Yet doctors tell us that one fourth of the body's nerve energy is burned up by our eyes. A few relaxing exercises, practiced now and then during the day, will go far toward restoring lost energy. Instead of staring aimlessly at a wall while waiting for an appointment, try "palming." Cross the hands over the eyes so that no light penetrates. Close the eyes softly so that all the tense muscles let go, imagine black — try to see a field of dense blackness. Your mind, your face, your whole body relaxes.

The fullest use of time does not mean that we should live our lives under forced draft. The purpose of learning to employ every minute properly is to unclutter our hours, deliver us of feverish activity and earn us true leisure.

Often it is not the things we do but the things we don't get done that weary us. We find ourselves harried by an accumulation of household jobs which have been put off until they make a real claim on time that could be used for more enjoyable activities.

One busy father, tired of being scolded for the things he didn't get

done, hung up a slate on which his wife and daughters write any chores that need doing by a man. Whenever he has a few spare minutes he consults this slate and takes on one of the jobs. By staying caught up through odd moments, he now has time for his own interests.

Approaching his tenth birthday, a boy of my acquaintance told his mother that what he really wanted for a gift was to have her take some time off for play. Any mother can surely find time, through discreet use of odd moments, to keep a spirit of play and fellowship in the home. If more parents would do this naturally and at the scattered times that are available, they wouldn't seem so odd to their children when they come out of a daze of conscience and decide to be pals.

One father I know hears his eight-year-old's spelling lesson each morning while shaving. There are certainly moments during the day when you can listen to your child play his new piece, enlist his help in some simple repair job around the house, tell him a brief story, draw sketches with him — or simply romp.

One has only to watch a woman knitting to realize how much can be accomplished in brief intervals. Many a person has acquired an education, learned a language, written books, cultivated a hobby, developed an invention, in bits of time which their envious friends fritter away as not being long

* See "It's More Fun to Be Fit," by Gene Tunney, page 17.

enough for any useful purpose. Any art or craft — writing, painting, drawing, designing — can be carried on in spare moments. John Erskine reports that his many books have been written in margins of time — built up gradually by sentences or paragraphs whenever he has a few minutes.

I know a minister who carried with him always one of the books of the Bible in pamphlet form. In a year he read the entire New Testament — just waiting for people. He refreshed his mind on passages that were hazy and discovered commentaries on human nature he had not seen before. Above all, he got out of the experience a golden habit of using his time reflectively.

I recently met a lawyer who told me that during the past few years he had mastered three foreign languages without taking a lesson. "As I walked along the street," he said, "I conned verbs and recited vocabulary. When I rode in trolleys and buses, I didn't look dully at the advertisements — I translated them. I read my textbooks while I ate, while I waited for clients, whenever I found a few empty seconds."

As our skill in using time-margins increases, our imagination will show us how these periods can be employed in more and more satisfying ways. Often it is in moments when we are not controlled by some dictated activity that we are most alive to the influences that restore our souls. A few seconds spent

scribbling our impressions of the world about us, sketching a scene that has caught our fancy, letting our fingers think with a piece of clay, will send us back to routine tasks with renewed strength.

There will be times when we do not have the equipment for creative activities at hand. Then we can practice sharpening our blunted senses, learning once again to see and hear. Thoreau, whose senses were as alert as any of the forest animals he loved, tells us how he kept his sense of sight keen. "For many years," he wrote, "I was the self-appointed inspector of snowstorms and rainstorms and I did my duty faithfully."

If we would develop our creative feelings to the fullest extent, we should, like Thoreau, appoint ourselves inspectors — if only for a few moments — of our particular worlds. In the moments we have we can sharpen our senses by using one at a time. We can close our eyes, pause and *listen* to the lazy music of nature in the country, to the dynamic hum-of-life in the city. In this eternal symphony of Earth and Man there is stimulus for the human spirit.

To get all there is out of living we must employ our time wisely: never being in too much of a hurry to stop and sip life; but never losing our sense of the enormous value of a minute.

"Time," wrote Leonardo, "stays long enough for those who use it."

The Last Days of the Bismarck

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

Edwin Muller

NO NAVAL EXPERTS the sinking of the pride of the German navy was an important professional case study. For 20 years they had been building ships and training men to fight them; this was the first real test of a modern battleship against the newest types of fighting ships and planes. Problems of morale were involved as well: what kept men steady and courageous, what unnerved them in the supreme ordeal?

The navies of every nation have used their utmost resources to gather every scrap of information obtainable, and it is now possible to tell the dramatic story of what happened aboard the great ship during her last fateful days. Every fact, every incident here related is wholly authentic.

ON THE NIGHT of May 22, 1941, the *Bismarck*, accompanied by the cruiser *Prince Eugen*, left the Norwegian coast and headed for the broad passage between Greenland and Iceland. At dawn on the 24th the enemy was sighted — Britain's largest ship of war, the famous old battle-cruiser *Hood*. Then another warship appeared, the *Prince of Wales*.

The *Hood* opened first and the

Bismarck answered with all her turrets. Then the German directed her fire at the *Prince of Wales*. The latter, injured, was unable to keep up with the running fight. It was a duel between *Bismarck* and *Hood*.

At the *Bismarck's* third salvo a cloud of black smoke billowed up from the foredeck of the *Hood*. She listed to port, then buckled and broke in two. The stern half sank at once, the other floated for several minutes, then slowly slid beneath the surface.

To every nook and corner of the *Bismarck* the news ran swiftly. There were outbursts of wild cheering. The top deck, empty during the action, was now full of officers and men singing and embracing each other.

The *Bismarck* had paid a cheap price for the destruction of Britain's biggest ship. She had been hit, but her injuries were trivial. A mere handful of men were wounded.

All that day and the next the jubilation went on. Admiral Luetjens mustered the crew on deck and made one of his fiery, triumphant speeches. The thunder of applause and the deep "*Sieg Heil*" went rolling out across the waves. It was the Admiral's 52nd birthday, which added a touch to the celebration.

An exulting radio message came from Hitler. The Führer awarded the Knight's Insignia of the Iron Cross to the First Gunnery Officer, Commander Schneider. Other decorations came over the ether.

The busiest men on board were the motion-picture operators from Dr. Goebbels' office. They had filmed the action with the *Hood*, now they were recording the ceremonies. Soon Berlin would see on the screen how Britain's rule of the ocean had been ended.

Most of the crew were young — in their early twenties. Aboard were also some 500 naval cadets, in their teens. This glorious victory was exactly what they had confidently expected. At their age they could hardly remember a world before Hitler. As Hitler Youth, unquestioning belief in the Master Race had been driven into their souls every waking hour: "Today we rule Germany, tomorrow the whole world." One thing they knew: Germans are invincible.

And this ship too was invincible. It was, indeed, by far the strongest warship ever built. No one outside the German High Command knew her actual tonnage. It is certain that it was far greater than the 35,000 to which she was limited by treaty. Some rate her at 50,000. In her trials she is said to have made 33 knots, faster than any British or U. S. battleship.

On deck she looked much like any other battleship. But below

she was unique. Beneath the waterline she had five steel skins, each enclosing watertight spaces. The crew had been told that the *Bismarck* was not only able to defeat any British ship, but that she could defeat any combination that could be brought against her. She was literally unsinkable. They believed that.

There were some on board, older men, who didn't believe it; for instance the commanding officer, Captain Lindemann. He knew that German ships could be sunk like any others. He was a quiet and capable officer, an old-style German navy man rather than a fervent party man.

But his superior officer was a Nazi of the Nazis. Vice-Admiral Gunther Luetjens was slight of build — but he made up for it by a truculence of look and violence of spirit. He was an emotional leader who roused his men to high fervor. That he had corresponding fits of depression the crew did not know.

Morale had been high despite cramped living quarters. Besides the cadets and regular crew there were several hundred extras on board, making a total of some 2400. And the accommodations were none too large for the regular force. Space that other ships use for living quarters was here devoted to extra protection, elaborate compartmentation. The crew slept forward in hammocks swung so close together that they touched. Aft the junior

officers were crowded four to a tiny room. The mess deck was dark and airless. But all realized that these discomforts were the price they paid for strength. Like giving up butter for guns.

There had been much speculation among the crew as to where they were going. Most of them thought it was a raiding expedition against British merchantmen, such as Luetjens had conducted so successfully with the *Scharnhorst* and the *Gneisenau*. The extra men made that credible; they might be prize crews for captured vessels. Some had heard that the *Bismarck* was going to capture the Azores for the Reich. Others declared that they were headed for the Pacific to join the Japanese fleet. But that wasn't likely — no tropical kits had been issued.

Now the purpose was clear — they'd been destined to destroy the *Hood*.

THE EXULTANT MOOD of victory can't be maintained indefinitely. The inevitable reaction came the second day. The *Prince Eugen* turned toward home. The weather had grown cold and overcast, with snow squalls, sleet and mist. Most of the men of the *Bismarck* had little experience of the vast emptiness of the ocean. They realized they were alone and far from home.

Presently they became aware that they were being hunted. Off

the southern tip of Greenland, on the morning of the 26th, a plane was heard. Soon an American-built Catalina appeared through a break in the clouds, almost overhead. Every A-A gun began to hammer, putting up a terrific barrage, and the plane disappeared. But a little later another one was there watching. The crew had the feeling of long arms reaching toward them.

Then a disturbing rumor went around the ship. There'd been a quarrel between Luetjens and Captain Lindemann. Through his closed doors the Admiral was heard shouting angrily. Lindemann had pointed out that the British would now concentrate every available unit, that they would never rest until they had hunted down the *Bismarck*. He urged the Admiral to turn toward home at once.

Luetjens angrily vetoed this suggestion. He announced to the crew that he was leading them on to more victories. They cheered and felt much better. Nevertheless they began to watch the horizon, hoping for reinforcements.

It wasn't help that came next day. There was a buzzing like a swarm of bees and a squadron of planes came over — the Royal Navy's Swordfish flying boats had found their quarry. One after the other they swooped close to the water, released their torpedoes and banked away. One torpedo struck full amidships. A column of water

leaped higher than the masthead, and the ship was jolted from end to end. The damage control crew found that a compartment had been penetrated and filled with water.

It was no crippling damage, yet it seemed to have a profound effect on Admiral Luetjens. Probably at this point he also received disturbing news by radio, information of strong British concentrations moving to intercept him. That, in a man of his temperament, might, together with the plane attack, cause the full swing from elation to despair.

He called the crew together and made an extraordinary speech. He said the *Bismarck* would be forced to do battle. U-boats and planes, he hoped, would come to help meet the British onslaught. If not, the *Bismarck* would take more than one of her opponents to the bottom with her. "Men, remember your oath; be true to the Führer to death."

The effect of this on the young men was devastating. They had been told that they were invincible, that their ship was unsinkable. Now, suddenly, there was talk of dying!

To repair the Admiral's blunder, a message was circulated among the men. Help, it said, was on the way. A flotilla of U-boats was approaching; planes were coming—soon there'd be 200 of them overhead.

It is probable that this statement was made out of whole cloth. But

the crew believed it. Their spirits went up. All day men peered toward the horizon.

Since the encounter with the *Hood*, the *Bismarck* had sailed southwest and then south. Now, three days after the battle, she was headed toward Finisterre, hoping to reach the French coast and creep along it to a safe harbor. But as darkness settled down that evening a squadron of Swordfish made another sudden attack, scoring three hits. Two torpedoes did little damage, but the third struck the steering gear, jamming the rudders at an angle. The ship began to turn in circles.

There was frantic activity on board. The Knight's Insignia of the Iron Cross was promised the man who could repair the rudders. Engines were stopped and a diver went overside. He put forth immense efforts, but when the *Bismarck* resumed way she still moved in circles.

Now the organized life of the ship was disrupted. There was shouting and aimless running around. In the midst of the confusion came an ironic note, a radio message from the Führer: "All our thoughts are with our victorious comrades."

They tried desperately to steer with the engines. But the ship limped along slowly, yawing from side to side like a drunken man.

An hour after midnight a flotilla of British destroyers came out of the dark. They circled the *Bismarck*

like a pack of dogs around a wounded bear, darting in now and then to discharge torpedoes. More compartments were hit and flooded. There were increasing casualties.

The ship's command tried to give the crew's morale another shot in the arm. This time the message was specific: "Early in the morning tugs will come to our assistance, and fourscore planes."

Some of the crew believed it. Luetjens didn't. He made one grand gesture, a message to Hitler: "We shall fight to the last shell. Long live the Führer, the Chief of the Fleet."

After that he cracked. He was heard through his door, shouting hysterically: "Do what you like. I'm through."

THE NEXT MORNING WAS overcast and a cold wind whipped the ocean into whitecaps. On the horizon appeared the heavyweights of Britain's Grand Fleet, the *Rodney* and the *George V*. They opened with their 16-inch guns at about 11 miles, then moved in to half that range. A 16-inch shell weighs 2100 pounds, travels half a mile a second. Every time one struck, the *Bismarck* rocked and shuddered. But for a while she fought back, firing salvo for salvo.

The break came when a shell wrecked the main control station. That ended the *Bismarck* as a coordinated fighting machine. Her crew still fought the individual tur-

rets by local control, but the shooting was wild.

The *Rodney* and *George V* moved in closer, within two miles. They sent every shell home with methodical precision. The riddled mast hung like a crazy tangle of vines until a shell cut it off at the base and it came crashing down on the deck. Flames poured out of the funnel. One turret leaned over, its guns cocked toward the sky. No vessel had ever taken such punishment before and remained afloat.

Now morale went to pieces. The crew of one turret mutinied, ran away. After a moment's hesitation their officer ran too. In another turret, when the men refused to obey the officer shot them down.

Soon the ship began to keel slowly to port and water poured in through shell holes and sprung plates. It flooded deck after deck, sucking and gurgling through the labyrinth of chambers and passages. Some compartments were shut off and many men were drowned as water rose to the ceilings. Others fought their way up to the air, jamming the companionways.

The top deck became an inferno. Holes opened, men's clothes were ripped off by explosions. Wounded men and boys were shrieking and the dead lay everywhere.

The panic-driven mob tried to get back below decks. But the ladders were packed with men fighting their way up from the ris-

ing water below. They fought each other and fell off the ladders in struggling masses.

By now the ship was almost over on her beam. Many were already struggling in the water, others crawling out over the black, glistening bulge of the hull. Slowly the bow tilted up. Stern first the *Bismarck* slid beneath the surface.

The British ships moved in to rescue. About a hundred Germans caught ropes thrown to them and were hauled up. Then U-boats were reported approaching and the British, unwilling to be caught motionless, moved away, leaving hun-

dreds of Germans still struggling hopelessly in the sea.

The rescued men were haggard and hollow-eyed, as if they had gone through months of torture. Days later, after they had been put to bed, rested, given restoratives, they were still dazed. They hardly spoke, even to each other. They reminded one observer of the legend of the Zombies, the living-dead of the West Indies who walk without souls. It was more than physical shock that they had suffered. There had been shattered the faith on which their lives had been built — the belief in their own invincibility.



Embarrassing Moments

¶ ANTHONY ASQUITH, British film director, is troubled by inability to remember names — at times even of old friends. He was dining at the Savoy one day, and looked up from his newspaper to see a familiar face. But the name escaped him.

Asquith stood up, shook hands warmly with the man, and said: "How are you, where have you been? Will you join me?" and other polite remarks while he was trying to recall the name.

Said the embarrassed fellow, "I'm the waiter, sir." — *English Digest*

¶ A CLERICAL friend of mine once told me of the most disconcerting experience he ever had in the exercise of his functions. An elderly lady of determined aspect took a seat in a front pew of his church. When my friend began his sermon, she opened a little wooden box and extracted an elaborate hearing device, which she arranged, screwed together, and adjusted to her ear. After two or three minutes, she removed the receiver, unscrewed the mechanism, and packed its component parts snugly away again in the box. And the preacher had to preach on.

— Charles Hall Grandgent, *Prunes and Prisms* (Harvard University Press)



The Château Mystery

From The Saturday Review of Literature

Katharine Dunlap

ONE EVENING recently I related to a group of friends a story I had read long ago. None could identify its title or author. Can you? This is the story.

I HAD SENSED something sinister about the old château, with its shuttered windows, locked doors and neglected garden, and had made inquiries about it. I was told that it had belonged to the Comte and Comtesse de Merret; that he was hot-tempered and proud while she was gentle, devout and lovely to look at; that for some years their marriage had gone with seeming smoothness until one day the château was empty and Vendôme never saw them again. Monsieur de Merret died soon after in Paris, and Madame lived alone on a far-off estate, a white-haired ghost.

When I found out that Rosalie, the maid at the inn where I was staying, had once been maid to the Comtesse, I begged her to tell me more. It took all my arts of persuasion, but finally she consented.

It had been a quiet household, said Rosalie. Monsieur de Merret was somewhat arrogant and demanding, and Madame was of an extreme piety and gave way to

him in everything. Even in that summer of her slight illness when he, not wishing to be inconvenienced, moved to an upstairs bedroom, Madame made no complaint. Indeed, she was perhaps relieved to have to herself her big, ground-floor bedroom, which looked out on the pleasant garden and over the river. There was a fireplace at one end of her room, and at the other a large closet in which hung Madame's dresses.

During Madame's illness Monsieur spent his evenings at the club in town, playing cards or discussing politics. At that time the town was full of Spaniards — prisoners of war whom the Emperor Napoleon had paroled. Rosalie had noticed in particular a young, handsome Spanish grandee, who kept much to himself, going for long walks in the evening. One of the stable boys had even seen him swimming in the river late at night, near the château.

Monsieur de Merret always went straight to his room when he returned from the town, but one evening in the autumn, coming late from his club, he left his lantern at the foot of the staircase and strode down the vaulted stone passage to Madame's door. Just as

he reached it, he thought he heard the door of Madame's closet close quickly, but when he entered she was standing by the fireplace.

"You are late," she said, quietly. At that instant Rosalie came in from the hall. It was not she, then, who had closed the closet door. Rosalie saw doubt, then rage, on Monsieur's face. She hurried from the room but lingered outside and heard his voice, cold as ice:

"Madame, there is someone in that closet!"

His wife replied, quite simply, "No, Monsieur."

He strode toward the closet, but Madame stopped him. "If you find no one there, everything will be at an end between us!"

He looked intently at her. "Very well; I will not open it. Listen: your soul's salvation and your hope of eternity mean much to you. Swear that no one is there, and the door will stay shut."

He picked up her crucifix — a curious Spanish one in ebony and wrought silver. Without a tremor Madame laid her hand upon it and said, "I swear it."

"Send for your maid," he commanded. When Rosalie came he said to her, "Go and fetch Gorenflot, the mason. Tell him to bring his trowel, and the bricks and plaster left in the new stable."

Terrified, Rosalie sped to do his bidding. When she brought the bewildered mason, Monsieur gave orders swiftly: "Wall up that closet

door, quickly and silently. Do your task well and you shall never lack for money — as long as you do not talk. Rosalie, too."

He watched while the mason set to work. Once Madame called to Rosalie to fetch a shawl, and her icy hand caught the girl's fingers. "Tell Gorenflot to leave an opening — somehow," she breathed, then added aloud, "Go fetch more candles so that the mason may see better."

Except for the scraping of the trowel there was silence. The wall grew higher. When it was half built Gorenflot took advantage of his master's back being turned to break the small pane of glass in the top of the closet door with a blow of his trowel. A pair of eyes, dark with horror, looked out, but there was no sound. They disappeared as Monsieur turned.

The work was finished as dawn broke. Monsieur called his valet. "My wife is ill," he said. "I shall not leave her. You may serve our meals here."

For 20 days Monsieur de Merret remained in his wife's room. At one time, during the first days, there were faint sounds from the closet and Madame, half-fainting, cried out. But Monsieur stopped the words she would have uttered. *"You swore on the cross that no one was there! That is enough."*

After a while no more sounds were heard. There was only Madame's quiet weeping.

Munitions from the Sea

Condensed from Science News Letter

Perry Gibbens

MAGNESIUM, the Cinderella metal, has leaped from relative insignificance into commanding wartime importance.

In 1918 we produced a paltry 284,000 pounds; this year we will make 125,000,000 pounds. Eventually plants now built or building will yield 400,000,000 pounds annually. No other metal ever reached such heights so quickly. And this Cinderella is part mermaid; a large proportion of our magnesium is drawn from the sea.

Once a laboratory curiosity costing \$5 a pound, magnesium owes its new importance in warfare to its hot temper and its lightness of spirit. As powder, chips or shavings, it ignites almost as easily as gasoline and burns with a dazzling blue-white flame that water cannot quench. In solid form, as bars or sheets or castings (which can't be ignited with a blowtorch), it's the world's lightest metal.

In all-out war, millions of pounds of magnesium are needed for "military pyrotechnics" — star shells, signal flares, incendiary bombs, flash bombs for night photographs — as well as for the tracer bullets in every fifth cartridge of machine-gun belts, and for naval, artillery and anti-aircraft tracer shells.

Magnesium, lightweight champion of metals, is mined from the ocean to make bombs and bombers — and new tools for living in peace.

Still more millions of pounds are needed for airplanes. The 180 pounds of magnesium that go into an airplane engine do the work of 270 pounds of aluminum, ex-lightweight champion of metals. In a four-motor bomber the saving is 360 pounds — the weight of two men in the crew, or 360 pounds of extra bomb load, or an extra barrel of gasoline.

Magnesium is too scarce yet to use anywhere but in motors. Plane makers are anxious to use it for landing gear, pedals, fuselage and even wing coverings — almost everywhere that aluminum is now used.

The Germans are way ahead of us in the use of magnesium. Before 1914 we bought from them what little we needed, mostly for photographic purposes. After the last war they had plenty of it, a by-product of their big potash industry. They were short of copper and other metals which had to be imported, so they had strong incen-

tive to see what could be done with magnesium. Our observers knew they had achieved some success, but not until the British shot down a couple of Messerschmitts was the full extent of German development appreciated.

Then we got busy. We wanted great quantities of magnesium quickly. There is plenty of it, for it is the third most common element in the earth's crust. But it is never found pure. It is too unstable to live alone. Singly it is weak — physically and morally, so to speak, welcoming the advances of any aggressive element and eagerly combining with it. This easy virtue is just what makes it valuable for star shells; the mating of magnesium and oxygen is something to see!

So pure magnesium has to be divorced, with difficulty, from its affinities. There was only one domestic producer, the Dow Chemical Company, which for years had been extracting such vital chemicals as bromine, chlorine, and calcium and sodium salts from its brine wells in Michigan. When World War I cut off imports of magnesium, Dow undertook to supply our army's needs, and in 1915 produced the first ingot from its salt wells!

The military fireworks over, Dow patiently experimented and evangelized for the use of magnesium in industry. The nozzle of your vacuum cleaner is probably made of magnesium, though you've

supposed it to be aluminum. So is the pressure cooker in your kitchen — surely you have noticed how light it is for all its bulk. And so are parts of your typewriter. But until this war started the company could make much more than it could sell.

To meet the new demand, Dow kicked up its Michigan production from 7,000,000 pounds to 18,000,000 pounds a year — about all the old wells could stand. As lease-lend needs increased it began prospecting the possibilities of the greatest, the most accessible, the inexhaustible deposit — the sea.

Scientists have calculated that there are 5,700,000 tons of magnesium in every cubic mile of sea water. If such figures make the head swim, think of a bathtub full of sea water. It would produce about a quarter of a pound of metallic magnesium.

Ocean mining was nothing new to Dow. Years ago it started mining bromine (for ethyl gasoline) out of the sea. Cheap fuel, plentiful power, and lots of lime were needed. Also needed was a spot where the ocean water used couldn't flow back again to be used a second time, thus diluting the intake.

After a careful survey Dow found a site at Freeport, Texas. The plant there is an engineer's dream. Sea water — 300,000,000 gallons a day — is pumped in from one side of a long neck of land. (Not all of this is for magnesium;

some of it is for bromine, some for cooling purposes.) The waste water emerges at the other side, seven miles away. Oyster shells, dredged nearby, supply lime. There's plenty of salt. There's abundant electric power, and natural gas in that region sells for next to nothing.

The process sounds simple. The shells are burned to make slaked lime. Ocean water mixed with this lime forms magnesium hydrate — known in the medicine chest as "milk of magnesia." Treated with hydrochloric acid (produced from the salt), the milk of magnesia is changed into magnesium chloride, which is dried and melted in a gas-fired furnace. An electric current divorces the chlorine (which is piped off as a gas for its own uses) from the magnesium. The resultant metal is drawn off in molten state and cast into ingots.

The Freeport plant was blue-printed to produce 18,000,000 pounds a year. Before construction began Dow was asked by the government to double its capacity. Before it was completed the order came to double again. The plant produced its first magnesium — the first bar of solid metal ever made from sea water — January 21, 1941. From the sea and from its Michigan brine wells the Dow Company this year will extract 14 times as much magnesium as this country used in 1940.

Even this won't be as much as we want. To get more the govern-

ment has financed the construction of several plants which are to mine magnesium from various rich deposits of ores. When they get going their output is expected to exceed Dow's.

While this urgent drive for production was going on, our aviation industry had to learn how to use the stuff. We knew this flighty metal settled down when wedded to certain other metals. An alloy of aluminum and magnesium, for example, is stronger and tougher than either apart. A little manganese and zinc improves magnesium's resistance to corrosion. Typical alloy includes 5 percent aluminum, 3 percent zinc, 15 hundredths of 1 percent manganese.

When thus alloyed, magnesium can be handled like steel. It can be rolled into sheets, plates and strips; cast and die-cast; extruded as bars, rods or tubing. It can be forged. It's the easiest of all metals to machine — a sharp tool cuts it like a hot knife in butter. And it weighs less than one fourth as much as steel.

A hundred and one practical points about handling magnesium could be learned only by experience. We had to find out, for instance, that molten magnesium burns when exposed to air, and that chips and dust from the machines shaping it are worse than gunpowder waiting for a spark.

At Fairlawn, N. J., the Wright Aeronautical Corporation, makers of engines for planes and tanks, op-

erates its own magnesium foundry, perhaps the largest in the world. Here and in nearby Paterson Wright makes 150 different parts out of magnesium — castings as big as an automobile tire, super-charger covers, intake manifolds, oil pumps, ventilators. Ingots of magnesium and sand for the molds go in one end of the foundry, finished castings come out the other. It looks easy, about as risky as a bakery. But it took much ruined work and many bad burns to develop the technique.

To melt magnesium for casting without its catching fire, air must be kept away from its seething surface. So a powder of sulphur and boric acid, called a "flux," is sprinkled over the molten metal. Whenever there's molten magnesium there's a man with a flour-shaker to sprinkle the flame-quenching flux. It goes into the sand, too, so that the molds may welcome this excitable metal without sputtering.

In the machine shops every scrap tooled off is sucked away by a current of air before a stray spark can turn the place into one big flame. If a dull tool should set up enough friction to ignite the chips, pails of talc are handy. Sand would choke the flames but ruin the machine tools. Liquid would scatter the

flaming feather-light particles. So all ordinary fire extinguishers are labeled "Not for use on magnesium." Water is permissible only as a cooling, smothering spray — a point to remember with incendiary bombs.

At long last, magnesium has won recognition as a metal to make things with. After the war, magnesium will effect sweeping changes in our everyday life. Plentiful and low-priced (it's 22½ cents a pound now, should go lower), it will become a household metal. It will make a baby carriage light enough to be carried up the front steps — baby and all. It will be in kitchen pots and pans, thick and strong but light enough for a woman's wrist. Perhaps it will go into pianos, into furniture that a girl can move with ease, into lawn mowers, shovels, farm tools, bicycles, household appliances. Its greatest use is likely to be in transportation. It will mean cheaper planes — cheaper to build, cheaper to fly. It has already been used successfully in truck and bus bodies; it will be used in streamlined trains and automobiles.

Wherever lightness and strength are needed, magnesium — light as wood and strong as iron — will play a new part in the machinery of our living.



DON'T BE afraid of opposition. Remember, a kite rises against, not with, the wind.

— Hamilton Mabie in *Parade*

PROFIT BY MY EXPERIENCE

I —

Environment Isn't Important

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

WHEN I first began to try to write professionally I felt that everything was against me because of my environment. Certainly nothing about it was conducive to development of the imagination. The house in which I roomed was in an unattractive suburb. The bedroom which I shared with another girl was ugly and uncomfortable; privacy and quiet were out of the question. The family I lived with good-naturedly jeered at my attempts at writing. Often I cried over my pencil and paper in sheer despair of ever accomplishing anything important.

I spent a great deal of emotional energy in dreaming about what I might achieve if only I were among people who understood me; if I had a quiet study safe from interruptions; if no hateful household tasks had first claim upon my time. Such surroundings, I thought, would surely head me toward success.

Then one day I ran into my friend Alec. He was a newspaperman whose ability should have taken him a long way in the world, but he had remained for years in an insignificant position. Why? He

was well liked by everyone, and if he had a fault it was that he was too generous a host.

Alec told me that he and his wife were moving into a two-room apartment. "We were crazy about our big house," he said, "but too many people could drop in. That's why we moved out to the suburbs in the first place: there was too much drinking in the city. I thought we'd get away from it. We didn't, but now, by heaven, there won't be any room for the old crowd in the little flat. It's just the environment we need."

I walked home slowly, thinking about Alec. I knew well that, small as his new flat might be, the late-staying, drinking friends would soon be there, crowded into whatever space they could find. For wherever Alec went *he had to take himself along, and he was doing nothing to change that self.*

Suddenly I saw that I, too, had to take myself wherever I went, and that the environment which I had been holding responsible for my failures was only an alibi. I thought of the hundreds of people who had risen to high accomplish-

ment despite surroundings which might easily have been an excuse for failure; Bunyan, for instance, who had written *Pilgrim's Progress* in a 17th-century jail.

For months I had wanted to write a certain story, but had not attempted it because I lacked what I thought were the right surroundings. At once I hurried back to the house where I lived, sat down, and — in spite of the ugly room, the

lack of privacy, the interruptions, and the memory of critical jibes — wrote it. That story was the first I ever sold to an important magazine.

Since then, whenever I have had a job to do I have done it, no matter what my surroundings were. Alec's blindness to himself made me realize that true environment lies inside ourselves and that external surroundings can dominate only the weak.

— II —

Do the Next Thing

By

Isabel Currier

HE WAS on her knees scrubbing the kitchen floor when the message came that her oldest boy had been killed in action overseas. The local telegrapher in person, flanked by neighbors collected en route to help soften the blow, blurted out the news while she knelt upright to receive it.

She was a widow who supported four younger children. For a moment she stared at us silently — then bent again to her task, her scrubbing brush swishing energetically. Presently, in a voice harsh with restraint, she said, "You're awfully good to come." Wiping the patch of floor with a dry cloth, she rose, emptied the pail of water into

the sink, then turned to her visitors. "If you'll find chairs in the sitting room I'll make you some tea."

"Oh, no," a neighbor protested. "You've enough on your mind. Isn't there something we can do?"

"I guess there's nothing any of us can do to change what has happened across the ocean." She moved from the stove to the cupboard. "When I have a lot on my mind I like to find the next thing I can do with my hands, and do it. Thinking about my troubles never changed them a bit, but doing anything that needs to be done seems to make them straighten out by themselves. If I thought too much about this I

might get to feeling so sorry for myself I couldn't do any work. It wouldn't be fair to — to my boy, and others like him."

That was 24 years ago. I was 12 years old, and was on the scene because her youngest child and I were raiding her bottomless cookie jar. She was the first person I had seen under the grief which gave her, and other women like her, the title of Gold Star Mother. For me, the unfaltering rhythm of her scrubbing brush has remained a vivid symbol of the way life may be met with courage.

There have been times since then when I have dwelt on my own troubles until I grew too sorry for myself to do any work. But sooner or later the memory of my neighbor has turned me to the nearest thing at hand and after I have accomplished "the next thing" I have found my bewilderment dissolving.

In the time that has passed since her oldest son died overseas, my neighbor has also lost a daughter, has seen another son become a hopeless invalid. Yet her face is placid and her head is never bowed, except in church. She is always first on the scene of someone else's troubles. People say of her, "How she keeps going is a mystery," for

her step is now slow with rheumatism and age.

"Only the first step or two each morning is hard," she explains. "After that I don't notice as long as I keep going."

From my limited horizon, I used to believe that my old neighbor was unique. But now some friends of mine have received news that their only son was killed in the first air raid on Honolulu. When I called to express sympathy, I learned that the boy's mother was busy at the Red Cross sewing rooms and that his father was at an air-raid warden's meeting. They were doing "the next thing." And by doing it they were transforming life from tragedy into victory.

Not disaster or confusion or loss can keep the valiant from their appointed tasks. The unconquerable human spirit has no time to beat its breast in despair over what has happened. It does the next thing, whatever it may be. It is never too small a thing to be a triumph of purpose and faith and courage.

ISABEL CURRIER is a newspaperwoman whose first novel, *The Young and the Immortal*, was recently published and has been highly praised in reviews.



It is a funny thing about life — if you refuse to accept anything but the best you very often get it.

— Somerset Maugham, *The Mixture As Before* (Doubleday, Doran)

Shark Bonanza

Condensed from The Baltimore Sunday Sun

Victoria Case

FROM Ketchikan to Monterey, thousands of fishermen of the Pacific Coast have struck it rich. Accustomed to arduous and dangerous toil for a meager living, they can't believe their luck. In one overnight trip some of them have made enough to pay for boat, equipment and a year's living expenses.

The crews work on shares, as is traditional with fishermen everywhere, and one crew of five made \$17,500 in a record week. A 20-year-old farm boy, filling in the time between haying and potato harvest, joined a fishing crew as deck hand. His check the first week was \$890. He walked out of the office in a daze, looking at the check every few steps. Old-timers watched him sympathetically; they're dazed, too.

They're dazed because the big money is being made from a fish they used to throw away, that hitherto despised sea scavenger, the soup-fin shark — *Galeorhinus zyopterus* to the scientists — stealer of bait and destroyer of nets. The soup-fin shark is a freak of nature. It has an enormous liver — sometimes one fifth of its total weight — and more than half of its liver is oil, with a higher content of Vitamin A than that of any other fish which

Fish which West Coast fishermen used to curse and throw away now fetch fancy prices as a source of needed vitamins.

can be caught in commercial quantities. Its vitamin potency is 30 times that of cod liver, the old stand-by. The world is short of Vitamin A. Hence the fishermen's bonanza.

We used to import 72,000,000 pounds of cod-liver oil a year from Norway. The Norwegians burned their oil plants to keep them from the Germans; even if they hadn't, our imports would have been cut off. Pharmaceutical houses and the manufacturers of poultry and livestock feeds began vigorous search for a new source of Vitamin A. It had to be a living source, for the A is one vitamin that cannot be created artificially.

They were already using halibut livers — also more potent than cod — but that source of supply was inadequate even for normal demand. And demand now is far above normal. Two factors are pyramiding it — growing public consciousness of the value of vitamins, and military needs. Britain has been getting billions of units of Vitamin A from us,

partly to add to margarine the dietetic values natural to butter, partly for its night-fighting pilots. Vitamin A sharpens vision, particularly night vision. Now our own pilots will need it.

Hearing of the search, T. J. Guaragnella, a fish broker in San Francisco, had tests made of various kinds of fish. Gray shark liver showed good vitamin content. The gray or dog shark, a slim, voracious creature about four feet long, had been an abundant nuisance on the Pacific Coast. Guaragnella told the fishermen he would pay \$25 a ton for them. It became more profitable to catch sharks than fish for the table, and 25 San Francisco boats were soon shark-fishing. At \$25 a ton, gray shark liver was costing Guaragnella about 25 cents a pound; the rest of the shark was used for fishmeal and fertilizer.

One afternoon Guaragnella happened upon a crew which was dressing a soup-fin shark. He noticed its unusually large liver and tested it. To his astonishment it showed a vitamin potency many times that of gray shark liver. He offered \$40 a ton for soup-fin sharks—so called because the Chinese consider the fins a delicacy.

"If I could have kept my little business secret, I'd be a millionaire," Guaragnella says. "But that was impossible. Competition became fast and furious. It was a business which ran into Amos 'n' Andy figures."

That's a mild way of putting it. The price of soup-fin sharks in August 1941 was \$500 a ton; in September, \$1200; in October, \$1500. That meant livers were selling at \$3.75 a pound, wholesale. Prices are set by daily bidding at the fishermen's exchanges up and down the coast.

Just now the price is down to a mere \$1000 a ton for males, \$200 a ton for females, for breeding and change in feeding habits in winter decrease the vitamin potency of the livers. The market is expected to set new highs in the spring, with the demand still mounting and war in the Pacific still further diminishing supplies. Hearing of the American boom, the Japanese had been sending over frozen shark livers on almost every ship.

The fishermen certainly hope the boom lasts. They used to fish from early May, when the salmon come in, to the end of September, when the tuna mysteriously disappear. Then they tied up for the winter. Such a season might net a captain owning his boat and gear \$3000, the crew \$1000 apiece. This winter the boats didn't tie up, except for storms. Not infrequently a day's fishing, even at winter prices, equaled a normal season's returns.

Students at the University of Washington deserted their classes to fish for sharks in Puget Sound. A Port Orford, Ore., skipper came in from an overnight trip with \$1780 worth of livers. At Westport, Ore., a small boat made \$1050 in

one run. The Astoria, Ore., fishermen divided \$2,000,000 in three months last fall, one captain coming in from three days' fishing with a \$7800 cargo. Northern reduction plants cannot handle the vast tonnage, so the livers are dressed and frozen, the carcasses thrown away.

To catch the sharks, some fishermen anchor a long line of halibut hooks, baited with frozen salmon, on the ocean floor, arguing that soup-fin sharks are ground feeders. Others rig nets 1300 feet long so that they will float upright about 20 feet below the surface and drift with the tides overnight. There were 200 sharks in such a net one morning. Larger boats trawl.

Hauling in a 75-pound shark is no fun. At the boatside the fisherman clouts the creature with an iron bar; if that doesn't finish the shark he shoots it. In the tussle with the wriggling fish he is often scratched bloodily, for shark skin is rough as sandpaper.

Fishermen of the eastern seaboard are sharing in the boom in a modest way. They have gone shark fishing — mostly off Morehead City, N. C., and off the Florida Keys — but they get no fancy prices. None of the nine or ten kinds of sharks caught in the Atlantic can vie with the soup-fin shark as a source of vitamins.

Reversing the Pacific situation, Atlantic sharks are most valuable in winter. A leather factory in New Jersey buys the skins and the Atlantic Coast Fisheries Corporation is the principal buyer of livers. An important share of the Pacific Coast catch eventually finds its way to the Corporation's oil plant at Provincetown, Mass. Atlantic Fisheries used to market \$2,000,000 worth of fish a year, \$50,000 worth of fish oils. In 1941 it sold \$1,500,000 worth of fish, \$2,000,000 worth of fish oils. The former by-product has become the company's main business.



Marie Dressler's French Lesson

¶ DURING my first visit to Paris, when my French was extremely sketchy, I wanted to find the house of a friend. The taximan did his best to explain to me that the address of my friend was just *behind* the Hotel Continental where I was stopping. "*C'est derrière L'Hôtel Continental*," he kept repeating.

I got it all but the *derrière*. I demanded, "*Que signifie derrière?*" The wearied cabby, who was watching me back out of his decrepit vehicle, lifted a shoulder and spread his hands. "If," he said, "Madame does not know the meaning of *derrière*, nobody does!"

— Marie Dressler, *My Own Story* (Little, Brown)

Troubled with Dandruff?

Condensed from Hygeia

Lois Mattox Miller

Do you have dandruff?" Advertisements persistently want to know — and the answer is usually "Yes." Dermatologists estimate that dandruff attacks 75 to 95 percent of American scalps.

What *is* this puzzling and persistent nuisance? Is it a forerunner of baldness? Is it a more or less normal condition, or is it an infectious disease, potentially serious?

There is a disease — fortunately rare — known as "seborrhea dermatitis," in which a discharge from the infected sebaceous glands collects in thick scales on the scalp, produces sores, itchiness and even baldness. There is also a "sticky" type of dandruff, in which the dandruff scales are moistened by an oily scalp condition. Certain hair-tonic and antiseptic advertisers have dramatized the resemblance between seborrhea and oily dandruff to heighten the dandruff scare.

Seborrhea is a matter for the doctor. But only two tenths of one percent of the people ever have it. To imply that simple dandruff is a form of seborrhea is deliberately misleading.

Of the several forms of dandruff, the only widely prevalent one is that which doctors call "simple

dandruff." The untidy little white flakes that shower upon almost everybody's coat collar are dried bits of scalp. Simple dandruff is a continual flaking of the top or "horny layer" of the skin.

What causes this excessive flaking? Medical researchers are as baffled over the true cause as they are over the deeper mysteries of the common cold. The great French hair-and-skin specialist, Dr. Raymond Sabouraud, blamed a bottle-shaped germ called *Pityrasporum ovale*, which he found between the dandruff scales. But other investigators found the "bottle bacillus" swarming in scalps untroubled by any form of dandruff! So doctors still lack an open-and-shut case against any "dandruff germ."

It is believed that factors other than germs play a part, for your scalp is a good barometer of your general health. Common suspects are rich food, excessive use of tobacco and alcohol, lack of sleep, overexertion and nervous strain.

Then there are the mysterious endocrine glands. Doctors have observed that small babies can have simple dandruff, but serious scalp infections do not occur until after puberty, when all the glands become active. Cases have been re-

ported where dandruff and even seborrhea in women have disappeared after the menopause, when some endocrines cease functioning.

But if the causes of dandruff are obscure, the results are sometimes embarrassingly evident. What can one do to check the shower of scalp flakes? Of what value are advertised preparations — “hair tonics” and “dandruff cures?” Doctors are weary from answering. Bottled preparations don’t “cure” dandruff. They may do some harm. They’re usually a waste of money. Scarcely a month passes in which the Federal Trade Commission does not crack down on some manufacturer for advertising that his preparation will “cure” dandruff, “get at the root of the trouble” or “penetrate the hair follicle and annihilate the germ.” Such claims are scientific impossibilities. Some preparations do dissolve dandruff scales — but so does soap and water.

A few “tonics” contain ingredients that are harmful to the hair and scalp. Most, however, are made up of oil or alcohol, water, coloring matter and scent. Yet even such a “harmless” hair tonic can complicate the very dandruff condition it purports to cure. Too much alcohol is bad for a dry scalp; too much oil is bad for an oily scalp.

Can you cure dandruff? “No,” says the doctor. “But you can keep it in check.” If the hair is oily, shampoo with tincture of green soap, an inexpensive fluid obtain-

able at any drugstore. If the scalp is dry, use one of the superfatted soaps which are available. Never rub soap directly on the hair; it’s harder to rinse out afterward. Shaved into flakes and dissolved in water, ordinary white soap is as satisfactory as any prepared liquid shampoo. Medication in soaps has scant value: the ingredients are never on the scalp long enough, and, besides, it is impossible to prescribe one medication suitable for all scalps.

One shampoo a week suffices for most people, but washing the hair oftener will do no harm. Rinse several times to remove all the soap; then be sure that the hair and scalp are dried thoroughly. As washing may remove some natural oil, people with dry scalps are advised to apply pure olive oil after a shampoo. Use a very small amount on a wad of cotton; part the hair at intervals, rubbing the oil on the scalp and not on the hair.

Will massaging and brushing help? Massage — manipulating, not rubbing — stimulates the scalp but does not remove dandruff. A stiff-bristle brush, applied with too much vigor to the scalp, can be harmful. “It’s irritating,” says one prominent dermatologist, “and frequently aggravates the dandruff condition. Brushing gives a woman’s hair luster; but she should brush her hair, not her scalp.”

The simple, doctor-approved shampoo-and-oil hygiene will prove so effective in most cases that the

dandruff may seem to disappear. Actually it is only under control. Neglect the scalp and dandruff will return. Like all personal hygiene, dandruff control is a lifetime job.

Avoid the barber's or the hairdresser's advice, and keep away from advertising "scalp specialists." Never use any scalp medication that a doctor prescribed for someone else. It may be harmful for *your* type of scalp.

The dermatologist explodes an-

other dandruff myth. Simple dandruff does not cause baldness! Nor is it necessarily a forerunner of seborrhea. "Keep your scalp clean," says one eminent doctor, "curb the dandruff, and you'll probably never have seborrhea."

Finally, don't worry. The statistical odds are 500 to one that you will never have seborrhea anyway, and 50 to one that you'll never have any scalp condition that calls for a doctor's attention.



Ultimates

¶ WHEN he goes on trips, a Detroit hitchhiker says, "Take me, take my trailer." To the motorist willing to tow him, he offers free bed and board in his completely equipped home-on-wheels. — *The Lamp*

¶ APEX in canine cosmetics is to have a dog's claws tinted the same color as his owner's fingernails. — Mary Margaret McBride in CBS broadcast

¶ A BOSTONIAN has patented a "posture-inducing" device for keeping the figure trim. Supported in the neighborhood of the abdomen by straps on belt, girdle or underwear, the device emits a warning whistle the moment the abdominal muscles sag. — Adapted from N. Y. Times

¶ WORKMEN at Belleville, Illinois, erected a prefabricated house with such speed that one of them was trapped and a section of floor had to be taken up to release him. — N. Y. World-Telegram

¶ ANYONE in New York feeling in need of spiritual guidance can dial a certain telephone number and receive a two-minute "sermonette" spoken by a minister. This service, which makes no demands on the caller, not even a request for his name, has given messages to as many as 300 persons in a day. — Freling Foster in *Collier's*

PICTURESQUE *speech* AND PATTERN . . .

The dim candle of dawn, set 'in the horizon's window-ledge (Walter N. Hovland) . . . Roosters crowing with a rusty sound (Rachel Field) . . . Sudden small breezes sent titters through the trees (Maureen Daly)

She's a chain-talker — lights each sentence from the spark of the last (Fr. Daniel A. Lord) . . . The sort of woman who doesn't enter a room but invades it (Sydney A. Farbish) . . . An orchid face with a cactus tongue (Mrs. Montelle Hackett) . . . An old man, in his informative years (Dorothy M. Westphal)

My feet were so cold I was walking from memory (Fibber McGee) . . . Reading that book will put your eyebrows on stilts (Walter Winchell)

Smoke-ring calmness (*Time*) . . . She gave her husband a married look (E. J. Rath) . . . Lonely as a signpost (Wladyslaw Reymont) . . . The cobweb prison of shyness (Robert Littell)

After-dinner speaker's remark: Now before I start I want to say something.

Lou Costello: I've saved the money to pay my income tax, now all I have to do is borrow some to live on.

His tone not only closed the subject, it sat on the lid (Mary Renault) . . . He made his bed; now he's lying out of it.

Most people have *some* sort of re-

ligion — at least they know which church they're staying away from. (John Erskine)

The men ate like a woman packing a trunk: it wasn't a question of capacity, but of how much there was around to go in. (Clementine Paddleford)

She chaperuined the party (Cissy Haas) . . . She told us in her own il-limitable way . . . Women finger-shopping along the counters (Herbert N. Rawlins) . . . Traffic at a jamstill (Mrs. A. E. Hamilton, Jr.)

A wintry sun crept in to warm itself before the fire (Marcel Proust) . . . The hall clock chewed its cud of time. (Sandra Michael)

Her words drifted over the truth, snowing it under with little white lies (D. R. Loop) . . . He owned and operated a ferocious temper (T. R. Ybarra)

Photographer, taking a picture: All right, now let go of your face.

With more truth than error, a Virginia Negro said: "Mah radio is out of commotion."

Radio Patter: Is that your original face, or a retread? (Rochester) . . . Gold is the only thing she hasn't panned (Charlie McCarthy) . . . He's a man of a few thousand words (Col. Stoopnagle)

A cannon barked, then settled back on its haunches (Joe Williams) . . . Cats that sleep fat and walk thin (Rosalie Moore)

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ADDRESS PATTERN EDITOR, BOX 605, PLEASANTVILLE, N. Y.

The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met

By

Robert P. Tristram Coffin

MY FATHER was the kind every American boy ought to have.

He was an all-round man. He could whittle a boat for a small boy to play with and build one for a big boy to row in. He could rig a sail, shoot wild geese, and break a horse or swap one. He told stories, drew pictures, and sang songs — but he could make good hay and raise fine potatoes just as well. He built good houses and good soil and strong children. He was his own boss. He was a three-ring circus, with every ring going at once. He was young as his youngest boy.

My father was a handsome man and big-built, like his own oxen. He was only five feet nine but he took the largest sizes in everything. Square was the word for him — from his curly head to the toes of his cowhides. He was good-looking because he had been out in the rain and sun all his life. His skin was the color of acorns. And he had the Maine blue eyes — deep but very bright — that come from being out in sea scud and looking sharp at reefs and fog banks a long way off. His mustache was the gates-ajar kind, turned up at the ends to make him look as if he was always smiling. He generally was, too.

My first memory of him is seeing

him build our house, with sawdust in his hair, sawing out laths and drowning the noise with a hymn. He loved the old hymns, like "Hold the Fort," songs with strong men in them. He liked religion that had "muscles and guts to it."

My father was self-made, like the best Americans. He began working when he began to walk, and he was too busy living to go to school. So as a boy he read at night, after working a man's long day in a cotton mill. He educated himself on his belly in front of the kitchen fireplace, and never stopped reading when he grew up.

My father was what he would call "a well-posted man." He took four or five newspapers. He took the *Missouri Valley Farmer* way up in Maine. For a farmer and a fisherman he had a large library — about 2000 volumes. He was well up in geography, astronomy, navigation, politics and agriculture. History was a favorite with him and he liked books about big men. He read Shakespeare to me from the time I was six, and he would let himself go when he got into the kings' parts.

But my father had learned most of what he knew by working at many trades outdoors. Fishing, farming, carpentering, boat-building — it did not matter what it

was, so long as he could carve out his own way with his two gnarled hands. He was a pioneer, taming the wild, making it blossom, filling it with children. When neighbors moved too close he found a new promised land, cleared out the trees and built his house all over again. His idea of a good home was one that took a lot of pains to get to.

Spruce Island in Casco Bay was a fair sample. He and my mother set up pioneer housekeeping there when their babies could only creep or waddle. Often the only neighbors they had were bobcats and owls. My father drove his oxen to that island over four miles of bay ice. He ran two stores in town, built his own boats and barns, plowed up new acres for corn and beans, seined mackerel and shad, and fished a hundred lobster traps. Life was hard sledding, but he made it. Mother lived nights and days and weeks alone, with only croupy children and no neighbors nearer than a lantern's shine across miles of wild water.

When it came time for my father to move on to a new wilderness, he went to the stone wall he had built around his pasture and took out his bank. It was an earthen crock with 2000 silver dollars in it. He had earned it all — in five years on Spruce Island — with his bare hands, his bright plow and his lobster traps.

The next island in the family was

the one I cut my first teeth on. It was State of Maine granite, the last island out between Maine and Spain. My father ran up a new house out of ships' timbers that had washed ashore. The island was so windy he had to anchor his house down with oxchains over the ridgepole, and when the wind changed he would go out in his night-tails and shift the chains. I learned to creep on the ledges of Pond Island.

When it got too cold and stormy to live on that island, my father pushed the house and us in it onto the deck of his schooner and planted us on an island nearer the mainland. It was wilderness, though, and we heard lynxes howling at night when we rowed over the bay, coming home from school. In winter, we had to walk home across the bay ice. We carried long pine poles to hold us up when we broke through, and we went Indian file, with the leading boy trying the ice with his axe.

It was a fine thing to talk and walk and ride and work with a man who was making American history. My father had been in the Civil War and had carried his best friend out of battle with his friend's leg bones sticking out white through his trousers. He had swapped jokes with Lincoln in a hospital bed. He had been sent home weighing only 90 pounds, but he had cheated the doctors, got himself a wife and raised a family.

He wanted his children — there were 10 of us — to grow up smart and be somebody. We got our education in the red-brick school-house, but he taught each boy a trade, too. One became the family boat builder, another the family carpenter. I was the mason, and I have chimneys and walls to my credit.

My father worked harder than any of his hired men. He led the way with his pitchfork in the hay-field and with his hammer on the roof of a barn. He loved to quote his favorite philosopher, Ben Franklin: "If you would have a thing done, go. If not, send." The worst thing he could say of a man was "eye-servant," one who worked only when somebody's eye was on him.

Good eating was one of his passions. He was an expert cook himself. That man could run up a cod's-head chowder that put the sun into a cloudy day. We ate it with crude spoons that he made out of clamshells shoved into split sticks. He ate all the meals he could in the open.

Friends were a chief crop with my father. He learned more from them than from his books. Among his friends were the Governor of Maine, Senators, and men high in law and medicine — and also plain fishermen and farmers who had never been very far from their herring nets and kidney beans. In his store he parceled out philosophy

and wisdom along with sea food and fishhooks. He would sit up all night to talk, and found some good to say even of rascals. His speech was full of the color of life. A thin meal was a dinner of "wind pudding." A shiftless man was "no more use than a last year's crow's nest." A quick rain was like "sheep trotting over a roadway." A homely man had a face "like a basket of eels."

My father knew from the start that I was to be the bookman among his children. So he gave me the key to his library, and later the prized books themselves. He let me read for days at a time, while he did my chores. But I learned more from his stories than from books. I learned about Hannibal and John Paul Jones, about ghosts and Indians. He taught me to read the weather in pine needles and clouds, the years in the trunk of an oak. He schooled me in the tides, and the language of bird tracks on the snow.

Turnips became my father's specialty in his later years. He raised 30 tons of them annually with a secret fertilizer, and he never let his neighbors discover what it was — mussel mud, dug up out of the bay at low tide in winter and spread on his snow-covered field. I handled every turnip five or six times. I transplanted them, hoed them, watered them, pulled them, cut off their tops, and helped row them across the bay to market.

My father, though, insisted on washing them. It was one of his extra touches that made him a successful farmer.

That was my father's secret. He made thrift an adventure and hard work a game. He was up to his middle in work day and night and he made it so breathless a thing that we children wound, up by falling in love with it, too. To this day we cannot tell where play leaves off and work begins.

He taught his children life by living it and letting us live it with him. He let us hand him his nails when he shingled a roof. He let us help yank in the codfish he had hooked on his line. He let us pitch hay with him and chase after the

whistler he had winged. He kept us up late and got us up early.

When he felt his age on him, my father knocked off work long enough to travel to the four corners of America. He looked at the Grand Canyon, the redwoods, Puget Sound, Los Angeles, the deserts, the Mississippi, the southern plantations. He saw America built up and thriving. But he had been building that same America all his life. He had been farmer, sailor, boat maker, fisherman, reader, country gentleman, hunter, thinker, believer in life, lover of life, a builder of soil and men. He had earned his rest. He had helped make our land a place where a common hardworking man walks like a king.



The Discipline of Sport

REAL SPORT is an antidote to fatalism; the deep objective of games is really to train one's reflex of purpose, to develop a habit of keeping steadily at something you want to do until it is done. The rules of the game and the opposition of other players are devices to put obstacles in your way. The winner must keep everlastingly after his objective with intensity and continuity of purpose.

Wilfred Trotter, the famous English surgeon and philosopher, once remarked: "I think the great contribution the English have made to the valuable things of world culture is this: an interest in struggling for an unpredictable goal. As you go eastward from the British Isles, you run into cultures of gradually increasing susceptibility to fatalism. The Englishman's games have made him less fatalistic, and as a result of the discipline of sport he will keep struggling even though his intellect would indicate his cause to be lost."

—John R. Tunis, *Democracy and Sport* (Barnes)

¶ "Pass the grass," they're saying at mealtimes in England; and housewives ingeniously serve wild-rose-haw jam, stinging-nettle purée and beetroot buns.

On the Kitchen Front in England

Condensed from This Week, New York Herald Tribune

Patricia Strauss

ALTHOUGH not yet desperate, England's food shortage is serious. It is more difficult to bear than air raids. For many people there is a certain exhilaration about raids; there is drama and action, and even the worst raid comes to an end, but the food problem is there every day and all day. The people are meeting it, however, with fortitude and even with humor.

They are making heroic efforts to increase home production. Pigs are being raised in odd corners and suburban garages, fed on scraps unfit for human consumption. The police of Edgware, just outside London, have formed a pig club. They go from house to house collecting kitchen waste, which is boiled down for pig food in a large

pot in the police station. Altogether there are 18,000 such pig clubs in England, which will yield 3000 tons of back-yard bacon in a year to augment their owners' regular rations.

In country districts school children spend their afternoons collecting acorns for pig food, planting or digging potatoes, or picking fruit. Boys of London's famous Westminster School, now evacuated to the country, rake hay and grow vegetables instead of playing cricket and football. At Little Gaddesden, in Hertfordshire, evacuated London youngsters run a communal farm, breeding pigs and chickens and selling the livestock and produce they raise. They started with £12 advanced by the government; now their stock is worth £80.

PATRICIA STRAUSS is the wife of a Member of Parliament belonging to the Labor Party. She was herself for years associated with the labor movement in England, speaking in all parts of the country and writing regularly for *The Tribune*, a weekly magazine for which she is now the American correspondent. Since coming to the United States she has made numerous broadcasts and contributed to several magazines. She is the author of *Bevan & Co.*, published last year.

There are now over a million amateur poultry keepers in England, averaging 12 hens each. And century-old lawns have been plowed for vegetable gardens. The government pays £2 per acre to any person who cultivates previously unused land. Altogether 4,000,000 new acres have been

cultivated — public parks, golf courses, lawns, land for sale, and bombed homesites.

Town back yards, too, which had only been used for hanging out the wash, are being valiantly planted. More and more window boxes are appearing. But instead of geraniums they contain lettuce, carrots and parsnips. Since herbs have become important because they vary a monotonous diet, pots of chives, thyme and fennel stand inside the windows. The ground in front of apartment houses has been dug up for vegetable plots. In spite of food shortage, growing vegetables are quite safe; no one would think of stealing from a neighbor's plot. Chickens are also raised in the cities. Outside the American Embassy, in the middle of Grosvenor Square, is a chicken farm. And all over the city Londoners are awakened by the unurban sound of crowing cocks.

Strange things are being eaten. Necessity is breaking down one deep-seated English prejudice: horse-flesh is being sold by itself or mixed with beef in sausages and meat pies. Newly-cut young grass can be bought in the shops; its protein value is high, and eaten as a salad it has a pleasant, fresh taste. "Pass the grass" is now a mealtime request at Cambridge University.

The English have discovered also that dandelions are rich in Vitamin A, have four times as much Vitamin C as lettuce, and

taste good. The fruit of the wild rose, as rich as oranges in Vitamin C, makes excellent jam and can be steeped, like tea, into a pleasant hot beverage. Wild spinach is as tasty as garden spinach. A salad of dandelion leaves, sorrel and wild corn, supported by stinging-nettle purée on potato slices, with marrow flower fritters as dessert, makes a nourishing meal.

So far only tea, sugar, meat, butter, margarine, eggs, fat, bacon and jams are rationed. The weekly allowance of meat for one person is approximately what an American eats at one meal. In general, the total food values of English rations are about the same as the German.

Some foods are not rationed but "shared." Following public protest at the extreme scarcity and expensiveness of onions, for example, the government took over the distribution, controls their price, and allows everyone to buy each month a stipulated share, depending on how many onions there are to go round.

Once the housewife has her ration books and registers with a retailer, she knows she will get her share of rationed foods. But she still must worry over the eternal "making do" with scanty unrationed goods, devising meatless meals or a lunch for four out of a marrow bone. The outstanding exception is bread, consumption of which has increased 20 percent.

The Ministry of Food gives detailed advice on how to eke out slender rations. "Make rusks of bread you cannot use immediately and store them for use later. When you finish a jar of jam, pour in a tablespoonful of hot water, stir well, and use the liquid for puddings and sauces." The spread ration (jam, honey, syrup, marmalade or molasses) is one pound per person a month. The housewife is also cautioned to "rinse out milk bottles with a tablespoonful of water and use the liquid in cakes and puddings." When a reduction in army rations was announced recently, one soldier in training wrote: "It's about time we shared some of the hardships of civilian life."

Adults are limited to two pints of milk a week. Nursing and expectant mothers and children under five are entitled to a pint a day at reduced price, or free if the family income is below \$8 a week.

Advertisers back up government policy. Cadbury's advertises: "Milk is good for the youngsters, so is chocolate. If you see our milk chocolate on sale, please leave it for the children."

The housewife picks up all kinds of odd and useful tips from the newspapers. Since oranges are practically unobtainable, mothers are told that the juice of turnips or raw black currants can substitute for babies' orange juice. Recipes for sugarless buns containing beet-

root, which slightly sweetens them, are popular. Every mother now knows at least one recipe for eggless cake. In December the egg ration was three per month per person.

However, the food shortage has produced some benefits. Many children have a better diet than before the war. They enjoy priority of milk, and some things, such as black currants and all available oranges, are reserved exclusively for them. Mothers have perforce become competent dietitians, learning to serve meals as well balanced as possible with the available foods.

Recently when English factory workers opened three cases of machine tools received from Cincinnati they found 48 tins of evaporated milk tucked into each case with the tools, and a note reading: "The employes of Jones Machine Tool Works have sent this milk for your children. We trust it will be distributed where most needed." These anonymous factory workers in the United States will long be remembered in England.

Prices in ordinary restaurants have risen about 30 percent; in expensive West End eating places they have soared. No ration cards are needed, but diners are allowed only one small pat of butter, one lump of sugar, and one main dish (meat, poultry, game or fish).

Communal feeding was not popular at first, but London now has 200 well-patronized municipal feed-

ing centers serving 100,000 persons daily, and most other large cities are similarly provided. In one municipal Wartime Kitchen and Restaurant in London, 3000 lunches are served daily and many mothers buy a hot meal there to take home for the family, since bulk catering is cheaper and saves hours of shopping, cooking and washing up.

"Although the effect of the food deficiency on general health is at present only slight, there are already increases in tuberculosis, rickets and other deficiency diseases." These are the words of the chairman of the Hospitals and Medical Services Committee of the London County Council. "The real danger lies in the future. The gradual undermining of health may lead to epidemics as serious as the flu epidemic after the last war."

Subsidies of £100,000,000 a year help keep down the prices of a few food staples. The government is, for instance, the sole importer of meat and the sole purchaser of home-produced meat, selling it below cost to the shops. Other foods follow a familiar pattern: first the price rises, then there is public protest; when the protest is

loud enough the government fixes the price. Tomatoes, for example, rose to \$2.50 a pound, were finally controlled at 23 cents a pound when available.

There are no complaints about the inevitable shortage of food; protests arise only because of maldistribution, inequality and profiteering. Complaint leads eventually to remedy, and the right to criticize their government is one of the freedoms for which the people are fighting. Grumbling about food distribution is simply a demand for increased efficiency, and gradually it has effect.

Stocks of essentials are good but they are being saved as insurance against invasion or a drastic tightening of the Nazi blockade. The situation is extremely difficult, but there is no defeatism on the Kitchen Front. Every Saturday, in a street in the most heavily bombed district of London, one resident popularly chosen for the job collects a teaspoonful of tea and a teaspoonful of sugar from each family. Stored away carefully in tins, these collections are for the big tea party with which the street plans to celebrate victory.



Trial by Conversation

BEFORE marriage this question should be put: "Will you continue to be satisfied with this woman's conversations until old age?" Everything else in marriage is transitory. — Nietzsche

Business Hangs Out the Welcome Sign

Condensed from Future

John Allen Murphy

I HAD an appointment with an executive of a big oil company, and arrived on the dot. "Sorry, sir," said the receptionist, "there will be a delay of about 15 minutes." The receptionist was a tall, distinguished-looking man. This was unusual enough, but what happened next was more so. He came over to where I sat. "I have some fine Coronas here," he said. "Or if you prefer a pipe try some of this tobacco. Make yourself comfortable and I'll see that you are not kept waiting any longer than is necessary."

And when I went to see the vice-president of a large publishing firm, the girl at the desk greeted me with a cheery "Oh, yes, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Jones is expecting you." On inquiry I found that all callers who had an appointment were met in the same way. The girl was very pretty, and there were fresh flowers on her desk. A small matter, but just the kind of personal touch to which business is giving more and more attention.

My job requires me to call on about 2000 companies a year. Many's the time I've cooled my heels in a dreary outer office while some mannerless girl or office boy, after a curt "You'll have to wait,"

More and more companies are finding it pays to treat callers with friendly courtesy.

left me alone with my boredom and impatience.

Such mistreatment, formerly the rule, is becoming the exception. I have seen one company after another cease to regard the caller as an intruder and adopt the policy of doing everything possible to speed his mission and make him feel at home. This is particularly true of large corporations. They find it pays to be cordial.

The other day, because of a misunderstanding as to time, I had an hour's wait in the offices of a mid-western packing plant. While I sat there a hundred people came in. All were treated with extraordinary tact and patience, even those who were exasperatingly vague as to the purpose of their call.

Later I complimented the manager. "Just good business," he said. "All those people probably eat sausage. If we are nice to them they may buy ours."

The agency that handles the advertising of the telegraph floral delivery system in Detroit has a large

vase of cut flowers in its reception room. The visitor is invited to take one for his buttonhole. In the waiting room of a Wisconsin cheese factory trays of fresh cheese sandwiches are served every hour. Callers on an Ohio roofing manufacturer feel at home when the girl at the desk takes their coats and hats and offers them cigarettes.

A company in North Dakota has a conspicuous sign near its reception desk, which explains its policy of courtesy to callers: "We, too, have salesmen on the road. We try to give you the same friendly reception our own salesmen like to get."

One company records the forwarding addresses of visiting salesmen and acts as a post office for them. A Pennsylvania plant, several miles from the railroad, reaps good will by running a bus which takes salesmen to the plant and back again.

In the old days of the cold shoulder, salesmen often saw half their working hours wasted in some cheerless anteroom. Now they are given the opportunity to work while they wait. A Michigan electric typewriter manufacturer has one of his machines in the reception room, for the use of callers. The same friendly gesture is made by a manufacturer of dictating devices.

The most original hospitality to visitors I have observed is offered by a municipally owned western utility company. The power comes from a dam in the mountains many miles away. A salesman who calls

for the first time is invited to visit the dam. It is a two-day excursion through a scenic wonderland, with delicious food, sparkling days, and cool wilderness nights in comfortable cabins. For salesmen this unforgettable holiday is free.

Frank W. Woolworth often said that he owed much of his success to hearing the story of every salesman who came along. His first two stores failed, largely because he was not able to offer enough articles at his low prices. After that he made a rule that every salesman must be interviewed. If a buyer could not see a salesman within a reasonable time, he had to explain the delay and make an appointment to see him later. Woolworth's offices became the mecca of everyone with anything to sell, and soon his five-and-tens were offering the amazing variety of goods that has heaped their counters ever since.

The head of a Baltimore tea company used to be a salesman. The many rebuffs he met made him resolve that should he ever be on the receiving end he would give business visitors a royal welcome. He had the offices of the company rebuilt to represent an Elizabethan street. The visitor waits in a tea house where a hostess, dressed in 16th-century costume, serves him a deliciously brewed cup of tea. As he rambles through the court, he will see overhanging second stories oriel leaded-glass windows, thatched roofs and picturesque lampposts

he will see a reproduction of Anne Hathaway's Cottage, and other replicas of a bygone century which make the time pass all too quickly.

Many other business houses have pleasant ways of entertaining callers while they wait. In the reception room of a Cleveland manufacturer of turret lathes stands a glass-enclosed model of his machine. Press a button and it begins to work. Visitors crowd around, fascinated by its intricate revolutions.

A Philadelphia milk-distributing company has an observation gallery in its waiting office, from which visitors may see the bottling plant in operation. A Pittsburgh manufacturer has an exceptionally fine collection of etchings hung in his offices for the enjoyment of callers. In the offices of a Boston company are priceless Oriental works of art.

A number of business executives share their hobbies with visitors. The president of a fire insurance company in New York collects antique fire-fighting apparatus. The visitor thinks he has strayed into a century-old firehouse. Here is the solid mahogany engine used by the volunteers of Hingham, Mass. It could throw a stream of water 275 feet, but 60 men were needed to work its pump. Here is another engine, used in Trenton, N. J., in the early 1800's, decorated with panels painted in gorgeous hues.

Next to the waiting room of a Massachusetts optical goods manu-

facturer a museum exhibits hundreds of eyeglasses, some of them once worn by famous people. A manufacturer of shoemaking machinery in Boston has an absorbing museum of footwear. An Indiana automobile manufacturer has a museum of old vehicles — landaus, berlines, victorias, surreys — full of nostalgia for this automotive age. I have run into scores of these business museums. They educate and they also entertain.

Formerly you were met by an overworked gum-chewing clerk who resented visitors as an interruption of her regular task. Now I find people specially chosen for the job. The best of them are often gray-haired. These older men or women have a dignity, a mellowed experience and a natural courtesy which makes them ideal receptionists.

The best reception clerk I have ever met works for a Buffalo office equipment concern. He is an old man. He used to be a traveling salesman. Today he is using his great ability as a salesman to build good will for the company. He is friend and counselor to all who come in. "It is the best job in the world for an old man," he told me. "It gives him a chance to use the experiences and wisdom of a lifetime. It takes ripe years to be sympathetic with all the kinds of people who pass before the outer desk. My greatest reward is in the thought that friendship is my career and hospitality my stock in trade."

The North That Never Was

Condensed from "The Friendly Arctic"

Vilhjalmur Stefansson

THE popular picture of the Arctic as a land covered with the ice of everlasting winter, an intensely cold, lifeless waste of eternal silence, is erroneous. That Arctic does not exist, though it may be a pity to destroy the illusion.

One land in the North, Greenland, *is* covered with glaciers, and from it all the rest of the North has been pictured by analogy. Greenland is a mass of high mountains in a region of precipitation so heavy that summer heat does not thaw the accumulated snows of winter, so they change into glacier ice that flows down to the sea and breaks off into icebergs. In the past century men engaged in whale and seal fisheries off Greenland brought home stories of Greenland's ice, and led us to assume that all northern lands are ice-covered.

"But surely the Arctic is covered with deep snow," many people say. The snowfall in the Canadian Arctic and on the north coast of Alaska is in many places less than a quarter of what it is in Montreal or Leningrad. It is less than in Chicago. The annual snowfall of Ellesmere Island, the most northerly island yet discovered, is less than that of California. Most of what little snow falls in the far North is swept by the wind into gullies

or the lee of hills, so that about 80 percent of Arctic land is comparatively free from snow all year.

Closely allied to the idea that all land in the North is covered with eternal ice and snow is the one that the climate is an everlasting winter of intense cold. Canada has for years maintained a weather observatory at Herschel Island, about 200 miles beyond the Arctic Circle, and the lowest temperature recorded has been 54° below zero Fahrenheit. This is not cold when compared with some permanently inhabited countries. As you go south from the Arctic, you find more intensely cold winters, for you get away from the moderating effect of the comparatively warm water that underlies the ice of the polar sea and that forms a great radiator which prevents the temperature from dropping exceedingly low. Several hundred miles south of Herschel Island is Dawson, the capital of the Yukon Territory. Here the temperature sometimes drops to 65° below zero, yet Dawson is an ordinary town where people live all the year round with buildings steam-heated and electrically lighted.

Much farther south, in Yellowstone National Park, the U. S.

Weather Bureau gives 66° below zero as the minimum figure for winter cold. Wyoming, then, gets 12 degrees colder than sea level on the north coast of North America, 200 miles beyond the Arctic Circle.

The north of Iceland is within the Arctic Circle; yet, thanks to the Gulf Stream, Iceland is temperate. At sea level the temperature in some winters never falls to zero Fahrenheit, and 15 below is more often experienced around New York City than in Reykjavik. The mean temperature of January in Reykjavik averages 30 degrees above zero, or about that of Milan in Italy.

A corollary to the myth of everlasting cold in the North is belief in the absence of summer heat. Every summer the U. S. Weather Bureau reports temperature above 90° in the shade at Fort Yukon, Alaska, four miles north of the Arctic Circle. The maximum recorded is 100° in the shade. I spent one summer 75 miles north of the Arctic Circle, and for six weeks the temperature rose to 90° nearly every day. Nor did it fall low at night, for in that region the sun does not set and there is no respite through the cooling darkness. All my party agreed we had never suffered as much from cold as we suffered from heat that summer.

"Lifeless," so frequently applied, is a libelous term to give to the open land of the North. Dr. Elmer Ekblaw, the American geographer,

gathered over 120 different species of flowering plants in one vicinity 600 miles north of the Arctic Circle. These include such common plants as poppy, bluegrass, heather, sedge, bluebell, cress, dandelion, timothy, rushes and edible mushrooms.

Mecham, the original explorer of southwestern Melville Island, reported that many portions of the island reminded him of English meadows. This was 500 miles north of the Arctic Circle. Descending from the inland ice to the coast of northern Greenland, Peary found musk oxen grazing in green and flowered meadows amid the song of birds and the hum of bees.

The Arctic grasslands have caribou in herds of tens of thousands, with lesser numbers of musk oxen. The aggregate number of wolves on the Arctic prairies of the two hemispheres must be well in the tens of thousands. There are the polar foxes, both white and blue, that feed in summer on the unbelievable swarms of lemmings that also form the food of hundreds of thousands of owls and hawks and gulls. Most of these animals stay north all winter. There are goose and brant and swan and crane and loon and various species of duck. And the Arctic Sea contains about as much aquatic life to the cubic mile of water as any other sea.

Nothing is more characteristic of the Arctic as it has been imagined than its silence. But in summer the

air is continually filled with the hum of the bluebottle fly and the buzz of myriad mosquitoes. There are the cries of plover, snipe, sandpipers and smaller birds, the squawking of ducks, the cackling of geese, the louder cries of the crane and the swan. And especially the night is resonant with the scream of the loon, somewhere between the shriek of a demented woman and the yowling of back-fence cats.

The treeless plains of Dakota when I was a boy were far more silent than ever the Arctic has been in my experience. In both places I have heard the whistling of the wind and the howl of wolves and the sharp bark of the fox at night; in both places I have heard the ground crack with the frost of win-

ter like the report of a rifle. But in the far North not only is the ground continually cracking when the temperature is changing, but when the ice is being piled against a polar coast there is a high-pitched terrifying screeching as one cake slides over the other. Under resistless pressure the floes buckle and snap, with a groaning as of supergiants in torment and a booming which at a distance sounds like a cannonade.

"The eternal polar silence," writes the poet in his London attic. But we of the far North never forget the boom and screech and roar of the polar pack.

The literary North is barren, dismal and desolate. The real Arctic teems with life and sound.



What Did the Missionary Say?

A MISSIONARY was captured by aborigines and condemned to death. To decide the manner of execution, it was the tribal custom that a victim must make an affirmative statement. If the high priest considered the statement true, the victim was shot with a poisoned arrow. If the statement was considered false, the victim died by fire. But the missionary, thinking fast, made a short statement so perplexing that it was impossible to carry out the execution. What did the missionary say?

— Harold Hart, *Invitation to Fun*
(Stokes)

"The missionary said: 'I will die by fire.' If the high priest decided that this statement was true, execution would have to take place by shooting. But that would make the statement false, and so the victim would have to be burned. But if he were burned, the statement would become true, thus prohibiting an execution reserved for liars."

They Fiddle for Fun

Condensed from The Etude

Nathan Cohen

LAWRENCE TIBBETT, on the stage of the Duluth Armory auditorium, took a top note in an aria from *La Traviata*. As his voice faded into an orchestral flurry, a man in the second violins rose, waved a signal to the conductor, bounded off the stage and joined two patrolmen waiting for him at the door. An hour later he returned, resumed his post. Tibbett was nonplused. Never before had one of the orchestra walked out on him during a concert.

The fiddler was Dr. Will A. Ryan. He had rushed off to attend an unexpected arrival in the maternity ward of a hospital. Not having time to change, he delivered an eight-pound boy while still clad in evening clothes. He reported later that the mother took one look and said, "Doctor, I didn't know this was going to be formal!"

The doctor's sudden exit did not

Now Sunday editor of the Duluth *Herald & News-Tribune*, Nathan Cohen at 35 has been in newspaper work for 20 years. He does music, theater and art reviews for his paper, writes the program notes for the Duluth Symphony and is himself an amateur musician.

surprise conductor Paul Lemay. In the seven years that he has led the Duluth Symphony Orchestra, Lemay has become accustomed to having his musicians leave the platform. With shopkeepers, salesmen, housewives, bakers, dentists and doctors stealing time from business to play Bach, Beethoven and Brahms, Lemay requires no strict adherence to an orchestral timetable.

The Duluth Orchestra has been running on a schedule of surprises for ten years. It has had as guest soloists such artists as Heifetz, Flagstad, Elman, Spalding and Hofmann. But when it was born in a garage on a stormy winter night no one expected it to last. It was pure fancy to think that the city could or would support a symphony orchestra.

The fancy started with Alphin Flaaten and Larry Willis, former theater orchestra players who had been thrown out of work by the talkies. They sent out a call for other musicians just to see how many of their one-time associates would remember what fun it was to play Beethoven instead of the

movie music to which through necessity they had become accustomed. The response was amazing. The musical grapevine spread their call. Everyone, it seemed, who ever had blown an oom-pah or drawn a bow wanted to come in.

Flaaten owned an old garage, formerly a stable, with a spacious second floor adorned by a huge stone fireplace which promised warmth and cheer. With the night of the first rehearsal came the worst blizzard of the year. Snow swirled in through broken windowpanes. Flaaten and Willis, struggling to make the old fireplace work, doubted that anyone would show up. The door opened, and in walked Alfred Moroni, a Mesaba ore-digger from 70 miles north, who played the oboe. From Cloquet, a paper mill town 28 miles away, came Lloyd Brissett, a tuba player. From Superior, Wisconsin, came Oscar Brandser, clothier and violinist, and Helen Cleveland, a four-foot-eight double bass player. Dr. Ryan was there too. With them came twoscore ex-professionals.

When Walter Lange, paper specialties salesman, tapped his conductor's stick to start the rehearsal, he faced an orchestra the like of which no other leader had ever met — a newspaper publisher, a real estate salesman, a house painter, a surgeon, a dentist, five housewives, a printer, an artist and, fortunately, the ex-professionals.

The old stable swelled with musi-

cal pride that night. Boxes and crates were tossed into the fireplace, and when the fire burned out the musicians put on overcoats and kept on playing. At last Conductor Lange's fingers became so cold he couldn't hold his stick.

"Boys," he said, "we'll try again on Sunday. Bring your fiddles and don't forget the cordwood."

After months of frigid rehearsals in the stable, the players gave it up and hiked to a paint shop where pots, barrels and half-completed bill-posters lent color. The morning after a bull-fiddler went through the head of a barrel of white lead; however, the players scattered through the town in search of an angel who could bless them with a heated hall. The angel they found in A. H. Moe, recorder of the Shriners temple. "You can have it for a song," he said; and at the next rehearsal he got his song, the *Angel's Serenade*.

The boys still talk about their first concert. They got the newspapers to promote it, begged the use of the armory; and 4000 Duluthians packed themselves into it. The 50 musicians took their places nervously arranged their music and looked out at familiar faces in the audience. The townfolk looked up and smiled. They smiled at Gilbert Johnson, who baked their bread; at Gudrum Momb, who sold them their gloves at the Glass Block store; at Bob Olander, who painted their houses.

The concert was a great success. Plainly Duluth wanted good music. So members of the orchestra asked Paul Lemay, viola player of the Minneapolis Orchestra and assistant to Conductor Eugene Ormandy, to come to Duluth and lead them in a series of concerts.

Lemay agreed. Mornings he rehearsed with the Minneapolis Orchestra. After a hurried lunch he caught a train for Duluth, devoting the five-hour journey to studying the music to be rehearsed that night. From six to eight, he held a class for viola players. Then three hours of rehearsing and he was back on the milk train, reading the scores which he would have to conduct for Ormandy in the morning.

In 1934 Lemay left the Minneapolis Orchestra to take over in Duluth. He had sold the idea of a symphony orchestra to Duluthians, not only to the ladies of the afternoon musicale and to music teachers but to businessmen. He had spoken before Rotarians and Kiwanians, before church societies and community clubs. He had shown them what could be done in a city where amateur and professional musicians could meet on common ground.

He held classes for amateurs. He went into the high schools and urged students to take up the bassoon, oboe, French horn, harp, promising them an eventual opportunity to play in the orchestra.

Then he sold the city a design for

music which called for a community-wide association to finance rehearsals and concerts. Businessmen, professional men, housewives contributed \$5000. Yet for their money the subscribers got no tickets, not even a chance at the choice seats.

Managers of a dozen community symphony orchestras have asked Lemay, "How do you get people to subscribe to an orchestra fund without giving them tickets?"

"Sell it to them as a business proposition," he answers. "Show them how the concerts will bring distinction to the city, and visitors. Then dare the businessman to attend a concert. He'll return again and again. Our Duluth businessmen no longer are frightened by an announcement that Heifetz will play a Beethoven concerto."

The idea of making the orchestra a neighborhood affair has worked. Today a tenth of the population subscribes to its maintenance fund, contributions ranging from 50 cents to \$1000. Housewives ring doorbells, businessmen tour the industrial areas when the annual drive is on. The orchestra, now 88 strong, costs \$30,000 a season, of which half is raised through subscription and the rest by box-office receipts.

Each season it plays six evening concerts with noted soloists as guests, two programs for school children, a trio of "pop" concerts, and makes a tour of nearby communities. Last season the orchestra

played 13 weekly concerts over the Mutual radio network.

Lemay has established a junior symphony, and once a week he rehearses teen-age musicians. Members of the senior orchestra sit alongside the youngsters to help them. The town was mighty proud of its talented young musicians re-

cently when the 68 of them broadcast over a nation-wide chain of 130 stations.

Ask the members of the Duluth Orchestra if it isn't tiring to hold daytime jobs and rehearse at night and they laugh. "We work during the day," they say. "We fiddle for fun."



Answers to "How Do You Pronounce It?"

(On page 21)

FOLLOWING are the correct pronunciations according to Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition (Unabridged), published by G. & C. Merriam Co. The accented syllables are underlined.

THE OLD MAN with the flăk-sid face and door expression gri-măced when asked if he were kon-ver-sant with zō-ol-o-ji, min-er-al-o-ji, or the kū-li-nari art.

"Not to be se-krē-tiv," he said, "I may tell you that I've given pre-seed-ence to the study of jěn-ē-al-o-ji. Since my father's de-mīze it has been my va-gar-i to remain in-kog-nī-to because of an in-ēks-pli-ka-bl, lam-en-ta-bl and i-rep-a-ra-bl family stīzm. It resulted from a hā-nus crime committed at our dōm-i-sīl by an im-pī-us scoundrel. To ur is human, but this affair was so grēv-us that only my in-her-e-ent a-kū-men and kon-sūm-it tact saved me."

THE ABOVE WORDS are commonly mispronounced as follows: flăs-sid, dowr, grim-aced, kon-ver-sant, zōō-ol-o-ji, min-er-ol-o-ji, küll-i-nari, seek-re-tiv, pres-e-dence, jěn-ē-ōl-o-ji, de-mees or de-meez, va-ga-ri, in-kog-nee-to, in-ēks-plik-abl, la-ment-a-bl, ir-re-pair-abl, skizm or shizm, hē-in-ous, hē-nus or hī-nus, dōm-i-sile, im-pī-us, air, grēv-i-us, in-hair-ent, ak-u-men, kon-sum-mate (but the verb "consummate" is correctly pronounced thus).

Australia Goes All Out

Condensed from The Nation

Hallett Abend

Distinguished foreign correspondent who recently returned from an investigation of war conditions in Australia, the Netherlands East Indies, and China

AUSTRALIA's strength or weakness has suddenly become of vital concern to the United States. And it is strength, not weakness. Just returned from "down under," I am stunned by the spectacle of a country which has genuinely gone "all out." Australia's war effort is prodigious.

It has a half million men in uniform, eager volunteers; 120,000 of them are already overseas. But the willing manpower of Australia would be of scant use to the Empire if it looked to Britain for arms and supplies.

It does not. This remote island continent, important a few years ago mostly for vast flocks of sheep and boundless wheat fields, is turning out planes, tanks, guns, ships, and the thousand miscellaneous articles modern war demands. These are produced in such quantity that Australia arms its own forces and also produces munitions for the British in Singapore, Malaya, India, the Near East and Egypt. It has even helped supply New Zealand and the Netherlands East Indies.

Peak employment in Australian munitions factories in the last war was 4000. This time it is 56,000.

The story of Australia's amazing transition to war industry.

Counting all other defense industries, 600,000 Australian men and women have war jobs. Thus, of Australia's 7,500,000 population — about equal to New York City's, spread incredibly thin over an area as great as the United States — 1,100,000 are in the war, in uniform or out. That is one adult in every five. Hundreds of thousands of sheep went unshorn last year; much wheat could not be harvested. The men are at grimmer business.

War activity is centered in new settlements, without names, their location unadvertised. Flying over the lonely land, you suddenly come upon a sprawling town like those which have mushroomed near our own war plants. Lonely ranches have become vast explosives factories, deep inland to be safe from coastal raiders. Where were sheep stations on a deep bay with an almost uninhabited hinterland now are great shipyards. Twenty munitions towns have sprung up within two years.

This transformation of an agri-

cultural land into an important industrial nation has been made possible solely by the foresight of one man, Essington Lewis, Director General of Munitions. Against indifference and even opposition, he laid the foundations for Australia's war industry when nobody believed there would be war.

Lewis, Australian-born mining engineer, managing director of the great Broken Hill properties (silver-lead mines, steel mills, shipyards), went on a holiday trip in 1936. That was what he pretended it was. Actually he was uneasy over world events and set out to investigate for himself. He went to Singapore, China, Japan, the Netherlands East Indies. After spending two months in Europe, he arrived in New York. By that time his presentiments of evil had become firm conviction.

He invited directors of the Bethlehem Steel Company to dinner and for two hours tried to convince them that Germany was getting ready to start another colossal war. He urged them to prepare for war production. "I am sure they thought I was a bit cracked," he recalls.

He had no better success at home. The Prime Minister and the Cabinet were unimpressed, said bluntly they "couldn't start war talk" and, considering the humor the voters were in, could make no appropriations for defense. Long afterward it developed that the Cabinet had inquired of the British government about the outlook and

was told Lewis was an alarmist.

But after Japan invaded China he got a more thoughtful hearing. In 1938, \$5,000,000 was set aside to lay the groundwork for defense industries. To this Lewis added an undivulged sum of his own money. Attracting as little attention as possible, he directed the building of 27 annexes to various industrial plants, with detailed plans for quick switch-over to war production.

Seldom has foresight been more completely justified. When war came, the 27 annexes quickly produced precision work that no inexperienced plant could turn out. Predictors for anti-aircraft guns, for example: one small part is machined in a series of blended curves in three dimensions, and at 800 separate points it must be accurate within one ten-thousandth of an inch.

Australia is producing all the anti-aircraft guns she needs; indeed, is exporting them. More than 50 Australian firms are making anti-tank guns. They also made the guns which armed 200 merchant ships.

When the war began, Australia had one shipyard; now it has seven, building destroyers, small naval craft and freighters. When I was there 50 corvettes were on the ways.

Lewis, too, gets the personal credit for increasing Australia's steel-making capacity from 1,000,000 tons in 1939 to 1,800,000 tons

as of the first of 1942. It was he who built Australia's first steel plant, the big Newcastle works, out of profits from the Broken Hill mines.

Until midsummer of 1939, Australia had no airplane industry. Now it produces all its own training planes, and has a surplus to supply other Empire pilots. It has just begun to turn out bombers and soon will be producing pursuit ships.

Deep in the center of the state of Victoria, 1000 buildings, spread over several square miles of what was open farmland a year ago, are now producing guncotton. The plant cost \$28,000,000 and employs 11,000 men and women. Another such plant is being built in Queensland, a third is to be in Tasmania.

Four factories which in peacetime produced such diverse things as railway cars, illuminating gas and automobiles are now turning out Bren-gun carriers, armored vehicles which have stood up well in action in North Africa and Syria. They are built with a special bullet-proof steel, the secret of its manufacture recently turned over to Britain and America by Lewis's plant.

Australian factories are likewise making a vast range of accessories

— tank periscopes, precision lenses, range finders, ponton bridges, radio equipment, gas masks, parachutes. In fact, Australia has already accomplished the gigantic task of turning itself into an arsenal for Britain's forces in the Far East.

Meanwhile Britain clamors for beef and mutton, butter and cheese, wheat and wool, leather and canned fruits, which are being shipped in immense quantities. Australian factories got orders in the two months nearest the time of my visit for 3,000,000 blankets, 7,000,000 pairs of wool socks, 7,200,000 suits of underwear, 3,000,000 pullovers and jackets, 1,000,000 pairs of army boots, and other supplies on the same scale.

These are figures I got from Lewis in his unpretentious Melbourne office. He discussed Australia's war effort and the uncertain future earnestly.

"But whatever happens," he said, "we owe a debt of eternal gratitude to the United States. America has kept nothing back from us. Anything we needed was always given freely and cheerfully — formulas, blueprints, detailed new methods. American aid has always been ours for the asking, and we'll never forget."



*N*OTHING can be more useful to a man than a determination not to be hurried. — Henry D. Thoreau

Out of the Mouths of Babies

Excerpts from Parents' Magazine

❧ MY SIX-YEAR-OLD niece wandered into my room while I was nursing my new baby. She was tremendously interested in the process, so I explained how all mother animals furnished milk to their babies. She looked quite concerned and finally asked, "But, auntie, is it *pasteurized*?"

❧ YOUNG PETER was visiting his grandmother when his father called him by long distance to tell him there was a brand-new baby girl at home. "That's nothing," Peter replied, "Grandma has a phonograph that plays 12 records."

❧ MICHAEL had taken a strong dislike to kindergarten. All persuasion failed, and finally his mother, in desperation, told him firmly that he would *have* to go. "All right, Mother," retorted Michael. "If you want me to grow up into a damn bead-stringer, I'll go."

❧ USED to thick sandwiches of the lunch-box variety, Cathie was puzzled when she first encountered thin tea sandwiches. Holding one very carefully, she asked wonderingly, "Mother, did you cut the bread?" "Yes, Cathie, I did." "We-ell," said Cathie dubiously, "you almost missed it."

❧ HUGH had ridden around the pony track twice with the pony walking slowly. The third time his daddy decided to go with him and let the pony trot. After bouncing halfway around the track, Hugh said to his father desperately, "Daddy, I want to sit down."

❧ OUR FAMILY has become extremely vitamin-conscious. The other day when

I gave my young son some little red candies, he munched on them and said, "Mm-mm, they're good. What vitamins do they have?" When I told him none, he looked incredulous and said, "Do you mean they're just for fun?"

❧ AT THE dinner table the adults were carrying on a long conversation that left out three-year-old Virginia entirely. Finally, she could stand it no longer. Touching her mother's arm, she inquired timidly, "Remember me?"

❧ "I'M SORRY I can't go to Grandmother's with you," Carol's father said apologetically. "I have to stay home and work on my invoice."

Carol drew her own conclusions. "Daddy couldn't come," she told her grandmother. "He's having quite a bit of trouble with his conscience."

❧ OUT WALKING one day Teddy spied an especially frowzy poodle dog. He stared at it for a moment, then asked his mother if it really were a dog. When she assured him it was, he continued to gaze at it silently. Finally he said in a tone of deep conviction, "Well, *some* dogs *look* like dogs."

❧ A MOTHER was trying to enter her five-year-old in a kindergarten whose age requirement was six. "She's very bright," the mother declared. "She can easily pass the six-year-old test."

"Say some words," the teacher told the child.

Little Jane contemplated the teacher coldly, then turned to her mother and asked, "Purely irrelevant words?"

"We'll Carry Anything That's Loose at Both Ends"

Condensed from Forbes

Frank J. Taylor

TRUCKS can haul anything that's loose at both ends," says Leland James, and on that maxim he built a great business. Thirty years ago James quit a Portland, Ore., high school to drive a power company's emergency truck. Saving money, he bought half interest in a sand and gravel truck, and four years later that one truck had grown to a fleet. By 1929 he was head of Consolidated Freightways, largest highway carrier in the Northwest, which in 1940 had expanded into Freightways, Inc., a coöperative of independents operating 1435 trucks over a 12,000-mile transcontinental system, serving 6200 centers in 24 states and Canada, and carrying more than a billion pounds of cargo.

James' first freight line was a struggling, 250-mile affair running between Portland and Medford. Around this nucleus he built Consolidated Freightways, pushing his service north across Washington, south to San Francisco and east into Montana.

Then he dreamed of a line connecting the Pacific Coast with the Middle West. Railroad rivals scoffed at the idea that motor trucks

Motor freight lines, put together by an ex-truckdriver, span the continent and highball a billion pounds of freight a year.

could compete for long-haul business. But James solved the problem by organizing a coöperative of 11 noncompeting highway carriers, whose routes now crisscross 17 states between the Pacific Coast and the Great Lakes area where they connect with lines serving the Atlantic seaboard.

This Freightways, Inc., system covers more territory than does any single railroad. Its trucks lopped a day off the customary delivery time between Great Lakes and Pacific Coast points, and within a year its members' inter-line business jumped 19 percent.

Freightways was organized without incurring a dollar of indebtedness. Each coöperating line originates business for the others, receives cargoes from them, exchanges equipment. No member may poach on another's territory and, to cover joint operating overhead such as promotion and billing expense, each pays one half of one percent

of interline revenues into the general treasury.

Long before he put the Freightways system together, Lee James had made Consolidated Freightways, his own company, a pace setter. Beginning with four-wheel trucks pulling four-wheel trailers, he kept adding wheels to both trucks and trailers until Freightways cargoes rolled on 22 low-pressure tires. This conserves drivers, loads and equipment. To get the tires he wanted, he set up a plant in Seattle to rebuild standard makes with heavier treads. He adopted Diesel engines for his intercity trucks. He increased braking surface until each truck wheel had more than do all four wheels of an ordinary automobile.

"Trucks can't dodge, but ours can stop in a hurry," he told his drivers, launching a highway safety campaign. He offered a gold watch to drivers who went through five years — about 375,000 miles — without an accident; 67 men now carry them. To build morale further, he put his drivers in dark-blue uniforms. Every driver takes a rigid annual physical examination and a written test on Consolidated's operating manual.

Mont L. Clark, an old-timer, who hires all Consolidated Freightways drivers, rides night after night on the trucks to coach his "gear-jammers." "Small men often make the best drivers," he says. "It doesn't take brute strength. It's

feel and rhythm and a sense of balance that count. One of the best drivers I ever picked was a trap drummer."

Highballing 30 tons of truck, trailer and cargo night after night over mountains and plains through blizzards or heat waves, on schedules rivaling those of fast trains, is a game for youth. The average age of Consolidated's 2035 employees is 27 years.

A day's run is usually six to eight hours, never more than ten. After a run, a man must go off duty eight hours for sleep. Pay is \$225 a month and up. About half the employees own stock in the company.

To build "freightliners," James turned an old Salt Lake City garage into a factory, under Freightways coöperative ownership. On the road these freightliners are swapped around just as railroads interchange boxcars. Freightliner bodies and much of the chassis and motors were formerly made of aluminum, which saved 5000 pounds in the weight of a 60-foot truck-and-trailer unit; now they are of lightweight, high tensile steel. One of them will earn \$40 a week more than its conventional competitor. In 18 months this extra revenue wipes out the \$3000 added cost. Western freightliners cost \$16,500, including 22 tires at \$70 each.

The smaller "eastern freightliners" consist of a tractor (a truck with short chassis and no body) and one trailer. Only 35 feet long,

they furnish less economical transportation, but are necessary in states which limit vehicles' length and weight. Oregon limits truck-and-trailer length to 50 feet; Washington, Idaho, Nevada and California allow 60 feet. A 60-foot truck-and-trailer bound from San Francisco to Seattle must halt at the Oregon border, where the trailer is detached and pulled across Oregon by a tractor. An eastbound freightliner out of San Francisco heads north at Elko, Nev., to avoid Wyoming with its 45-foot limit. The lack of uniformity in such limitations is one of the nightmares of transcontinental trucking. However, western states with low load limits now issue special permits for emergency defense hauling.

In the Midwest and East, state barrier trouble multiplies. Between Chicago and New York are as many length and weight limits as there are states to cross. In the South the situation is worse. Kentucky's maximum length is 30 feet. Texas allows a 14-ton load until a truck passes a railway freight depot, after which the limit is seven. Nearly all states have different limits for loads on each axle, for width and height of trucks. Many states levy special taxes on Diesel engines. Taxes and fees average \$2000 per freightliner per year.

Each gleaming, silvery freightliner, trimmed in red and green, travels 200,000 miles annually; in-

tercity drivers average 75,000 miles a year. Cargoes include everything imaginable. Freightways once carried a load of young buffalo (crated) from Yellowstone to Hollywood. It moved, in separate pieces, a million-pound gold dredger, and rushed 238,000 pounds of insecticide to eastern Oregon and Washington to save the pea crop from a plague of aphids. It sped cattle serum from San Francisco to Canada — beating the invoices, which came by mail. Wilson Freightways, a Canadian unit of the system, augmented their fleet with planes and dog teams last winter.

The town of John Day, Ore., has no railroad, so Freightways hauls in everything it needs and brings out cattle and ore. "We found as much business in John Day, whose population is 439, as in most towns of 10,000," said James. When The Dalles Southern Railroad failed, leaving elevators bulging with grain and no trains to haul it out, eastern Oregon farmers were frantic. "Quit worrying — we'll move it," promised James. His trucks moved a load of grain from the elevators every ten minutes.

In the list of items handled by one rig that pulled into Portland, I noted gold bullion, gems, wool, cheese, honey, quicksilver from Idaho mines, an oxygen tank and tent, an airplane engine, cookstove, steel I-beams, cut flowers. As Lee James says, "Trucks can haul anything that's loose at both ends!"

The Knife

Condensed from "Short Stories from The New Yorker"

Brendan Gill

MICHAEL threw himself down, locked his hands over one of his father's knees, and began, in a loud whisper, "'Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name, kingdom come, will be done, earth as it is in heaven, give us this day —'"

Carroll folded his newspaper. Michael should have been in bed an hour ago. "Take it easy, kid," he said. "Let's try it again, slow."

Michael repeated distinctly, "'Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed . . .'" The boy's pajamas, Carroll saw, were dirty at the cuffs; probably he had not brushed his teeth. "' . . . as we forgive them who trespass against us' — what does 'trespass' mean, Dad?"

"Why, hurting anybody."

"Do I trespass anybody?"

"Not much, I guess. Finish it up."

Michael drew a breath. "'And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. Amen.'"

"Now," his father said, brushing back Michael's tangled hair, "what about a good 'Hail, Mary'?"

"All right," Michael said. "'Hail,

Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women —'" Michael lifted his head to ask, "Is Mrs. Nolan coming tomorrow?"

"She'll be here, all right," Carroll said. "I give you ten seconds to finish the prayer."

Michael grinned at the ultimatum. "I thought you wanted me to go slow. 'Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen.'" He unlocked his fingers. "Will she?"

"Will she what?"

"Will she now and at the hour of our death, A-men?"

The words of Michael's prayer caught in Carroll's mind and stayed there, a long way beyond his smiling face. "Yes," he said, and set his pipe in the broken dish on the table beside him. "Climb into bed, young ragamuffin, it's past nine."

But Michael had something difficult to say. "You mean she'll ask God for anything I want and He'll give it to her for me?"

"She's His mother."

Michael stood up and kissed his

father carefully on the cheek and went to bed. Carroll opened the newspaper, read a paragraph, then dropped it in a white heap on the rug. He felt tired; perhaps tonight he might be able to get some sleep. He hadn't slept well in the last six months, since his wife had died.

His pajamas were hanging inside out in the bathroom, where he had left them that morning. He felt Michael's toothbrush with his thumb; it was dry. He should have explained to the child what happened to a person's teeth when he forgot to clean them every night and morning.

He entered the bedroom on tip-toe, but Michael was not asleep. "Dad?" he whispered.

"Go to sleep."

"I been asking Hail Mary for something."

"Tomorrow."

"No, I been asking her right now."

Carroll lay on his back with his hands over his eyes. "What've you been asking her for, Mickey?"

Michael hesitated. "I thought I'd better make it something easy first. To see what happened." He sat up in bed. "A jackknife."

THE CLOCK was striking ten. Michael was asleep. Carroll tried matching his own breathing to Michael's, to make sleep come, but it was no use. He got up and dressed. Then he walked down the two flights to the sidewalk. Shops

reached out of sight down both sides of Lexington Avenue. Carroll walked uptown, stopping in front of each bright shop window, studying its contents.

Sam Ramatsky stood sniffing the night air before his drugstore.

"Well, Mr. Carroll, nice night."

"Yes." Carroll wanted only to hear a voice. "How's business?" he asked.

"Can't complain." Sam grinned, shaking his head. "I take that back. It's *lousy*."

Carroll nodded impatiently. It was not Sam's voice he wanted to hear, after all. "Give me a milk shake, Sam."

They walked into the store. Carroll watched Sam pour milk into the shaker. Then his glance wandered to the packed counters behind him. "Sell any jackknives, Sam?"

"Sure. I sell everything. That's what keeps me broke. Nothing like keeping a thing in stock to kill demand." Sam set a tray of jackknives down on the fountain. "Beauties," he said. "Fifty cents up."

Carroll picked up the biggest and shiniest one. "I'll take this one," he said.

"Such expensive taste! One buck."

Carroll paid for the milk shake and the knife, said, "Good night, Sam," and went out. In another hour and a half he should have walked six miles. By that time his

body would be tired enough so that he could sleep. By that time, he hoped, no voice could rouse him.

IT WAS morning when Carroll awoke. He heard Michael and Mrs. Nolan talking in the kitchen. Michael's voice was high with excitement. "Look at it, Mrs. Nolan, look at it! Isn't it beautiful?"

"It is that," Mrs. Nolan said.

"Do you ask for things when you say your prayers, Mrs. Nolan?" Michael demanded.

"I do." A pan clattered to the floor. "I've seen many a nice clean sty I'd swap for this dirty kitchen," Mrs. Nolan said. "You live like a couple of savages from week to week. God love you."

"Do you always get what you ask for?" Michael said.

"It all depends. I sort of try to guess what the good Lord wants to give me, and I ask for that."

"That's how I got this knife," Michael said. "It's got a big blade and a little blade and a screwdriver and a thing to punch holes in leather with and a file."

"You must have said yourself a

fine prayer," Mrs. Nolan said.

"It was only a 'Hail, Mary,'" Michael said, "but I did it very slow, the way Dad told me to. Michael was silent for a moment. "But I'm asking for the real thing tonight. The knife was just to see Someone's going to be here when you come next week."

Mrs. Nolan made a clucking sound in her mouth. "Someone instead of me?"

"She was here with Dad and me before you came," Michael said, his voice thin with its burden, "and she's coming back."

"Michael!" Carroll shouted.

Michael ran to the doorway. The knife gleamed in his fist. "Look what I got," he said. "I was showing Mrs. Nolan."

"Come here," Carroll said. When Michael reached the bed, Carroll bent over and fastened his arms behind the child's back. There was only one thing to say and one way to say it, and that was fast. "I'm glad you like it," he said. "I bought it for you at Ramatsky last night. The biggest and shiniest one he had."



The Quick and the Dead

CHARLES DILLINGHAM and Florenz Ziegfeld were among the pallbearers at the funeral of Houdini, the Man of Mystery. As they lifted the elaborate casket to their shoulders, Dillingham whispered to Ziegfeld in a sepulchral tone:

"Suppose he isn't here!"

— Contributed by Bob Davis

Science Looks at the Sky

Condensed from The New Republic

Bruce Bliven

MANKIND explores his physical environment in many ways; but no science produces such exaltation — and humbling — of the human spirit as astronomy. In this field tremendous progress has been recently made. As a result we know:

That the universe is almost unbelievably larger than was supposed a few years ago.

That its distant parts are rushing away into the void at tremendous speed as though scattered by some awful explosion.

That our own starry heavens constitute but one of at least one billion similar star-groupings stretching away into space in all directions.

There are about 6000 stars visible to the unaided eye — only half of them at any given time. Astronomers have come to the conclusion that in our group there may be as many as 100 billion stars, some much smaller than our sun and others tremendously larger. This group, which the astronomers call a galaxy, is so vast that light, traveling at 186,000 miles a second, needs 100,000 years to go from one side to the other.

This article is one of a series under the title, "The Men Who Make the Future," based on interviews with leading scientists.

You might think of the galaxy to which our earth belongs as being like a thick watch crystal. The sun is about where the second hand would be, two thirds of the way from the center toward one edge. Around this sun is our planetary system, as far as we know the only such system in the universe. The galaxy is so large and our own little planetary system so small by comparison that, if you thought of it as being the size of a watch crystal, the planets and the sun itself would be invisible, even under a microscope.

Many people assume that between the stars is clean empty space. But the visible universe is filled with all sorts of debris — gas, dust, even chunks of matter. There are some gaseous clouds floating in space which themselves have a diameter of 2000 light-years. (The Milky Way, on the other hand, while it includes some gaseous vapor,

is in the main composed of enormous numbers of faint stars so distant as to be individually invisible.)

Stars themselves vary enormously in density; some of them are composed of gases so rarefied that they would seem to us like a vacuum; others are enormously denser than our earth. There are heavenly bodies so light — and hence with such a low gravitational pull — that on one of them an active person could do a high jump several hundred feet into the air; there are others so heavy that a cubic inch of iron would weigh 100 tons.

Beyond our own galaxy, at a depth greater than the human mind can conceive, are other galaxies — distant not only from us but from each other. More than 100,000 galaxies are definitely known to exist and about 500,000 are, as the astronomers say, "under control" — that is, we need only slightly improved instruments to add them to our catalogued universe. Two or three years hence, the new 200-inch telescope of the Mt. Palomar Observatory should be in operation — the most expensive single mechanism ever built by man. In theory, it ought to double the distance to which we can see, and greatly expand the visible limits of the universe.

Among the stars are groups which astronomers call the variables. They are pulsating stars which grow brighter and then dimmer again

with much exactness — about as much, say, as Old Faithful geyser in Yellowstone National Park. Each of these stars has its own rhythm. A number pulsate in a few hours or a day; others may consume several months or a year or more.

At fairly frequent intervals, some star in the heavens suddenly blazes up to an enormous increase in brightness. Apparently, the star in this case explodes, throwing off incandescent or radioactive clouds of vapor to a great height. Oftentimes a star that explodes in this way was previously invisible and it was therefore supposed that a new star had suddenly and somehow been created. We now know however that when "a star is born" it is strictly in the Hollywood sense — something is glorified which already existed and which will probably return before long to its pre-glorification state. Astronomers still use the old word for these exploding stars, calling them novae, "new things." (It is believed that the Star of Bethlehem was a nova.)

An average nova is 200,000 times brighter than the sun, but a supernova, as the giant exploders are called, is several billion times as bright, and may have as much luminosity, temporarily, as an entire galaxy. There was a supernova in 1604 and another in 1752.

With our improved telescopes and other astronomical machinery we have actually been able to study exploding stars in other, distant

galaxies. In the last five years, about 20 such terrific explosions have been seen.

Some of the most wonderful developments in astronomy have come through the use of a device which, in its simplest form, is a familiar household toy. When you place a prism on a window sill in bright sunshine, it will reflect a series of rainbowlike colors upon the wall. They appear always in the same order, ranging from violet to red. Each color is represented by light waves of a different length, and the prism sorts them out according to this difference.

Various natural elements also give off radiation at different wave lengths; and it is possible, through the spectroscope, to determine what chemical elements are represented in any given source of light. By this means, astronomers can tell us with confidence that most of the 92 fundamental elements that appear on our earth are found throughout all matter everywhere. In some cases, the existence of an element has been discovered among the stars before it was found on earth. Helium, for example, was first found in the sun.

Spectroscopic analysis has enabled scientists to ascertain the temperature of even the distant stars — because the radiation given off by a glowing body varies as the temperature rises. It begins with a reddish color and goes on through yellow and white to blue — thus

duplicating roughly the arrangement of colors in the spectrum. The sun has a surface temperature of about 6000 degrees centigrade, or 10,800 degrees Fahrenheit. Its internal temperature may be as high as 40 million degrees centigrade.

When a star explodes at a distance of a few quintillion miles, it means nothing to us except a spectacle in the heavens. If, however, such a thing took place on our own sun, only 93 million miles away, it would be the ultimate catastrophe to man and all his works. When the first wave of heat and radiation from the sun reached us (in about 8.5 minutes) every living thing, in the air, on the earth or in the sea, would be instantly destroyed. The entire surface of our globe would be burned to a crisp so quickly that we should never know what had hit us. What is the likelihood that such a thing will take place?

To give the most alarming statement first: it is quite possible that our sun has already exploded, or will explode, at least once during its existence. An explosion in our sun would just be an ordinary affair of the kind called a nova; it would not be the overwhelming starburst that the astronomers describe as a supernova.

To be sure, it would not need an explosion in the sun to destroy all life on the earth. A change in the sun's radiation of as little as one percent in either direction would probably suffice. Long before the

sun has come to the end of its existence, this will have taken place. Eventually, it will become cold enough to make life on earth impossible, even though it will continue to be luminous for many millions of years thereafter.

In thinking of the danger that developments in our sun may destroy the earth in a few minutes, or hours, you may be comforted by the realization that the sun and the planets are quite young, as stellar bodies go. The planets are not much older than three billion years and some astronomers consider that the sun may be about the same age. At a wild guess, the average lifetime of an ordinary middle-class star like the sun may be something like 12 billion years, so that ours should have nine or ten billion years to go. Translated into human terms, the sun may be about as mature as a 12-year-old boy.

The energy which the sun radiates goes in every direction, and only a minute part of it falls on the earth. Even so, it represents power of approximately five million horsepower per square mile per day; the sun gives us as much energy every minute as mankind utilizes in a year. At present, we use this energy indirectly, and it is our only final source of power. Coal represents the chemical action of the sun on green plants many thousands of years ago. Water power results from the effect of the sun's rays in creating vapor and subsequent rain.

Even windmills operate because of air currents set in motion by the different heating effects of the sun in different places. Some day, through chemistry or some type of solar motor, we shall harness this titanic source of energy more directly. Already, Dr. C. G. Abbot of the Smithsonian Institution has worked out an engine, surprisingly efficient, in which the sun's rays are concentrated through mirrors on a tube of water to create steam.

Perhaps the most exciting development in the whole history of astronomy is known as the Red Shift. This form of spectrum analysis is rather difficult to understand but not difficult to use. When a luminous star which is receding is viewed through the spectroscope, the main impact of its light rays is shifted toward the red end of the spectrum. Under a complicated astronomical procedure, scientists are able to determine the distance, velocity and mass of the stars. When we study the distant galaxies, we find this amazing condition: that these galaxies seem to be receding from us, rushing away into space, at an enormous velocity, ranging up to 14,000 miles per second. Moreover, the farther away the galaxies are, the greater the speed at which they are traveling! This is the startling concept of the "expanding universe" that has come to the forefront in recent years.

The whole universe, with its unthinkable number of stars of all

sizes, expanding in all directions like the fragments of a shell that explodes in midair, is a breath-taking image to visualize. But even more breath-taking, it seems to me, is the vision of the puny human animal, living on a fragment of a

minor star in an odd corner of a galaxy that is just like a billion others, an animal which dares to raise its eyes to the uttermost boundaries of space, to challenge and to conquer the secret of the universe.



Chile: Guardian of Magellan's Straits

Condensed from "Inside Latin America"

John Gunther

CHILE is the pleasantest country in Latin America, bar none. Mexico may be more dramatic, Argentina more powerful, Brazil more brilliant; but Chile is by all odds the most pleasant. Never have I met more charming people.

Chilenos are almost purely the product of Scotch-Irish, Basque and German immigration. The deliverer of Chile from Spain was a fighting Chileno-Irishman whose father came from County Sligo — Bernardo O'Higgins. The name O'Higgins is today seen everywhere; countless plazas, streets and hotels bear it proudly.

In Chile's formative years, before the Panama Canal was built, the country was so much farther

Tougher, at the
the Chile

away from Europe than were Argentina and Brazil that only the hardiest folk got there. Living on the flank of the great Andes *cordillera*, and in its exposed and attenuated valleys, they had to wrest foodstuffs from barren soil. So they grew independent-minded, hard-handed, enterprising — the toughest and most progressive people on the continent.

Chile stretches for 2900 miles along the west coast of South America, averaging only 100 miles in width. Geographically, there are

three Chiles: the sun-baked desert to the north, where the nitrates and copper come from; the central valleys which are the agricultural and industrial heart of the country; and the southerly regions where it rains all the time—a wilderness of fjords, virgin forests, rough pasture land and icy glaciers.

Chile is today an adult and sturdy nation of 4,635,000 people. By our standards, however, it is still desperately poor. It is a country of contrasts. It has the most lusciously beautiful fruit I ever saw, and the most dilapidated taxis. It contains three first-class universities; its beggars are the most pitiable I have ever encountered; it brought the first railways to Latin America; it has periodic shortages of meat and bread.

The country is rapidly becoming industrialized; the manufacture of shoes, textiles, clothing, chemicals and paper is expanding. Its strong middle class—something rare in South America—and its industrial workers have won the most advanced labor legislation on the continent, except possibly that in Uruguay. But more than 40 percent of all Chilenos still live by agriculture; and most of these, workers on the great estates, live in misery.

The landowners are probably the most archaic-minded in the Americas. One estate near Valparaiso employs 4000 workers and does not use one single piece of machinery. Another estate near Santiago is half

the size of Rhode Island. The landowners set themselves against even the slightest form of social amelioration. Peasants get wages of 8 to 24 cents a day.

The basic political struggle in Chile is between the landed oligarchs who completely dominated the country for many years and the underpossessed. The church is not powerful; church and state are separated. The Radical Party now runs the government with the support of other anti-oligarch groups. It is the only Popular Front rule in this hemisphere. It elected its candidate for president in 1938 but it had no majority in Congress and soon faced staggering problems caused by the European war and the earthquake of January 1939 when 50 towns were destroyed and 40,000 people killed. On March 21, 1941, it won a majority in Congress in probably the most orderly and honest election in Chilean history.

The government's greatest accomplishment is that it has maintained complete political order against stormy obstacles, and thus given the people new hope and spirit. But there has been trouble with the Chilean Nazi party. There are about 85,000 first and second generation Germans in Chile, centering in the town of Valdivia and compactly organized with their own clubs, schools and shops. They read German papers, listen to broadcasts from German stations. They are a kind of foreign fungus.

attached to the body politic of the nation. The Vanguardistas, as the Chilean Nazis call themselves, boasted 60,000 followers early in 1941, but polled only 10,000 votes and elected but two deputies. Yet they have maintained plenty of activity. Two months after the election their armed street fighters attacked a Radical convention in Santiago and killed one man, wounded two. The Nazi leader, Gonzales von Marées, opened fire on police sent to arrest him and was captured only after tear-gas bombs were hurled into his headquarters. He was placed in an insane asylum, but released later because of his immunity as a deputy. The government has recently arrested other Nazis and seized arms caches.

The heart of Chile's social welfare and security methods is the *caja* or guild system. Four basic laws provide for compulsory workers' insurance, a central welfare institute that administers the hospitals, compulsory arbitration of labor disputes (though strikes are legal and frequent) and discharge benefits. If you keep an employe more than a few years you will keep him for life, it is so expensive to get rid of him.

There are about 30 *cajas*, each for a different class of occupation. Employes, employers and the state contribute to a fund which provides retirement pensions, lifetime medical and hospital service, coöperative shops and facilities for buying

homes. Vacations and the eight-hour day are compulsory. In manual labor industries the worker pays two percent of his wages, the employer five percent, the government one and a half percent.

The government does not dare attempt to break up the big estates, but it is buying up land that the *hacendados* want to sell, settling people on public domain, and helping them to buy implements and seed.

Reform proceeds under the handicap of an economic situation which is still tough, though it has recovered somewhat from the depths. Nitrate is king. Chile won possession of the nitrate fields in its northern desert when it beat Bolivia and Peru in the "War of the Pacific" that lasted from 1879 to 1884. I have heard astute Chilenos say this victory was a tragedy for the country. Chile was, and is, the only producer of natural nitrates in the world. Its monopoly produced too much wealth too easily. Nitrates paid up to 68 percent of the cost of government, relieving landowners of the unpleasant necessity of imposing taxes on themselves. This led later to profligate borrowing and spending, so that the Chilean foreign debt is now the largest per capita in the world; debt has almost strangled the nation.

Synthetic nitrates derived from the nitrogen in air all but drove natural nitrates from the market in the late '20's and early '30's. Now,

with the increased demand for explosives, the natural product has recovered somewhat. The nitrate industry is largely owned in the United States, but Chile dominates its operation and takes 25 percent of all profits. These revenues, however, do not stay in Chile; they go to pay the foreign debt.

The other great industry, copper, is dominated by two American companies, Kennicott and Anaconda. At Chuquicamata, Anaconda has the most prodigious copper mine on earth; it holds a fourth of all the copper in the world. The companies pay 33 percent of their net profit to the government.

The war hurt Chilean economy drastically. Normally 60 percent of its nitrates went to Europe, almost all its copper to Europe and Japan. So Chile turned to the United States in something like desperation. Chilean exports to the United States have increased from 15 to more

than 60 percent of her total exports. The United States investment in Chile is our largest in all South America.

Chile is important in the extreme to United States war strategy. The Straits of Magellan cut through Chilean territory, and an excellent Chilean navy, which includes a 33,000-ton battleship, largely dominates the turbulent waters around Cape Horn. If the Panama Canal were bombed out of commission the American navy's shortest route between the Atlantic and Pacific would be through the Straits or around the Horn. Similarly, German and Italian ships might try to enter the Pacific in this way.

Now the excellent relations between Chile and the United States are bearing fruit. After Japan declared war on the United States Chile set about fortifying the Straits and asked us to send ships to help patrol them.



The Mariner's Dream Come True

THE MOST fascinating piece of equipment to be installed in three new transatlantic flying boats being built for American Export Airlines is a still for converting sea water into drinking water. These stills are to be standard equipment in the planes' collapsible lifeboats. The still operates on solidified fuel in cans, each one of which will burn for two hours, time enough to distill a quart of water. The condenser is a flexible tube which is thrown overboard so that sea water cools the steam and thus converts it into drinking water. The fuel can be used for cooking, too, and the water container becomes a pressure cooker. To be able to carry the ingenious device, American Export Airlines had to take out a regular New York State distiller's license.

—*Business Week*

A City That Goes to School

Condensed from The Commonweal

George Kent

THE BIGGEST night life attraction in La Crosse, Wisconsin, is the Vocational and Adult School, a free, public institution. Not only do 1000 working girls and boys attend classes but 8000 adults as well — over one fifth of the city's population. If you ask the people of La Crosse to account for this phenomenon, they point to John B. Coleman, director of the school. Twenty years ago he had two dingy rooms to work in, and few students. Today he runs a \$750,000 plant covering a city block.

Coleman, a sparkling little man of 52, explains it this way: Some years ago La Crosse was shocked by the sudden decline of its principal industry — wood turning. Hundreds of skilled workmen were without jobs. The crisis affected almost everyone. The school saw its opportunity. Through leaflets, posters and newspaper advertising, Coleman said to the discharged craftsmen, "Let us teach you new trades; all you invest is your time." They responded. Eventually they became welders, toolmakers, electricians, automobile mechanics, and most of them got work. La Crosse never forgot the lesson.

"They crowd into the school," said Coleman, "because we give

In its Vocational and Adult School the industrial city of La Crosse, Wisconsin, has a highly efficient form of job instruction.

them what they want. We'll provide instruction in any course that ten people apply for. Last year we taught 160 subjects. If an individual wants instruction and can't make up a group, we'll give him a tutor. If a person is sick, we'll send a teacher to his home.

"Our most important job is keeping men and women in step with their jobs. Industry moves so fast nowadays that if you don't keep on learning, you fall behind."

Coleman was the son of a carpenter "who could fix anything." Working to support his mother after his father's death, he grew up with a vast respect for deft hands. He has earned his living as a carpenter, can take a motor apart and put it together again, and last year he built his own summer cottage. He has demonstrated that the school enables workers to advance to better jobs; also that it prepares people for emergencies by teaching them a second skill.

Not long ago a book-bindery employe well past 50 was dis-

charged. In the school he learned how to operate a milling machine, at which work he has had steady employment ever since. When a musician found himself without employment he took a course in screw-machine operation and now earns good wages in an air-conditioning equipment factory. A waitress who was completing a course in bookkeeping told me that her boss had increased her salary for keeping his accounts.

A lad employed in a factory stockroom went to the school and is now a well-paid toolmaker. A repairman in a bicycle shop observed that jobs requiring welding had to be sent elsewhere; he took 50 hours' instruction in the school, persuaded his boss to buy a welding outfit, and now does that work — at increased pay. A dime-store salesgirl studied stenography and is now a secretary in the local radio station.

This second skill enables older men to switch to lighter jobs when their strength declines.

A middle-aged worker ran a grinding wheel in a farm implement factory. Foreseeing that this job would be too strenuous for him in a few years, he entered the school and learned to operate a lathe. The factory moved him to the tool-making division at no loss of pay. Another man did trucking and odd jobs; at 50, he went to the school and now has easier and better-paid work as a machinist.

A few years ago when a large cor-

poration took over a local cheese factory, it found an office staff that was still in the goose-quill era. The old clerks were about to be fired when Coleman persuaded the new owners to hold off, and the old office staff to enroll in his school. They learned to run billing machines and comptometers — and kept their jobs.

The school is not too big to care for individual cases. A man who had recently lost a leg was taken around the shop and then left alone to experiment with the various machines. He finally chose to learn to operate a milling machine — a sit-down job, and is now employed. When a girl victim of poliomyelitis, which had paralyzed her left arm, asked to be taught typing, the school developed a system for teaching one-armed typists which has become standard in rehabilitation centers; the girl got a typing job in a trucking company office, and has become assistant manager. Last year 58 partly disabled men and women mastered subjects that will make them self supporting.

Widows who have been left penniless come to school so that they may be able to earn a livelihood. Coleman believes that every woman, married or single, should be competent at some trade to which she can turn in an emergency. He refused to consent to his daughter's marriage until she had promised to learn one.

With Coleman as my guide I visited acres of shops and classrooms — a vast garage; a machine shop, where at one lathe a smooth-faced boy worked beside a man old enough to be his grandfather; a room full of business machines; a beauty parlor — all occupied by busy people, learning.

While I was sitting in Coleman's office the chief of police dropped in to ask if someone would teach his men fingerprinting. "Can do," said Coleman, and dictated a letter to the nearest FBI headquarters. A manufacturer of air-conditioning equipment asked if three of his men could be taught to read blueprints. Coleman said, "Send them in." He telephoned three other factories and within an hour had found a man qualified to teach the subject and had recruited a class of 36.

Coleman knows everybody in town. Foremen and personnel directors confide their problems to him. "Old Bill Jones is slipping," one will tell him, "but he's too stubborn to admit it. We'd hate to let him go. Maybe you can talk to him." Another says about a younger man, "The kid's got ability but he runs with a drinking crowd. See what you can do."

Usually Coleman does something. In most cases he gets the individual to enter the school.

The school employs 93 teachers — many of them highly specialized.

A lawyer will be invited to lecture on will-making, a doctor on vitamin preparations, a railroad man on rules of the road. One day Coleman heard two women on a bus speak admiringly of a certain saleswoman's skill with hats. He got her to instruct a class in millinery.

Coleman's financial management is shrewd. The school, with a budget of \$100,000, uses only about \$60,000 of taxpayers' money. He obtains the remaining \$40,000 by selling student services and the products of student labor. The machine shop, for example, makes jacks, lathes and other equipment. The cabinet-making class turns out tables, chests and other furniture sold to schools throughout the state. Students in the school garage straighten fenders, tune up motors. The print shop prints church programs and civic organization publications. The home economics department serves banquets and caters for parties. Student teams take inventory for stores and factories, and mail circulars.

Coleman believes that it is the school's job to keep people up to date socially as well as vocationally. Hence it teaches them to dance, to remodel their old clothes, to do decorating and fancy cookery.

The citizens of La Crosse bear witness to the school's success. They spend more time there than at the movies.



A Man and a Mountain

Condensed from "High Conquest"

James Ramsey Ullman

Author of "The Other Side of the Mountain," etc.

LATE in the morning of July 15, 1865, three dazed, exhausted men stumbled into the Swiss village of Zermatt. They were returning from the conquest of the most famous mountain of Europe, but there was no light of victory in their faces. Swiftly the villagers gathered around them, their eyes asking one mute question:

"Where are the other four?"

It was then that Edward Whymper told the story of the climbing of the Matterhorn. Today, after more than three quarters of a century, it is still one of the great tragic adventure tales of the world.

There are hundreds of mountains higher than the Matterhorn, hundreds harder to climb. But none,

The story of the last great Alpine pioneer and his conquest of the Matterhorn.

anywhere, has so consistently stirred the imagination. Rising in an immense isolated pyramid to an altitude of 14,782 feet on the frontier between Switzerland and Italy, it possesses not only the dimensions but the stark simplicity of greatness.

By the early '60's of the last century virtually all the peaks of Central Europe had been scaled. But the Matterhorn still towered unchallenged. The peasants of the surrounding valleys regarded its cloud-hung battlements with superstitious awe. The Matterhorn, men agreed, was unconquerable.

In the summer of 1860 Edward Whymper made his first visit to the Alps. He was then only 20, an artist and illustrator who had come from England for a few weeks of sketching. The great peaks cast their spell upon him, and brought the fever to climb and conquer. He soon made many notable ascents but once he gazed on the fabulous Matterhorn all else became of secondary interest.

Seven times in five years Whymper attacked the Matterhorn, and

JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN has climbed over the Andes and made numerous lesser ascents, but most of his career has been spent in the midst of Manhattan's lofty peaks. He was born in New York in 1907 and graduated from Princeton in 1929. His senior thesis won the annual prize and was published; this, as he puts it, had the dubious effect of turning him from the rational life to writing. He became a newspaperman in New York, and then a playwright and producer. One of his productions was *Men in White*, Pulitzer Prize winner in 1934. For the past several years he has written short stories and articles for the magazines. His book, *The Other Side of the Mountain*, describes his Andean adventures of 1938.

seven times he was beaten back. The obstacles that confronted him were enough to have broken the spirit — not to mention the neck — of a lesser man. The colossal pyramid, with four principal faces, thrust skyward in precipice upon precipice some 5000 feet above its skirt of glaciers. Across this vertical mile the wind howled with unchecked fury, and down its chimneys and gullies roared sudden avalanches of rock and ice, threatening death to all who ventured into that savage, slanting world.

On one occasion — following three attempts with guides who quit — Whymper had an object lesson in the perils of solitary climbing. He had turned back after reaching a height of 13,400 feet, confident that he had at last found the key to the summit. With the worst hazards of the mountain behind him, he was rapidly descending a snow slope, his thoughts on a warm bath and bed — when suddenly he slipped and fell. He pitched first into a mass of rocks, then onto ice, flying head over heels down a gully and spinning through the air in great bounds of 30 and 40 feet. But the gods of the mountain were with him. At the very lip of a 1000-foot precipice he brought up against a pile of rocks. Dazed and bleeding he clung there for a minute, until he was able to creep to a place of safety. Then he fainted. Night had fallen when he regained consciousness. He summoned his last reserve

of strength, and staggered down the rest of the descent to the village of Breuil.

Whymper had been trying out the various faces of the mountain, working around from southwest to southeast. Now, in July 1865, he resolved to attempt the east face and northeast, or Zermatt, ridge. This face looked much the steepest from the valley below, but he had observed that it was less steep when seen in profile. Furthermore, the rock strata of the peak sloped from northeast to southwest, and he calculated that the rocks on the northeast side must tilt inward and up, making a huge natural staircase.

Whymper enlisted the services of Jean-Antoine Carrel, a guide and climber of unsurpassed skill, and prepared to make the assault on the first fine day. But before a suitable day came, a party of Italians arrived in Breuil intent on scaling the Matterhorn from the southwest, or Italian, side. Carrel thereupon pleaded "a previous engagement" and joined Whymper's rivals; as an Italian he felt that his first duty was to his fellow countrymen. And he was not the only Italian patriot in the valley; not a man could be found to climb with the Englishman.

Whymper saw himself about to be cheated of his prize. But in that dark moment there arrived in Breuil an adventurous young Englishman, Lord Francis Douglas, who had recently distinguished himself

by several difficult Alpine ascents. With him was young Peter Taugwalder, son of one of the foremost guides of Zermatt. Douglas agreed to go along with Whymper, and also persuaded the elder Taugwalder to accompany them. The Italians, burdened with ponderous equipment, were climbing very slowly. There was still time to beat them.

At Zermatt, their proposed point of departure, they fell in with the famous clergyman-mountaineer, Charles Hudson, a young companion named Hadow, and Croz, their guide, who also were preparing to attempt the Matterhorn. Whymper and Hudson promptly joined forces.

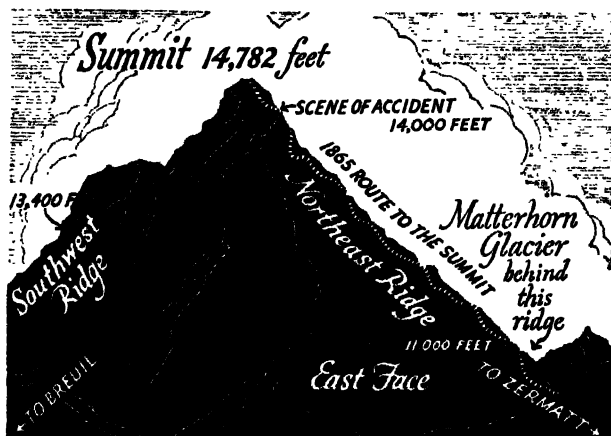
Of the seven men who set out for the mountain the following morning, only Whymper and Croz had ever been on the Matterhorn before. But the others were all strong, able men, and Whymper was satisfied with them — and full of hope.

Ascending steadily, they reached the foot of the north-east ridge before noon and a few hours later made camp on a ledge at about 11,000 feet. The route thus far had been incredibly easy, and it was a lighthearted group

of mountaineers that huddled that night on their dizzy perch.

The morning of July 14, 1865, dawned clear and still, and as soon as it was light the seven adventurers continued their ascent. The appalling precipices of the east face towered above them 3000 feet, but Whymper had been right. The upward slope of the rocks made this side of the mountain a giant staircase.

They gained altitude rapidly. At ten o'clock they had reached 14,000 feet. Above that point the last few hundred feet of the east face shot up in an almost vertical wall, obviously unclimbable. They crossed the ridge and crept upward on the northern face. Here the climbing called for all their mountaineering skill, for the north wall — though less precipitous than the east — was covered with a film of ice. Four thousand feet below was the Matterhorn Glacier. Using the rope,



they advanced one by one, Croz, Whymper and Hudson leading and bracing themselves against a possible slip by their less experienced companions.

Finally only one obstacle remained — a shoulder of rock that jutted out into space at the uppermost extremity of the ridge. Carefully they edged around it: two or three short sidling steps — one long step over an abyss. An upward glance, and their hearts were suddenly pounding with wild excitement. Above them was only a gentle snow slope and beyond it the empty blue dome of the sky.

Whymper and Croz raced for the top and made it together. The Matterhorn was conquered.

But one great fear was in their minds: Were they the first? Or had Carrel and the Italians beaten them to their prize? Whymper anxiously searched the narrow snow-ridged summit for footprints. There were none. Then from the extreme southern end, staring down, he saw a cluster of tiny moving dots far below. The victors shouted until they were hoarse; at last the Italians gazed upward and, seeing they were beaten, soon began to descend.

Secure in their victory, Whymper and his companions set a pole in the snow and Croz tied his shirt to it as a flag. It was seen in Zermatt by the excited villagers.

Nature itself seemed to share in the celebration. The sun shone brilliantly, and the seven exuberant

conquerers looked out upon a vast panorama of summits, snowfields and valleys. The gigantic shining dome of Mont Blanc loomed up; even Monte Viso, 100 miles away, was clear and gleaming in the crystal light. That hour of triumph when they stood, the first of all men, on the summit of the Matterhorn, was the most glorious of their lives.

They had reached the summit at 1:40. At 2:40 they began the descent. In a moment or two they reached the short "difficult section" on the north face. Here they paused to rope up, and worked out the order of descent. Croz went first, Hadow second, then Hudson and after him Douglas. Old Taugwalder, Whymper and young Taugwalder brought up the rear. In such a sequence the stronger climbers were in a position to help the weaker — Hadow and Douglas — if they should encounter difficulties. Or so they thought.

They rounded the jutting shoulder of rock and worked cautiously down the steep slabs on the other side. Only one man was moving at a time. A moment later — this is Whymper's account —

"Croz had laid aside his axe, and in order to give Hadow greater security was taking hold of his legs and putting his feet into their proper positions. They were partially hidden by an intervening rock, but I believe Croz was turning around to go down a step or

two himself when Hadow slipped, fell against him, and knocked him over."

There was a sharp cry from Croz, and he and Hadow went flying downward, dragging Hudson and Douglas after them. Whympier and the two Taugwalders braced themselves, clinging to the rocks. The rope spun out between Douglas and the elder Taugwalder, went taut with a violent jerk —

And broke.

"For a few seconds we saw our unfortunate companions sliding downward on their backs, and spreading out their hands, endeavoring to save themselves. They passed from our sight uninjured, but fell from precipice to precipice onto the Matterhorn Glacier nearly 4000 feet below."

Thus the Matterhorn adventure

ended — in victory and appalling tragedy. Whympier's descent of the mountain with the two Taugwalders was a waking nightmare instead of a triumphant return of heroes.

The bodies of Croz, Hudson and Hadow were discovered lying on the glacier. The body of Lord Francis Douglas was never found.

In the years since Whympier, the Matterhorn has become one of the most climbed mountains in the world. Today its more frequented routes bristle with fixed ropes and ladders. Yet its magic remains. It is still, as it was three quarters of a century ago, the most famous peak in the Alps, and it still moves all who look upon it with wonder and excitement — an excitement heightened by the tragic story of Whympier's bitter triumph.



Mail-Order Mediation

AN AMERICAN named Daniels, a telephone engineer, runs the world's only four-leaf clover farm (so far as we know) in an outlying area of the Panama Canal Zone. He sells four-leaf clovers, raised from a special seed and pressed between sheets of transparent plastic, to toy and novelty dealers. He employs a number of Panamanian girls in his greenhouse and factory, and one day they announced, in a body, that they were resigning. The wages were O.K., they said, but they had no particular use for the money. Mr. Daniels had a ready solution to this unusual situation. He got out a Sears, Roebuck catalogue and explained how the girls could send away for any of the things it described. The girls went right back to work, and the economic system, which had momentarily tottered, swung into gear again.

— *The New Yorker*

Pan-America's Crossroads Store

Condensed from The Pan American

Michael Scully

BUSIEST SPOT in Mexico City is a massive 350-year-old colonial palace of carved stone and blue tile. A sign says simply, "Sanborn's," but it could justifiably add, "— where the Americas meet." It is the liveliest bilingual rendezvous in the hemisphere; 1,700,000 Mexicans and United States tourists enter it yearly.

In 1903 Sanborn's was a hopeful little pharmacy just opened by two young brothers from California. In 1942 its patio restaurant sometimes serves 3500 a day. Soda fountain and cocktail lounge buzz with two languages and a score of accents. One department sells native silver — from dainty filigree to massive dinner services — \$250,000 worth a year. Another sells that much Indian craftsmanship in wool and leather, glass and pottery, metal and stone. The second floor offers furs, gowns, men's suitings and household goods. There is a post office and information bureau for tourists.

Behind these sales departments are industries. Sanborn's is Mexico's largest drug manufacturer. The silver is fashioned to Sanborn designs by 130 silversmiths. Sanborn candy, coffee and other specialties are sold all over Mexico. Some 1200 Indian

Sanborn's in Mexico City - created by two brothers from the U. S., whose ingenuity, good sense and good will made a small drugstore grow into an international rendezvous.

craftsmen in remote villages earn a large part of their income making goods for Sanborn's.

When Frank Sanborn considers this many-sided phenomenon nowadays, he sometimes smiles with wry wonder. "All we really wanted was a good drugstore," he says.

The importance of Sanborn's isn't its size but the fact that through decades of revolution, economic upheaval and chronic distrust of the *norteamericano* it has steadily built Mexican good will. Coupling initiative and understanding with a rigid business code, Sanborn's is a working model of practical Pan-Americanism — an international exchange for ideas as well as goods.

Walter Sanborn, a young pharmacist, got his first job in Mexico in 1898. In 1902, his brother Frank, who had half finished a medical course at Northwestern, went down for a visit and caught Walter's enthusiasm for the country. They decided to start a drugstore there.

"We resolved," says Frank, "that we were in Mexico not to accumulate a quick fortune but to build our homes and lives. That makes a difference in the attitude of people here just as it would in your home town."

But the business grew too slowly. The brothers realized they must do something to distinguish their shop from its established competitors.

To introduce the soda fountain was a possible answer. But where would they get cream? The city's milk supply was unsafe. And would tradition-bound Mexico take to sodas or ignore a shop that mixed pharmaceutical dignity with such frivolous business?

The Sanborns decided to find out. Making their own tests, they finally isolated a few healthy cows, then imported Mexico's first cream separator along with the fountain.

Mexico, it developed, liked ice cream so well that the brothers had to rent more space. The fountain grew into a restaurant, and the Sanborns brought in a herd of tested cattle to supply cream. Thus they became fathers of Mexico's modern dairy industry.

The Sanborns have since proved many times that Mexico is warmly receptive to American ideas. In the early 1920's, for instance, Frank Sanborn was collecting antique silver and tried to have a valuable piece duplicated; but he couldn't find a competent silversmith. The craft had fallen into disuse during

the revolutionary disturbances of the previous decade. This in a land of craftsmen and the world's first silver-producing country!

But Sanborn found a good coppersmith and set him to duplicating early pieces. These were introduced with a characteristic gesture: where Sterling is 92.5 percent pure silver, Sanborn's guaranteed its wares to be 93. Then it set out to develop native designs.

The benefits have spread far. Today there are more than 2000 skilled silversmiths and at least 100 dealers in silverwork in Mexico. And silver is a major item in the \$3,000,000 annual export of Mexican craftwares to the United States.

But Sanborn's most important contribution has been to the drug business itself. In 1903 pharmacists, by custom, paid doctors 15 percent commission on prescriptions. The brothers refused, pointing out that this led druggists to scrimp on quality. Most doctors demurred, but Walter Sanborn won the confidence of a farsighted few. "We'll guarantee not only quality, but service you have never seen before," he promised.

Sanborn's bicycle messengers provided the city's first quick free delivery — and sometimes this saved lives. Doctors soon conceded that such service was worth more than their commissions. Over the years, Sanborn's has filled nearly 3,000,000 prescriptions, a phenomenal record.

Another early victory was won over that perennial obstacle, German competition. Three German firms had long controlled the Mexican drug business. They imported some American brands, produced cheap imitations of others, but most of their goods came from Germany. All these they sold at a confusion of prices.

The Sanborns brought in American brands and stamped them with undeviating prices and guarantees. The public gradually realized that it couldn't get a peso's worth of quality for 50 centavos.

As the new store won confidence a trade war developed. Finally one German house bid for a Sanborn-sold brand with an enormous order, more than all Mexico could consume in a year. Hearing of this, Frank rushed to New York and convinced the manufacturer that the plan was to divide the goods among the German wholesalers, then flood the country with the goods at cut prices until Sanborn's fixed price was discredited and American brands could be driven out. The German order was declined, and American brands soon gained dominance in Mexico.

In 1919 the brothers combined a master business stroke with a real contribution to Mexican culture. The historic House of Tiles, a masterpiece of colonial architecture, was vacant and threatened with decay. The Sanborns decided to take it over and restore it. They

had José Clemente Orozco paint one of his finest murals, *Omniscience*, facing the great stairway. Careful research restored the original designs around the walls of the columned patio. Everything in the place, so far as possible, was bought or made in Mexico.

The old palace, with its authentic atmosphere, became and remains the city's informal social center. Early churchgoers began dropping in for a leisurely breakfast after mass. A debutantes' tea in a quiet corner — something Mexico had never seen in public — became commonplace.

Alert Frank Sanborn, now in his 70's, never forgets that his success was built on good will. Several times daily he circulates through the restaurant, greeting old friends and making new ones in two languages. I have seen him eavesdrop on a festive party of Mexican girls, then disappear, to return bearing a cake gay with candles for the guest of honor's birthday. "The one vital thing a foreigner must have here," Sanborn says, "is a genuine liking for the people."

Walter Sanborn retired because of ill health years ago. Frank has gathered a staff of a dozen key aides. Two, his sons, Frank, Jr., and Jack, have grown up in Mexico. The others are "old Mexico hands," all with the essential gift for blending the viewpoints of the two peoples.

Fred Davis, secretary of the

company, went to Mexico in his teens, built his own successful business before joining Sanborn's, and is one of the few real authorities on Mexican craftwares and antiques. It was Davis who guided the interest of Ambassador and Mrs. Dwight Morrow in the native arts, a stroke that led to the current vogue for Mexican craftware in the United States. He also backed Count René d'Harnoncourt in a revival of village crafts which were all but lost. In Olinalá, for instance, d'Harnoncourt found the formula for the rich, resilient lacquerwork that had been introduced from China over the Orient-to-Mexico-to-Spain trade route in the 16th century. Olinalá chests, caskets and other objects now are prized in distant cities and the village has trebled its income in 12 years.

Having done a remarkable job of selling American goods to Mexico

and introducing Mexican wares to us, Sanborn's is now trying to interpret Mexico to American visitors. And it makes a special effort to show the occasional brash tourist that the guest of a country whose standards and customs vary from ours can help promote friendliness by observing conventions. For instance, prominent placards advise visitors not to wear shorts. And I once stood by as a tourist flipped a \$5 bill at a Sanborn cashier. "How many pee-sos do I get for *real* money?" he demanded.

The girl smiled and said evenly, "I beg your pardon, sir."

"How many —" the man began to repeat. Then he caught the criticism in her smile. "Will you change this for me, please?" he said.

It takes a lot of impromptu diplomacy as well as business sense to run a place like Sanborn's.



The Perfect Tribute

WHEN Helen Hayes was thrilling theatergoers as Mary of Scotland, a boy waited nightly outside the stage door. Miss Hayes noticed him there night after night, but he never tried to speak to her. Then one evening he pressed forward, put a little box in her hand, and hurried away. Miss Hayes opened the box. A tiny medal lay inside. On the gold-washed surface was the inscription: "Scholarship medal. Public School No. 28, 1933."

— June Provines' *Notebook*

Student and the Beggar

Condensed from "1001 Afternoons in New York"

Ben Hecht

Author of "Erik Dorn," "The Front Page," etc.

AFTER FINISHING his day's work as an assistant janitor, Gregory takes an evening course in engineering at Columbia University. One rainy night he was going home from class, his newspaper-covered books clutched to his side. In Morningside Park he noticed a figure coming toward him and recalled that there had been a number of holdups in this very park. He paused in the downpour expecting assault.

It was an elderly, wizened man, shabby and dripping, who inquired whiningly if Gregory could spare a dime for a cup of coffee.

The request angered Gregory to the soles of his feet. "If I had a dime, you fool," said he, "do you think I would be walking home in the rain through a park full of murderers? And with holes in my shoes? Wouldn't I be on a streetcar if I had even a nickel? If you had studied me even for 30 seconds as a fellow human being, you would have seen I am wetter than you are, hungrier, have worse clothes, and that these books, which are all I own in the world, are being ruined. You would have known that I work hard all day for next to nothing, and study like mad every night to become a somebody. But no!

To you everybody is rich, happy."

"You go to the university, and have to walk home in the rain?" said the beggar. He was now walking beside Gregory. "That's a shame. A young fella tryin' to get ahead — and all them bad breaks. I'd like to do something for you."

He removed three one-dollar bills from his shabby pocket.

"What do you think I am?" Gregory shouted.

"I got lots more," said the beggar. "Come on. We'll go in here." And he piloted Gregory into Fred's saloon.

The bartender greeted the beggar with a jovial: "How they coming?"

"Fine," said the beggar. "Give this fella a drink. He's a fine student. And any time he comes in and asks for a drink, you fix him up."

Gregory watched the beggar shuffle off into the rainy night.

"I drop in every night since," he says. "I get drinks, sometimes a sandwich. Christmas the bartender handed me an envelope with \$20 in it, a present.

"But I beg you," says Gregory, "not to use my name. Who is going to hire an engineer who is being put through college by a beggar?"

❏ Specially trained British bands stealthily attack Axis strongholds at night

A Commando Raid on Bardia

Condensed from Life

Evelyn Waugh

ONE of the great hush-hush stories of the war is the mysterious work of Britain's small bands of specially trained volunteers who raid Axis-held territory. The first commando raid came a few days after the fall of France. Champion swimmers dove overboard, swam to the hostile French shore at night to destroy communications. Now raids are made almost nightly on France and occasionally on Belgium and Holland. The raiders wear black skullcaps and blacken their faces and hands. Commandos also disembark from submarines and paddle ashore in collapsible canoes to raid Italy.

During Wavell's Libyan offensive a year ago, a commando of 60 men raided the Italian stronghold of Bardia. Two of the raiders were shot. One escaped through a sewer emptying into the sea.

Evelyn Waugh, who describes a recent raid on Bardia, comes of a famous literary family and won fame as a satirical novelist with *Decline and Fall* and *Vile Bodies*. He was among the first to volunteer for commando work.

IN ENGLAND in the days between Dunkirk and the first air battle of Britain, the regular army was reorganizing and rearming. The Home Guard was untrained and short of equipment. Invasion was expected daily. In Poland, Norway and France we had learned that one of the chief dangers to a defending force, was the break-

down of communications between large units. The need of the moment was for small bodies of picked troops who, if higher commands were paralyzed, could mount sharp counterattacks on their own.

This was the original idea for the formation of the commandos. First the commanders were chosen — all young men. They were given the task of raising their own forces. An order was circulated in the army asking for volunteers. The supply greatly exceeded the demand. To be sure of their quality, our troop leaders saw each man individually, looked up his records. Among our officers were Jellicoe, Keyes, Beatty and Churchill, sons of the last war's leaders.

We had an elastic system of discipline. If a man was a nuisance he was simply sent back to his regiment. To cut down administration to a minimum and to have no one with us who was not a fighting man, we were paid a subsistence allowance and, ashore, left to find our own food and lodging. We were taught how to live off the enemy country.

We formed a pool from which

detachments could be drawn for special jobs. We had parties in Tobruch, in Crete, in Syria, and another on special reconnaissance with the navy. We had our full share of medals and casualties.

One small operation, bloodless and neatly executed, was typical of the special tasks for which we trained. Bardia, a harbor and small town, lay behind the enemy lines in Libya. The supply road to Fort Capuzzo and the forward enemy troops ran through it. British GHQ wanted a raid there for several reasons. They wanted information — were the enemy garrisoning the town or encamped some distance away (that is, was it worth while bombing any more)? Were Germans or Italians there? Was it being used as a transport depot? More important than the information was the need to draw off enemy mechanized troops pressing uncomfortably on our front line. The enemy must be made to "look over his shoulder" and guard his lines of communication. If possible he must be made to think that a full-scale attack was being attempted in his rear, and to rush large mechanized forces to Bardia that were needed elsewhere. Any incidental damage we could do to roads, bridges or stores would be welcome. A single commando was chosen for the job. It could have been done by half the number, but we expected to find at least two battalions of enemy troops.

Our parent force had another job on that night — 250 men on a destroyer raiding farther up the coast. We could see them embarking at the opposite quay, while we stood waiting in the fast merchantman fitted out for our purpose. For a week we had worked on the plan, gazing at air photographs, checking and rechecking the timetable.

The secret had been kept. No word of our intention got to the swarm of spies infesting Alexandria. We had to arrive at our station, four miles off the coast, at 11 p.m. Then we had to leave again in darkness, with at least two hours of sailing time before dawn, for enemy aircraft patrolled the coast around Bardia. Allowing an hour each way between ship and beach we had three hours ashore, just long enough if everything went right. Everyone understood that, if he was late or went to the wrong beach, he must look out for himself.

Bardia is on a small promontory where the cliffs rise up sharply from the shore. Four wadies (water-courses that are usually dry) break the face of the rocks and leave a little half-circle of sand. A party was to land on each of these beaches simultaneously. Each troop had its own objective. From the moment they left the ship until they returned, they would receive no further orders. One unit was to hold the road against the arrival of enemy reinforcements. One unit was to cover each beach. Another

was to blow a bridge, while another unit destroyed stores. These orders were kept secret until we were at sea. The day's sailing gave time to issue maps, photographs, written orders. Troop leaders explained them to their men, so that all could carry on alone if need be.

We thought of sleep, but the men were too cheerful to rest. They were sharpening bayonets, disposing grenades about their persons, blacking gym shoes.

We were at our stations half an hour before the ship reached her destination. When the engine stopped, we silently manned the boats. We sat in these boats in three lines, astride low seats. The bows have a ramp which lets down so that all three lines can pull out together. It takes less than half a minute for 30 men to disembark.

The boats made for shore. Our heads were below the level of the armored sides. It was impossible to move a muscle. Most of the men were asleep, but those of us who were awake looked forward to the beach and a chance to stretch.

At last with a whispered "Stand by to land," we felt the bottom of the boat scrape. We pressed forward into knee-deep water and up the steep ledge of the beach. Two men near me fell and got up dripping, cursing quietly. The section leaders collected their men behind them and, without a word, were off to their objectives.

We could just discern the line

of the escarpment ahead, slightly more solid than the starless sky. The landing had gone off as smoothly as a training exercise. The boats hit the beach in line, emptied and then reversed their engines. The boats and men were out of sight in opposite directions within a few seconds.

Something was wrong up front, however. There was a deep water-logged anti-tank ditch that had not been visible in any of the air photographs. It seemed an odd place for a ditch, for no tank could conceivably climb the opposing wadi. Crossing it cost us 20 minutes, for in the dark the men could not scatter as they would in the daylight. They must stay within touch of each other.

Our wadi was precipitous and full of loose stones. We wore rubber or rope-soled shoes, but the din of 150 men scrambling up seemed deafening. Stones gathered little avalanches as they came thudding down. Suddenly there were three rapid shots and bullets sang out overhead. The line paused for half a second and then pushed on. In the lull I thought: "They've let us get ashore and now caught us on the cliff. We were not as clever as we thought in keeping the secret." But when we pushed forward there were no more shots. "It was a single sentry," I thought. "He's gone back to raise the garrison. But we shall be on top by the time they are in position."

In spite of hard training the climb took it out of us. We were behind our timetable. It was now a quarter to one and at a quarter past two we should begin withdrawal to the boats. But the forward parties were well on their way into town. No sound came from them and we realized that the place was empty. Behind us a troop was searching for a reported transport unit. Another troop was entering the former Italian barracks. Troops landed lower down were pushing into the farther side of town. There was silence for about half an hour. Various parties were setting their demolition charges. Suddenly from all sides the detonations began. We could plot them exactly: "That's the coast defense battery on the hill" . . . "That's the road bridge." At the same time a fire mounted half a mile away in the old barracks. They had found a store of new motor tires — a precious thing in the desert — and it blazed gloriously.

There was still no sign of the enemy. At last a patrol of two motorcycles roared down the main road. Everyone near had a shot at them, but luckily they escaped, for through them the enemy got the impression that a landing was taking place and that the town was strongly in the enemy hands. They did exactly what the British command wanted and sent tanks and

armored cars to repel the imagined invasion.

The work finished, we returned to our beaches. The way down was lighted by burning stores. The boats now came back to the beaches. The wind had risen. There was a heavy surf pounding. The naval party had a job to keep the boats head in to shore and one boat was thrown up on the sand. They destroyed her with a grenade in the petrol tank. The little bay was lit up by this second fire and we should have made an easy target for the enemy on the heights above. But no enemy came. The sea was a great deal heavier than was healthy for these flat-bottomed craft and all had difficulties getting away. The ramp of our boat jammed and for half an hour we floated in the bay while the others disappeared back to the ship. Finally we cut through a steel cable with a bayonet, got her going, and came alongside the ship just as they had despaired of us. One boat failed to find the rendezvous but sailed safely into Tobrukh next day.

As we sailed we saw parachute flares dropping over the town from enemy reconnaissance planes. The timetable had worked out to the minute with nothing to spare. The only loss was a boatload of men who took the wrong wadi and found themselves on a beach where no boat was waiting. But we had made all our objectives.



Magic in the Muck

Condensed from The Christian Science Monitor

Karl Detzer

WALK ALONG Main Street in North Judson, Indiana, any night and you know that a boom is on. New automobiles line the curbs. In the Busy Bee Café men with mud on their \$20 boots talk excitedly of "tons," "carloads," "bringing in a thousand acres."

They look like prospectors who have struck it rich. They *have* struck it rich, but they're not prospectors; they're farmers and they're digging quick new fortunes out of their potato fields.

Five years ago North Judson's 1400 people, like people in many another rural town, had little cash, plenty of unpaid bills and taxes, and the village banker was sitting uncomfortably on a stack of mortgages. Then, thanks to a handful of practical scientists, these Indiana farmers learned to stir chemicals and cheap black soil into a magic mixture, and now from sour muck bottoms along the Kankakee River, out of newly drained swamps and the weedy beds of old dry lakes, they are excitedly digging astounding yields of astounding potatoes. Whole sections that less than four years ago were left to the bullfrogs now grow from 400 to 625 bushels of U. S. Number 1 potatoes to an

A boom in bottom-land potatoes has lit northern Indiana.

acre; the national average yield is 120 bushels. Farms that were the despair of the tax collector are worth \$250 an acre.

Not only is the yield phenomenal but the potatoes taste better. Flavor, texture, moisture content, size, shape, weight — all the fine points of a fancy potato — are scientifically controlled by adding the right amount of the right chemicals to the soil. As a result, the muck-grown variety sell for about 25 cents per hundred pounds higher than their old-fashioned sand-grown brethren.

Growers around North Judson tell you with pride, "Our potatoes have a college education." Purdue University is, indeed, responsible for their culture. In 1936 Fay Gaylord, Kent Ellis and Roscoe Fraser, horticulturists, were commissioned by the university to salvage some of Indiana's 300,000 acres of idle muck lands.

In the spring the floodwaters of the Kankakee, Tippecanoe and other streams often spread miles beyond their shallow banks, while

in midsummer they dried to trickles and left long scars across the face of grain lands. The Purdue scientists found that these bottoms were rich in organic matter and contained an unusual amount of nitrogen. The earth was also loose and easy to work, and much of it could store three times its weight in moisture. The growing season stretched 150 days or more from frost to frost, enough to mature even a slow crop.

In test plots along the Kankakee, the experts added chemicals in countless combinations. They poured in potash by the ton, juggled lesser portions of sulphur and ammonium sulphate, phosphorus and copper, zinc and manganese, scores of other magical ingredients. Then they planted potatoes and watched, filling in their charts to show the effect of each dose of minerals. By trial and error as well as by laboratory analysis, the needs of each farmer's field were determined. And after a few seasons the black wasteland began to produce.

Farmers, originally skeptical, found that these college fellows were practical after all, that muck properly treated grew not only more potatoes but larger, firmer ones that stayed sound longer in storage pits.

They found, too, that by cutting the seed potato properly — not hit and miss, as in the old days — they could count on yields of 350 bushels on acres which under haphazard

farming had produced only 70 bushels. The experts discovered also that seed potatoes spread out to "green sprout" in warm, dark basements matured a week earlier and quickly showed defects that allowed bad seed to be discarded.

Now scientists and growers set out to determine the flavor Americans prefer in their spuds. By this time chain stores were taking a large percentage of the crop, so Purdue and the chain stores sent samples, mealy and moist, "sweet" and "dry," to hotel, restaurant and dining-car chefs, to cooking schools and the research kitchens of women's magazines, to housewives. The results showed a preference for potatoes that are firm, medium in size rather than giants, dry rather than moist, and that spuds, like sherry, should have a little tang. So the Indiana farmers are breeding to national taste.

Sales continue to rise. In 1940, on 37,000 reclaimed acres, Hoosier farmers produced 9,350,000 bushels, banked \$5,604,000 in hard cash. Their take for 1941 ran a million dollars higher on an extra million bushels.

Of course the chemical fertilizers are expensive. They cost an average of \$52 a ton — enough for two acres. But compared to profits this is cheap. Other crops, too, thrive on the food — muck-grown mint hay, to distill and sell as oil to the chewing-gum makers; prize onions, carrots, celery, popcorn, beets.

A local rural aristocracy is growing up, their boots firmly planted in black soil. They are kings of the muck, landlords of great potato "ranches." For instance there is Bill Gehring, who some ten years ago arrived in North Judson with little muck soil experience and no money. Today he employs 600 men in busy seasons, 60 the year round, and stores a quarter-million bushels of potatoes and onions on his farm.

Gehring's warehouse is almost a city block long. It is air conditioned, with a cooling plant and oil burner furnaces to keep the temperature constant. Potatoes in 100-pound sacks are racked on galleries as high as a three-story house and separated by passages wide enough for a five-ton truck to navigate.

Bill uses an "assembly line" to scrub and sort his spuds. Down the center of his warehouse stretches a machine 150 feet long, shaped like a freight train; tractors haul to it trailers heaped with potatoes. Shoveled into the hopper at one end of the machine, the potatoes slide on endless belts into compartments where whirling brushes scrub off the precious muck and ventilators carry away the fine black dust, to deposit it again outdoors.

The belt moves on, into a long tunnel where hundreds of water jets, under high pressure, wash the potatoes as they turn over and over in their journey, then through a compartment heated to 200 de-

grees, from which the spuds emerge dry, clean and polished. Under the eyes of a dozen men and women trained to recognize any imperfection instantly, the potatoes ride slowly down a brightly lighted alleyway to the end of the line. There an inspector from the U. S. Department of Agriculture watches great screens grade this crop according to size into "Number Ones," seconds and culls, each variety dropping into the proper sack. It takes a skilled man only a moment to close a sack, and on it goes, up the chain into a waiting truck. The machine prepares, sorts and packs one and a quarter carloads an hour, and in busy seasons runs 20 hours a day.

There is plenty of muck land left, 150,000 acres or more still unreclaimed in 11 counties. Dean Harry Reed of the Purdue agricultural school proudly calls this country, almost in sight of the industrial stacks of Gary, "Indiana's last virgin frontier." Many of these acres next spring will be plowed for the first time. And other states are waking up to the possibility of utilizing land now going to waste. New York's legislature has appropriated \$40,000 to make tests on bottom lands heretofore barren.

Meanwhile in North Judson alone, in one month of this boom, 25 farmers with cash in their hands drove into town and paid off their mortgages in full. That's prosperity in any man's country.

BOOK SECTION

How Hitler molds boys — and girls — from infancy into fanatical fighters for Nazi world conquest — an inside glimpse of the German educational machine

Education for Death

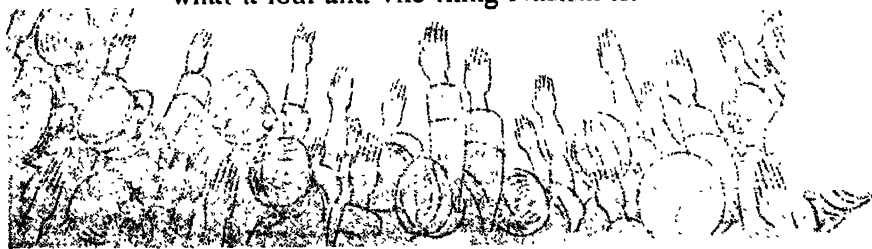
CONDENSED FROM THE BOOK BY

GREGOR ZIEMER

For ten years president of the American Colony School in Berlin



“Education for Death,” says Lord Halifax, “shows how unbridgeable is the gulf between the Nazis and ourselves. Here you can see exposed in all its cruelty and horror the system of perversion with which, since their advent to power, the Nazis have deliberately degraded the minds and morals of the rising generation in Germany. It is when we contemplate what Hitler has done to the young that we realize more than in any other way what a foul and vile thing Nazism is.”



EDUCATION FOR DEATH

IT WAS a murky winter day in Berlin. I was standing in front of the American Colony School talking to one of the mothers, as the boys and girls streamed out of the schoolhouse. Across the street a German *Volksschule* was also dismissing its students.

Suddenly I heard a scream, and six-year-old Peter M. came dashing back across the broad avenue toward a group of our high school students. A stone whistled through the air; there was an exclamation of pain.

"*Juden! Amerikanische Juden! Lästige Ausländer!*" — Jews, American Jews, meddlesome foreigners — came shrill voices. Across the street a squad of Nazi youngsters in full Party uniform stood as if arrayed in battle. "Down with the nasty foreigners!" came the cry again, this time in chorus; and another stone hurtled over our heads.

Our students stood irresolute. Then, "Let's go beat them up!" cried hot-headed Billy B. from California.

But the least move on our part would bring the Gestapo about our ears and jeopardize the school. "Take it easy, boys,"

I said. Let me handle this."

With the dignity becoming a headmaster, I stamped across the street. The Nazi boys yelled a defiant "*Heil Hitler!*" and scampered away. In a few moments our students, silent and furious, dispersed.

Hurrying back to my office, I called the Rector of the *Volksschule*. After the proverbial formalities, I said, "Your boys, Herr Rector, were throwing stones at our students. Do you sanction that?"

The Rector was not in favor of stone-throwing. "But," he said, "you would not expect me to stop a spontaneous popular demonstration, would you? Even if I wanted to, I wouldn't be allowed to do it."

I reminded him that we had always conducted ourselves as becomes guests in a foreign country.

"Yes," interrupted the Rector, "but you have Jewish students."

I did not wish to explain that we had only a few Jewish children

who were awaiting transfer to the United States. I remarked that his students seemed to have an antipathy toward *all* foreigners. He admitted that. His boys knew that the whole world was against them and

GREGOR ZIEMER, born in Michigan in 1899, served in the U. S. Army during the first World War. Later he taught in this country; then founded in Berlin the American Colony School under the auspices of the American Embassy and the American Chamber of Commerce. He also became a Berlin correspondent for the London *Daily Mail* and the Paris edition of the *Chicago Tribune*, and obtained his Ph.D. from the University of Berlin. Mr. Ziemer is now a commentator for station WLW in Cincinnati on the background of events.

their Führer. Their teachers had told them that they must be ready to fight for Hitler at any time. He "presumed" the boys were just practicing a little.

This episode induced me to make a long-delayed decision. As founder and director of the American Colony School, which was under the patronage of the American Embassy, I had long been wondering what was going on in Nazi schools. After much red tape I received permission from the Ministry of Education to visit Nazi institutions.

There followed visits to Nazi prenatal clinics, sterilization hospitals, schools for infants, schools for the feeble-minded, and institutions for boys and girls of all ages. I talked with parents, teachers, students and officers. I made notes whenever I talked with people of interest; if I could not write in their presence I concentrated on their words and got them on paper as soon as I could. These notes make it possible now to reconstruct accurately what I saw and heard.

I drew one general conclusion: Hitler does his job diabolically well. He is educating boys and girls for death, efficiently preparing them as a sacrifice for Hitler, who hath said: "Let the children come unto me — for they are mine unto death!"

Prenatal Influence, Nazi Style

"WHEN DOES the Nazi Party become interested in the German child?" I asked a high

official in the imposing office of Baldur von Schirach, Marshal of Militant Young Germany.

"Before the child is conceived," was the quick reply. Seeing my astonishment, he explained that there would be little use in driving out the impure Jew if Germany did not make a scientific effort to prevent all undesirables from being born. Hitler wanted a super-race; this could result only from the mating of healthy individuals.

"Don't some undesirables have children anyway?" I inquired.

"Yes, but soon there will be no more puny, feeble-minded children in Germany!" he exclaimed. "Would you like to see what I mean? Your nerves — are they strong?"

I told him they were as strong as the average. We walked to a forbidding brick building near the center of Old Berlin. "This," said my Nazi guide, "is a *Frauenklinik* — a city hospital for women."

His black S.S. (Elite Guard) uniform opened all doors. We slipped into surgical aprons and climbed some stairs to a gallery which was separated from a well-illuminated operating room by a glass wall. Down below six doctors were at work.

What I saw drove the blood from my face. Hospital beds came and went with methodical precision. The doctors made quick, deft incisions in white abdomen walls, spread the slit, and applied surgical clamps. They probed, delicately lifted a tube which they wrapped

and cut. The wound was sewed and the bed wheeled off, to be replaced by another.

"What are they doing?" I asked. "Sterilizing women," he said.

For more than an hour I saw women come in with the cradle of life intact, and leave empty shells. I asked what type of women were thus disciplined, and was informed they were the mentally sick, women with low resistance, women who had proved through other births that their offspring were not strong. "We are even eradicating color-blindness in the Third Reich," my guide told me. "We must have soldiers who are not color-blind. It is transmitted only by women."

He could not tell me how many women were sterilized yearly; but in this clinic six doctors operated four days a week. The process had been going on in all larger German cities since 1933.

"Who decides which women are to be sterilized?" I asked.

"We have courts, my dear Herr Direktor Ziemer, we have courts. It is all done very legally, rest assured."

I saw another aspect of Nazi prenatal influence when I visited the NSV homes for prospective mothers, married and unmarried. The NSV — National Socialist Welfare Organization — is Hitler's substitute for the Red Cross. One of its most cherished projects is the Mother and Child movement; and it maintains more than 60 mother-

and-child homes throughout Germany. I visited seven of them, enough to prove their similarity. All were idyllically located, by lakes, in romantic forests, or near the seashore. The women did no housework and could loll about as they wished, with the exception of certain hours devoted to instruction in Nazi ideology.

The home at Bad Sachsa, in the Harz Hills, was typical. The middle-aged matron told me the Party was doing everything it could for women who were going to have State children (formerly known as illegitimate children). Such girls deserved special credit for contributing a child to the State. The silly disapproval of relatives might cause inhibitions which would prevent the production of super-children. Hence the free NSV homes.

Among the girls I talked with was Magda. She was not pretty but not unattractive, with sharp, intelligent features. "I am bringing my child into the world because Adolf Hitler has asked me to," she said, her eyes glowing with an intense, devouring fanaticism. "Is that not much nobler, much grander, than having a home and a husband?"

When I asked if she was afraid of having a baby, she gave me an answer so intense that I recall vividly every syllable: "Afraid? Do you know what I am hoping? I am hoping that I will have much pain when my baby is born. I want

to feel that I am going through a real ordeal — for the Führer!”

I spent the rest of the day in that home. The 50 young women talked garrulously about the blessings bestowed upon them by the Führer. At lunch, before eating, they all faced an imposing picture of Hitler, raised their right hands, and spoke in chorus: “Our Führer, to thee we devote all our powers; to thee we dedicate our lives and those of our children.”

They were bringing to Hitler their infants yet unborn. The matron told me that when the women returned home they became the staunchest Party workers in their communities. The Party kept complete records of their children — who were NSV wards, visited regularly by its representatives. “We keep the children safe for Hitler until the schools take them at the age of six,” she said.

The NSV interpretation of sex, she went on, put the whole subject of conception and childbearing on a new plane. The courses offered helped mothers and girls understand how necessary to a woman’s health were children, how necessary to their well-being were frequent intimate embraces with men. “Most of the women who leave here conceive again within a short time. The separation from men, the daily talks about sex, the stimulating literature we give them when they leave — it all helps raise the birth rate. And that is our ambition.”

Panzer Troops in the Making

FEW DAYS later I went the rounds with one of the Sisters who checked on State children. Fraulein Knoblauch was elderly, but as fanatic as any youngster. On her arm was the official NSV insignia which, she informed me, quite unabashed, was the symbol of conception. A second inspection of the intricate pattern led me to agree with her.

Miss Knoblauch was to call on four women who had been guests of the mother-and-child home at Fürstenberg. At our first address, a clean but poorly furnished apartment, a blond, chubby four-year-old stood very straight beside his mother, inspecting us with bright blue eyes.

“What does one say?” prompted the mother.

The youngster’s dimpled right hand went up, he clicked his little heels, and crowed, “*Heil Hitler!*”

The Sister answered the salute smartly. “Very good,” she pronounced judgment. Then she asked the boy if he knew who Hitler was.

“Hitler is our beloved Führer,” the lad articulated carefully.

“That’s right. We all love our Führer, don’t we?”

“We all love our Führer,” he repeated without conviction.

“You must grow up and be a big boy so you can fight for the Führer,” Sister Knoblauch continued.

"I don't like to fight," was the unexpected rejoinder.

The Sister was genuinely shocked and looked accusingly at the mother. Patiently she explained to the youngster that Hitler's boys must all fight for him. They all had to grow up to be good soldiers.

"Am I a good soldier?" he asked.

"You certainly are. You are Hitler's soldier. You are going to grow up and be a fighter for the Führer; then you can carry a gun and learn to shoot."

At our next stop, we found three small children at play. "Are you alone?" Sister Knoblauch asked the oldest, a four-year-old boy.

When the boy said his mother had gone to market, the Sister commented to me, "Sometimes it is just as well if the parents are not home; we find out more." Turning to the boy, she asked, "What do you want to be when you grow up?"

"I'm going to be a *Sturmtruppen* *Leiter* (leader of a Storm Troop)," said the four-year-old, standing straight as a drill sergeant. "And my brother here — he is going to be a flier. Aren't you?" The younger boy nodded.

"I'm sure he is," said the Sister. "And then he can drop bombs on Germany's enemies."

Sister Knoblauch beamed all over. "Isn't it wonderful? All is well here. We can go."

We met with less enthusiasm at

our next stop. The mother, a thin, pale young thing, greeted us apathetically. The Sister asked to see her little girl.

"My girl? She is dead. She died last week," said the mother.

Sister Knoblauch looked astounded, then angry, and asked why the NSV had not been informed, according to rules. Not a word of condolence or sympathy, not even a question about the cause of death. Only rancor at broken regulations.

The mother, looking indescribably weary, explained that she had been sick herself but had made a report the previous day at local headquarters. The Sister looked relieved. "But, *gnädige Frau*," she scolded, "why so downcast, why so sad?"

The woman did not look up. "I loved my little girl."

Sister Knoblauch launched into a lecture. She advised the woman to forget a mere girl and have another baby, many babies. Women of the Third Reich had no time for weak sentimentality. They had work to do. She would arrange for several weeks at the Home where the mother had been before.

The woman winced. "No," she begged, "not there!"

"Come, come," the Sister said, severely. "There must be no mourning for the dead — not in our new Germany. We will send you to a home in Bavaria. Unless you'd rather not go?"

The question was a threat. And there was fear on the woman's blanched face now. "I want to go," she said tonelessly.

"Silly woman," said the Sister when we were outside.

SISTER KNOBLAUCH had mentioned the Nazi day nurseries where working parents left their pre-school children. I visited several. True German organization was evident everywhere. The Party provided food, entertainment, flags, pictures, and special uniforms for all, including six-month-old babies.

The children learned absolute obedience, one of the nurses explained, and became thoroughly acquainted with the *Führer Prinzip* — the "leader principle." Their minds were too immature to realize all Hitler's great accomplishments, but every child learned that he was a superman who alone could save Germany from her enemies. "Why, some of our youngsters here could put old fogies of the previous generation to shame with their adoration of Hitler," she remarked. I listened to a group of little boys, hardly able to talk, memorizing a song:

We love our Führer,
We honor our Führer,
We follow our Führer,
Until men we are;
We believe in our Führer,
We live for our Führer,
We die for our Führer,
Until heroes we are.

A class of tots, boys and girls, were sitting around a table covered with games. When I commented on the lovely school, they chirped in unison, "Our Führer gave us our school."

"What are we going to do for the Führer because he has given us this wonderful school?" asked the teacher.

"We will eat a lot and get strong, and then we can help him," answered one. "We will become soldiers," said another. "I want to shoot a Frenchman!"

"It may not be a Frenchman whom you will shoot," corrected the teacher. "But German boys will grow up and become soldiers and then they will do what the Führer says."

There are hundreds of these Nazi preschool institutions in Germany. They all follow the same slogan: "Give Hitler the child from the time he learns to talk and think. He is his!"

Unto Death

THIS is the story of the *Pimpf*, the Little Fellow. At six the Party takes him from the National Socialist Welfare Organization; at ten he will be promoted to the *Jungvolk*. He wears a dignified uniform: heavy black shoes, short black stockings, black shorts, a brown shirt with a swastika armband, and a trench cap. He receives a number, and is given a *Leistungsbuch* — an efficiency record book in which, throughout the years, are indelibly registered his physical development and military prowess, his home, school and Party activities. If the *Pimpf* fails to pass the rigid examination for

promotion to the *Jungvolk*, he is made to feel that he would be better dead.

HALF AN HOUR before sunrise one April day, I hurried up to the Marksburg, best preserved medieval castle on the Rhine. It was the day before Hitler's birthday, dedicated by Nazi tradition to youth promotions all over Germany, and I had been told that a typical *Pimpf* graduation would take place here.

I had watched the 200 ten-year-olds arrive at a nearby village the night before, weary and hungry after an all-day march, singing their songs in voices thin with fatigue. This march was their last test of endurance. Now, from a castle window, I looked down on them as they stood in a large inner courtyard, shivering in the damp air.

At a sharp command hundreds of youthful heels clicked to attention, and the officer in charge introduced the guest of honor, a high official from the Hitler Youth. Here are some notes I took of his speech to these ten-year-olds:

"You boys must be hard — hard as iron; the Führer has demanded it. But above all you must be ready and willing to give up your lives for the Führer; he has demanded that, too. All German boys are eager to become soldiers for Hitler. We will make Germany a force to be reckoned with."

He ended as he began, with *Heil Hitler!* The only applause was a chorus: "*Sieg Heil, Sieg Heil, Sieg*

Heil"; the occasion was too holy for cheers. A fanfare of trumpets from the tower of the castle; a silence; then somebody struck a note on a pitch-pipe and the boys burst into *Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles*, followed by the *Horst Wessel* song.

Another fanfare; a sharp command; and around a corner came a color guard of three boys with a tattered swastika flag. "*Die Blutsfahne*," said my guide.

"The bloodflag?"

"Yes. Some member of the squad to which it belonged was killed by Communists. The flag was dipped in his blood. It is a holy flag!"

Quickly the boys formed a circle.

"Raise your hands," came a command. "Repeat after me."

And the spring sunshine and the Rhine and the medieval castle heard the following: "In the presence of this bloodflag which represents our Führer, I swear to devote all my energies, all my strength, to the savior of our country, Adolf Hitler. I am willing and ready to give up my life for him, so help me God. One people, one nation, one Führer."

The hands relaxed. "Boys," the leader said softly, "you have just taken an oath. Live up to it. You are no longer *Pimpfs*, you are *Jungvolk*."

At my request, a troop leader ordered one of the youngsters to show us his *Leistungsbuch*, which the German boys of my acquaintance always mentioned with bated breath.

The lad pulled a book out of an oil-cloth pocket dangling from his belt. This, explained the leader, formed the permanent record of everything the boy did, thought, or neglected to do from the age of six to 14, all signed and countersigned by officials.

The book was a complicated ledger dividing life into activities called Prerequisites, under such headings as ideological schooling, athletic achievements, military accomplishments (ability to erect a tent, draw maps, find directions, do spy work, shooting practice, etc.), Party accomplishments; fervor for Nazi teachings, and foreign affairs — including names of territories lost by the Treaty of Versailles.

After the *Pimpf's* school day ends, his Party activities begin. He meets with other *Pimpfs* at the district headquarters, where he runs errands for the NSV or the Party, does guard duty for the Storm Troopers and makes himself useful in a hundred ways — of course without pay. Week-ends are invariably devoted to military maneuvers. The official *Pimpf* manual, a handsomely bound volume of 313 pages, is devoted mostly to military instruction.

BACK IN Berlin a few weeks later I attended a series of classes for boys below ten; I talked to many teachers. All of them were imbued with only one idea: to make the

boy think, feel and act as a true Nazi. The teachers are rated by the showing their classes make, not in school examinations but in the tests given by Party officials.

At one *Volksschule* I visited classes in nature study, reading and geography.

"Today," began the teacher of the nature-study class, who wore a Nazi uniform, complete with Iron Cross, "we are going to draw conclusions from yesterday's field trip. What are some of the things we saw?"

The boys had explored an ant hill, had watched beetles and bugs and bees. Everywhere in nature, the teacher explained, the leader had to be obeyed; the strong dominated the weak. Which ants saw that the commands of the leader were carried out?

"The soldiers," shouted the class.

Nature intended soldiers to be the most important cogs in any state, the teacher continued. Hitler's boys did not have to worry about what they were going to be when they grew up. The highest profession in the world was to be a soldier for Hitler.

In the reading class the boys were learning a poem illustrating the eternal struggle between the weak and the strong. It began with a fly that pounced on a smaller one:

"Please," begged the victim, "let me go,
For I am such a little foe."

"No," said the victor, "not at all,
For I am big and you are small!"

A spider caught the fly and devoured it without mercy. A sparrow in turn caught the spider; a hawk caught the sparrow; a fox caught the hawk; a dog caught the fox; a wolf caught the dog; a hunter caught the wolf. In each case the victor refused mercy because he was bigger and stronger. The boys loved it.

Carefully the teacher pointed out the moral: "This struggle is a natural struggle. Life could not go on without it. That is why the Führer wants his boys to be strong, so they can be the aggressors and the victors, not the victims."

The geography class, more than any other, made me realize what was going on in Nazi schools. When I slipped in the teacher was talking about Germany's recent swift rise, which was due to the Führer's doctrine of race purity. Other countries were fast going downhill because of racial sins.

The teacher launched into a diatribe that made short shrift of the United States. He explained that during the centuries the men and women who could not get along in Europe — the criminals and renegades — went to the United States. And now the children — well, any German boy with intelligence could see what the result would be. These children, in turn, mingled with Jews and Negroes. The citizens of the United States were sinking lower and lower. "They have a low type of government, a democracy,"

he continued. "What is a democracy?"

I wrote down a few of the answers: "A government by rich Jews"; "a government in which there is no real leadership."

The class was dismissed and I approached the teacher. "This teaching about democracy — is the same thing being taught in all German schools?"

"Of course. It is based on the teachers' manual of Minister Rust."

One thing had now become clear to me. The Nazi schools were systematically breaking down the very sincere respect for the United States harbored by pre-Hitler Germans. The old generation had looked on the United States as a nation of cousins; many had relatives there. This attitude did not fit into Hitler's scheme of things. What better place to eradicate it than the schools?

THE FEEBLE-MINDED also receive their share of attention from the Nazi Party, as I discovered when I went to see my friend George Abels of the Health Office. Hearing that I was soon to return home, he said: "Warn America that we are not the weak Germans of 1918. We have got rid of our weaklings."

"Killing off the undesirables, are you?" I asked.

He looked pained, and declared that Americans were sentimental fools. "Killing" was just a word. The Party was not interested in

individuals but in the race. He assured me that the death of those unfortunates who could not contribute to the race was a fine death, painless, almost beautiful. He knew of feeble-minded children who after receiving proper instruction had *asked* to die for Hitler. They knew they could not die for him as soldiers, so they asked to die for him in the Hitler *Kammer*.

A Hitler Chamber, he explained, was a hospital room where weaklings went to sleep. The Party gave some of them a chance: they were kept alive until they were ten, and then those with intelligence enough to perform simple tasks were sterilized and put to work. As to the rest, he suggested that we see for ourselves.

The next day, after a drive through the pine-clad Harz, we stopped at a stone wall surrounding a large estate. Abels explained to the Storm Trooper at the gate that I was a friend, and we were admitted. Inside were buildings in an open square; we entered one where about 100 boys from seven to ten sat at long tables, eating like animals at a trough.

A supervisor saw us and gave a sharp command as if to prisoners. Most of the boys lumbered to their feet. A few remained gawking. "*Heil Hitler!*" shouted the assembly of feeble-minded boys.

Abels led the way to a small detached hut, painted white and very clean. The single room had a hos-

pital bed, a medicine chest, some charts. "This," said Abels, "is the Hitler *Kammer*."

"How is it done?"

"That is none of our business."

"How many?"

"That varies. Several a month."

"What about the parents?" I asked.

"The parents are requested by a court of health to sign a paper that they give up their children to the State."

"And if they refuse?"

"They don't refuse."

ONE DAY an old friend, Dr. Schroeder, asked me to pay a visit with him. "I thought you might like to see what Hitler and his ideology have done to a young German boy," he whispered in the privacy of his car as we drove through Berlin.

A haggard woman of 40 answered the doorbell and led the way to a bedroom. "Here's my patient," Schroeder said. "Age nine, pneumonia."

On a cot lay a boy with an emaciated face. When the doctor touched his wrist to take his pulse, he tore his hand away, shot it high, and shouted deliriously, "*Heil Hitler!*"

I looked at the mother. "If only they had not made him march," she said. "They knew he was not well. But they said he had to march to Leuchtenburg, where they were going to promote him to *Jungvolk*. His father is a Storm Trooper. he

said the boy had to go. He did not want a weakling for a son."

From the cot came shrill words: "Let me die for Hitler. I *must* die for Hitler!" Over and over, pleading, accusing, fighting against life, fighting the doctor, fighting to die.

Dr. Schroeder gave his patient an injection. The cries became moans, subsided.

When we were again in the car, Dr. Schroeder said, "Now do you see what I mean? He wants to die. What is this strange ideology that can even pervert instincts?"

Future Mothers of the Master Race

UNTIL they are 14, girls in Nazi Germany are classified as *Jungmädels*. They acquire the rudiments of education that the Party considers essential. Hitler devotes 30 pages in *Mein Kampf* to the education of boys; seven lines to that of girls. "In the education of girls," he points out, "emphasis must be placed primarily on physical education. The one goal always to be kept in mind is that some day they are to be mothers." Hence, the subject of sex is broached early and realistically.

I SPENT several days at a school for *Jungmädels* in Berlin. The classes included instruction in every phase of housework and cooking, care of children and sick people, and detailed sex instruction. The singing class was devoted to memorizing Nazi songs dealing with self-sacrifice, blood and death. In all classes the girls learned about Hitler, his life and sayings and beliefs. And every subject was slanted

to make the youngsters realize they were prospective mothers.

German girls have almost no leisure time. Athletic contests and Party activities take up the afternoons; several evenings a week are devoted to Party meetings at the girls' troop headquarters, where they discuss ideology, defense and sex. Week-ends are given over to semi-military hikes.

One day my wife and I visited a place that had been the summer camp of our American Colony School. Old Frau Zeidler, the former landlady, was now house-mother for a division of *Jungmädels*. She welcomed us and took us around to see the changes made since we were there. The place looked like a shrine. The rooms were decorated with Nazi flags and pictures of the Führer; some girls had embroidered swastikas on their pillows or on the thin blankets that covered the straw sacks on which they slept.

Frau Zeidler told us about one girl whom she called the "spiritual leader." "Every night she kneels down by her cot and prays. She has a beautiful voice, almost angelic. More than once I have sneaked in — just to hear Annelise say those prayers. The girls wait up for them. Beautiful prayers they are, in which she offers the bodies and souls of all the girls to Hitler."

THREE LETTERS are sacred to every German girl from 14 to 21 years of age: BDM, the abbrevia-

tion for *Bund Deutscher Mädchen* — League of German Girls. She is initiated on the eve of Hitler's birthday and dons a uniform elaborate with emblems, letters, triangles and swastikas. Almost every girl in Germany between those ages is enrolled in the BDM; about 550,000 are initiated each year. Those who do not join are made to feel they are enemies of the State.

The schools for BDM girls simply carry further the courses used for the *Jungmädel*. At a girls' school in Frankfurt am Main I heard a teacher explain to a eugenics class the German meaning of "moral." There was no such problem in Hitler's Germany, she said. "All of us women can now enjoy the rich emotional and spiritual experience of having a baby by a healthy young man without the restricting ties of the old-fashioned institution of marriage," were her words.

A German journalist friend took me to a camp where a troop of BDM girls of 18 spent part of their compulsory Land Year. They lived in low wooden barracks. Each day they got up at six, prepared their own meals, had an hour's instruction in BDM ideology, and carried on a heavy sports program. Often they were sent out to help nearby peasant women with their housework or in the field. In the evenings they sang, listened to more lectures on the duty of women in the Third Reich, and went to bed at ten. Twice a week they had an eve-

ning off. I asked what they did then.

"We go walking," said a lovely blonde.

A mile and a half away was a labor camp of healthy, hot-blooded young men a little older than the girls. There was no objection if boys and girls met.

Some of the girls were leaving the next day, going home to have their babies. Any girl who became pregnant had a right to ask for special State attention.

One night I attended a "home evening" at one of the Berlin BDM troop headquarters. The leader pointed to a pale, smiling girl of 17. Grete, she explained proudly, had just given birth to a baby boy and was the guest of honor. She had been asked to tell her BDM friends all about it. "Go ahead and do it yourself," the young mother said. "The Führer wants us to. I am going to do it again. I will do everything the Führer demands."

On another evening in Trier, Germany's oldest city, I was sightseeing among the ruins of Roman buildings. The ancient open-air amphitheater was not deserted, as one might have expected. Where the stage used to be I saw about 30 BDM girls in uniform, singing, shouting, bowing down, saluting.

Feigning unacquaintance with German, I asked what they were doing. One or two spoke English, and explained that they were celebrating the birthday of a Nazi hero named Horst Wessel, a martyr whom

the Führer had made a saint. The Führer had asked all BDM girls to become mothers, and they dreaded sterility. And so, on the birthday of Horst Wessel, they were calling on his spirit to make them good bearers of children. They had made of the notorious pander a deity of fecundity!

Crusaders for the Führer

HITLER and his instructors know boy psychology. They avail themselves of every instinct, every budding emotion, to pour the young souls into molds that set for life. I realized this vividly when I visited the science class of a Berlin school for *Jungvolk* (ages 10 to 14).

The boys, ages 10 and 11, were in uniform. At the teacher's command, they marched out into a garden back of the school. Here the teacher gave a fiery dissertation on the holiness of German soil. He explained that Germany had lost much holy soil through the diabolical Treaty of Versailles. "But there is one man who can recover it. We mention his name with deepest reverence. His name?"

"*Unser Führer*, Adolf Hitler, *Sieg Heil!*" came the chorus.

"And the Führer *will* recover all his holy German soil — and more, much more. We must have only one thought, a holy thought. It is the determination to give our all for the Führer. Then some day we shall acquire a crown of glory. To us will be granted the privilege of lying

in this holy German soil as Hitler's conquering soldiers."

I scrutinized the faces of the boys. The lads stood there with eyes bright and shining. Their souls were hero-worshipping.

The night of June 20 — the Festival of the Sun — is marked by special *Jungvolk* meetings. I was the guest of an official accompanying the *Jungvolk* group that had rated highest in an ideology examination given all over Germany. Its reward was permission to celebrate the Festival on the hallowed mountain-top, the Brocken.

A huge bonfire was set ablaze about 10 o'clock, and the boys sat about it listening to *Jungvolk* leaders urging them to dedicate their lives to a man who was the savior of all, Adolf Hitler. Occasionally, on command, they rose and danced about the fire, singing songs that sounded like medieval battle hymns.

I saw other fires on other peaks. All over Germany, in old castles and historic spots, youngsters were attending similar ceremonies.

It was midnight; the fire was low. The group leader rose, a silhouette against the stars. "Boys," he shouted, "this is the holy hour of the *Sonnenwende*. At this hour, when the earth is nearest the sun, we have only one thought: We must be close to our sun. Our sun is Adolf Hitler. Boys, arise!"

They rose, lifting their right hands. While the drums rolled,

these boys not yet in their teens repeated after their leader: "I consecrate my life to Hitler; I am ready to sacrifice my life to Hitler; I am ready to die for Hitler, the savior, the Führer."

Silence followed; then a fanfare. Silently the troop crept off to bed. They must have been tremendously impressed by the powerful drama they had taken part in.

Hitler Youth in Arms

FROM 14 to 18, German boys belong to the Hitler Youth (HJ), Hitler's secondary army. The HJ maintains its own schools and camps, wears uniforms resembling those of Storm Troopers. It includes the HJ fliers, who had enough gliders, planes and instructors to teach 135,000 boys to fly each year, and the HJ motorized division which enrolled 295,000 annually and was provided by the Party with 5000 motorcycles a year and 1300 repair shops. The Party also supplied 10,000 revolvers a year and all the rifles needed for the matches in which 30,000 of the Hitler Youth's best shots participated.

MUCH of my information about the life and spirit of the Hitler Youth I gathered in the beautiful and comfortable youth hostels — so numerous in Germany that HJ troop marching programs bring them to one each night. Relaxing before open fireplaces after long marches, the boys feel like heroes and become loquacious.

I recall one evening in Demmin. The boys were oiling their boots, meanwhile singing Hitler songs. One was repeated several times:

The world belongs to leaders,
They alone command the world.
And we are marching, marching,
No one can stop our flag unfurled.

Later there was much talk about the beauty of consecrating their lives to Hitler, and about the challenge of future conquests. They all anticipated glorious adventures.

I turned the conversation to their school studies. Hitler's ideology and physical education were the most important courses. They also studied zoology and botany, especially food plants; chemistry for explosives, gases and their antidotes, and anti-air-raid chemicals; and English, which they thought would soon prove useful.

On the level plains around Magdeburg I watched some HJ military maneuvers. The leaders were Storm Troopers. The boys carried rifles and hand grenades that made a martial noise without being deadly. They became as tense as soldiers in front-line trenches.

I remember in particular a "prisoner" brought into headquarters. His hands were tied behind him so firmly that the wrists were swollen; he was gagged with adhesive tape; his eyes were pasted shut. He was kicked along and called foul names.

When I ventured to suggest that the boy was suffering, the leader asked with an oath if I thought this was an old ladies' *Kaffeeklatsch*. His boys might as well get used to seeing other human beings suffer. Some day, he hoped, they would

get their hands on a real prisoner, an Englishman, a Russian. "I don't expect the other side to grant my boys mercy when they get captured. The idea is not to get caught."

Both sides carried official HJ marching maps, printed in four colors, showing every elevation, creek, and clump of trees. I was told by the leaders that they could get such maps of almost every country in the world.

Education for Life

"TELL AMERICA that young Germany is in deadly earnest." Those words, shouted at me by the Nazi Minister of Education, take on more significance every day.

Hitler's educational system is an even greater menace than his army or his *Luftwaffe*. If and when his present fighting force is beaten, then behind the military array we will see a younger army, even more fanatic than the soldiery. This army too must be vanquished before Hitlerism will be destroyed.

But merely admitting this fact will avail little unless we are spurred to find the weaknesses in our own educational system; unless we search for the antidote to the poison that Hitler's schools and their graduates are pumping into the veins of the world.

American education has always been an education for life. We have emphasized and encouraged a broad

cultural basis, even for those who are to specialize in trades and professions, believing that knowledge of many things makes for more joy in living. Our methods are now being seriously challenged. Hitler's youth shouts that our system is decadent; it points scornfully at our lack of enthusiasm, lack of discipline and seriousness. We do not teach devotion to a cause, it says.

If we are to combat the spirit of German youth with our own spirit of democracy, it will have to be a rejuvenated spirit, a spirit as fiery in its concentration as Nazism is in German schools. Hitler is making Nazis with every means at his disposal. We must consciously work to make democratic Americans. He is preparing boys to die as soldiers, girls to bear more soldiers. We give boys and girls freedom and democracy and life, but we do not, as we should, train them to realize the benefits of these gifts and the obligations which go with them. Hitler is making fanatics. We should make believers. Our democracy, our heritage of freedom, is worth getting a little excited about. When I hear American students mumble the oath of allegiance to the American flag as if it were a tiresome nursery rhyme, I ask myself if we have any spirit at all.

"Let me die for Hitler!" cried the German boy. Our slogan must be, "Let me live for America!"



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Group Subscriptions at Half Price for Men on Active Duty

(Continued from Back Cover)

NOT ONLY individuals but many women's clubs, churches, service clubs and other organizations are sending The Reader's Digest to local men who have joined the armed forces of the United States. All these orders are entered at the special military service rate of \$1.50 a year, as offered below.

The following letters suggest types of group subscriptions. The Reader's Digest will welcome similar projects.

HAVING BEEN an army chaplain, I knew how valuable The Reader's Digest would be in camp, furnishing as it does the best reading and thinking of our time. I placed the matter before my vestry and unanimously we voted to set aside enough funds to send every man from our parish in service a year's subscription.

—Rev. Edward J. Bubbs, Grace Church,
Greenville, Jersey City, N. J.

We of Pi Mu Sigma plan to subscribe for every member of our group

who is selected or who elects service for his country.

—John R. Elsworth, secretary,
Pi Mu Sigma, Irvington, N. J.

AFTER an extensive search the Johnstown Junior Chamber of Commerce could find no better means of showing its continued interest in the boys of this organization who have gone into the Army than subscribing to the Digest for them. This is now our established policy.

—Charles Kunkle, Jr., president, Johnstown Junior
Chamber of Commerce, Johnstown, Pa.

FOR the duration of the war the regular \$3 subscription price of The Reader's Digest has been reduced to \$1.50 for all men in the military service of the United States. It is hoped that this nonprofit rate may help them keep in touch with civilian life and contemporary American thought while they are away from home.

Address orders for service men to:

"In the Service Department," The Reader's Digest, Pleasantville, N. Y.

With the Armed Forces

LAST SUMMER The Reader's Digest offered a half-price subscription rate to members of America's armed forces. Already thousands of these military service subscriptions have been entered, by the men themselves or as gifts by relatives and friends. From homes, training camps and defense outposts have come scores of letters of warm appreciation. Here are typical excerpts:

THE LAST LETTER from my husband, who is in the Army, said, "The Reader's Digest arrived yesterday and is making the rounds. It is surprising to see the number of men who used to read little but the daily newspaper clamoring for their turn at it. They picked it up first out of boredom and suddenly discovered how interesting good reading could be." I think the War Department should give the Digest a citation for raising the intelligence and morale of the troops.

— Mrs. Dudley J. Lewis, New York City

IN THE radio branch of the Navy we maintain a 24-hour vigil at sea or in port. Many a lonely night my Reader's Digest has helped to make those watches more pleasant while expanding my knowledge of current events. My copies are read by at least 50 of my buddies.

— C. G. Wilson, Naval Air Station, San Diego

Our summer maneuvers in Louisiana was a common sight to see a Digest in the scout car, its leaves protected from the wind by a machine-gun belt. All copies saw heavy duty.

— Chas. A. Ketchum, M. Sgt. No. 113th Cav., Camp Brown, Tex.

I have frequently seen well-worn and dog-eared Digests carried by the

men and kept under lock and key with their other valuables. They will loan a copy out only with the threat that they "had better get it back — or else."

— Lt. W. F. Frank, USMC, Sixth Defense Battalion
Navy Yard, Pearl Harbor, T. H.

A GREAT MANY boys at the Air Station slip the Digest into their pockets and snatch a few minutes of reading while reclining under the wind tie or an airplane wing waiting for their plane to come in.

— Cadet M. E. Woodcock, U. S. Naval Air Station
Jacksonville, Fla.

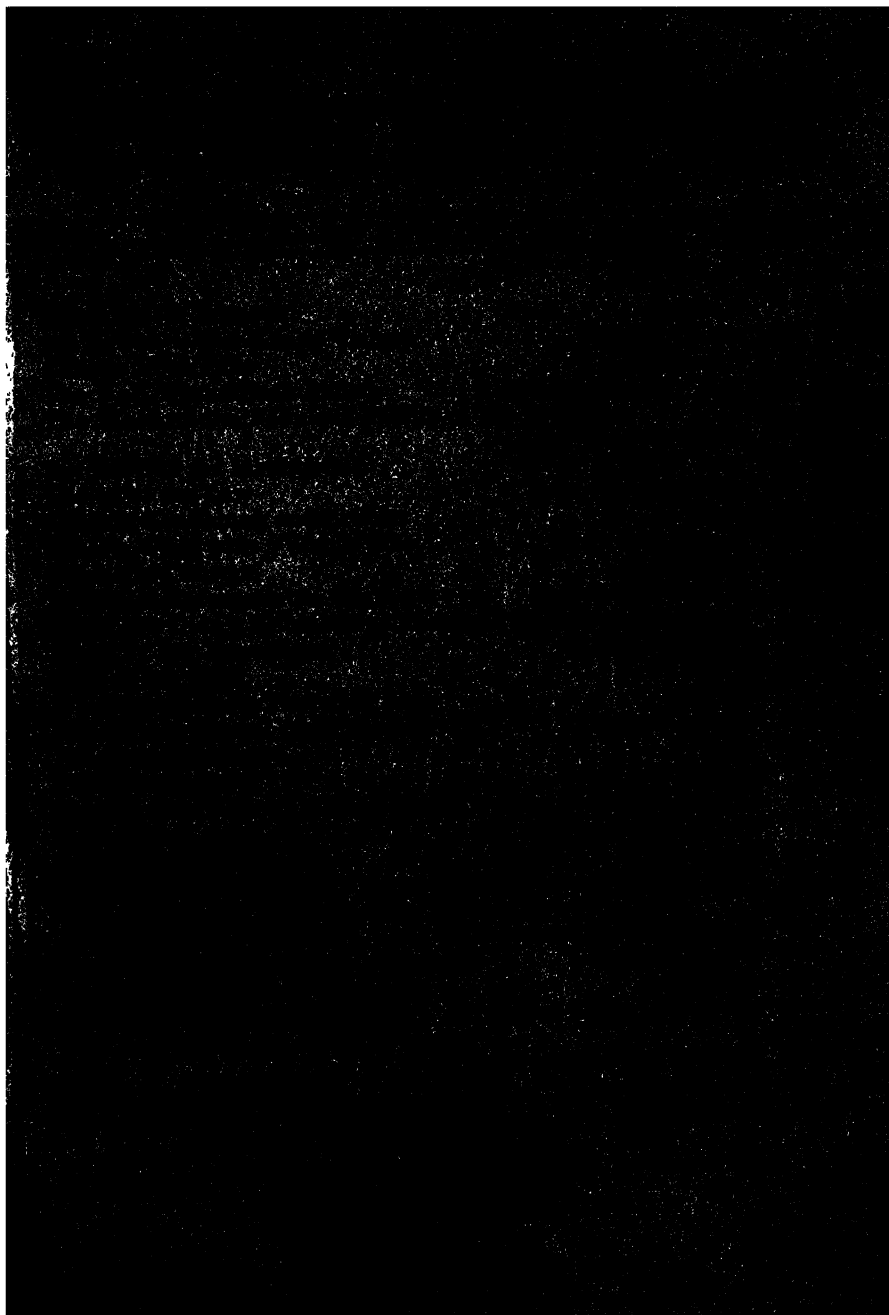
I HAVE SAVED all the Digests I could get hold of. They have traveled over 50,000 miles with me now, and are still the most widely sought magazine on the ship — especially when we are on a long cruise to faraway places like Samoa, Hawaii and Iceland, where the Digest is hard to buy ashore.

— Gordon A. Schaeffer, W. T. 2/C, USS Sangamon

OUR BATTERY has one subscription and we sure do argue as to who gets to read it when it comes. I want my own Digest so I won't have to wait in line for it. That is why I took up that bargain of yours.

— Chas. John E. Macken, Battery B, Tacoma, Wash.

(Continued Inside Back Cover)



The Reader's Digest

An article a day — of enduring significance, in condensed, permanent booklet form

TWENTY-FIRST YEAR



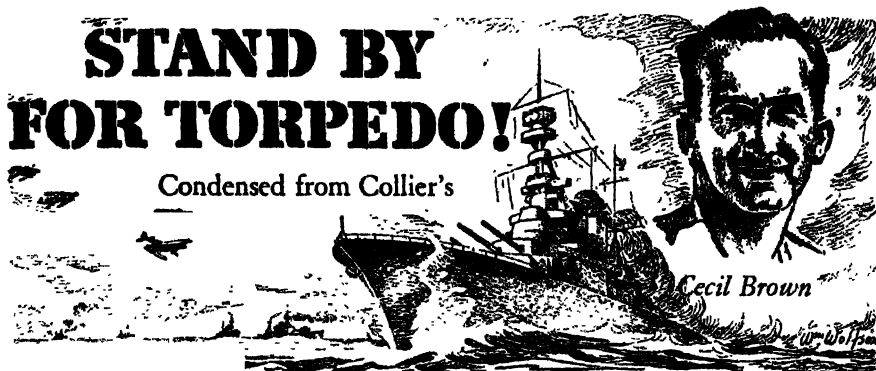
March 1942



VOLUME 40, NO. 239

STAND BY FOR TORPEDO!

Condensed from Collier's



An eyewitness account of the sinking of the Repulse and Prince of Wales

WHEN we sailed out of Singapore Monday, December 8, to intercept convoys reinforcing Japanese bridgeheads in north Malaya, we were, as Admiral Phillips put it, "looking for trouble." We found it.

It's Wednesday morning now.

IN JANUARY 1941 Cecil Brown was installed as CBS correspondent in Rome, but it took only a few weeks for Mussolini to exhibit such a strong dislike for his broadcasts that he had to leave. Mr. Brown went on to Belgrade, Yugoslavia, and the German army promptly chased him from there through Crete to Alexandria, Egypt. After that he went to Singapore, where he once more has found himself in the thick of the fighting. Mr. Brown, now 32, graduated from Ohio State University in 1929, worked on newspapers in Pittsburgh and New York, and served three years as a European correspondent for International News Service before joining the CBS foreign staff.

The *Repulse* and the *Prince of Wales* are still hunting, but they're also being hunted. Yesterday, at 5:20 p.m., during a break in the gray, rain-filled clouds, the Jap reconnaissance plane spotted us. We expected an attack all last night.

I wasn't worried, particularly. Under me there were 32,000 tons of armor-clad ship — *H.M.S. Repulse*. Around me were 1260 staunch sailors. Half a mile ahead *H.M.S. Prince of Wales* steamed through the South China Sea, 150 miles north of Singapore. The beautiful ship clove the sea with what seemed a prideful invulnerability and accentuated our sense of security. Alert destroyers flanked us — pygmy ships that seemed impertinent in such powerful company.

The clouds have gone now, and the sky is robin's-egg blue. The crews, their battle bowlers on, sit alert beside their guns. The pom-poms, multiple high-altitude ack-acks, point skyward. I am on the flag deck, a good spot from which to watch action. I wear a white anti-flash hood which covers head and shoulders to protect against burns from exploding shells or bombs.

At 11 a.m., the ship's communications system bellows: "Enemy aircraft approaching — *Action Stations!*" I see them coming, 10,000 feet high, like a lengthened star-sapphire necklace against the blue sky.

The guns of the *Wales* and *Repulse* let go. The roar is deafening, the flash of their flame blinding. I watch bombs materializing suddenly out of nothingness and streaming down toward us like ever-enlarging tear-drops — a hypnotic, limb-freezing sight.

Nine Jap planes in formation are directly overhead. Suddenly, the waters around us leap up in white pyramids and drench us; simultaneously we feel the crash of a bomb on the catapult deck.

I hear the cry, "Fire in the hangar!" I run back to see the damage. Our aircraft is knocked off its track and a red-bearded New Zealand fleet air arm pilot is atop the crane attempting to jettison the plane overside, since its gasoline constitutes a menace. The gun crews seem extraordinarily calm, replenishing am-

munition, laughing. I hear somebody say, "Bloody good bombing for those blokes."

I see a splash three miles off the port beam and a roar goes up: "We got him!"

Smoke is pouring from the catapult deck. Four stokers come up to get first aid. They're blackened and scorched. They are very calm but wild-eyed and stunned, and their hands are shaking. It isn't a pleasant sight.

At 11:40 the *Prince of Wales* seems to be hit; she's reduced speed.

Now the planes are gone. We all light cigarettes, sucking deeply, and our exhalations are more like sighs.

The pause is too brief. At 11:45 distant specks appear — nine torpedo-carrying bombers. They circle a mile away at 1000 feet. They are now like moths around our flaming guns.

They swoop still lower. The communications pipes roar the order to stand by for a barrage; instantly every gun aboard the *Repulse* stutters and roars and the whole ship vibrates. A voice beside me says, "Look at those yellow — come!" The *Repulse* is snaking violently to avoid torpedoes. I stand near a multiple Vickers gun spewing 2000 half-inch bullets a minute.

Nearby an eight-barreled pom-pom is spitting, and half a dozen feet away a four-inch high-altitude ack-ack is crashing — its barrel nearly horizontal instead of skyward, to meet the onrushing torpedo bombers

gracefully coming at us 100 yards above the water. A cooling liquid is gushing over the guns and the paint blisters on them are as big as tennis balls. Gunners, young and eager and breathless with excitement, their faces streaked with sweat, are moving like a movie running too fast.

One plane just dropped a torpedo 300 yards distant. Our shells rip into the plane's side. Tracers from our pom-poms and Vickers are cross-stitching the sky, at eye level, with long, thin white lines, slightly curved; orange flame is belching from the four-inchers; the gray airplanes are so close I can see the pilots' profiles — astonishingly close, like butterflies pinned on blue cardboard.

Three gunners ten feet from me slump over with Japanese machine-gun bullets in them. A torpedo bomber has just dropped a tin fish and banked without gaining altitude. It glides parallel with the *Repulse* and tracers are plowing into it. An instant later it strikes the water and bursts into flame.

I run to the starboard side, where another torpedo bomber is coming in. It's only 200 yards away when it swerves. I don't see the torpedo; the plane, aflame, dives seaward, the water spreads out into nothingness.

That attack ends at 11:51.

A sailor runs past to transmit a message to the bridge deck from the *Prince of Wales*: "Steering gear is gone."

The decks of the *Repulse* are littered with empty shell cases. Upon the faces of the sailors is a mixture of incredulity and a sort of ecstatic happiness, but I don't detect anything like fear, or hate for the attackers. For the British this is a contest. An officer turns to me and says: "Plucky blokes, those Japs. That was as beautiful an attack as ever I expect to see."

At 12:01 they come at us again. Ten torpedo bombers launch an attack at all angles. Our great concern is that the Japs are going to crash-dive the ship. Planes coming from port and starboard head at our bow, a bomber comes toward us from directly ahead, another launches a torpedo directly astern. The smell of cordite is suffocating. My eyes ache with the shell blasts.

It's the same as before — the amazingly daring torpedo bombers are seemingly unaffected by the almost solid wall of British shells and bullets. The water is streaked with the tracks of their torpedoes. A roar goes up on one side of the ship — another bomber is downed.

If it weren't so awe-inspiring it would be routine — the way planes rush in, drop a tin fish, machine-gun our decks and roar away. Now they're all gone. Those of us who are able to light cigarettes do so.

At 12:20 I see ten bombers approaching. Communications pipes again, "Stand by for barrage!" and hell breaks loose. A plane 500 yards off the port side is diving straight

for the middle of the ship; tracers rush to meet it but it comes on and now seems suspended in the air 100 yards above the water. The torpedo drops and streaks for us. There is a deadly fascination in watching it.

The torpedo strikes about 20 yards astern of my position. It feels as though the ship had crashed into a dock. I am thrown four feet across the deck. Almost immediately the ship lists and the communications pipes bellow: "Blow up your lifebelts." I start putting mine on.

Instantly there's another crash to starboard. I haven't finished blowing up my belt when Captain William Tennant's cool voice comes out of the loud speakers: "All hands on deck. Abandon ship. God be with you!"

We stream down the ladders to reach the quarter-deck. The coolness of everyone is incredible. There is no pushing. To one youngster who seems in a great hurry an officer quietly says, "Now, now, we are all going along that way, too."

Beside a pom-pom two men are dead. I see four sailors carry a comrade with a machine-gunned leg to the edge of the ship and throw him seaward to give him a chance to be rescued.

I see a lifeboat jammed with seamen and officers. I climb a cable hand over hand to reach it and swing myself into a precarious corner. Someone shouts, "This boat will never get off."

As a matter of fact, no boats of the

Repulse take away. We all pile out. I drop ten feet to the slippery, slanting deck and crash into a bulkhead. I pick myself up and scramble dizzily on hands and knees, grabbing at whatever I can to reach the edge of the ship, which is almost on her side. There are at least 500 heads bobbing in the water. From masts fore and aft men jump 90 feet into the sea. One doesn't jump far enough and hits the slanting hull, crumpling into the sea like a sack of wet cement. Another dives straight down a funnel.

The whole thing has become suddenly unbelievable. Sailors are throwing overboard everything floatable. I see the *Prince of Wales* sinking, shrouded in smoke. Men beside me are sliding down the ship's side, bouncing their rumps over rivets, hitting bulges and shooting off into space. An officer who last evening said to me, "I find *Alice in Wonderland* the best book to read during wartime," stands up and dives — misses his aim, dies.

Some of the sailors jump off the stern of the ship and, since the screws are still turning, they are caught in the blades. At least 12 marines die thus. The highest dive is made by a midshipman who leaps 170 feet from atop the mainmast and is saved.

You do queer things at such moments. I take off my shoes and carefully lay them down together as I would at the foot of a bed. I see the admiralty photographer engaged in similar idiocy. He opens a lifeboat locker and places his expensive cam-

era inside and carefully closes the lid.

I slide down along the side of the ship, brace my feet in a porthole, and take off my steel helmet. Ten feet away the whole hull is torn wide open, jagged as a slashed tin can. Somehow I hate to leave the crazy-angled ship and my false security for that oily mess below. A sailor at my side stands up and dives with outstretched arms. Beautiful. That decides me. I jump and swim away and grab a small piece of wood. When I'm 50 feet from the *Repulse* I feel the powerful suction of the sinking ship; oil sweeps over my head and I swallow much of the unpleasant stuff.

Someone calls across the water, "You all right, old boy?" I say, "Yes," and gulp more oil. But I have a decidedly pessimistic view of my chances of floating a half mile to the destroyers. The tide and oil make swimming difficult.

A seaman ten yards distant yells, "I've a cramp," and disappears. I see four or five others just give up and slide under without a sound.

One officer is blowing up the lifebelts of half a dozen seamen in the water. The stronger swim to the side of men who are getting glassy-eyed, some hanging onto planks and supporting others. Many faces are blood-streaked and oil-soaked.

After 55 minutes in the water I manage to swim to a Carley float which is jam-packed. A Royal marine pulls me up and keeps me from falling off. One sailor on the float dies from exhaustion and from swallowing oil. He is pushed off to make room for a man in the water nearby. After an hour and a half the raft gains a destroyer, and a line is tossed to us.

Admiral Phillips and Captain Leach have gone down with the *Prince of Wales*; Captain Tennant of the *Repulse* is saved.

I inquire about the officer I'd seen pumping lifebelts for the glassy-eyed sailors. It seems that while in the water he took off his belt and gave it to a sailor who was unable to swim. He's not among the survivors.



A LITTLE GIRL's thank-you note: "Thank you for your nice present. I always wanted a pin cushion, although not very much."

— *Wall Street Journal*

THE EPITOME of Lincoln hero-worship is reported by Professor Helen White of the University of Wisconsin. "Abraham Lincoln," wrote one of her freshmen, "was born in a log cabin which he built with his own hands."

— Dixon Wecter, *The Hero in America* (Scrappers)

Air Power—Our Key to Victory

Condensed from The Boston Globe

Strategicus

Pen name of an army officer distinguished as a military critic

THE SINGLE most important fact of the war to date is that sea power no longer depends on the battleship. Air power is sea power.

If we recognize this fact and act upon it, we have in our own hands the key to winning the war, for we are the one people who can muster overwhelming air power.

One short month of war in the Pacific witnessed a destruction of war vessels on a scale never before equaled in all naval history. More capital ships were sunk than at Jutland, the greatest sea battle of modern times. And this was all done by planes.

Probably a fifth of all the battleships afloat in the world have been put out of action—from the air. Nothing so portentous has occurred in naval warfare since the ironclad *Merrimac* steamed out into Hampton Roads on March 8, 1862, to sink the wooden frigates *Cumberland* and *Congress*.

The German conquest of Norway in 1940 was effected by an inferior naval power in the face of the strongest fleet in the world. Under the protection of her superior air force Germany succeeded in transporting thousands of troops across the North Sea.

On November 12 of the same

year British torpedo planes sank or disabled three Italian battleships and two cruisers at Taranto. On January 10, 1941, German and Italian planes sank the British cruiser *Southampton* in the eastern Mediterranean and damaged the aircraft carrier *Illustrious* and the battleship *Malaya*. On May 27 the *Bismarck* was so severely disabled by British torpedo planes that she succumbed to a cruiser.

And since the recent tragedies of Pearl Harbor and Malaysia, the whole military world knows that the superiority of the combat plane over the battleship is now beyond dispute.

The battlewagon can perform its mission only if protected by its own air force. Indeed, the entire British criticism of the Malaysian battle centers upon the failure of the Singapore air force to protect the *Prince of Wales* and the *Repulse*. The fact that the air arm was blamed for the loss, and not the ships themselves, is the best evidence of the shift of naval power from the battleship to the plane.

What should be the reaction in the United States to this revolution in sea power? Should we be downhearted? Just the contrary. Japan, by her very success in the use of air power, has played into our hands.

For air power is our meat. The mechanical genius of the American people can be matched by no other race, least of all by the Japanese. And mechanical ability is the key-stone of air power. Our plane designers can hold their own with the best in any foreign country. Our mass-production factories know no equal in the world.

With our huge production potentialities, our air fleet should outnumber Japan's by the summer of 1943. True, numerical superiority alone will not be enough, for Japan possesses geographical advantages. She has, so to speak, a hundred safely anchored "unsinkable aircraft carriers" in the western Pacific — the Caroline and Marianas Islands lying between Hawaii and the Philippines. These air bases, rather than her battle fleet, have given Japan domination in Asiatic waters. And we have pitifully few aircraft carriers to throw against the Japs' hundred unsinkable airfields.

But if America and Britain retain

Australia and India as bases, some day our unrivaled air potentialities will be brought to bear against the enemy. From these areas we shall eventually drive northward through the air to the Philippines, to Formosa, to the heart of the Japs' empire and give them a taste of Pearl Harbor in their own backyard.

Admiral Mahan preached that victory surely accrued to the nation which maintained domination of the seas. This doctrine is just as true today as it was when it was written in 1890. To Mahan, of course, the instruments of sea power were battleships and cruisers. Today, after Pearl Harbor, the instruments of sea power are torpedo planes, bombers, and fighter planes. Henceforth these will be the basic weapons of all naval forces. Battleships, cruisers, destroyers, and submarines will exist only to assist and supplement them.

This is the revolution in naval warfare. If America's leaders take full advantage of it, the final victory must be ours.

AFTER Sunday morning services in a Boston church, a woman stayed to chat with a friend, leaving her purse on the seat. When she returned for her purse, it was gone, but she quickly found it in the possession of the clergyman himself. "I thought I had better hold it," he said. "You must remember that there are some in the congregation so simple that they might consider it an answer to prayer."

— Contributed by Ellen Lucinda Burnap

❏ *Recipe for heightened enjoyment and greater efficiency: Try consciously to vary the habitual tempo of your work and play.*

Change Your Pace

Condensed from *The Rotarian*

Hilton Gregory

ALL OF US have experienced at one time or another the feeling of renewal that comes from a change of pace. We may be walking or driving along slowly, and something happens that makes us speed up. New sensations occur; new thoughts cross the mind. We become more alert. Or if we have been walking breathlessly beyond our pace there is a feeling of relief, even repose, in slowing down.

The pace that kills is the pace that never changes; frequent change of pace will keep us from tedium on one hand or apoplexy on the other.

For most of us a change of pace means slowing down, but in many activities we should speed up. We may walk and talk too fast but think and work too slowly.

Everyone in journalism knows that as a deadline approaches the reporter, the make-up man, the people

on the copy desk all turn out better work in half the time it takes when there is no pressure. The acceleration releases latent powers. I have seen men, when there is time, bone for an hour over a title or a heading — conjuring up, as the slow mind at work will, dozens that are no good. But as the last hour approaches, when there is no time to dally, their minds click and the captions come in a flash. It is not mere speed that does the trick, but speed that follows deliberation.

Experts in charge of reading clinics point out that the best way to get something out of the printed page is to read it fast, to set about to see how quickly it can be intelligently covered, because the mind may wander when reading is too slow. The chances are that you should change your reading pace from one of leisurely inspection to one of concentrated, swift consideration. On the other hand, if you have allowed yourself to become a hit-and-run reader, you may need to give more time. No one pace is adequate in reading. There are books to be read hastily and others to be read with loving delay.

UNDER the pen name of Hilton Gregory the author has contributed essays and articles to leading American magazines for the past 15 years. He used the name originally when, as a young minister in Texas, he began writing for *The American Mercury* under the editorship of H. L. Mencken.

I have a nephew whose slowness is the despair of his teachers, not to mention his kin. At the age of nine he gets his work done in his own good time. The other morning his mother suggested with wisdom that he write a letter before going to school. His other letters had taken as much as a day, off and on, to compose. In this case, his time was limited to 20 minutes in which to write his grandmother everything he could think of. The result was the best letter he had ever done. It was the change of pace that did it, by putting emphasis upon the preciousness of time and the importance of using it to maximum effect.

We've been kidding ourselves too long with the notion that we are rushed to death. We are rushed with the wrong things. In these we ought to slow down, but in others speed up. "Slow and easy" is no motto for an interesting life, as some contend. Indeed slowness may be a deterrent; often a man can get further with a difficult job by plunging into it full steam.

Not infrequently a change of pace is in itself a means of learning. Years of using the typewriter steadily — added to the fact that I never learned to write as a child — recently made it almost imperative that I improve my longhand. I discovered that I had been rushing pellmell through my words. I disciplined myself to write plainly, meticulously. Associates testify gratefully that the improvement is a long step toward

legibility. And what was once a chore has become a pastime.

Thus a change in tempo may increase enjoyment whether or not it improves our work. If you are doing something tedious, it may become fun if done at a changed speed. Many tasks — to mention only cleaning house and writing letters — are oppressive in part at least because they are time-consuming. But if we make them an affair of dashing cavalry our attitude changes. The job becomes an adventure, or a contest at least. For, oddly enough, a job done at different speeds is not the same job at all. The motions and emotions connected with it are different. Many people who pine to change their jobs need only to change the pace with which they do their jobs — mix up their work and get variety into the tempo.

Change of pace is like what we call second wind; in moments of fatigue it sets up a fresh current of nervous energy. If you have been methodically moving around the house, making beds, dusting, sweeping, try shifting the flow of your energy into a different rhythm. Or in the office, vary rush typing with work at slower speed. As you work at any fatiguing task you'll find that an occasional change of tempo rewards you, like the second wind, with a glowing sense of power.

Nowhere in the simple acts of daily life does a change in pace make more difference than in eating. Most of us gulp our food, and we miss half the

fun of eating. I was a fast eater, and so tried imagining that I was a slow-motion picture of myself. Then I really tasted for the first time foods I had been eating half-consciously all my life.

I live in one of the uncelebrated scenic spots of the United States. There are no travel folders to hymn its grandeur. Everyone rather accepts its charm as a matter of course, and one reason for this is that no one, save perhaps when mothering a new car, drives slowly enough to appreciate the region. Until I myself broke in a new car I never even saw an old tulip tree on the way to the station. Its top is broken by a generation of storms, some of its limbs are missing, yet it survives with a pride and strength that shame me in moments of trifling discouragement. It has been there for years but I never saw it while I was hell-bent for nothing. And there is a cathedral of trees and rocks on the parkway not a mile from where I live — a place of quietness and strength. Even to glance at it thoughtfully in passing is to experience a moment of vespers. I had never been aware of this spot until I changed my pace.

Since in my work I have to talk a lot, I have fallen into the habit of talking rapidly. Lately I decided to alternate rapid speech with periods of slowing down, weighing each word, and letting its implications have full play. And this, I find, keeps the auditor's attention on edge, and makes me phrase more clearly the

ideas I want to convey. But it does more — it affords me a new sense of confidence.

Haven't you, on the other hand, known dreary, hesitant people who ought to try talking fast for a change? While they fumble vaguely with facts, ideas and phrases, you'd like to jolt them into thinking a sentence swiftly through before they began it, so that words would follow one another with logical sequence and zip. Deliberate speeding up would not only add tremendously to their conversational effectiveness, but would also transform them by giving them a new and more sparkling personality.

In our method of thinking, above all, change of pace can be invaluable. The almost universal curse of worry is simply thought slowed down to a stumbling and circuitous walk. To think through and settle once for all a problem in the shortest possible time, and to act briskly and daringly on our decision, is to annihilate the problem of worry.

On the other hand, on busy days, try slowing down instead of speeding up. Linger over breakfast; pretend that you have a lifetime for the many things which must be crowded in before night. Live at slow motion. Instead of racing, make yourself stroll. And, paradoxically, when evening comes you will have actually done more work than if you had pushed yourself.

To live all one's life at *largo* would be deadily boring. The symphony

you like or the musical composition that stirs you is neither fast nor slow throughout; it has as much variety in tempo as in mood. It is this in part that keeps your interest keyed to the theme.

If we are hectic and rushed it is not necessary to pull up stakes, move to the country and drive a horse to change the pace of living. It's not the city or business that

wears us out; it's our response to it, our meeting life head-on without slowing down or speeding up. So if you are hitting a terrific pace, slow down. You don't have to slow down forever: it's the change you need. Or if you are going too slowly, if you are not alert but stodgy and graceless in your living, "step on it" a while. What's tedious in one speed may be delightful in another.

Retorts Discourteous

A YOUNG WOMAN brought a yapping dog into a hotel dining room. A man at a nearby table endured it for a while, then turned to her and with a grave air of solicitude asked, "Your first dog, madam?"

— Francis Hackett, *I Chose Denmark* (Doubleday, Doran)

A HOLLYWOOD actress was shredding a reputation at a night club. She stopped back-biting long enough to order a chicken sandwich and a glass of milk.

"Wouldn't you," asked a friend of the victim, "prefer the milk in a saucer?"

— Walter Winchell

"YOU SHOULD HAVE seen my birthday cake," a young woman told a friend. "Seventeen candles — one for each year."

There was a skeptical silence, then: "Seventeen candles! Did you burn some of them at both ends?"

— *Toronto Star Weekly*

DOROTHY PARKER was bored by a talkative actress who hadn't had a part for years. "I simply can't think of leaving the theater," the woman gurgled. "I'm wedded to it."

"Then," retorted Miss Parker, "why not sue it for nonsupport?"

— George Ross in *N. Y. World-Telegram*

The U. S. Pocketbook Enlists

Condensed from The Baltimore Sunday Sun

Stanley High

THE BOMBS which fell at Pearl Harbor blew open the American pocketbook. A tremendous flow of funds from Defense Bonds, Stamps and outright gifts has swamped the intake machinery of the Treasury.

Before Pearl Harbor, the Bureau of Engraving and Printing was ambling along with a daily production of 200,000 bonds and had so many stamps on hand that it had temporarily stopped printing them. Two weeks later the Bureau was turning out 500,000 bonds daily; by mid-January, running on a 24-hour basis, the presses were rolling out 800,000. Total sales jumped from \$78,000,000 for the first six days of December to nearly \$200,000,000 for the first six days of January. On January 10 there were 1,500,000 bond orders on the waiting list. Meanwhile more Defense Stamps were being sold per week than the \$6,500,000 worth sold in the entire month of November.

Cash gifts to the government in a whole year of the last war amounted to less than \$25,000. In the first week of January 1942, \$300,000 poured in. These gifts reflect the deep desire of rank-and-file America to help in every way possible. One week's donations included gold rings, wrist

Never before have Americans so spontaneously and with such heartwarming demonstrations of patriotism poured out their money for their country.

watches, gold teeth, several quarts of pennies, and a box containing 7000 checks totaling \$71,000 — a day's pay from each employe of an eastern manufacturing company. For overtime work on Sunday, December 14, the employes of an Indiana company earned \$3410 — and sent the entire amount to the government, along with \$1000 donated by their employer.

"To my President," wrote an eight-year-old boy. "Here are two dimes to buy two bullets for my pal Gene Autry's gun." A German-born American wrote: "In lieu of active participation in the armed forces I am enclosing a check for \$25,000." An aged Ohio couple, "with income too low to require income tax payments, and ourselves too old to realize on bonds," sent \$5 and promised to give five more each month. A Montana cowhand sent in his Defense Bond with the instruction, "Just write across the face of this, 'Paid in Liberty.'" Hundreds of others turned in their bonds for

cancellation, asking the government to keep the money. By mid-January it was taking 42 stenographers to handle unsolicited contributions.

Defense Bonds are available in three classes: "E, F and G." "F" and "G" start at \$100, run up to \$10,000, mature in 12 years. "F's" cost \$74 for each \$100 maturity value, yield 2.53 percent interest compounded semiannually but not paid until redemption. "G's" cost \$100 but interest at 2.5 percent is paid semiannually by Treasury check. Bonds can be turned in for cash plus interest at any time.

The "E" bond is "the people's bond." Issue prices range from \$18.75 to \$750. "E" bonds pay 2.9 percent and mature in 10 years. The sale of "E's" zoomed after Pearl Harbor, especially in the \$18.75 class. In December "the people's bond" brought in \$341,000,000, almost twice as much as "F's" and "G's" combined.

Defense Stamps are the dime and quarter route to bond ownership. These range from 10 cents to \$5. When you have enough you turn them in for a bond.

The government counts not so much on upper-bracket big bond buyers as on millions of small purchasers. The mobilization of all our people back of this campaign is necessary to win the fight against the Axis. It will also help win the fight against inflation and postwar depression.

Inflation, we are told, is a sky-

rocketing of prices and a consequent drop in the purchasing value of the dollar—a peril to every man's pocketbook. National income, which was 76 billion dollars in 1940 and 92 billion in 1941, will probably be 105 billion in 1942. That means that there will be more money to spend for commodities of all sorts. But our industrial establishment will produce far fewer civilian commodities. When the demand for goods is greater than the supply, prices go up. Therefore every dollar which goes needlessly into goods, into hoarded sugar, extra clothes or anything else not really required, is an inflation-maker. That same dollar put into a Defense Bond is an inflation-preventer.

Today's spender for excess civilian goods prepares the way for postwar depression. After the war, with the country endeavoring to get back into the manufacture and sale of civilian commodities, the cry will be for buyers. If buyers are few, because they have spent their money as they made it, idle factories and unemployment will result. Every dollar which goes into Defense Bonds today can be put to work, when the war is over, to help safeguard the jobs and dollars of everybody else.

No quotas for the sale of bonds and stamps have been set. This is not conscription but voluntary enlistment. But the country is helping to sell them with as much enthusiasm as it has rushed to buy them. Network commercial radio programs

average 40 "plugs" for bonds and stamps a day, and local stations daily boost their sale with 3000 free spot announcements.

Station WDEV at Waterbury, Vt., has an honor roll for listeners who sign up with the Bond-a-Month club. Station WFVA at Fredericksburg, Va., broadcasts the name and plays a record in honor of everyone who telephones to the station agreeing to buy a bond. On the first day of the program — with Boy Scouts calling to get the name on the dotted line — sales amounted to \$41,672.

The Philadelphia *Bulletin* mobilized its 4500 newsboys to sell Defense Stamps on their paper routes; in the first week of January they sold \$540,000 worth. Stamps are now being sold by more than 250,000 newsboys on 800 papers all over the country. Reports from half of them — early in January — total \$30,000,000 in sales.

Workers in more than 8000 plants have signed up for the Payroll Allotment Plan—each worker specifying an amount to be deducted from his pay check for the purchase of bonds. Under this plan, 120,000 employes of General Electric Company pledged themselves to buy \$20,000,000 worth of bonds a year.

Scores of schools now charge

stamps as admission to school functions. Class funds are being turned into bonds. An Italian language club in a Hartford, Conn., high school bought a bond which at its \$100 maturity is to be awarded as a college scholarship to a deserving member of the class of 1952.

This public rush to lend a hand has kept selling expenses to a record minimum. Cost of a single Liberty Loan drive went as high as \$14,000,000. For the cost of an entire year of the current campaign, Congress appropriated only \$3,343,000.

One Kansas couple, declaring that their officer son, killed in action in the Philippines, "would have wanted it that way," bought bonds with his \$12,000 insurance. A Nebraska veteran of the first World War who had been holding the proceeds of his government insurance policy "as a nest egg to buy just the right kind of small acreage" turned it, instead,

into bonds. "Living 21 years of my life under the Czar of Russia," wrote a Philadelphian, "I can appreciate my golden 36 years in this God's best country. Now every week I buy a Defense Bond."

There should be food for Axis thought in the way in which America—jaw set and cash in hand—is making a beaten path to the Treasury door.

FOR DEFENSE Buy United States Savings Bonds and Stamps

Presenting Helen Hayes and
Charles MacArthur, fabulous
family of the footlights



THE MACARTHURS



Condensed from *Cosmopolitan*

J. P. McEvoy

IN NYACK, New York, 45 minutes from Broadway, actress Helen Hayes lives with her husband, playwright Charles MacArthur; their 11-year-old daughter Mary; their four-year-old adopted son James Gordon; an English refugee lad of five; six servants and nine French poodles. Their frame house is a quaint old chromo. Its rooms are small and crowded with furniture which is antique, authentic and exquisitely uncomfortable.

All but MacArthur's room — a combination study and bedroom, paneled, modern, luxurious, with an expansive view of the lordly Hudson River. Beside the bed a deep leather chair.

Helen Hayes, who played *Victoria Regina* 77 weeks in New York, then 46 weeks on tour, for a total of 969 performances and a gross of over three million dollars, belongs in this Victorian setting. Her young daughter, pigtailed and all, could walk right out of one of those oval walnut frames on the wall. But MacArthur, Chicago newspaperman and Broad-

way playwright, seems to have wandered in by mistake from *The Front Page*. For MacArthur still plays off-stage the unpredictable characters and picaresque case histories populating his writings.

Because Helen Hayes — born Helen Hayes Brown in Washington, D. C., in 1900 — was pigeon-toed, her mother sent her to dancing school at the age of five to correct it. At six, in an amateur theatrical show, she imitated a Gibson Girl so expertly the late Lew Fields promised her a job if she ever came to New York. Helen's mother took her to New York and reminded Fields of his promise. Fields needed a little girl for *Old Dutch*, so Helen got her start and eventually became the first actress of our time.

But without the pigeon toes or Lew Fields or even the legendary "Brownie," her indomitable mother, Helen Hayes would have got there. For though she is petite — exactly five feet — she is insatiable, tireless, indestructible, and for all her eager friendliness and Victorian charm,

she has, in the words of the late Oliver Herford, a "whim of iron."

Talent, too — unique, extraordinary, magical. On stage she is a young girl, an old woman, an American stenographer, an English queen — gnarled, formidable as Victoria; tender, tremulous, as the daughter-who-might-have-been in *Dear Brutus*. Before your very eyes a small, slight woman grows tall and majestic, expands and dominates the theater. Offstage she is so little, simple and folksy, autograph fans are startled into saying, "Are you Helen Hayes?" Meaning, "It ain't possible."

In Hollywood, Louis B. Mayer, who brought her there at great expense, looked at her hopelessly and said, "What can I do with you? You haven't any sex." The answer was convincing; in her first picture she carried off the Academy Award for the best actress of the year.

But Helen, a trouper who had crisscrossed the country for years with stars like John Drew, and as a star in her own right, found it difficult to listen politely to Hollywood underlings telling her she just didn't understand what the public wanted. "I've played to more audiences, listening to them laugh, watching them cry, than you'll ever see," she said. "Don't tell me!" But that didn't stop them and when they told her once too often, she shook off the gold dust of Hollywood forever.

Her first picture was her biggest success and her biggest headache. Her husband's, too, for Charlie wrote

the adaptation of *The Sin of Madelon Claudet*, and everything went wrong with the production until finally it was shelved as a colossal mistake. Then the late Irving Thalberg did a superb retake and salvage job, and the finished picture was hailed as the masterpiece of the year.

After this experience Helen and Charlie instinctively avoided further joint activities. Helen went her way from one success to another. Charlie continued collaborating with his boyhood pal and Nyack neighbor, Ben Hecht.

Then Helen, tired of playing queens, prevailed on Charlie to let her act in a simple charade called *Ladies and Gentlemen* which he and Ben Hecht had stuck together with spit and prayer.

Result: outcries from the critics, protests from the public, an indifferent financial return and the breakup of the team of Hecht and MacArthur, one of the most prodigiously lucrative and colorful writing collaborations of our day.

But the Hayes-MacArthur marriage is a successful collaboration and a solid surprise to their intimates, who confidently predicted two such explosive temperaments would blow each other through the roof. "You'll have more downs than ups," Charlie is credited with warning Helen, adding characteristically, "But you'll like the ups."

The marriage was early complicated by Charlie's ex-wife and a farcical lawsuit for alienation of affec-

tion which might have been written, dialogue and all, by Charlie himself. But he didn't write the curtain line with which his ex-wife — herself a Chicago reporter — dismissed him when she announced to the courtroom, "I wouldn't take him now if he came in a box of crackerjack."

People never weary of retelling the story of how Helen's long run in *Coquette* was interrupted by her pregnancy and how, in the ensuing dispute between the producer and the rest of the cast, a theatrical lawyer quoted the Equity clause stating actors are not entitled to salaries "if the company cannot perform because of fire, accident, strikes, riot, act of God" and so on, arguing that the birth of a baby was an "act of God." This was news not only to Charlie but to every editor in America.

Today, Mary, the act-of-God baby, goes to public school in Nyack ("She was developing an unbecoming bourgeois snobbery in private school," says Helen), and roller-skates up and down the streets of the village with her mother, who not only looks smaller but acts younger than her serious-minded little girl.

Helen was led into acting by her mother; Charlie wandered into writing by accident. Born in Scranton, Pennsylvania, in 1895, he went to school in Nyack and at 17 started working for the summer on an Oak Park, Illinois, paper. (At 17 Helen was making her first big hit as the Glad Girl in *Pollyanna*.)

In the fall, Charlie went to work at ten dollars a week for the City Press, a Chicago news service. For 17 hours a day he rode patrol wagons, haunted morgues and mined the lower depths of the city. For the first and last time he was the thrifty Scotchman, saving money out of his salary and even lending the city editor two dollars a week. One day he wrote a rollicking yarn about an actor, which the city editor threw in the wastebasket. Cut to the artistic quick, Charlie demanded either that the story be used or that the editor return the \$26 he owed him. The story was used and both the *Herald and Examiner* and the *Tribune* offered Charlie a big-league reporting job on the strength of it.

Going back and forth from one paper to the other — and incidentally writing the most original news stories in town — he jacked up his salary until he was the highest-paid reporter in Chicago with the possible exception of Ben Hecht. He went to France with Joseph Medill Patterson's artillery outfit, shot down an enemy plane by accident and was thrilled when each Chicago paper claimed him for its very own.

After the war he wrote (with Edward Sheldon) *Lulu Belle*, a smashing Belasco hit starring Lenore Ulric. His collaboration with Ben Hecht followed, and they turned out such stage smashes as *The Front Page* and *Twentieth Century*, and such movies as *The Scoundrel*, *Crime without Passion* and *Wuthering Heights*.

Thousands of stories are told about MacArthur; any of them could be true and many are. There was the time he built up an elaborate mystery campaign about a great English writer visiting Hollywood incognito, and sold an unemployed stranger to the studio on a long-term writing contract at a fabulous salary. The lad might be there yet if he hadn't begun to believe MacArthur's publicity himself and started to write.

Another MacArthur story is that he threw a party for his daughter's first birthday. Helen demurred. None of their sophisticated friends would bother to come to a baby party. To her amazement, the house was crowded. Charlie had sent out invitations to their friends to meet Al Capone.

But Charlie's best stories come alive in his work. He is an inexhaustible fountain of odd, oblique, fourth-dimensional notions which provide those touches to a scene that never

happen in fiction but only in life. To be married to the First Actress and retain your own individuality and position is a whale of a feat. Never referred to as Helen Hayes' husband, Charlie is and always will be known as Charlie MacArthur.

As for the First Actress herself, she insists that after her current play, *Candle in the Wind*, she is going to take it easy on her farm some ten miles inland from Nyack. Helen likes to dig in the garden and visit with her two cows, one a sleek Jersey with huge eyes named Bette Davis, the other a Holstein with a long sorrowful face called Edna May Oliver.

She threatens to desert the stage after 35 fabulous years to work for radio exclusively. "I can't bring myself to think of the strain of another opening night on Broadway," she says.

"I've heard her make that speech annually and she's always back," says Charlie.



Native Modesty

DR. KARL COMPTON of M.I.T. says his sister who lives in India was having some wiring done by a native electrician. He came to her over and over again for instructions. Finally in exasperation she said, "You know what I want. Why don't you just use your common sense and go ahead?"

He made a grave, courtly bow and said, "Madam, common sense is a rare gift of God. I have only a technical education."

— Paul Garrett, Vice-President, General Motors

Scores of ingenious ideas sent the Inventors Council by the public have already been set to work to help win the war. And the Council asks for more.

Second Call for Inventions!

By

Stuart Chase

IN OCTOBER 1940 some farsighted men set up an organization to tap our country's immense reserves of inventive ingenuity. Then this organization — the National Inventors Council — called upon all the unborn blueprints from all the unsung Edisons puttering in basements, for suggestions that might help our army, navy and air force.

The response was overwhelming. Never before had American inventors been provided with a single suggestion box for their warlike ideas, never before had they been so sure of a fair and speedy hearing. Since it was established, the Council has received 45,000 separate inventions and ideas. All have been examined with respectful attention; hundreds are being tested; scores have actually been put to work.

Mr. T. R. Taylor, director of the Council's staff, showed me a basketful of mail which had just come in. His eyes glittered. "There will be junk here, plenty of it, but I can't help getting excited every morning. In this basket there may be an idea that will win the war!"

Have You an Idea?

SHORTLY after Stuart Chase's article "Calling All Inventors" appeared in *The Reader's Digest*,* the number of suggestions received by the National Inventors Council doubled, from 150 to 300 a day, and held that level for several weeks. Lawrence Langner, the Council's secretary, estimates that the article brought in from 5000 to 7500 ideas.

Now that we are at war, the Council asks that we send out an urgent second call — for more ideas and still more.

Address suggestions to National Inventors Council, Department of Commerce, Washington, D. C.

But first read this article carefully.

Around 40 percent of all ideas have to do with ordnance — guns, bombs, tanks, projectiles — and about 20 percent with aircraft. The rest cover a wide field, ranging from plastic materials to ways of keeping soldiers happy in camp.

Here is a manufacturer of fountain pens. The raw materials are pyroxylin plastic, steel for nibs and rubber for ink reservoirs. Bang! go steel and rubber under priority rulings. Does the company quit? It does not. It

* January 1941, condensed from *The Rotarian*.

adds a chemical to the pyroxylin, produces an incendiary device, and gets the Council excited about it. In due course, the company obtains a contract for the Army. Thus the war effort is aided and a small business is saved.

Recently an Axis refugee in this country submitted a startling ordinance device. It was so good that the Council asked him to construct a working model. The model required various metals unobtainable because of priority restrictions. So the inventor scoured the roadsides and dumps. In a few weeks he brought to Washington an exquisite model, ready for testing. He knew the value of speed and resourcefulness. He had lived under the dictators.

Two young men from Detroit recently submitted an idea for strengthening the front axles of heavy trucks. The Army's Transport Division was having a headache on that very point, and promptly sent the boys into a huddle with its engineers.

A large chemical company realized that one of its new products might be useful to the Chemical Warfare Service, the Medical Corps, the Engineers, and perhaps other service branches. Rather than send it around to each, the company sent it directly to the Council, which acts as a clearinghouse for all government departments and knows their needs and how to get prompt action.

The kinds of inventions submitted

vary with the news. When an American ship is torpedoed, antisubmarine devices rise sharply. When Manila is heavily bombed, designs for air-raid shelters take a spurt. When Czar Henderson says no more tires, there is a sudden interest in synthetic rubbers. When a plane crashes in winter, ideas for wing defrosters pour in. Pearl Harbor doubled the invention rate from 250 letters a day to 500 a day, literally overnight. By the end of January, the rate had climbed to 750.

A number of excellent inventions are coming in from occupied Europe. No one knows how they are smuggled out, or how they get here.

While everybody is invited to submit suggestions, the Council is especially eager to get them from engineers, scientists and other professional men and women. Many devices already being used in industry and commerce may become of military significance if plant technicians and managers think in such terms. Look around your shop, gentlemen. Keep an eye open for men on your staff who have ideas, and encourage them. Some concerns are putting "Win the War" suggestion boxes beside the regular suggestion box for plant improvements. If any business wants posters to stimulate suggestions, they can be had by writing the Council.

The airplane, machine gun, smokeless powder, rifled cannon, were all developed by civilians, not military men. The Council and the Army and

Navy are watching like hawks for just such revolutionary inventions. Colonel L. B. Lent, chief engineer of the Council, recalls that when Ericsson's *Monitor* was placed before the authorities, it failed in its first trials "because it did not meet speed requirements and *because it was not fitted with sails.*" The brass hats almost let the *Merrimac* have its way in Chesapeake Bay! That spirit no longer prevails.

Revolutionary answers are needed for our shortages in raw materials. What, for instance, are we going to use instead of rubber? Here is a terrific challenge to American invention. The Council has received some ideas, but it wants more. Synthetic rubber is only one answer. How about a new kind of wheel or tire?

Among the mineral shortages are copper, zinc, tin, aluminum, magnesium, manganese, tungsten. Have you any idea as to how we could put our gold hoard to work? Or silver? They seem to be almost the only metals in the surplus category.

The Council wants ideas about all manner of synthetics and substitutes. And ideas for drugs, medical supplies, the collection and storage of waste materials.

When the letter containing your idea reaches the Council's mail desk, it is numbered, acknowledged, classified, and referred to a staff engineer. If he finds it good, he refers it to one of the 12 technical committees of the Council. C. F. Kettering, of General Motors Research Corporation, is

chairman of the Council. Associated with him are some of the most distinguished scientists and inventors in the country, giving their services without charge.

If the technical committee approves your idea, it is sent to the department which can really *use* it — the Army, Navy, Maritime Commission, etc. The Council's immediate task ends here. If the Army likes your invention it will deal with you directly.

The Council also coöperates with the National Defense Research Council and the Office of Scientific Research and Development, headed by Dr. Vannevar Bush, President of the Carnegie Institution, assisted by Richard C. Tolman, one of the country's outstanding physicists. While the Inventors Council *collects* ideas, the Research Council tests and develops ideas or farms them out to industrial and university laboratories for testing and development. At present there are 360 different research projects, distributed among 51 universities and 53 industrial laboratories. The projects themselves are military secrets, but Commissioner of Patents Conway P. Coe is permitted to tell us that the Research Council "has already accomplished feats that will startle the world, including the dictators."

If you have a revolutionary idea don't be afraid to send it for fear of being called a crackpot. About everything we use in a mechanical way was "crackpot" when it first appeared.

And don't tell the Council you have an idea worth a million and expect a check by return mail. This is a war, not a Florida real estate boom. The Council has no money to pay you with.

If compensation is in order, the Army or Navy makes a contract with the inventor directly.

However, the Inventors Council receives many letters inspired with patriotism like the following:

*M*R. W. T. TATE of the Council's staff helped prepare this list of *Do's* and *Don't's* for inventors:

Write for Information Bulletin No. 2, National Inventors Council, Department of Commerce, Washington, D. C.

If your idea is a mechanical one, make a rough model, to help you formulate your idea and prove or disprove its practicability. *Don't send the model to Washington unless you are asked to.*

Consult an engineering friend, or your boss, for technical help. They may know if the idea is already in use.

Or consult an encyclopedia. The Council has received many intricate devices for detecting the approach of airplanes by sound. If the inventors had first consulted an engineer or the encyclopedia, they would have learned that a modern plane travels half as fast as a sound wave. So detection by sound is too slow.

"Have just noticed in an old copy of The Reader's Digest an article entitled 'Calling All Inventors.' This interested me intensely as I've had two ideas for the past three or four years that may be of military importance. Have destroyed plans for both and carry them in my head for safety. Kindly send me your bulletins. Money is not my object. My sole desire is that the Stars and Stripes shall wave forever."

Stick to your own field of knowledge so far as possible. We must not forget, however, that the man who proposed the vacuum cleaner was not a mechanical engineer but a layman, who got the idea from watching a Pullman porter inefficiently dusting off passengers with a whisk broom.

All ideas are held by the Council in strict confidence. Nobody is going to steal your invention.

Don't come to the Council's office in Washington for personal interviews. If you think you can talk your idea but can't write it out, it is probably too vague to be of use.

Don't expect a full explanation of why your idea was not used, if such turns out to be the case. An explanation (such as that a similar device is in the works) might reveal a military secret.

Don't expect the Council to secure a patent for you. You may file with the Patent Office yourself, if you wish, when you submit the idea.

Ladies of the Law

Condensed from The American Mercury

Karl Detzer

IN A TOUGH section of Detroit's industrial district, a trim young woman waited watchfully outside a house in which, it was suspected, young girls were being held for immoral purposes. Presently a big, burly fellow came out. The young woman went up to him.

"Come with me," she said. The man could easily have tossed her across the street, but after a moment's hesitation he meekly followed her to her car—a police car. "Get in," said the girl. He got in.

At police headquarters the girl found she had a prize catch—a panderer whom federal officers had long been hunting. In court the judge, surprised that one slim girl had bagged so husky a criminal, asked if she had used a gun.

"No," she said. "I just used psychology."

"Psychology" in this case meant poise, confidence, and a tone of voice that meant business. This policewoman was one of Detroit's 54 smart young ladies of the law, who get their jobs only after a stiff competitive examination in sociology, psychology and penology. They must have had two years' experience in social work. They spend their first two months on the force in the police department's rookie school,

Meet the modern policewoman: young, soft-spoken, efficient and fearless in her job of protecting youth against big-city

learning jujitsu, marksmanship, the fundamentals of the laws of evidence, police procedure, and identification methods. They can talk like society matrons or Marine sergeants, as occasion demands, and know how to throw a 200-pound man on his ear.

Detroit's policewomen are as different from the old-fashioned police matron as a G-man is from a Keystone Comedy cop. Half of them hold college degrees; four out of five have had some college education; six are registered nurses; two are members of the bar. Half are under 30.

Attractive, thoroughly feminine and usually unarmed, these young women go into the toughest crime-beds of Detroit to protect boys under 10 and girls under 21 from exploiters, sex-criminals, perverts, white slavers, and from their own youthful folly. Last year they investigated 11,900 cases.

In emergencies they work quickly and surely. Last winter two young policewomen were summoned to a

tenement where they found a violently insane young colored woman. She attacked them savagely with a pair of shears. Hearing her wild screams, neighbors telephoned police headquarters that "the police ladies is gettin' cut to bits."

When scout cars arrived three minutes later, the policegirls were calmly putting the woman into their car. It had taken only one minute of jujitsu to subdue their prisoner, one minute of "psychology" to calm her.

Day and night the division hunts for missing girls. Many of these are Hollywood-bound runaways; others are out for adventure; others are merely seeking escape from parental discipline or the humdrum life of miserable homes. Some seek jobs in taxi-dancehalls, often lying about their age to avoid the law banning minors. Others sit half the night in shoddy beer gardens. For their own safety, they must be apprehended quickly.

The youngest policewoman is 24 and small in stature. Last year while hunting the source of marijuana that was finding its way into a school, she braided her hair and put on schoolgirl clothes. Unsuspected by the children, she attended classes, skipped school with the truants, and studied their activities, companions and hangouts. Soon she obtained the information she wanted. Police raided certain soft-drink places, made arrests — and marijuana ceased to be a menace in that neighborhood.

Policewomen insist that male officers could not do their jobs as well. "Men are gullible — they'll believe any pretty girl who gets a soulful expression in her eyes and tells a sad story," one policegirl said. "No man can judge a girl's age. We women look at hands — they reveal age better than anything else. When a policeman goes into a beer garden or taxi-dancehall the delinquent girl he's looking for often flees to the ladies' room; he can't follow her there, but we can."

Dealing with the seamy side of life has not deprived these policegirls of the feminine touch. Some of their most effective work stems from this very quality. One day last summer a gang of small boys began to hack down the trees on a vacant lot. Angry citizens recognized neighborhood toughs among them and called the police. In place of a burly cop, a pleasant young woman arrived. Instead of chasing the young hoodlums away with a warning, she sat down with them to talk things over. Why were they cutting the trees?

"We want to play ball here, and the trees was in our way," they explained.

The policewoman took them to interview the owner of the lot, convinced him that ball players were less trouble than idle boys, got permission for them to fell the rest of the trees and level the land. With nickels and dimes contributed by other policewomen and by men from the precinct station, she bought

baseball equipment and carried a challenge from her young axemen to another juvenile gang with time on its hands. Result: no arrests, no convictions, nobody with a "record" to carry through life. Since then no member of either gang has been in court on any charge.

Policegirls work an eight-hour shift, six days or nights a week. Night patrol, in pairs, is the most exciting assignment. For an evening's ride with a night patrol I reported at headquarters at seven. The two policegirls are ready — flashlights tested, handbags stuffed with leather billies, patrol-box keys, lipstick, violation blanks, police whistles, gold badges, dainty handkerchiefs. One girl is 26, the other 25. Neither carries a revolver.

As we leave, a report comes by telephone describing a 17-year-old Toledo girl who has run away from home to hunt a job in Detroit as a taxi-dancer. Our policegirls write down the description, then we start off in a plain-clothes car.

Driving through a disreputable region, we see a crowd of idlers watching a small boy play the fiddle while a mongrel dog dances on the sidewalk. We take boy and dog to headquarters, where the nine-year-old explains that he supports his mother and a man he calls "Uncle Jim." "Uncle Jim licks me if I don't bring home enough money," he adds. Preventing child exploitation is policewomen's work, so we take him home. On the way we pass

through an unwholesome neighborhood.

"Car following us," one policewoman says, and we stop. The car behind us halts, too. Then a hearty voice sings out, "Evenin', gals. Maybe we can give you a hand."

It's a scout car from the precinct. The officers' attitude is respectful. At the youngster's home they stand by, but do not interfere.

The boy's mother and "Uncle Jim," slightly drunk, are at first belligerent, but in five minutes one of our girls talks them into submissiveness. Having obtained the facts needed to prosecute the case, we return to our patrol.

En route we see two girls who resemble the Toledo runaway and ask them to identify themselves. They show no resentment at being questioned — a proof of the policegirls' tact. At nine o'clock we report to headquarters from a corner patrol signal box. The policegirl has to stand on the running board of the car to reach the mouthpiece. One policegirl holds the flashlight while the other writes down the description of another runaway girl and makes note of an emergency at an apartment house.

At the apartment we find that three small children are left alone by parents who have gone to the movies. The three-year-old has cut off two toes by dropping a broken mirror on them. We bundle her off to the hospital in an ambulance. Questioning reveals that the parents

are alcoholics and unfit guardians. It's a case for day investigators.

At ten o'clock we stop at a "swing bowl" (soft-drink place). In a booth just off the dance floor sits a girl with a middle-aged man. She insists she is 21, but the ladies of the law examine her hands and invite her outside. Within five minutes we learn the truth: the girl is 15, her companion 35 and married; they have been living together. She goes to the detention home, he to jail for contributing to the delinquency of a minor.

Next we stop at a "BG" — a beer garden. Here we find one of our runaway girls drinking with a 17-year-old boy. We take the girl and boy to headquarters and call their parents. As we start out again the woman desk sergeant says, "An anonymous phone call just came in about that John-Smith-and-Wife on Blank Street. Reported young girls. Better check it."

A "John-Smith-and-Wife" is a cheap hotel whose register shows a preponderance of John Smiths and their wives, most of them from "New York City." At this one we find a 14-year-old girl with a man. She admits she has played truant from school for three days and has

been with the man each evening. We march him to jail and take the girl to the detention home.

At 11 o'clock we reach the taxi-dancehalls, where we check birth certificates of the "hostesses" to make sure they are 21, as the law requires. At two o'clock we visit malodorous all-night movie houses, packed with vagrants. In one we find three young children, take them home, read the riot act to their parents. Returning, we pick up the runaway from Toledo, whom we find on a park bench, hungry, sleepy and discouraged. We take her to headquarters to await her mother.

At three o'clock we call it a day. But the girls still have to type their reports for day investigators who will handle the cases we have turned in.

Most large cities have policewomen's divisions similar to Detroit's. But Detroit's, established in 1920, was the first to function under its own chief officer, first to ban politics, first to establish rigorous qualifications. In a department scarred by recurrent scandals, no woman member has ever been charged with graft or crime. Because of its fine record for efficiency, the division has long been a model for other alert cities.



Our Taking Ways

ASHTRAYS in the judges' library of the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals in New York are labeled: "Not government property. Please do not take from library."

— *The New Yorker*

Q The Orient's most distinguished scholar, now Ambassador at Washington, is winning countless friends for his country.

China's Gentleman and Scholar

Condensed from Life

Ernest O. Hauser

AMBASSADOR HU SHIH is one of the two men largely responsible for the existence of modern, democratic China. Sun Yat-sen was its political creator; Hu Shih, then dean of the School of Literature in the National University at Peking, built the intellectual foundations without which it could not have been a coherent entity. For centuries to come he will be known as "the father of the Chinese renaissance."

Toward the end of the 19th century, Western philosophers, disgusted with Occidental materialism, praised the "wisdom of the Orient." China's 2000-year-old way of life was considered miles ahead of anything outside Asia. Hu Shih more than any other man blasted that myth. He pointed out that China's coolie labor and its miserable standard of living were the result not of lofty idealism but of inefficiency and decay.

Hu Shih also saw that the first thing China needed was a new lan-



Dr. Hu Shih

guage. And as a language reformer his name ranks with Dante and Chaucer. Like them, he dignified as literature the popular speech of his time and place. For centuries Chinese writing had been a picture language that practically no one but scholars understood. To have even a fair command of it re-

quired knowledge of some 4000 characters.

From his earliest literate days Hu Shih realized that the Chinese language needed revitalization. His campaign started in 1916, when he was a graduate student at Columbia University. Some of his Chinese friends went rowing; a gale upset the boats and the party got a ducking. To immortalize this event, one of the boys composed a poem in classic Chinese and sent it to Hu Shih for criticism. The discrepancy between the subject and its presentation caused him to write an article which he modestly entitled, "Some Tentative Suggestions for the Reform of Chinese Literature." This

caused widespread comment when printed in a Chinese radical magazine.

Classic Chinese writers often used their picture language to conceal rather than reveal their meaning. For example, Confucius wrote, "Not Know Life How Know Death." Hu Shih used the same old characters, but boldly wrote out, "If you don't know anything about life, how can you understand the meaning of death?" He introduced a wealth of slang and colloquial phrases to the written language. The result was a new language called "pai-hua," meaning "clear talk."

Back in China, Hu Shih joined the faculty of the National University at the age of 26. Its brainy, progressive teachers gave him enthusiastic support. By 1928, pai-hua was written from one end of China to the other. Hu Shih's literary movement smashed the ideological monopoly of the privileged few who had used their knowledge to mislead 400,000,000 ignorant and poverty-stricken people. Newspapers, edited by students in pai-hua, clamored for a rebirth of China. Books were printed in pai-hua. Great popular novels, such as *All Men Are Brothers* — long ignored by scholars — were recognized as "literature," and the new government ordered school textbooks printed in pai-hua.

Hu Shih was born 50 years ago in his ancestral home in Anhwei Province. His father, a minor government official, died when his son was only

four. Hu Shih was precocious and his ambitious mother undertook to shape his mind and character. At the age of three he knew 800 Chinese characters, and would not play with the other village children. "Here comes the Master," they would shout whenever he walked by with his books under his tiny arms. At 13 he went to Shanghai for an education. In that cosmopolitan port he found a bewildering new world — the world of the West which had been only a rumor in his little village.

Here he studied English, history and philosophy. He wrote iconoclastic articles damning superstition and bigotry. At times he was so poor that he had to quit studying and teach elementary English, sending his earnings home to his mother. He would sit up all night, talking with friends, gambling for imaginary stakes, and getting drunk on cheap liquor. One such bout landed young Hu in jail. Next morning, under the impact of a colossal hangover, he started for Peking where he passed a stiff exam qualifying him for a Boxer Indemnity Scholarship at an American university. Before he left he adopted, according to custom, his manhood name. Significantly he chose Shih, which stands for "fit" in the sense of Darwin's survival of the fittest. Hu meaning bearded barbarian, is the family name. The full name is pronounced *hoosh*.

Hu Shih enrolled at Cornell in 1910. Conscientiously he kept a diary of his student days. Published

in four volumes, it is still a best seller in China. In 1915, after majoring in philosophy, he took postgraduate work under John Dewey at Columbia. He says that, intellectually, Dewey made a man of him. His dissertation there brought him the only doctor's degree he worked for. His other 17 are honorary.

Hu Shih's lifelong ambition was fulfilled in 1930 when he was chosen Dean of the School of Literature at Peking, which made him literary pundit of all China — a position he surrendered only to become Ambassador to the U. S.

When Dr. Hu Shih presented his credentials in Washington, three years ago, he was already one of the best-known Chinese on this side of the Pacific. He is so much better known as a scholar than as a diplomat that a university wrote to the Chinese Ambassador last spring: "We should like Your Excellency to give our commencement address. If this is impossible would you kindly tell us how to get in touch with the celebrated Chinese savant, Dr. Hu Shih?"

Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek had a large list of able career diplomats to choose from for the Washington post. But what suffering China needed was a man who could find the way to the hearts of the American people. For this, slim, gray-ing Hu Shih has proved to be a good bet. "Don't expect me to beg for money or carry on propaganda," he told Chiang. So far, sometimes to the

embarrassment of his government, he has stuck to that. Once his Foreign Office sent him \$60,000 for propaganda purposes. Offended, he returned the check, explaining: "My speeches are sufficient propaganda and don't cost you anything." Since he would have nothing to do with loans or ammunition, the Chinese, who needed both, had to send specialists to arrange for them.

During the ill-starred negotiations with Japan, there was a false rumor in Washington of concessions to Japan at the expense of China. Hu Shih got wind of the supposed "deal." For the first time in his diplomatic life the soft-spoken scholar is reported to have lost his temper. At the White House he heatedly reminded the President of his many pledges to China. After that visit Roosevelt and Hull spiked the dangerous rumor by telling the Japanese flatly that the U. S. stood its ground.

Curiously, Hu Shih, the revolutionary, is a conservative in his personal life. Although he had found a charming companion in the person of a beautiful Chinese student at Vassar (she used to visit him at Cornell where he rowed her across the lake, talking philosophy), he dutifully married the girl his mother had chosen for him when he was only 11. Tung-hsiu possesses all the virtues a traditional Chinese wife should have. She is an excellent cook — her meat-filled dumplings are famous. She loves and admires her husband, who taught her to read

and write, but thinks he's too ambitious: it took him months to convince her that it was all right for him to be an ambassador. Unable to speak English, Mrs. Hu often covers her face with her wide sleeves and giggles shyly before foreign guests.

Hu Shih spent his happiest years in his "foreign-style" house in Peking. Today Hu Shih misses the pleasure of a home. Although his two sons are in college here, Mrs. Hu remained in China, feeling that her presence in Washington would embarrass her husband.

At the embassy, Hu Shih, who enjoys nothing so much as the click of his own wisecracks, receives an endless stream of callers, many of them ranking scholars. A young woman once asked Hu Shih, "Just what does your work consist of, Mr. Ambassador?" "Oh," said Hu Shih, "95 percent is social." "What about the other 5 percent?" chirped the girl. "Come to think of it," said the Ambassador, "that is social, too." His "social" activities, however, recently included addressing the Merchants' Association of New York, the Union League Club, and lecturing at Yale and a dozen other universities. In spite of his scholarly self, Hu Shih has acquired technical knowledge. To hear him explain the functions of the Flying Fortress — the one type of plane with which China could bomb Japan — is a rare treat to those who like to take their war with a dash of philosophy.

Hu Shih's published works include

a *History of Living Literature*, an *Anthology of Chinese Songs*, a vast number of essays and hundreds of poems in the vernacular. He has edited various magazines, both literary and political, and was instrumental in translating European classics into Chinese. He has Confucius at his fingertips and his penmanship, an important ingredient of the Chinese gentleman, is admired by his countrymen.

His intense pacifism in the past led some Chinese patriots to denounce him as a traitor. For years he was opposed to Chiang Kai-shek's one-party government, against which he published stinging attacks. But when war with Japan was imminent, Chiang Kai-shek, suspicious of his party-line yes-men, suddenly gathered his most outspoken critics around him, to hear whether it was to be compromise or resistance. The soldier and the scholar buried the hatchet. But even as Ambassador, Hu Shih frequently criticizes his government. To this day he has refused to join the Kuomintang party, saying that if party membership ever becomes a prerequisite for a career in politics China would cease to be a democracy.

Hu Shih, despite his sociability, is not "one of the boys." He is not popular with the citizens of America's Chinatown. They invite him to their festivals, but he always sends a secretary of the embassy. As the Hu clan is from Anhwei Province and most of the Chinatown

families are Cantonese, the Ambassador to them is virtually a foreign devil anyhow.

After four years of political chores, Hu Shih misses his research and writing. He would like to settle down again for a long stretch of scientific work, to complete his *History of Chinese Literature*. But China's finest

scholar will have to play Ambassador as long as the emergency lasts. Those who meet this tough, wise, confident man understand why 400,000,000 Chinese cannot be defeated. His country's national unity, Hu Shih says modestly, is of 21 centuries of making — a few years of slaughter cannot destroy it.

So That's How It Started!—23—

The First Air Raid

THE FIRST air raids in history occurred 93 years ago when Austria repeatedly bombed the rebellious city of Venice from altitudes up to 4500 feet. Franz Uchatius, an Austrian army engineer, had been experimenting with balloons inflated by hot air from a stove suspended beneath them. He proposed to let them drift over Venice, each equipped with a time device that would drop a bomb. The army high command rejected the idea, but the Emperor told him to go ahead.

Uchatius built an air fleet of 100 balloons, but could get enough stoves to equip only 50. With these ready he established headquarters on the warship *Volcano*, shifted its position until trial balloons drifted over the city, then launched his first bomber. The bomb exploded in the midst of crowded streets. The unexpected menace from the skies created mad panic. Many persons were trampled as they jammed the narrow bridges over the canals. Day after day, Uchatius released his balloons. A series of accidents due to faulty construction increased the devastating

effect of the balloons. Some became so overheated that they caught fire, dropping burning silk, wickerwork, wood and fragments of stoves as well as bombs. The Venetians quickly learned not to shoot at the balloons because the flames were even more dangerous than the bombs. Fire destroyed several buildings before the demoralized people could organize a bucket brigade. The air raids killed only four persons and injured 26, but the effect of the bombardment on the morale of the population was tremendous. The people were so terrified that no one dared leave or approach the city; Venice, dependent on shipping for its food, came near to starvation.

The city was on the point of surrender when suddenly the air raids ceased. Rival officers, making much of the expense and the haphazard results of the raids, were able to block Uchatius' request for more stoves without which his remaining 50 balloons were useless.

Released from the spell of aerial terror, the Venetians rallied and broke the Austrian siege.

— Ernst Behrendt

What's What with "Who's Who"

Condensed from The Saturday Review of Literature

J. Bryan, III

TAP DAY comes this month — Tap Day for the whole nation, when some 3500 Americans will be announced as new members of an honored fellowship. One of the present members is a girl of 13. Another is a man of 102. A third is the son of slave parents. Age, sex, race, faith, wealth and politics matter not at all. What you have *accomplished* is the only yardstick used by the editors of *Who's Who in America*.

Late in the 1890's, a young Chicago publisher named Albert Nelson Marquis happened upon a British "almanack" and court guide called *Who's Who*. It provided little more than the names of the peerage and of government officials, but its title struck Marquis as just right for an idea he had been working on — a biographical dictionary of Americans selected on the basis of achievement.

After a little trouble getting data from people who suspected a "come-on," Volume 1 of *Who's Who in America* appeared in 1899, with the red binding and gold lettering it has worn ever since. It contained 8602 biographical sketches and sold about 4000 copies, mostly to proud biographers. But as volume succeeded volume, punctually every two years, with sketches from only those per-

sons who met Marquis's rigid standards, libraries, publications, colleges and government bureaus began to realize that here was a unique reference book. Eventually, Marquis had the satisfaction of seeing in *Webster's Dictionary* the definition: "Who: a person of prominence; as, one of the *whos* in *Who's Who*."

The circulation of the forthcoming edition, Volume 22, is expected to pass 60,000. Eighty-five percent of the nation's high schools, 90 percent of its newspapers, will buy it. Some 9000 copies will go to colleges, 6800 to public libraries. The New York Public Library alone will buy more than 70.

Like all successful pioneers, *Who's Who* has frequently been imitated. It must continually fight, often in the courts, the "mug books" which round up gullible citizens at \$10 to \$50 a head (*Who's Who* citations, of course, are free) and come out with "Who's Who in Cactus Center" or "Who's Who in the Buttonhole Industry." One such imitator, purporting to be a social directory, listed two dachshunds.

Marquis no longer owns *Who's Who* — he sold it to Wheeler Sammons of Chicago in 1926. Until recently, however, he was at his desk every day, although in his 80's or

90's. His most intimate associates do not know his exact age; it is conspicuously missing from his biography in the book he founded.

Of the 32,000 sketches in Volume 22, approximately 350 are about alumni of Volume 1. They include Maude Adams, George Ade, Walter Damrosch, Charles G. Dawes, Raymond Ditmars, Nicholas Murray Butler.

The sketch of himself contributed by Dr. Butler, president of Columbia University, will be the longest — 129 lines of type, or about 10 inches. The late Samuel Untermyer's, in Volume 20, was 12½ inches and supplied, as H. L. Mencken once observed, "everything of interest about the hon. gentleman save his fingerprints and the number of his watch." Dr. Butler's sketch is also the longest in the British *Who's Who*, being slightly longer than Roosevelt's, Churchill's, Stalin's, Hitler's and Mussolini's combined.

On the other hand, Vice-President Wallace tells his story in 18 lines; John D. Rockefeller, Jr., takes 17; William S. Knudsen, 15. Only occasionally does the staff edit the sketches.

Shirley Temple is the youngest entry; she was born April 23, 1928, and has been in *Who's Who* since she was eight. Volumes 19-21 had her born in 1929, the year supplied by Mrs. Temple at the instance of Hollywood studios, and Shirley herself was surprised when told on her last birthday that she was 13, not 12.

Brigadier General William Henry Bisbee, born January 28, 1840, is the oldest entry. As a group, scientists are the oldest. Their education takes so long they seldom achieve fame until late. The youngest groups are writers and entertainers.

Nicholas Roosevelt — who died in 1742 — is the blue-ribbon sire of *Who's Who*; 20 of his direct descendants have since been welcomed into Dr. Marquis's fold. Next is William Henry Vanderbilt, with 13. The Smiths have the heaviest representation in Volume 22, with nearly 300. The Browns, with about 170, and the Joneses, with 150, are second and third.

About one fifth of *Who's Who's* names are listed ex officio — the President, Vice-President, cabinet members and Congressmen; state governors and attorneys-general; high-ranking diplomats, judges and churchmen; admirals and generals; college presidents and members of certain scientific and philanthropic societies.

Most of the other entries originate from mention in the scores of newspapers and periodicals which the staff winnows daily. Some are recommended by friends or relatives. A venerable bishop pleaded, "I'm getting old, and everybody knows me anyway. Please put my son's name in and drop mine." His request was not granted. Every year many people boldly submit their own names: about one in 20 is accepted.

The editors investigate all sug-

gested entries, and the names that survive are referred to special committees. For instance, a committee of engineers passes on all candidates from that profession. Lawyers, doctors, writers, businessmen form other committees, the membership of which is known only to themselves and the editors. It would be impossible for an aspirant to use pressure.

Sometimes a committee needs a shakeup, as happened in the case of sports. You can search the last *Who's Who* in vain for Joe Louis, Jack Dempsey, or any other boxing champion. Gene Tunney was listed, to be sure, but as "chmn. of bd. Am. Distilling Co." Such baseball stars as Joe Di Maggio and Lou Gehrig were also absent. Yet professional golfers Sam Snead and Ralph Guldahl were listed, as were professional tennis players Tilden, Budge, Perry, Vines and Alice Marble. This led to the criticism that *Who's Who* favored "class sports." How, then, explain the omission of Hitchcock, Guest, Iglehart, and the other top-ranking polo players?

The editors decided to settle the matter by dropping sports entirely. Hereafter, athletes will not be listed unless they can claim distinction in other fields as well.

The editors and the committees considered more than 200,000 persons for addition to the forthcoming volume. Each of the 3500 finally endorsed was asked to supply data. Nobody refused this year, but occasionally in years past a prospective

biographee has demanded that his name be left out. George Washington Hill, president of the American Tobacco Company, was one.

An average volume of *Who's Who* runs to some 3,000,000 words, four times the length of the Bible. It receives three separate proofreadings, but a few mistakes pass undetected. Volume 20 declared that Anne Morgan (J. P. Morgan's sister) had "died Aug. 25, 1936." When reporters informed her, her comment was, "I am not dead, and I am not prepared to die." She had been confused with Anna Morgan, a schoolteacher, also listed in *Who's Who*, who had died on that date. The same volume surprised Dr. Thomas Mann by giving him the middle name of Schriftst. The proofreaders did not realize that "Schriftst" was the abbreviation of *Schriftsteller*, German for "author."

When an entry dies, his name usually appears in the next volume with a bare reference to the volume in which his sketch was last printed. Waned celebrity is another disqualification. A congressman who failed of re-election and returned to his filling station thereby lost his listing. Marie Dressler was dropped in 1925 but restored in 1932 when she made her comeback.

The editors are well aware that their pages are freely sprinkled with mild deceptions, most of them attempts to retard the fleeting years. An actress is entitled to minimize her age or even conceal it altogether.

Some men, too, are sensitive on that point. The elder of two brothers, both in *Who's Who*, gradually encroached on the younger's birth date until the younger one protested that the editors were "sanctioning a biological impossibility." On the other hand, it is not unusual for a man to understate his age at first, and years later, proud of his vigor, make a correction.

A strange and appealing deception is that of a well-known writer. Customarily, when the subject of a sketch is a widower, he lists his late wife's name, followed by the note: (*dec.*). This writer's wife died, but because of his convictions about immortality the note is omitted at his request.

A new *Who's Who* is hardly dry from the presses before it is being sifted and analyzed by sociologists and editorial writers. Findings vary from year to year, but here are some which have curiosity value:

The proportion of entries to total population remains fairly steady at 1 in 4300.

Roughly 8.5 percent are foreign-born.

Only about 6.6 percent are women.

Widowers who marry again wait an average of $2\frac{1}{2}$ years. Businessmen and lawyers are slower to remarry than the average; scientists and clergymen are quicker.

A decade ago, your best chance of making *Who's Who* was to be born in New England, the son of a Protestant

clergyman, and to attend Harvard, Yale or Princeton. These three universities graduated 17 percent of all college men listed at that time.

Who's Who rewards purely idle reading. Connoisseurs of its pages still recall their astonishment when they first encountered the sketch of Heber J. Grant, and learned that he had married Augusta Winters on May 26, 1884, and Emily Wells on May 27, 1884. The explanation was postponed for nine lines: Mr. Grant was a Mormon.

Some of the sketches might be synopses of best-selling novels. Consider this extract under the name of Frederick Russell Burnham:

"Discovered in the granite ruins of an ancient civilization of Rhodesia a buried treasure of gold and gold ornaments dating before Christian era; in 2d Matabele War was commd. to capture or kill the Matabele God Umlimo and succeeded in entering his cave in the Matopa Mts. and killing him; operated gold mines in Klondike and Alaska; in the Boer War was made chief of scouts of the British army; wounded while destroying enemy's ry. base and invalidated home; was presented with large sums of money and commd. to dine with Queen Victoria, and created mem. Distinguished Service Order by King Edward."

Mr. Burnham, aged 80, now lives in Los Angeles, and doubtless still chafes at the bit.

Germany's Europe

Condensed from Fortune

LAST SUMMER Robert Ley, Nazi Labor Front leader, said: "The Third Reich is so organizing Europe that in one or two years, at the latest in three, the Continent will be working full speed, and working for Germany." Already the Nazis have changed European economy so profoundly that even if they are beaten it may be the task of a generation to rearrange it again. This, too, is deliberate German policy.

Economic laws depend on what citizens believe society is intended for. In a democracy we go on the premise that wealth wins war, but the Nazis start from the premise that war wins wealth. Perpetual conquests are therefore a fundamental of Nazi economy. Subjugated peoples are to furnish services and dues in money and in kind to Nazi overlords. Germany, master of all key industries, will be the impregnable feudal castle of modern Europe, supported by the serfdom of the rest of the Continent.

As far back as 1935 German military economists and engineers began to prepare plans for the economic subjugation of each European country and to train economic leaders for conquered territory. Immediately upon occupation of a country, mili-

tary commanders are assigned men who know that country through previous foreign service. These agents set to work with the mass coordination of an ant society. They direct the shipping of loot to the Reich; requisition food and materials; shut down industries or reorient production; take over enterprises. In short, the Germans have elevated looting to the status of an economic system.

A strange feature of this systematic spoliation is the German mania for making it legal. For every act of plunder by confiscation or forced sale they pass a law or issue a decree giving them the right to commit it. This urge to legalize pillage comes from a queer twist of the German mind — the frustrated longing to be respected.

The easiest Nazi technique for looting is to charge exorbitant occupation costs, based not on their actual military expenditures in occupied countries but on national budgets before conquest. France pays 400,000,000 francs a day — a sum identical to what she spent on all her armed forces before invasion. Defiant Bohemia-Moravia is assessed 114 percent of Czechoslovakia's defense budget; compliant Rumania 84 percent of hers. Thus Germany is

drawing some \$4,200,000,000 a year out of occupied countries.

What is Germany doing with all this money? In France, for example, the Germans spend only 125,000,000 francs a day on their army and civil servants. The rest of the occupation levy — 275,000,000 francs a day — Germany uses to pay for orders on French industrial firms or to buy their shares. Thus with native money garnered in occupied countries the Nazis take over native business. With the milk she takes away she later buys the cow. Under the Versailles Treaty, Germany paid about 10 billion marks between 1924 and 1931. One year of the New Order has already repaid her practically that entire sum merely in occupation charges.

The conqueror's first act in an occupied country is to prohibit any transaction in real estate, industry, etc., without consent of German authorities. This gives them time to obtain a complete inventory of assets and ownership. What they want they then confiscate or "administer" in a way that guarantees "collaboration" with German plans. Thomas Reville in *The Spoil of Europe** suggests that with occupation costs, confiscations, direct seizures of materials, gold, etc., Germany has already recouped 36 billion dollars — equal to the total Nazi armament expenditure before the war.

The ultimate objective, however, is the capture of the industrial machinery and services of Europe. They are already setting about the "reconstruction." In countries they want to develop into colonial agricultural and raw-material providers, such as central Poland, they are closing factories. Elsewhere they are shutting down shops that compete with Germany's. The plants left running are forced to produce for Germany only, or are put under German financial control.

From France alone many thousands of the finest manufacturing machines have been moved into the Reich. Dutch and French chemical industries have been told to close their doors. A favorite method of disposing of competitive firms is to force them into German cartels for a "sensible division of labor." Another means is to withhold coal or other raw materials — this has put Czech glassworks and textile mills out of business. The result is firm German control of production, distribution, prices.

Subjugated factories have been converted to war uses: from Citroën's plants in Paris the Germans get motorcycles; Renault turns out caterpillar trucks for the German army; the silk mills of Lyons weave German parachutes instead of crepes and velvets.

A German Central Order Bureau in Paris allocates orders to French firms. Payments follow "strictly commercial principles" — in French

* W. W. Norton & Co., Inc., New York, 1941. This article is much indebted to Mr. Reville's book, the most informative and detailed survey of German looting of Europe.

cash, out of the ever-replenished occupation account! Roughly, French industrial enterprises (including those in Vichy France) devote about half their normal capacity to German orders.

The Germans also make outright "purchases" of banks and enterprises in occupied countries. Using political pressure and buying below par, they had secured up to last summer majority control in 18 leading non-German banks. Czechoslovakia, the Netherlands, Belgium and Rumania are the most infested. In France the Germans now possess about 49 percent of the stocks of banks, insurance companies, and industrial and commercial firms.

The entire transport system of conquered Europe is dominated by the Reich, either directly or by the control of essential supplies. Iron and steel, aluminum, chemicals, and artificial fibers already lie in the Nazi grip. The Reich Coal Association directs production and distribution of coal in all of German Europe. Most Rumanian oil fields are now dominated by a German holding company. Even Sweden, politically independent, is conquered economically: practically all its iron ore, wood pulp and lumber go to Germany.

The story of the Reichswerke Hermann Göring — the biggest industrial organization for war in world history — reads like a modern conquistador tale. As late as 1937 Germany's big steelmen refused to

exploit her unprofitable low-grade, high-cost iron ore. Then the Nazi government established the Göring works with 5,000,000 marks to amalgamate some Bavarian mines. The following year public resources and assessments on private industry raised the Göring works capital to 400,000,000 marks. Then came conquests and astounding expansion of the works. In the division of spoils this Nazi concern acquired steel, automobile, machine, mining, munition and shipping industries all the way from Norway to Rumania.

In a competitive business world the Göring works would probably have gone bankrupt — even now it has to import high-grade ore for its original smelters. But it is owned by the Nazi party. It grew hugely, and is still growing, on the spoils of war. In 1941 it was reorganized with a capital of nearly 1,500,000,000 marks. It employs 600,000 workers.

The Göring works is now integrating enterprises of different European countries, to prevent forever labor or capital opposition to the New Order.

The same yearning for respectability that impels the Nazis to disguise plunder by invoking elaborate laws at the point of a gun is repeated in the ingenious monetary system they have imposed upon German Europe. They want to be esteemed as financiers as well as conquerors.

The reichsmark is the Führer currency and is legal tender only in the Reich. In occupied countries the

local currency is fixed to the reichsmark, but the Germans can change parity depending on whether they want to buy or sell. The reichsmark has been greatly overvalued in occupied regions so as to increase its purchasing power. The buying of foreign properties is thus simplified. Morbidly envious of the British, the Nazis dream of substituting Berlin for London's City in international finance, and the reichsmark for the pound sterling. If they succeed it will be a peculiar kind of financial leadership. The reichsmark is backed only by the German army, and its value is whatever the Germans want it to be as long as force rules.

As for trade between occupied countries, they cannot themselves negotiate or settle directly; they must work through a clearinghouse in Berlin. The Reich keeps an eye on every transaction and, when so disposed, charges fees or vetoes deals.

Until 1940, labor shortage was the Achilles heel of Nazi war economy. Even before 1939, Germany lacked enough industrial labor for her terrific military effort. Once war began, the shortage became alarming. Conquests, however, provided a partial solution: war prisoners and subjugated civilians produced new pools of cheap, skilled labor.

Last summer, war prisoners in Germany totaled 3,000,000, not counting the Russians. Not all prisoners are set to work. Those who are may work at anything but armaments. They earn less than half the

average German wage. Forced labor has been decreed in most occupied countries, with age limits ranging from 18 to 25 in western Europe, from 18 to 60 in Poland. There is also "voluntary" alien labor in Germany — nearly 2,000,000 foreign men and women, including 380,000 Italians, work in Germany. This prisoner and "voluntary" manpower equals one seventh of the Reich's own labor force.

The Nazi wish to relegate non-Germans to agricultural functions has run into difficulties. How could overpopulated, industrial Belgium grow 20 percent more potatoes, 60 percent more wheat? To order the Netherlands to replace tulips with vegetables, to remind her that she "needs farmers, not merchants," doesn't do the Netherlands much good when agriculture has never contributed more than 10 percent of her domestic income.

The best the Germans can achieve in the industrial West for the time being is a semi-agrarianization. The agricultural East lends itself better to the Nazi plan. There the Germans are organizing their holdings like medieval fiefs. Polish peasants, for instance, work under German district landlords, and if they fail to comply with production orders they lose their lands.

The welding of the various disconnected and often warring European economies into one integrated system may be an attractive idea, but this is not the real meaning of the

New Order. In true and ominous fact the New Order means a European economy united for exploitation by Germany alone, and solely for war. Says Walther Funk, "Industrialization of all the other countries will be stopped — they will be forced to produce what Germany considers good for her and for them." And the *Schwarze Korps* echoes this: "We don't want even the tradition of heavy industry, of mechanical engineering, or of chemical research to survive outside Germany."

As long as the war lasts the Nazis cannot adhere strictly to their plan of the New Order. To satisfy the everlasting need for war materials they maintain armament production in several non-German countries, although it would be logical to forbid it altogether. They also use skilled alien labor, and even train it, though the logic of the New Order demands

that only Germans shall be skilled.

Dr. Ley's recent boast, that within three years Europe will work full speed for Germany, is an admission that Europe is *not* working full speed for Germany. In every occupied country production has decreased. Dutch production has dropped 25 percent; Norwegian export industry, 37 percent; two thirds of Belgian industries are reported to have ceased operating.

The vaunted German synthetics — substitutes for non-German nature — are not entirely an asset: they divert industry and labor from normal uses. For example, there is probably three times as much labor in a gallon of German synthetic gasoline as in the natural U. S. fuel. German synthetics point up how the Nazis overcome one bottleneck by creating another, and so are inevitably driven to new conquests.

Hitler's Trans-Alpine Province

¶ THE OPTIMISTS in Italy say, "We are going to lose this war," and the pessimists say, "Yes, but when?"

— Daniel T. Brigham in *N. Y. Times*

¶ SOME PEOPLE in Rome were heard lamenting, "Oh, for the good old days, under Mussolini."

— Leonard Lyons in *N. Y. Post*

¶ WHEN the commander of a Free French unit in Libya asked for volunteers for an emergency action, every man in the garrison responded. The Italian prisoners, noticing all the excitement, asked, "It is to fight the Germans? Yes? Then we wish to volunteer too."

— Ben Lucien Burman

The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met

By

Robert Flaherty



WE ENCOUNTERED her soon after our arrival in the little town of Apia, in British Samoa — a stout, homely, barefoot Polynesian girl of about 23, dressed in a flowered Mother Hubbard. We saw her everywhere, and after a while we were sure she was following us. When we questioned one of the traders he said, "*Fa'a-Samoa* — the way of Samoa — she just wants to make friends."

We had come to make a motion picture of native life in the South Seas. There were seven of us — my wife, our three small children with their Irish nurse Annie, my brother and I. We had chosen Savii, the westernmost island of the Samoan group, as the place to make our documentary film, and the tiny village of Safune was to be our headquarters. For the moment we were staying in Apia, to obtain official permits and to have a tailor make the light clothing we would need.

One day when our children were playing in front of the bungalow, the Samoan girl watched them until their ball rolled into the road. This was the excuse she had been waiting for. She picked it up, walked shyly to the children and said: "My name, it is Fialelei."

They smiled, she smiled, and from that moment they were friends. The children brought her to the veranda where we were sitting. "Please," she said to us, "*Fa' moli-moli* — make smooth your heart. It is only that I am playing with the children." Her voice was beautifully soft. "It's good of you to come," we replied.

Ever afterward she was with the children. Betweenwhiles she took care of Annie, who had been stricken by the oppressive heat. At night she slept on a mat on our veranda. When Annie recovered she said Fialelei had been a godsend. The name Fialelei, we discovered, meant "she who wishes everyone well." It fitted the girl perfectly.

When we sailed for Savii we said good-bye to Fialelei. The girl kissed the children by pressing her nose against their cheeks. I tried to pay her for her services but she folded her arms behind her back. "Only to know you has made me ver' happy," she said.

Safune has been described as Paradise. So it is — except for flies. We screened the bungalow but a few flies always got in. Nothing the white man can say can convince the natives that flies are dangerous. We could not persuade our servants to kill them. *Tabu*, they would say, shaking their heads. When an epidemic of amebic dysentery struck the village, the flies spread it and every house soon had at least one victim. We prayed that our family would be spared.

One evening a boat came in. Hoping that it brought medical help from Apia, we hurried down to the beach. "No — no doctor," said the native skipper. Then we heard a voice calling us. There was Fialelei.

"You came all this way just to see us?" I asked.

"I have heard about the sickness and I am ver' worried," she replied. The girl had left her home and come to a plague-ridden village to be near us — a family she had known but two weeks.

The epidemic took heavy toll of life. Then Annie was stricken and there were days when we lost all hope for her. I don't know what we would have done if it hadn't been for Fialelei. She saw that the water was boiled. She examined the fruit and vegetables, for a break in the skin might mean infection. She cared for the children. She sat up with Annie during the anxious nights; I don't know when she slept.

And, *tabu* or not, she swatted —

and made the servants swat — every fly that got in the house. The local trader exclaimed, "In my years in the islands I have never before seen one of them kill a fly!" In time the epidemic died out, Annie got well, the heat broke and the towering coconut trees began to bow to southeast trade winds.

We lived as one big family with the people of our village. The children ran about with a lava-lava around their middles, red seed necklaces fashioned by Fialelei around their throats. Fialelei taught them to dance, swim and dive, and they soon picked up from her the beautiful Samoan songs. I determined that when our motion picture was shown in America music of that sort should accompany it.

We had come to make a film but began to fear that we would not succeed. All actors were to be natives, and money meant little to them. In my first picture, *Nanook of the North*, the drama was ready-made in the struggle of the Eskimos with snow and cold and hunger. These Samoans could eat merely by extending a lazy arm for a banana. How could we get them to work for us? Always we had to contend with the happy-go-lucky habits of a people unable to grasp the seriousness of our undertaking. Moreover, we were confronted by island ritual and formality; chiefs and heads of families had to be consulted frequently. We were in constant danger of violating obscure *tabus*.

That *Moana of the South Seas* ever reached the screen at all is due to Fialelei. She had learned English at a mission school, and being the granddaughter of a great chief she knew the intricacies of island etiquette and petty jealousies, and could deal with chiefs on equal terms. With sympathetic understanding she became our interpreter, acted as diplomatic counselor and emissary, expert on native protocol.

Each night we held conferences to decide the work for the following day. Fialelei listened, sometimes shyly making a suggestion. Often when everything was ready for the camera she would discover that the heroine had omitted part of her costume. Angrily she would send the girl scurrying for the missing article.

When for some reason the local trader, a white man whose word had always been law in the islands, became incensed over our film-making and tried to persuade the natives not to act for my camera, Fialelei told the chiefs that of all the islands theirs had been chosen for this picture, and that the film would be shown throughout the world and would bring them honor and glory. The picture-making went on.

Whenever she found time she took the children piggy-back to a lagoon under a cliff from which hung long vines. Catching hold of these she would swing in great 100-foot arcs, then let go and tumble with a mighty splash into the water. She was graceful in walking and running,

and in the water she was wonderful. It was a memorable thing to see her swimming with beautiful ease, my children hanging onto her wherever they could. Though she had small ankles and wrists, Fialelei was immensely strong. Once she lifted my 200-pound brother as if he were a kitten.

At last, after two years in Samoa, our picture was finished. The thought of leaving Fialelei behind never occurred to us. While we waited in Apia for a ship, my wife outfitted the girl for our northern climate. The hardest problem was shoes, for Fialelei had never worn them and her feet were large.

To her the voyage on the white man's ship was wonderful. She learned to play deck tennis with skill. Every day she and the captain swam in the pool on deck, like seals in a tank. On the morning we reached San Francisco, the city was drowned in fog. Beside me I heard a frightened sob. It was Fialelei — she had never seen a fog before. In the hotel she simply could not keep out of the elevator. "What floor, please?" the operator would inquire. "No floor, please," she would reply. "I am just going up and I am just going down."

Later we went on to Hollywood and afterward to New York. She lived with us in this country a year. She loved candy, ice cream sodas and apples. Popping corn amused her endlessly. Before skyscrapers and other mechanical wonders she was

properly respectful, but it was people that really interested her. One day when we looked down upon the throngs hurrying along Fifth Avenue she said, "How can so many people pass one another and not speak?"

Pain in any of us affected her more than pain to herself. One day my wife had a sick headache; Fialelei gently massaged her temples, and as her slim fingers moved she kept her face turned aside to hide her tears.

A friend of mine heard that there were some Samoan dancers at Coney Island. Without forewarning Fialelei, we took her there. The moment she heard the music and saw the dancers she sprang on the stage and in a twinkling was dancing with the others. Afterward they gathered — these Samoans, thousands of miles from home — crying and laughing, to exchange experiences.

When the Department of Immigration notified us that the girl must return to Samoa we pleaded with the officials, but to no avail. The children and Annie sobbed unashamedly. Fialelei shook them off at last and, bravely laughing through the tears that rolled down her cheeks, waved good-bye.

"Everyone on the railroad was kind," she wrote us some months later. "And on the ship it was the same. I am going over to Safune to tell them you are all well. Be writing please. For all alone I am now again and all I have is *aloafa* (love) for you all."

All this happened 18 years ago. There have been many letters, but we have never seen her since.

She who wishes everyone well was her name. It was also her way of life. A friend of ours who had known her remarked, "It was like having Christ in the house."



Worms That Turned

Ⓐ FLOOR-WALKER, tired of his job, gave it up and joined the police force. Several months later a friend asked him how he liked being a policeman. "Well," he replied, "the pay and the hours are good, but what I like best of all is that the customer is always wrong."

— *Sales Scrap Book*

Ⓐ ORSON WELLES tells of a busboy he knew in Ireland who won £5000 in the Irish Sweepstakes. "Are you going to quit your job now that you're rich?" the busboy was asked. "No," he answered, "but I'm going to be awfully impertinent."

— Leonard Lyons in N. Y. *Post*

What We Didn't Know About Russia

BASED ON THE AUTHOR'S CURRENT BEST-SELLER, "MISSION TO MOSCOW"

Joseph E. Davies

Former United States Ambassador to the U.S.S.R.

WHEN Hitler suddenly attacked the Soviet Union last June, I made the statement that the Red Army's resistance would amaze the world. I added that even if Hitler took a substantial portion of the Ukraine his troubles would just begin. This view ran counter to the opinions of many military experts and other supposedly well-informed people, some of whom thought the Germans could take Moscow in three weeks. But it was based on what I had seen for myself in Russia.

I saw the impressive manpower of

THANKS to long experience in legal, political and industrial affairs, Joseph E. Davies was unusually well equipped to study the situation in Russia while American Ambassador to the Soviet Union in 1937 and 1938. Mr. Davies graduated from the University of Wisconsin in 1898 and practiced law in that state until 1913, when President Wilson made him Commissioner of Corporations. He was chairman of the Federal Trade Commission from 1915 to 1918. He then returned to private practice, and has been associated with many nationally important corporations and banking firms. After leaving the U.S.S.R., Mr. Davies became Ambassador to Belgium and then special assistant to the Secretary of State. His account of his experience in Russia, *Mission to Moscow*, is based on diary entries, correspondence and confidential dispatches to the State Department. Now a best-seller, it is copyrighted by the author and published by Simon and Schuster, 1230 Sixth Ave., N. Y. C., at \$3.

the Red Army in 1937 and 1938. Even then Russia had more than 15,000,000 trained men. These men had begun their training at the age of six in their youth organizations. As they grew older it included intensive physical exercises, military drill, marksmanship, parachute-jumping, glider practice. About 1,500,000 of these superb physical specimens were called to the colors each year. By the time Hitler launched his attack the Russians must have had close to 18,000,000 excellently trained officers and men available.

As long ago as 1938 the Red Army, I was reliably informed, had 4000 tanks. On Red Army Day that year I saw 480 — some of enormous size — race across Red Square. Military experts commented later that the performance had revealed few if any breakdowns or weaknesses.

A still more feverish program of all-out arming followed the Munich Conference of September 1938. During 1938, 1939 and 1940, Soviet defense expenditures averaged six billion dollars annually — almost as much as the United States raised by federal taxation in each of those years.

The Soviet Union put much of its defense spending into new plants, many of them in the Ural Moun-

tains.* Foundries and tractor plants were also converted to war uses. Naturally, it took time for the new or converted plants to start production, but in some instances this delay proved a blessing. The Germans, for example, froze their Messerschmitt plane designs in 1939 to achieve mass production. The Russians, starting later, were able to incorporate improvements. Last September, in Washington, I talked with a group of outstanding Russian fliers, fresh from the fighting front. They told me the newest Russian fighter planes were better than either Messerschmitts or Spitfires. The newest Russian bombers had better steel armor than German bombers, and could fly so high and fast that they needed no pursuit planes for protection.

Almost certainly the Russians can hold off the Germans throughout 1942. But Germany cannot be defeated by defensive tactics only. Russian troops must carry their counter-offensive of this winter right up to the German frontiers in the spring and summer. And to stage such a counter-offensive, they will need tanks, planes, guns and ammunition from the outside world. The Germans have occupied many important Russian industrial centers, and the industries of the Ural regions alone may not be able to sustain a prolonged offensive.

To one familiar with Russia's re-

* See "Stalin's Ural Stronghold," *The Reader's Digest*, February, '42.

sources and industrial power, and above all Russia's people, Hitler's assault on the U.S.S.R. seemed foolhardy. The Soviet Union, embracing one sixth of the earth's surface, contains close to one tenth of the world's population — 170,000,000 people. The Russian people have always lived hard lives; they have endured the same conditions as our own pioneer ancestors, and have developed many of the same virtues. Their country has immense agricultural resources and is largely self-sufficient in almost all the strategic raw materials — notably oil. Prior to Hitler's attack, the Soviet Union stood second only to the United States in the production of tractors, harvester combines, motor trucks, freight cars and locomotives; only Germany and the United States produced more steel; only Germany, Britain and the United States produced more coal.

A strong central state power, animated by a crusading zeal, has made possible Russia's industrial achievements of the past 20 years. And while the Stalin regime professes devotion to Communism it has moved constantly toward the Right in its economic policies. The state still owns all the means of production, and has not restored the profit system as we know it, but at least it has given the individual increased incentive to do better work. The so-called Stakhanov system established, in effect, the piecework system of wages: workers receive pay



and other privileges in proportion to their individual output. And the Soviet Union rewards efficient factory managers and officials in terms of better houses, better hospitalization, better schools for their children, special transportation and vacation privileges.

The Soviet Union is a one-party state, and this party contains less than 3,000,000 members. It is dominated by one man — Joseph Stalin. A Central Committee of approximately 100 members governs the Communist Party; the *Politbureau* of 11 members runs the Party and the government; the *Politbureau* executes the will of Stalin. Any opposition is liquidated at once. Yet the devotion with which Russians have defended their homes, the unity they have achieved in fighting the Germans leave little doubt that the Stalin regime commands widespread confidence. What is the secret of Stalin's success?

The answer lies, in large measure, in the youth and vigor of Soviet leaders and the natural wealth of their country. Stalin himself, President Kalinin, Foreign Minister Molotov, War Commissar Voroshilov and Ambassador Litvinov are the only outstanding survivors of the Lenin-Trotsky period of 20 years ago. All the rest of Russia's present leaders are aggressive, able members of a younger generation. Those I met impressed me as strong and competent men.

Stalin, although he has utterly

eliminated all competitors, is the "easy boss" type — quiet, self-effacing, personally kindly. Like all the other Soviet leaders, Stalin works hard, lives simply, and administers his job with complete honesty. It is generally admitted that no graft exists in high places in Moscow.

I witnessed two sets of trials in the famous series of purges. Nearly all newspapermen and diplomats in Moscow agreed that the defendants had conspired against the regime, but one feature of the trials most of us missed. Surveying the translated record of the proceedings I saw that the defendants had admitted engaging in every form of what we now know as "fifth column" activity. When, therefore, I was asked at the time Hitler attacked Russia, "What about fifth columnists in Russia?" I replied, off the anvil, "There aren't any — they shot them."

Despite the present value of that elimination, the purges brought home to me the price of dictatorial control. Because no outlet for legal opposition exists, all opposition becomes illegal. Those who disagree with government policy have only two choices: either they must take it and like it, or they find themselves ultimately conspiring against the state. The purges also created an atmosphere in which certain individuals could — and did — try to settle personal scores by snooping and informing on people they disliked. Undoubtedly innocent people were liquidated. Conceding to the Soviet

leaders, as I do, all the idealism and integrity in the world, I remain convinced that dictatorship of any kind can never be worth the price society must pay.

To say this is not to say that the Communist and the Nazi dictatorships are like two peas in a pod. Russian Communists justify the Stalin regime on the ground that it is a temporary expedient until the people can rule themselves under a system in which the individual rather than the state shall be supreme. The Nazis, on the other hand, glorify dictatorship as such and deliberately seek to extend state power at the expense of the individual. Nazis do not apologize for Hitler's supreme authority; they glory in it.

The Nazi-Soviet Pact led many Americans to suspect there is something mysterious, even tricky, about Soviet diplomacy. An examination of the record will clear up misunderstanding on this score. While the United States was selling scrap iron and oil to Japan, Russia steadfastly aided China. While the British preached "nonintervention" in Spain, the Soviets sent men and munitions to the Loyalists. And what distinguished the Soviet government from all other governments before the war was its open, official recognition of the German menace. Stalin frankly expounded to me his views on the world situation in June 1938. I summed up his statement in a dispatch to Secretary of State Hull:

"He said the outlook for European peace was very bad. He added that the Chamberlain government in England was determined upon a policy of making Germany strong, thus placing France in a position of increasing dependence upon England; also with the purpose of ultimately making Germany strong against Russia. He stated that in his opinion Chamberlain did not represent the English people and that he would probably fall because the fascist dictators would drive too hard a bargain."

The exclusion of the Soviet Union from the Munich Conference rankled. In March 1939, after Hitler broke the Munich Agreement by occupying Prague, Stalin warned that the Soviet Union could not be expected to pull other nations' chestnuts out of the fire. On May 30, Molotov, then Foreign Commissar, repeated the warning and again called for an immediate mutual assistance pact. But the British and French ignored both the Russian threat and the Russian offer. Convinced that no effective general agreement could be made with Britain and France under Chamberlain and Daladier, the Russian leaders made the best of a bad situation and signed their nonaggression pact with Hitler. The facts do not justify the British, the French, or anyone else in accusing the Russians of double-dealing.

The actions and statements of Soviet leaders soon showed that they

had no faith in Hitler's pledge of nonaggression, that there was no "unholy alliance" between Hitler and Stalin. In occupying the Baltic states and Bessarabia, and in attacking Finland, the Soviets were protecting themselves against prospective German invasion. During the Battle of Britain, Soviet military publications praised the RAF. Just before the German attack on Yugoslavia, the Soviet Union signed a treaty of friendship and nonaggression with that country. The Soviet Foreign Office warned the Bulgarians against permitting German troops to enter their country.

Today only one consideration would move Stalin to make peace with Hitler. That would be the conviction that further resistance is hopeless; that Britain and the United States cannot or will not deliver the goods to enable the Russian effort to continue. If, therefore, we would eliminate the possibility of a separate Russo-German peace, we must provide the material Russia needs.

Now that the United States and the U.S.S.R. find themselves at war against a common enemy, what sort of relations can we expect between the two countries? The traditional relationship between the American and Russian peoples has been one of friendship and good will. As continental powers we have no clashing interests abroad. We both stand to gain from peace, to lose from war. We have no territorial ambitions, no vast overseas commitments. And

there is also a positive bond. American engineers have already played an important part in building the new Russia; they can play a bigger part in building and rebuilding postwar Russia. We have always depended on Russia for some of our manganese, chrome, potash and mercury; Russia has imported copper from the United States, and in the postwar period will certainly increase its purchases of plant equipment and industrial goods.

Two questions about Russia probably vex most Americans. First, what about Communist Party activity here in the United States? Second, why hasn't Russia attacked Japan?

Those who fear Russian Communism here in America grossly underrate the strength of their own country and its institutions. Not only have I every confidence in the superiority of our form of government to any other in this world; I am equally confident that it can best continue to assert its superiority by letting the advocates of other systems speak their minds and organize openly. That opportunity has been accorded to Communists — and to many other minority groups — and the Communist Party has never attracted more than 100,000 of our 130,000,000 inhabitants at any one time. Given a fair field and no favor, democracy wins hands down.

Moreover, in the Roosevelt-Litvinov agreements that accompanied American diplomatic recognition of

the Soviet Union in 1933, the Soviet government pledged itself not to interfere in the domestic affairs of the United States. At the same time it promised to guarantee religious freedom to American citizens in the U.S.S.R. I know from personal observation that the latter pledge was kept, and I am convinced from the Soviet government's consistent record of straight dealing that the former was also strictly observed.

Of course we must expect, in spite of this agreement, that individuals who purport to represent the Soviet Union will overreach themselves. All political movements attract to themselves certain followers who are playing their own game.

Would not Russian self-interest dictate a policy of strict noninterference in American affairs? Stalin is a realist. He knows how most Americans feel about Communism. He knows it is to his interest to have the coöperation of a strong America — as it is to our interest to have the coöperation of a strong Russia.

It may be objected that after the war the Party Line will undergo still another change. But the more coöperation we have between the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. now in the fight against Hitler, the stronger we shall be to meet any future dangers that may arise. And after all, with such mighty issues at stake in this war, the Communist danger in America seems almost the least of our worries right now.

As for the failure of the Russians

to bomb Tokyo the minute the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, we should remember that the Red Army is the only fighting force that has traded blow for blow with the Germans and made them retreat. To do it, many of Russia's Far Eastern troops had to be brought to the European front. Russian air attacks on Japanese cities would lead at once to a Japanese invasion of Siberia. It would be a poor exchange to swap the initiative Russia has developed against Hitler for a dubious advantage against Japan.

These questions of Communism in America and Russian aid against Japan go back to two fundamental aspects of this war. We cannot hope to win unless we have complete faith in our own institutions and full confidence in our allies. To worry about Russian Communism in America is to give way to defeatism before we have even begun to fight. And to expect the Russians to carry the fight to Japan after they have given Hitler his first real setback is to demand that other nations do all the bleeding, fighting and dying. Every one of us is in this war up to his ears. President Roosevelt has warned us to expect bad news at first, but he has set a course that will lead to victory. Our immediate task is to hold our faith — in ourselves and in those fighting beside us. The record the Russians have written on the scorched earth of their own land should fortify our confidence in our friends and in our cause.

PROFIT BY MY EXPERIENCE 5

Be Your Best Self

By

Hugh Bradley

I WAS 37 years old. As sports editor of a New York newspaper and writer of a syndicated column, my income was in the upper brackets. I had a free, front row seat at all important sports events and knew most of the nation's celebrities by their first names. I traveled: I had wonderful experiences that could hardly have come to anyone except a man in my position. I was sitting pretty.

One afternoon I sat in Yankee Stadium talking to Lou Gehrig. He still reported in uniform although he wasn't playing any more; he knew he was doomed to die. Lou mentioned a newspaper column which had said he possessed qualities which would have made him a success in any occupation.

"It's nice to read things like that," he said. "But I couldn't have been happy in any other career. Even when I was a kid I knew I wanted to be a big league baseball player. I'm on the sidelines now, but I can't crab. All these years I've been doing the thing I wanted to do more than anything else in the world and I gave it all I had in me. The way I figure it, no man could ask for more."

All during that afternoon's ball

game my thoughts kept returning to what Gehrig had said. Lou, under the sentence of death, was a happy man. I was not. Why?

That evening I walked home; it was 80 blocks and I had ample time in which to think things out.

I faced-myself honestly. I knew I wasn't doing the best kind of thing I could do, and I knew I wasn't giving it all I had. I began thinking of the discontent I had never quite admitted to myself. I really hated crowds, yet I had to get into the biggest of them all the while — at the ball parks, the tracks. I hated hypocrisy, yet I had to be adept always with the quick smile and ready phrase of the professional swell guy.

I disliked petty politics, but it was part and parcel of the organization for which I worked. Every time I saw a discarded newspaper I thought of the impermanence of my writings, and it became difficult to believe that anybody cared whether or not I predicted that Joe Louis would retain his championship.

For as long as I could remember, history and politics had fascinated me. I had specialized in these subjects at college and at law school. Until I was 22 I had intended that my

life would be spent in studying and writing about them. A chance meeting with a newspaper editor had changed everything. He offered me a job and I took it, assuring myself that I'd give it up after the summer vacation. But because the breaks quickly came my way and continued to come, I had been a newspaperman ever since. My ambition to write solid and more permanent works had retreated to my subconscious. I told myself I was doing something just as fine. Well, anyway, something respectable.

Should I give it up now? I thought of newspapermen I'd known who had made the break and had soon come back, pleading to be reinstated in their former jobs. I had no independent income. There were commitments which I'd have to meet throughout the years.

"Play it safe," I told myself. "Suppose you cut loose now and find you made a mistake. It won't be easy to locate another spot as good as this."

Then I thought about Gehrig —

and was ashamed. I knew it must be now or never.

I made the break. Now I live in the country. My only contact with newspapers is when I read the one which arrives by mail at noon each day.

I have not made as much money as I used to. Some of the celebrities I knew seem now to have trouble recalling me. But I have written two books which were favorably received by the critics, and am under contract to do three more within the next three years. I have sold a number of articles and short stories to magazines.

I roam broad fields and breathe clean air. I see only those persons I wish to see and when I smile at them it is because I mean it. I am secure in the knowledge that I am beholden to no man and in the confidence that I can repay each one in cash or kind.

I am, so far as any human could be in a world gone mad, happy — for I am doing what I want most to do, what I know I ought to do, and giving it my best.

Illustrative Anecdotes — 54 —

WHEN Thomas Mann was visiting America for the first time, one of Hollywood's literati abased himself before the novelist, emphasizing that he was nothing, a mere hack, his work not to be mentioned in the same breath with that of the master. Mann listened with infinite patience and courtesy. But when the party was over, he turned to his host, an old friend, and said: "That man has no right to make himself so small. He is not that big."

— *Life*

Ⓒ *Flier and submarine expert, the Admiral of the Fleet is a triple-threat commander*

King of the Fleet.

Condensed from *Life*.

Joseph J. Thorndike, Jr.

ADMIRAL Ernest Joseph King, Commander in Chief of the U. S. Fleet, is the model of a war commander. In peacetime, when the Navy valued its week-end golf and cocktails ashore, he sometimes sailed his hips on Sunday afternoon -- just to be ornery, some officers thought. He ran a "taut ship," as opposed to a "happy ship," and was famed for his rigorous discipline, ready-to-fire temper and strong will. Time has not mellowed him, but the times have caught up with him. Now that every ship is a taut ship and shore leave hardly more than a happy memory the Admiral's stern demands are understood.

To illustrate his theory of discipline, Admiral King likes to tell about a boatswain's mate who was asked how he got along with a notoriously tough Old Man. "Why, I tell you," said the mate, "the Captain, he's a good man to a good man. Him and me, we gets along fine."

Admiral King did not come to his command by seniority. He was hand-picked for the job by President

Roosevelt and his naval advisers last year when they decided to get the Navy ready for war.

"That's a big slice of bread you're giving me," the Admiral told the



President when he took command of the Atlantic Fleet in February 1941, "and damn' little butter."

Some months later when the Atlantic Fleet had been increased by transfers of ships from the Pacific, the President asked, "Well, Ernie, how do you like that butter you're getting?"

"The butter's fine," said King, "but you keep giving me more bread."

The Admiral spends mornings at his desk. During the night the flag-ship's communications room has been busy decoding messages from Washington and various Fleet units and bases, all addressed to COM-INCH, navy cablese for "Commander in Chief." Admiral King answers these and dispatches his own messages to such worthies as COMAIRLANT (Commander Air Force, Atlantic), COMCRULANT (Commander Cruisers, Atlantic), or

perhaps to the head of the Pacific Fleet, CINCPAC. There are orders to be drafted for the various task forces and frequently changes to be made in the Fleet's General Operating Plans. Admiral King is a master of order-writing who prides himself on his clearness and brevity.

"Leave out the adjectives" is his watchword.

He believes subordinates should be told succinctly what to do, but not how to do it, else they will never develop self-reliance. One of his first memoranda to the Atlantic Fleet was entitled "Excess of Detail in Orders" and it wound up with a phrase which has become a navy byword: "Stop nursing them."

The Admiral's mind, a thinking machine of brilliant, ice-cold clarity, is constantly working on the problems of the hundreds of ships spread over two oceans. In addition to the Fleet itself, Admiral King commands the Marines and the new Amphibious Force, a streamlined unit for landing and occupation operations, set up jointly by the Marines and the First Army. In his head the Admiral carries an accurate chart of the oceans, revised daily to show the locations of all units and the presumed locations of the enemy.

After lunch the Admiral often takes a 30-minute nap and is then ready for more desk work or a turn on the flag bridge. This is a special bridge, just under the captain's, which is found only on flagships. Here are a chart table, a cabin with

a folding bed, and the cases of signal flags for sending the Admiral's visual commands. Technically, he is merely a passenger aboard and the flagship reads its orders from the signals flying on his bridge just as if they came from another ship.

King is a stickler for all the protocol of his rank. When he boards or leaves the ship officially a 20-piece "admiral's band" plays for him. He has a special seat on the flag bridge where no one else may sit. To go ashore he has a handsome barge manned by a crew of six. For air travel he has a twin-engined Grumman with a crew of three; for land travel, a car chauffeured by a marine. His barge, his silverware, his china all bear four stars.

By tradition, a captain must eat alone. Admiral King did his stint of lonely dining when he was captain of the *Lexington* and is glad to have meal companions again, usually his Chief of Staff and his Operations Officer. The Officer of the Day, who rotates through the flag staff, joins them for lunch.

Admiral King does not go ashore much more than he has to. He is a real ocean admiral who regards the land as a nice place to visit, but he wouldn't want to live there. Every two weeks or so he flies to Washington for conferences with Navy Department heads or with the President, who has been a personal friend since Mr. Roosevelt was Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

For the past eight years King's

home has been Washington. He and Mrs. King have six girls and one boy. The boy was born last, and he has taken considerable ribbing about that. For instance, an Englishwoman inquired what the son's name was and, upon being told that it was Ernest Joseph, like his father's, exclaimed: "It should have been Earnest Endeavor!" E. J. King, Jr., to his father's great delight, entered Annapolis last year.

The Admiral never saw salt water until he was 18. His father was a master mechanic for the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, in Lorain, Ohio. An old Scotsman who had run away to sea in his youth liked to spin nautical yarns to the local boys. That is where King got his seafaring ambition.

In the Naval Academy class of 1901, King made his mark both as a student and as a leader. Before graduation, he saw a little action on a cruiser in the Spanish-American War. As Assistant Chief of Staff to Admiral Mayo, Commander in Chief of the Atlantic Fleet in World War I, King studied the 1917-18 Battle of the Atlantic from the best possible vantage point.

His career since then divides into two chief parts: submarine and aircraft. In 1926 he was commander of the Submarine Base at New London, Conn., where the *S-51* sank in 132 feet of water off Block Island. No submarine had ever been raised from such depths before and most navy men gave it up as hopeless, but King

got it up. The Navy gave him a Distinguished Service Medal. Two years later, he got a hurry call to Provincetown where the *S-4* had gone down. Once again King directed a successful salvaging job and got a star for his medal.

Years ago, King saw that the Navy Air Force was growing fast in size and importance, and that few senior officers had aviation experience to command it. He volunteered to take the regular course at Pensacola to qualify as an aviator. Having earned his wings he rose rapidly in the air service, becoming, in 1930, captain of the carrier *Lexington*.

In 1933 President Roosevelt was studying a list of candidates for the top naval air job: chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics. Glancing down the list, the President was dismayed to find not a single admiral on it who could fly a plane. He threw it in the wastebasket and appointed Ernest King, who had just finished the senior officer's course at the Naval War College.

The navy air service is indebted to King on many counts. It was he who started the program for obtaining patrol bombers of the PBY and PBM type. In 1937 and 1938, as Commander Aircraft in the Scouting Force of the big Fleet, King and a party of officers spent months inspecting sites in Alaska and the Aleutian Islands, laying out air bases among swamps and rocks. As Vice-Admiral in 1938-39 commanding the five aircraft carriers then in the

Fleet, he did much to develop their coördination with the other combatant ships and to raise the standard of performance of the aircraft squadrons.

Thus King is a triple-threat commander, experienced with surface craft, submarines and planes. This is no doubt one important reason why he was selected for his job.

The high strategists of the Navy Department have evolved the the-

ory that in battle the Admiral should command from an office deep in the bowels of the ship, behind thick armor, so that he would direct the fleet in cool detachment without being unduly influenced by what was happening to the flagship. When he heard about it, King made a short, explosive sound and tapped the deck of the flag bridge.

"In a fight I'd have to be right here," said Ernie King.



A LONG AND HUNGRY LIFE

Excerpt from *Popular Science Monthly*

Edwin Teale

HUNGRY PEOPLE live longest — if they are not too hungry. A diet that contains all essentials in reduced quantities is, next to long-lived ancestors, the greatest aid to longevity. This is the conclusion of eight years of pioneer experiments with more than 2500 white rats by Dr. Clive M. McCay, working under a grant of the Rockefeller Foundation at Cornell University.

White rats react to diet in the same manner as humans. Roughly 10 days in the life of a rat is equal to one year in the life of a man. All the rats were fed a basal diet, but those receiving only half rations lived longest. The reduced diet slowed down bodily activities. There were fewer white corpuscles in the blood stream, and the animals' hearts beat only 300 times a minute instead of the 400 beats of the well-fed rat. Living more slowly, saving energy, they lived

longer. The Methuselah of the laboratory was an underfed rodent with a life span of 1430 days — proportionately 143 years for a man.

To find if excess in one kind of food shortened life more than excess in other kinds, Dr. McCay fed one group of middle-aged rats excess sugar, another starch, a third whole-milk powder, and a fourth liver. All four overfed groups lived approximately the same length of time. All died much sooner than they would have if they had continued on short rations. Overeating, no matter what, works against a long life.

Dr. McCay could find no "longevity foods." Nor could he find that a high protein diet shortened the span of life. He thus sums up his findings: "Eat what you ought to eat first; then eat what you want to eat — but not too much of it."

Woodrow Miller's Traveling Bees

Condensed from Nature Magazine

Frank J. Taylor

THE WORLD'S champion beekeeper is Woodrow Miller, a slight, soft-spoken, scholarly appearing citizen of Colton, California. In 1941, by loading his colonies on trucks like a traveling circus and migrating from the Mexican border in January to the Canadian border in September, as the advancing season brought flowers into bloom, Miller gleaned 1,000,000 pounds of honey and 50,000 pounds of wax. But not all from the same bees; his bees gather nectar so frantically that they wear their wings to tatters in six weeks. New generations born enroute replace the veterans.

Miller uses special motor trucks, each carrying 400 hives of bees. These migratory apiaries pause at small plots of otherwise useless land that he owns or leases in six western states.

Woodrow, Ray, Earl and Dell Miller, brothers, control about 26,000 colonies, a growth from seven hives of bees that Nephi Miller, their Mormon father, got in a swap for a few sacks of oats in 1894.

In midwinter of 1907, while his own bees, now increased to many colonies, were hibernating in Utah, Nephi Miller visited southern California, where he found bees busily gathering nectar. That spring Miller

Even the busy bee is exploited. Moved from place to place, his production is multiplied by five.

bought 390 hives of California bees and rode back to Utah with them in a boxcar, a nightmare trip. When the train was delayed on burning desert sidings, the wax in the combs melted. Train crews, afraid of the bees, refused to help him. The \$440 freight bill was almost as much as the bees were worth in the sorry condition in which they arrived. Once in Miller's Utah apiaries, however, they gleaned a bumper second harvest of honey.

Every winter Miller shipped bees to California to work while his Utah neighbors' bees slept. Late each spring he shipped them back again, double in numbers. He rode with his bees in antiquated boxcars in which he chopped holes for ventilation, in cattle cars, and on flatcars, trying various schemes to keep the fretful hives cool crossing the desert. Finally, in 1919, he turned to motor trucks. By this means bees that gathered honey one day from southern California sage contentedly worked Utah alfalfa the next. After several weeks there, they moved on to Nebraska, Iowa and Minnesota.

When Nephi Miller died in 1938, Woodrow carried on the main business, his brothers having established apiaries of their own. He kept 10,000 hives on a mobile basis, turned another 10,000 colonies over to veteran beemen on shares. Woodrow Miller is the honey marketer for the whole group and by far the largest honey producer in the world. Most of the honey is shipped for use in baking, candy- and chocolate-making, for marmalades, pharmaceuticals, fountain syrups and tobacco curing. In a single deal recently, Woodrow shipped 20 carloads to market, a trainload of honey, gathered by winged workers who rarely glean more than a quarter teaspoonful in an entire lifetime.

Normally bees produce only one pound of wax to 60 of honey. Wax-making is the drudgery work in the beehive. Young bees, too immature to fly, gorge themselves on honey, then hang inactive in chains while special glands in their abdomens make liquid wax. A pound of wax results from each 12 to 15 pounds of honey they consume. Prior to the war, most beemen, to save bee-hours for nectar gathering, conserved as much wax as possible instead of selling it. They whirled the honey out of the frames in centrifugal separators, which left the wax combs undamaged for return to the hives. Now the wax brings income as a by-product, since the navy needs it for waterproof coatings on shells, guns and aircraft.

Bees have been known to fly as far as ten miles for nectar, but five

miles is the usual limit. Miller contends that if they fly more than two miles they waste time and wings. So he plants his hives in the middle of a blossoming alfalfa, clover, orange or sage belt, placing them, if possible, so that the bees have a downhill glide with their cargo. The bees' wings then last six to eight days longer, with that much more production. When no longer able to work, the elders are literally taken for a ride by vigorous young bees and dropped too far from the hive to get back.

Normally, when big honey flow ends, the colony curtails its numbers to conserve food and the queen tapers off her egg laying until she ceases for the season. As the older workers die or are driven out, the colony strength drops from 80,000 to 10,000 or less.

The Millers trick the bees into continuing their increase by dividing each strong colony into two nuclei before the peak of the nectar flow passes. They move half of the bees, eggs, embryos and honey in each hive to a new hive. The extra space in both hives is then filled with new frames, wax foundations upon which the bees store their honey. This practice heads off swarming, too, because bees swarm only when they are so numerous they crowd their hives.

In dividing a colony artificially, a new queen has to be supplied to mother the new nucleus. Every year Woodrow Miller raises 10,000 queens. Several artificially made wax queen

cells, about the size of thimbles, are attached to a single frame of bees whose queen has been removed. Instinctively the bees place eggs or newly hatched larvae in the queen cells and feed the embryos on "royal jelly," a milky-white secretion from glands in the heads of the workers, instead of the customary "bee-bread," a mixture of pollen and honey that is fed to future workers. In 16 days, instead of the 21 days required for smaller worker bees, the young queens emerge.

The queen raiser gently cages each new queen in a tiny wooden box screened on one side and hangs the cage in a queenless hive. This he does promptly, because otherwise the first queen would sting to death all the others as they emerge. She is released only when the bees gnaw their way through a barrier of soft sugar candy blocking her exit. This two- or three-day delay saves the queen's life; it allows time for her odor and that of the colony to blend — for bees kill all whose odor is foreign. Once accepted, the queen soon embarks on her nuptial flight, mating in mid-air with the strongest flying drone in the group that follows her. It is a suicide marriage for him, because the drone invariably dies in a few minutes. His widow returns to the hive to begin her egg laying, her sole function in life.

After the new, half-filled hives are placed in the alfalfa fields of Utah in early summer, the bees surge forth in an amazing rebirth of the colony.

This is repeated in Nebraska, Iowa and Minnesota, before the last nectar flow in the sweet clover fields ends in September. Then the hives are brought to Delta, Utah, to hibernate, not for the six months a colony normally rests but only until the first of January. After that dormant period, essential in the colony cycle, the bees are taken back to California and the migratory hunt for honey starts all over again. In a good year a well-managed colony of migratory bees yields the beekeeper 250 pounds of honey — five times the average for stationary colonies.

There were no native honeybees on this continent when Columbus discovered America — only bumblebees, wasps and hornets. Today orchardists need bees — ours are mostly from European strains — for pollinating their trees, a job once handled by bumblebees, their ranks now sadly decimated by crop insecticides which unfortunately wipe out good insects with the bad. Along Miller's routes there are hundreds of orchardists who would gladly pay him to let his bees work a fortnight or so among their apples, pears, plums, cherries or other fruits — the crops of which are doubled or trebled by adequate pollinating. These extra dollars tempt some beekeepers, even though orchards yield much more pollen than honey, but not Woodrow Miller. His sole interest is in holding his title as No. 1 American honey gleaner in a harvest which in 1941 totaled 180,000,000 pounds.

A gripping account of one of the most spectacular disasters in military history

Napoleon's Retreat from Moscow

By

Edwin Muller

ON THE MORNING of September 14, 1812, the Grand Army reached its supreme goal.

The advance guard came to the top of rising ground, looked out over the flat plain beyond. There under a leaden sky a dingy-white line stretched half across the horizon. Above it, floating like bubbles, were the soaring cupolas of an Oriental city. Moscow.

The Emperor's keen eyes picked out a group of towers higher than the rest — the Kremlin. Napoleon was well content. He dismounted and prepared to receive the deputation that would come from the city begging terms.

It was the climax of the greatest blitzkrieg in history — before or since. In 82 days the Grand Army had fought its way 700 miles — amazing speed for horse transport and men afoot.

It was the largest organized fighting force since the time of Darius. Half a million men had crossed the Niemen on June 24 and the days following. Among them were armies from most of the conquered states of Europe: Prussia, Austria, Italy, Poland, Switzerland, Saxony, Hesse, Westphalia. But the core of the Grand Army was the French, those

men who had never been beaten, whose best weapon was their legend of invincibility.

They had driven on through the heat and dust of the summer, pushing the Russians before them, at last forcing battle at Borodino. There, almost as a matter of course, they had won. The victory was costly, 35,000 Frenchmen killed and wounded. But it had opened the road to Moscow and here they were.

Now only one obstacle to world conquest remained — Britain. Britain, who had thwarted him before, who had refused the secret truce which he had sent his brother to negotiate, who had pulled strings here in Russia to set the Czar against him.

Thus Napoleon Bonaparte stood before Moscow, a dark, scowling, hard little man — in a fair way to rule the world.

If he had a weakness it was a rather vulgar love of pomp, of the spectacular and dramatic. He loved especially occasions like this, when conquered princes and deputations bowed before him.

This particular deputation was unaccountably delayed. The Emperor, impatient, sent couriers to hurry it up. After a long time they re-

turned — with a strange tale, so strange that Napoleon went to see for himself.

He entered the city by the great double gate. There was no one there to meet him. He rode through the streets. No one stood at the curbs, none looked from the windows. Over all was heavy silence. Patrols were sent into houses, to bring out the inhabitants. There was nobody to bring. Palaces, hovels, churches, stores stood empty.

The Emperor went into the great enclosure of the Kremlin. He entered the royal apartments. The clocks were still ticking but there was not one human being. Searchers through the city rounded up a mere handful of poor and ignorant folk. From them nothing could be learned.

An uneasy feeling took hold of Napoleon. Things that he had seen since he entered Russia assumed new meaning. The devastation, for example — peasants and livestock gone, their houses burned, their crops destroyed.

He began to wonder a little what was in store for him in this strange country.

But he dealt with the situation in his usual methodical way. He established quarters in the Czar's apartments, gave orders to occupy the city, sent a force to make contact with the enemy.

The soldiers, too, dealt with the situation in their way. They broke into stores and palaces, loaded themselves with furs, silks, paintings,

silverware. They found great stocks of wine and brandy — made full use of them. Discipline relaxed.

At noon next day — the 15th — the guard on the walls of the Kremlin saw wisps of smoke in the northern section of the city. Presumably chance fires started by careless, drunken soldiers. Sappers sent to keep the fires from spreading returned with a disquieting report. The city's fire engines had disappeared.

Other fires were seen in the east. Then in the south. Finally a patrol caught a Russian setting a blaze.

A rising wind merged the separate fires until the whirling smoke was a flat ceiling over all the city.

All that night Napoleon stood on the Kremlin walls watching — silent.

Next day he was persuaded to leave. The city was one great plain of fire, four miles across.

For a whole week it burned.

The Kremlin alone escaped. The Emperor returned to it.

In those days Napoleon spoke little. He seems to have been in a puzzled state of mind. He couldn't believe that the rulers of even a barbarian nation could have ordered such a deed — at one stroke to have made 300,000 of its people homeless. Even he couldn't grasp so vast an indifference to the lives of individuals. He began to think too of the hundreds of miles of burned villages and devastated fields that lay behind, on the road home.

Moscow's grain warehouses had

been burned and foraging parties sent out into the country brought back little. In other conquests Napoleon had always found traders who, for gold or paper, would supply all he needed. He didn't find them in Russia. The army began to be hungry. Discipline relaxed a little more.

Even now Napoleon believed that his defeat of the Russian army, his occupation of the Russian metropolis, marked a decisive end of the war. It always had. He sent a mission to St. Petersburg to offer peace terms to the Czar — terms a little more generous than he had first intended.

There was comfort in the fact that the weather stayed fine. It was a lovely October — crisp in the morning, but calm and sunny all day. Once a few flakes of snow fell, but then it turned warm again.

Weeks went by and no reply came from the Czar. It became increasingly apparent that no reply was coming.

Napoleon broke out in a petulant fury of exasperation. He summoned his generals and announced that he would march on St. Petersburg. Always in the past Napoleon's decisions had been final. But this was an impossible plan. His line of communication was already strained to the breaking point — and winter was coming. The generals didn't so much argue against the project as kill it by their silence. Nothing was done about it.

At last it was manifest — even to

him — that the only thing to do was to turn back.

On October 18 the Retreat began.

Of the huge army that had crossed the Niemen the greater part had never reached Moscow. Some guarded the line of communication and garrisoned the cities on the route. Many had been lost in skirmishes and guerrilla fighting. More lay dead on the field of Borodino. The army that now marched out of Moscow numbered 100,000.

Seven hundred miles to the Niemen. Every mile like every other. A country very like the prairies of Kansas — dead flat for endless miles, then a slight roll that makes the rest seem even flatter. Dotted with islands of woodland, crossed by sluggish streams that wound crookedly through broad swamplands.

The road ran straight without a turn. As far as one could see, it was a slow moving stream of guns and wagons. On each side the infantry marched. On their flanks rode cavalry. An organized army, still.

From the very start they were hard-up for food. Now every driver had to watch his team to keep it from slaughter — though there wasn't much meat left on the animals. Whenever a thatched hut was found the straw was pulled out and fed to the starving beasts.

Behind the army the road was littered with abandoned loot — fine books, pictures, silverware. Wagons and guns began to be abandoned too; not enough horses were left to

haul them. But the French still had strength to fight off the Russians who were following at their heels.

Gloom settled over the marching army. There was one horrible day when they passed the battlefield of Borodino. The 35,000 French corpses and 40,000 Russians were still there — rotted, half-eaten by the wolves.

Then, suddenly, the winter struck.

On the night of November 5 the army lay bivouacked for miles along the road. A wind arose — blew harder and then harder. It came from the northeast, from the frozen steppes, and for a thousand miles there was nothing to check it. Snow came with it — heavier as the night went on. The snow drifted and the bivouac fires went out, one by one. The cold was such as these Frenchmen had never known.

Great numbers were frozen to death that night. From that time on the army never escaped for a moment the Russian winter.

The supply service went to pieces. The only way to get food was to leave the line of march and go foraging over the countryside. The long column began to break up into little groups going off on their own.

It has been said that Napoleon shared the hardships of his men. He did not. He kept fairly warm and well fed on beef and mutton, white bread, even his favorite Burgundy. He rode in a carriage, bundled in furs. Sometimes the carriage would jolt heavily over the bodies of men

lying in the road, frozen to death — or not yet quite dead.

The hero of the Retreat was Marshal Ney, as he brought up the rear, protecting the struggling columns from the stabbing attacks of the pursuing Russians. Once Ney was cut off from the main body. Napoleon didn't halt or try to re-establish contact. Eventually the Marshal, by a brilliant attack, fought his way back to rejoin his chief.

The Cossacks were the worst scourge of the Grand Army. They were tough, hairy little men, bearded to the eyes. They wore hairy caps and coats, rode shaggy little horses. They had short bowlegs and it seemed as if horse and rider had grown together. They carried long lances and rode to the attack with shrill, fierce cries.

They would hide in patches of woodland, ride out suddenly on cold, weary men looking for food, or gathered stiffly around a campfire. Sometimes they stripped their victims and herded them naked ahead of their horses until they fell and died. Sometimes the butts of their lances would rise and fall, the points stab down again and again. The snow would be crimson.

It got colder. The record shows somewhere between 30 and 40 below zero. But even in the bitter cold the soldiers would sweat as they struggled through snowdrifts. Then at night, as they slept on the ground, the damp clothes would freeze solid. The heat drained out of their bodies like

a fluid. Each camp site was marked by hillocks covering the dead.

The route was cluttered by abandoned guns and wagons. Few horses were left. Their ribs stuck out and they staggered in the traces. Groups of men followed each team. When a horse fell the crowd pounced on it, cutting it to pieces while it was still alive. They fought to drink the warm blood.

Snow blindness made hundreds helpless; others went mad.

Some few tried to help those who had fallen and were freezing. But the men on the ground would plead to be left alone, to be allowed to sleep.

The last encounter that could be called a battle was at the crossing of the Beresina River. They had hoped to find it frozen solid so that they could cross on the ice. But it was only half frozen, with big ice cakes churning down the current.

Sappers managed to construct two bridges, while the rear guard with difficulty held off the Russians. For a while an orderly crossing was maintained. The Emperor got safely across. Then one bridge broke and soon the Grand Army became a struggling mob, fighting to get on the other bridge. Russian cannon plowed lanes through the solid mass of men — a target half a mile wide and two miles thick. It is said that in the spring 12,000 bodies were taken from the Beresina.

Across the river the remnant of the army staggered on.

The story has no one end, but a series of small, tragic endings, as little groups desperately seeking food were overcome by starvation or trapped by Cossacks.

It is not known how many straggled out of Russia. The organized army that finally reached Königsberg numbered about 1000.

The Emperor was not with them. Early in December he had fled in disguise to Paris. To his companion on that journey he railed against England. He made new plans for attacking Britain — impossible plans.

He knew that the news of the Retreat had reached Paris before him. He arrived like a dog who wonders whether he'll be whipped. But the French — and it must have astonished him — were still loyal. He resumed the pomp and ceremony of his court — still Emperor.

But the Retreat had finished him. Not at once. For more than two years he twisted and turned. It was no use — the conquered races of Europe, seeing that he was not invincible, rose against him. His own people began to fall away from him. In the end he was beaten for good by the tenacity of the British at Waterloo.

There were a few years left to him on his dreary little island — where he perpetually explained how he had always been right. Then a dreary death.

As Victor Hugo said, God was bored with him.

Paradise Regained

Condensed from Stag

Philip Wylie

GREATER MIAMI, which thinks of itself as America's Paradise, has twice been lost and twice regained. A year after its fabled boom deflated in 1925, several thousand of its buildings collapsed when a hurricane spun out of the horse latitudes. Recovery was under way when the nation sagged into the depression of the early '30's. Grass really grew, then, in Miami's broad thoroughfares and the jungles still turning hundreds of miles of pavement and lamppost in outlying streets into archeological material.

But the 19 cities and towns which compose Greater Miami were, until the present war, headed for another boom. Press agents at last realized that Paradise is a place to have fun in, not a place to raise tung trees or sell real estate. Hence sun and fun were to be the keynotes for 1942.

South Florida is a coral reef raised

PHILIP WYLIE, well-known novelist, knows Miami intimately from personal experience. He has lived there for years, and recently made a thorough study of the glamorous playground while gathering material for a forthcoming magazine serial. Mr. Wylie attended Princeton University, worked on *The New Yorker* for two years, and then turned to writing magazine articles and fiction, film scripts, and novels. His 14 books include *The Golden Hoard* and *The Shroud of Silence*.

☛ Boom and bust and boom again has been Miami's story; "sun and fun" its 1942 slogan.

a few feet above the sea and bound together by the roots of mangroves. A bullet shot with sufficient velocity from a third-story window in Miami could travel unimpeded clear across the state. The rim of this part of the peninsula is inhabited; the rest is largely Everglades — swampy grassland dotted with island jungles. Greater Miami is partly built on the 'glades.

Here is the one part of the U. S. that touches the tropics. Around three sides flows the Gulf Stream, its temperature almost always above 70 degrees. In these waters live 600 varieties of fish. On the shores a gardener can cultivate the exotic plants of Ceylon, Java, Tahiti or the Amazon. Limes, lemons, frangipani and jasmine keep the atmosphere perfumed. Birds sing all night. The seascape infiltrates the low land. Bays, lagoons, rivers, canals and lakes give back the azure sky, the shimmering stars. Greater Miami is the final essence of the American dream. The dream is young and in need of mellowing.

Even to initiates, Miami and Miami Beach are interchangeable names. Funnel-shaped Biscayne Bay lies between the two cities. Thirty years ago there was only Miami, a minor resort and fishing town. Flagler had pushed his railroad that far south because, according to legend,

a lady had written him that her orange crop there had not been harmed by a frost that had ravaged the groves around Palm Beach.

Until the beginning of the First War, "the Beach" was an eight-mile wilderness of mangrove, sand, sink-hole, ooze, snakes and malaria. Where today stand alabastrine hotels, savage crocodiles lay in the sun. Not alligators. Crocodiles. Then two visionaries, Henry Collins and Carl Fisher, built the "longest wooden bridge on earth," the causeway to Miami Beach which makes it part of the mainland.

In the early '20's, Collins and Fisher began blasting stumps, dredging waterways, steamshoveling roads and blueprinting golf courses where impenetrable mangroves still forbade trespass. They were regarded as crazed promoters. But the news filtered to Iowa, Oregon, New Hampshire that South Florida was a paradise through most of the winter, and each "season" brought a greater rush and higher prices.

About 1921 the Bathing Beauty was presented to America. Perhaps historians will give her the place where she may well belong — beside the discovery of steam and electricity. With her came the Jazz Age and Prohibition.

Down in Florida, people who had paid \$50 cash on a \$500 lot began to receive, a day later, \$100 payments for the same rectangle on the same map. Realtors, promoters, bootleggers, glittering drabs, millionaire

milkmen ran up 20-story skyscrapers, plastered them with garish stucco. On each they made a million or so in paper money. They bought mahogany cruisers, and foreign roadsters too big to turn into the driveways of decent people.

In the evening, from the water the skyline glowed like an avenue of decorated Christmas trees. It was as if not Spanish gold but Aladdin's lamp had been uncovered by the purple pour of the Gulf Stream. On the Beach, Collins, Fisher, Roney and others rubbed the lamp and gave orders for the greatest miracle of hibiscus-drenched, sea-facing real estate their minds could invent. The genie obeyed. The lamp was tossed to George Merrick, who ordered it giant to bring the sea ashore in broad canals so that inland Coral Gables could be a "riviera." He had the genie build a hotel to end all hotels. Another rub, and, lo, a swimming pool with islands, bridges, and electrically illuminated caves to swim through. Gondolas on the canals with genuine imported Venetian paddle-men, complete with *O Sole Mio* for the romantic nights. Miami had become Dreamland.

Sales of land in a single development often hit several millions in a day. There were not rooms or food enough for the people; thousands slept in their cars, and a steak at a "diner" cost \$5. Along the so-called Venetian Causeway between the mainland and the Beach, bay bottom was pumped inside oval retaining

walls, the whole was iced like a cake with a foot of black dirt from the 'glades; huge palm trees were transplanted; shining white houses arose, and people moved in. Similar islands blossomed nearby, some 50 acres in extent and costing as much as \$500,000 each. Such artificial islands are still being built; about 40 of them are now attached by bridges to Miami Beach.

The one-track railroad staggered under the influx of materials demanded by the genie, so the lamp was rubbed again, and schooners, frigates, tramps lying in Frisco and even Singapore shook off their rotted hawsers, loaded up with piles, cement, stone, tile, bathtubs, door-knobs, lumber and Gobelin tapestries, and set a course for the narrow channel that led to Miami.

This was 1925, when giant buses scoured the nation and brought in prospective buyers of land free of charge. On 50 Main Streets there were Florida sales headquarters. One Croesus pointed out in the N. Y. *Times* that every acre in Florida should soon produce an annual profit of \$1000. All over the U. S., the cash contents of countless socks, teapots and savings accounts were being dumped into Florida. In four summer months \$20,000,000 in savings came from Massachusetts. A combination of frightened banks in Ohio took full-page ads to warn the public that Florida land was not investment but dangerous speculation. Nobody paid attention.

Then the boom fell apart. Building materials became difficult to obtain. The one-track railroad had brought in so much steel and cement and so little food that the Interstate Commerce Commission embargoed them in order to get groceries to a population in danger of famine. A large schooner sank across the ship channel, blocking it for weeks, while a horizon-spanning flotilla glittered like Broadway out at sea, loaded with goods that could not make the last mile. Builders and owners missed opening dates for which they had contracted — and went bankrupt. Land values tumbled. It was not the Great Hurricane which undid the age of the golden sandpile. It was a natural law which says that insanity disintegrates itself.

The 1926 hurricane did not, as the world believes, sweep upon Dreamland unheralded. Banner headlines in the afternoon papers of September 17 warned that a tropical storm was coming. Old-timers cautioned newcomers, but Miami had grown from a village to a vast city without experiencing a "big blow," hence every alarm was ignored.

The wind, at times reaching a velocity of 130 miles per hour, pushed battering seas clear across Miami Beach and buried automobiles in sand as a blizzard buries them in snow. It churned the bay into a maelstrom that swept over the causeways, gnawed out their soft coral bedding, wound up trolley rails like fence wire. It bent one skyscraper

into a modified tower of Pisa, and chopped great brick powerhouse chimneys to stumps.

A gradually rising sea tore loose almost every vessel in Biscayne Bay, sank some, and used the rest to batter the roots of Miami's skyline. In the leaking light of a gray and driving dawn, people saw the sea raging across the land that is now Bayfront Park; upon it were freighters, barges, yachts, schooners, scows, trees, lumber and small buildings — all charging toward the huge phalanx of hotels.

Insurance companies guessed the property loss totaled \$200,000,000. Some 20,000 homes and buildings were wrecked. More than 6000 persons were injured. The dead have been estimated at 400 to 1000. Nobody knew who was there at the time, so nobody knows who was no longer there.

If there had been a hope of restoring a Midas touch in Florida, the "blow" extinguished it. Around Greater Miami stood skeletons of wall-less hotels with mountains of bathtubs in their yards, half-finished homes whose empty eye-sockets stared at the Atlantic.

The depression came. The scent of cultivated flowers changed to the rawer smell of the Everglades, and people in apartment houses heard the yowl of bobcats. South Florida went through bankruptcy, reduced obligations, and lived for the first time in sackcloth.

The result was that when national

business improved so did Miami. The wind had not blown out the sun. The Gulf Stream was still there. The sand was no longer gold — but it was still golden. To Miami came pleasure-seekers and purveyors of pleasure: the Capones, the Syndicate, the mob. Men in evening clothes drove women with short skirts and bobbed hair from one new night palace or gambling hall to another. Pensioned hordes moved to this principality where coal need never be bought: widows living on insurance, retired army officers, bank presidents with sheaves of annuity certificates.

By the end of the '30's new hotels were springing up at the boomlike rate of 100 a year. They were not such giants as the genie had built; 100 rooms was considered good-sized. In the summer of 1940 and again last summer, so many hotels were being constructed in Miami Beach that the city smelled of wet plaster. Another, sounder project was the construction, along highways reclaimed from the jungle, of towns of tidy, pastel bungalows for a small-income population.

War began between the earnest emigres from the Middle West and the "interests" which catered to the flamboyant tastes of big-city dwellers. Gambling was outlawed, bootlegged, closed up — and then thrown wide open. Handsome young women with cordial expressions drove slowly about. Dreamland had become Playland. Good people wrote indignant

letters to the newspapers, but the majority tried to quell any expression of "puritanism" that might hurt Playland's pocketbook.

Miami is the most supersensitve city on earth. Nothing bad about it must ever be printed, photographed or even whispered. Every loyal citizen must try to create a glamorous life suitable for newsreels. If press agent Steve Hannagan needs pictures of bathing beauties, what more civic-minded duty could a high school principal perform than to dismiss the senior girls for an afternoon of posing?

Miami's list of real, if unrecorded, taboos includes mention of coral snakes; police sadism; widespread graft, inefficiency and corruption; tourist-gouging; the fact that it can be cold and cloudy for ten days at a time in midwinter; the fact that Miami is one of the sickest cities in America, with the worst public health facilities for its size in the land.

Miami's sewers drop into Biscayne Bay. The Bay ten years ago was, in the local idiom, "gin-clear." Trapped sewage and street-wash have now made it turgid, and the State Health Department has pronounced one of its channels unfit for swimming.

Miami has hospital facilities for a city of about 30,000 — and a constant population four times that large. One medical authority last year pronounced some of the wards of the city hospital "pre-Civil War."

More than 20,000 Negroes are crowded into a wooden shambles in the city's center. Lacking adequate space, air, light, sanitation, paying fantastic rents for their hovels, using polluted surface wells, these venereal, tubercular, malarial, untreated, intimidated and helpless people are often the house servants of even the very rich. While press agents boast that South Florida is the most healthful place on earth, such vital statistics as can be gathered indicate almost the reverse.

On the good side of the ledger are the things which the cynics will not believe until they see them. There is nothing in our country like this land of bland blue sky and tepid, crystal water. Miami Beach's strand is a soft, heavy sand of coral and shell the color of a young fawn. More than a mile of it is free. There is never a high surf because a great reef absorbs the swells of the Gulf Stream. Northerners enjoy teeing off on palm-lined fairways and riding horseback through palmettos and past wild orchid blooms. In all history, man has never made himself such a place to play.

During the last decade modern functional design in home building has developed in Miami as nowhere else. Several brilliant young architects have made, out of poured plastics, light alloys, terrazzo and glass brick, the houses that their colleagues elsewhere only dream about. They are as beautiful as prisms and as efficient as a ship's galley.

There are thousands of them, built upon ferro-concrete piles driven into the coral; a hurricane could wash away the soil under them and they would still stand safe on their stilts. Their outside walls are usually an off-white; inside, they use the macaw colors of the landscape or the pale-blue-to-deep-indigo hues of bay and sea. Easy to keep up, easy to clean, and long-lived, this new type of Miami dwelling may become the laboratory model for American homes after the war.

Folding or rolling glass partitions make enclosed living rooms, with fireplaces for chilly days; the rest of the time, it is difficult to discern where house and garden are divided. Small docks and cut-in boat slips ornament countless lawns so that the sea, too, is part of the residence.

Today Miami is shakily trying to

meet the new obstacle to business — war. It knows it is America's greatest luxury, and luxury and total war are mutually exclusive. But I feel sure that a city which survived a shocking financial crash and a shattering hurricane will adjust itself to war, will contribute more than its share of men and of bonds, and go on peddling to the nation sunshine, rest, recreation — the old, indestructible allure.

For the Magic City has all the enchantments. It is a city of pale towers; of horizons blue at sea and brown over the 'glades; of bridges and islands. Preposterous islands — the dizzy doing of boom-crazed millionaires. Halcyon islands — on which there is in all the world no place to build a house more peaceful, more pleasant, or lovelier. I ought to know. I live on one.

Hollywood Speaking

☛ TYRONE POWER doubted his ability to play the role of Nicky Arnstein, the big-time gambler. "I'm ashamed of you," said Gregory Ratoff, his director. "You, the man who built the British Mercantile Marine for Lloyd's of London! You, the man who dug the Suez Canal singlehanded! You, the man who made love to Marie Antoinette! And you don't think you're good enough to play Nicky Arnstein!"

— Frederick Van Ryn in *Liberty*

☛ AFTER previewing *They Died with Their Boots On*, Director Mike Curtiz exclaimed happily: "If Custer were still alive, he'd be proud of the way he died!"

— Harrison Carroll in *Woonster* (Ohio) *Daily Record*

☛ SAMUEL GOLDWYN hired a ghost writer to do *Goldwyn's Own Story*, a magazine serial. The ghoster fell ill and one installment was written by a substitute. When Goldwyn saw it, he was peeved. "That," he said, "is not up to my usual standard."

— M. R. Werner in *Coronet*



The Dinner Party

From The Saturday Review of Literature

Mona Gardner

Author of "The Menacing Sun," etc.

I FIRST HEARD this story in India, where it is told as *illegible* — though any naturalist would know it couldn't be. Later I learned that a magazine version of it appeared shortly before the First World War. This account, and its author, I have never been able to track down.

THE COUNTRY is India. A colonial official and his wife are giving a large dinner party. They are seated with their guests — army officers and government attachés and their wives, and a visiting American naturalist — in their spacious dining room, which has a bare marble floor, open rafters and wide glass doors opening onto a veranda.

A spirited discussion springs up between a young girl who insists that women have outgrown the jumping-on-a-chair-at-the-sight-of-a-mouse era and a colonel who says that they haven't.

"A woman's unfailing reaction in any crisis," the colonel says, "is to scream. And while a man may feel like it, he has that ounce more of nerve control than a woman has. And that last ounce is what counts."

The American does not join in the argument but watches the other

guests. As he looks, he sees a strange expression come over the face of the hostess. She is staring straight ahead, her muscles contracting slightly. With a slight gesture she summons the native boy standing behind her chair and whispers to him. The boy's eyes widen: he quickly leaves the room.

Of the guests, none except the American notices this or sees the boy place a bowl of milk on the veranda just outside the open doors.

The American comes to with a start. In India, milk in a bowl means only one thing — bait for a snake. He realizes there must be a cobra in the room. He looks up at the rafters — the likeliest place — but they are bare. Three corners of the room are empty, and in the fourth the servants are waiting to serve the next course. There is only one place left — under the table.

His first impulse is to jump back and warn the others, but he knows the commotion would frighten the cobra into striking. He speaks quickly, the tone of his voice so arresting that it sobers everyone.

"I want to know just what control everyone at this table has. I will count three hundred — that's five minutes — and not one of you is to

move a muscle. Those who move will forfeit 50 rupees. Ready!"

The 20 people sit like stone images while he counts. He is saying "... two hundred and eighty . . ." when, out of the corner of his eye, he sees the cobra emerge and make for the bowl of milk. Screams ring out as he jumps to slam the veranda doors safely shut.

"You were right, Colonel!" the host exclaims. "A man has just shown us an example of perfect control."

"Just a minute," the American says, turning to his wife. "Mrs. Wynnes, how did you know that cobra was in the room?"

A faint smile lights up the woman's face, and she replies: "Because it was crawling across my foot."



Where There's a Wife There's a Way

ONCE WHEN Dorothy Thompson had interviewed Eduard Beneš, then Czechoslovakian Foreign Minister, the plane in which she was returning to Vienna was grounded by storm in a small Czech town. Miss Thompson hurried to the post office to wire her story and, finding that she had not enough money to pay for it, told the clerk to send it collect. He refused. Miss Thompson instantly wrote out a telegram. After reading it, the startled clerk agreed to send her interview collect if she would withdraw the telegram. The telegram, addressed to Beneš, read: "Beloved. Will you bring pressure to bear to have all the officials working in this post office fired. Sweetie." — Margaret Case Harriman in *The New Yorker*

ON the occasion of his first broadcast in Hollywood, Bob Hope was given a large studio with a huge sign outside reading: "Bob Hope Is About to Broadcast. Welcome." Four people came — a woman and two children who had just attended Charlie McCarthy's broadcast, and one embarrassed old gentleman who was looking for a place to fix his garter. With silence following each gag, Bob fumbled his lines, dropped a page from his script; his show flopped miserably.

Only a big, laughing audience at his next performance could save his job. Hope bought some rope, tipped the studio ushers, and the next week the audience pouring out of the Charlie McCarthy show was trapped between ropes leading to an open door marked EXIT. As the crowd passed through the door an eager gentleman repeated: "I'm Bob Hope. I'm about to broadcast some very funny jokes. Here are your tickets. Thank you."

Hope bagged a studioful of reluctant and bewildered citizens. But once the broadcast started, they laughed, and never again did Hope need ropes to get an audience.

— J. B. Griswold in *The American Magazine*

☛ *These simple first-aid "don'ts" may help you save a life*

Trained First Aid — Or None At All!

Condensed from Better Homes & Gardens

Charles B. Scully

Director, First Aid, Water Safety and Accident Prevention, New York Chapter, American Red Cross

As told to Lois Mattox Miller



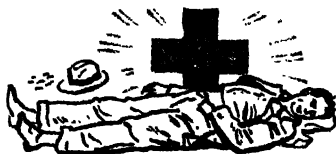
LAST SPRING Fritz Kreisler, the famous violinist, was struck by an automobile in New York. News pictures next day showed the pathetic figure half-sitting, half-lying against the curbstone, face blood-smeared, head hanging to one side. Doctors and trained first-aiders saw that bystanders had made a common and dangerous mistake: the victim had been propped up while the nature of his injuries was still unknown! Later it developed that Kreisler had sustained a brain concussion. And because his injury was probably aggravated by unskilled handling, he spent not one month but two in the hospital, for a time hovering between life and death.

Not one person in that crowd knew the right thing to do—or what not to do. The average American does not know his first aid. Yet any one of us may have to face the responsibility of dealing with just such an emergency.

A few years ago the young daughter of a prominent writer was injured in a motor crash. Panicked, her companions "jack-knifed" her into a car and rushed her to a hospital. Her injured spinal cord was further damaged by that well-intentioned but harmful action. Permanent paralysis resulted.

Efficient first aid requires from 20 to 25 hours' training under a qualified instructor. But even without such training, everyone can remember a few simple rules. The next best thing to knowing what to do is knowing what *not* to do. Here are 14 important "don'ts."

NEVER MOVE an accident victim until the nature and extent of his injuries are known. Neglect of this rule causes more serious damage than any other mistake. Don't even lift the victim's head to give him a drink of water; if



his neck should be injured, that slight movement might sever the spinal cord. When a person cannot open and close his fingers, his neck is probably broken; when he cannot move his legs his back may be broken. Moving victims of such injuries requires so much skill that even doctors dread it. But if no further harm is done the injury often may be treated successfully.

Keep the injured person flat on his back until a doctor or a trained first-aidler can take over. Don't let anyone stampede you into moving him. If he is in the middle of the road and obstructing traffic, place your car where it will divert passing cars. If he is jammed in a car, leave him there unless the car is on fire and you can't put the blaze out.

IF A person is unconscious, don't try to arouse him by shaking, as excited bystanders often do. Loss of consciousness usually indicates some form of head injury, possibly skull fracture or brain concussion. Don't make an unconscious person drink anything — you may choke him to death. The windpipe is protected by a trap door called the epiglottis, which closes automatically each time one swallows; during unconsciousness it may fail to act.

DON'T assume, just because you detect the odor of alcohol, that an unconscious or semiconscious person is drunk: he may have injured his head or suffered a "stroke" of apoplexy. Typi-

cal result of such a mistake is the fate of a New York businessman. He had one drink at a bar on his way home and as he stepped out of the door slipped and struck his head. The police, without examination, placed him in a cell with drunks and vagrants; when someone finally looked at him hours later, he was dead from a head fracture which might have been successfully treated.

DON'T forget that an accident victim suffers from shock. The seriousness of shock is little realized outside hospitals. You may experience mild shock when you cut or smash your finger: you break into a cold sweat, your pulse quickens, you feel "all gone." This is because the nervous system loses control of the blood vessels, the blood stagnates — chiefly in the abdominal region — and the heart is not filled each time it pumps. In severe shock the victim is listless or perhaps unconscious, the eyes have a vacant expression, breathing is irregular. Severe shock often causes death; prompt care may be a lifesaver.

The procedure is simple. Heat is most important: cover with blankets, coats or newspapers. If possible apply hot water bottles under the armpits and between the thighs, where they are near the large arteries. *Keep the injured person flat.* If he is conscious, give a stimulant — hot tea or coffee, or a teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia in half a glass of water.



NEVER give any form of spirits to an accident victim. Brandy or whiskey is the first thing most untrained laymen offer at accidents. First-aid instructors make this suggestion: "Drink it yourself." Don't administer any stimulant after a head injury — it may be fatal — or until severe bleeding is checked.

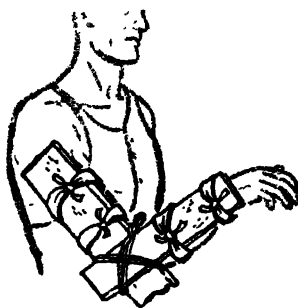
BEWARE of the tourniquet! It is always dangerous and should not be used if bleeding can be checked otherwise. A tourniquet shuts off the blood supply, and if left on too long gangrene sets in and amputation may be necessary. If used at all, it must be loosened every 15 minutes. Tourniquets have so frequently been forgotten or hidden under bandages, with disastrous results, that the British now mark a large "T" and the time the tourniquet was applied — with lip-stick, soot, car grease, etc. — on the forehead or collar of the injured person. In the United States the letters "TK" are used.

Tourniquets should be used only to stop arterial bleeding, which may be recognized by the bright-red color of the blood and the fact that it flows in spurts; venous blood is darker and flows steadily. Even severe bleeding can often be stopped by a large compress



— a handkerchief or piece of a shirt — held firmly in place until the blood clots and the wound can be bandaged. Never exert pressure on a head wound — you may force pieces of a fractured skull into the brain.

DON'T try to change the position of an injured elbow; you may further damage an injured joint. Fix it in the same position with splints until a doctor can take charge.

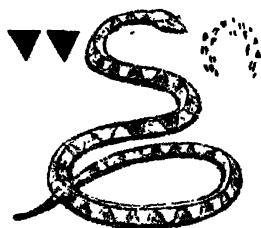


DON'T apply oil or greasy ointments to deep or extensive burns. The grease will have to be removed — at the cost of great pain and further shock — before the burn can be medically treated. And don't tear bits of burned clothing from the injured area. Safest emergency measure — if one must be applied before the doctor arrives — is gauze or freshly laundered cloth (never absorbent cotton) soaked in slightly warm sodium bicarbonate solution. In severe burns, the first treatment should be for shock.

DON'T treat frostbite by rubbing — above all, don't rub with snow. The body is 65 percent water, and those

grayish-white areas are actually frozen. Therefore they are easily injured and gangrene may result. Thaw the frozen part gradually by covering with the hand, or if the hand is frostbitten warm it gently under the armpit. Exposure of the frostbitten part to artificial heat may cause permanent injury.

DON'T give way to panic if bitten by a snake. Fright alone has killed people bitten by *nonpoisonous* snakes. Look at the marks left by the fangs. With poisonous snakes — copperheads, rat-



tlesnakes, cotton-mouth moccasins and coral — there are one or two tiny wedge-shaped wounds. Nonpoisonous snakes make a little horseshoe of tooth marks or scratches. If the snake *was* venomous, make a cross cut an eighth of an inch deep over each fang mark to induce profuse bleeding, and rush the victim to a doctor. *Don't* try to suck the poison out of the wound by mouth; if you have a scratch or blister in your mouth, you too may be seriously poisoned. And remember that whiskey not only is no cure for snake-bite; it should not be given at all.

DON'T think that a handkerchief is a gas mask, if you must enter a gas-filled room to rescue someone. Many have died in that belief. The cloth may filter out the irritating fumes but not the poison gas. In a *smoke*-filled room, however, a *wet* handkerchief tied over the face is useful.

DON lose your head if bitten by a dog suspected of rabies. Rabies develops in dogs within ten days, but requires 21 days to two months to develop in humans, so there is plenty of time to take the Pasteur treatment if it proves necessary.

Exception: The Pasteur treatment should be given immediately for bites about the neck or head.

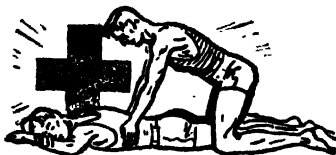
NEVER try to revive an apparently drowned person by rolling him over a barrel or "jack-knifing" the body.



Death results from cutting off oxygen from the blood stream rather than from the presence of water in the lungs; often there is very little.

Prone pressure artificial respiration is the only approved method of treating drowning, electric shock and gas poisoning, and should be learned thoroughly by everyone. Breathing has been re-established after eight hours of artificial respiration; therefore the usual tests for death should never be accepted.





DON'T allow a victim revived by artificial respiration to get up immediately, even if you must use force. As breathing is resumed, a victim often attempts to rise and even becomes violent. Permitting him to get up may cause death, for the body has been through one of the most severe strains that can be experienced. Last summer a father and son were rescued from drowning and the father

revived first. He tried to reach his boy's side, took four or five steps and dropped dead.

These "don'ts," if widely observed, would eliminate much unnecessary injury and death. But why not become a trained first-aid-er? The American Red Cross during the last 15 years has trained and certified nearly 3,000,000 laymen. And with 10,000,000 accidents annually in the United States, competent training in first aid will prove just as valuable in peace as it is now in wartime.

But it must be *trained* first aid or none at all.



Edison's Camera Eye

WHEN I first met Thomas Edison, our host said after dinner, "Come on, Tom, show us the dictionary trick." Mr. Edison consented, and someone placed before him a *Webster's Unabridged Dictionary*, opening the big book at random. We all kept quiet, while Mr. Edison closely scanned the two pages. In certainly not more than three minutes he said, "All right, boys, go ahead."

He stepped away from the book and one of the party asked, "What is the first word on the left-hand page?" Mr. Edison replied at once, "Residence." Another asked, "What are the next four words?" and the reply came,

"Residencer, residencia, residency, resident." "What is the last word on the right-hand page?" "Resolve." "The first word on the right-hand page?" "Resin." "What words follow?" He ran them off rapidly and correctly.

And so it went, up and down the columns, Mr. Edison giving words, even definitions, until finally he laughed and said, "What's the use? There's nothing to it; don't you fellows know that I can see those pages? I just have to read them off."

To him there may have been "nothing to it," but to us it was a demonstration of probably the most wonderful picture memory ever known.

—Angus Hibbard, *Hello—Goodbye* (A. C. McClurg)

Report from Eire

Condensed from The American Mercury

William Bayles

AT DUBLIN'S Gresham Hotel seven priests were sitting on the veranda reading their morning prayers. A wedding party was leaving the lounge amid a shower of confetti. Outside, to the skirl of pipes, a procession of youngsters marched up the street behind a banner reading, "If you are Irish, speak Irish." The banner was written in English. "'Tis a pity they bother," remarked a priest, looking up from his prayer book. "For truth, we spoke more Irish when it was forbidden." "Right you are, Father," a portly Irishman replied. "If this keeps on, 'tis soon they'll have us illiterate in two languages." Both laughed. About the entire scene was the air of indifferent tranquillity I had also noticed in Amsterdam — in the winter of 1939-40.

WILLIAM BAYLES graduated from the University of West Virginia in 1928, tried teaching for a couple of years, and then became a freelance writer. He decided to visit Europe in 1932, and became so interested in the prewar turmoil that he stayed on. His examinations of people and countries were soon familiar to American magazine readers. From 1938 until last fall he served as a London correspondent for *Time*. Mr. Bayles spent several weeks in Ireland while preparing this report on the Emerald Isle.

The swastika and the Fascist *tricolore* wave defiantly over German and Italian legations in Dublin. The government press prints Axis war communiqués before British. The Irish radio is free to criticize England but not the Axis. German films are shown but *British War News* and even *March of Time* are banned.

Yet 80 percent of Eire's inhabitants are pro-British and elation over a British success such as the sinking of the *Bismarck* is more vociferous in Dublin than in London. Eire's Prime Minister, Eamon de Valera, wants Britain to win, and several Cabinet members have admitted publicly that Eire's future lies in British victory. An estimated 150,000 of her sons are in the British forces and as many more in British factories. Irishmen have died by the hundreds for Britain — but no word of this appears in the press.

This is what Irishmen mean when they say they are neutral. They are neutral toward one power only — Germany. And their neutrality is based on fear. Involvement in the war, the Irish are convinced, would bring swift and terrible attacks by the Germans.

To keep an almost psychopathic fear of Nazi bombers aglow, the Germans scattered a few bombs. The Irish reaction was one of bowing pathetically to the inevitable. This is understandable. Eire does not possess a single modern fighter plane or anti-aircraft gun. Nor does she have an armament industry. Her army of about 150,000 drills with Prussian precision, but until 20,000 rifles were recently received from the United States there were not enough guns to go around.

I called on Eire's Prime Minister. Mr. de Valera wears spectacles with slightly rose-tinted glass — perhaps symbolic. The horrible examples of the small nations which, like Eire, attempted to appease Hitler with the plum of neutrality do not impress him. Who can say, he asks, that these nations did not pursue the best policy? Had they done otherwise, their plight today might be worse than it is. Nor can the Irish government be influenced in its decisions by the wishes of Irish-Americans.

War-making, Mr. de Valera believes, is the job of the great powers; small nations must avoid involvement. The fact that the present policy may place Eire on the side of Germany does not deter Mr. de Valera. He realizes that Britain could scarcely wait until Germany had landed troops on Irish soil before taking defensive measures. But were British forces to invade Eire a single hour before the Nazis, they would be opposed by the Irish army. Mr. de

Valera also realizes that if Nazi and Irish forces succeeded in repelling the British, Eire would be in the hands of Hitler. This would be only temporary, he maintains, because the Irish would then turn and drive the Germans out. (Eire is perhaps the last country in the world where grown men have seen banshees, and where fairies on moonlit toadstools are seriously discussed.)

Economically, Eire is on the spot. Her most serious deficiency is coal. She formerly imported 2,500,000 tons annually from England. She now gets practically none, and mines only 120,000 tons of her own. Although Dublin is not blacked out, its lights are dim because coal is lacking in the power plants. Railroad services have been reduced by as much as two thirds and trains are sometimes stranded between stations when coal runs out.

The wheat shortage is acute and the Irish have gone back to the black loaf, a sodden mixture of whole wheat, potatoes and barley. Eire, where the raising of thoroughbreds might be called a major industry, is slaughtering thousands of its horses, and sending their carcasses to England, because oats must now be saved for human consumption. Tea, for centuries Ireland's beverage, is rationed at half an ounce a week. Coffee, tobacco, chocolate and canned goods are equally scarce. Cotton, newsprint and lumber are running low.

Except when an occasional neutral

tanker puts into an Irish port, Eire goes without gasoline and oil. Many of her cars stand idle and others have been equipped with enormous bags filled with ordinary illuminating gas, which supplies power for short runs.

Irish internal politics are now pegged entirely on the war, which has brought about odd political contortions. Although Mr. de Valera does not speak to Mr. Cosgrave, leader of the opposition party, because when Mr. Cosgrave was Prime Minister he refused to speak to Mr. de Valera, they agree on the policy of neutrality. And extremists who formerly worked solely against the government have now thrown in their lot with the Axis and are engaged in sabotage against both Dublin and London.

Their pro-Axis minority of about 20 percent consists of a few wealthy industrialists, a fair percentage of Eire's professional men, a small minority in the army, and the members of two potent organizations, the anti-British Irish Republican Army and the Irish International Brigade. The Brigade, composed theoretically of Irishmen who fought for Franco in Spain, has been padded with all types of persons willing to collaborate with the Axis. They are actually on German payrolls.

The government claims that the number of German nationals in Eire has remained constant since the war, but British observers declare that the German butchers and *Haus-*

frauen who had long made their home in Eire have been quietly withdrawn and their places taken by Nazi agents. The frequent discovery of abandoned parachutes and arrests of suspicious characters with large sums of money in tattered trouser pockets also indicate nefarious activity.

Among Germans in vital positions is the superintendent of the Shannon Power Works, which supplies Eire with much of its light and power. The government says he is entirely reliable. British circles assert that he is quietly inserting Irish radicals into key positions at the plant. There are also indications that Irish Republican Army specialists trained in Germany by Gestapo Chief Himmler are being sent to Eire.

Center of German diplomacy in Dublin is a scar-faced, silent Reichswehr officer, Major Henning Thompson, who functions as Legation Secretary. The British regard him as an extremely astute agent. He does not often appear in public except at the dancing festivals sponsored by the Gaelic League. It is at these festivals that nationalist hotheads congregate.

Notable too is Reich propaganda agent Karl Heinz Petersen, who wears rough Irish tweeds and strives to cover up his Teutonic accent with an Irish brogue. His frequent parties for foreign diplomats, society women, businessmen, chorus girls and politicians are known for their lavishness, the excellence of their Irish whisky

— and the loquacity of the guests. One foreign military attaché was surprised to hear a chance remark he had let drop at a Petersen party broadcast from Berlin the same evening.

As the war drags through its third year, the Irish ship of state

still holds its course of fear-based neutrality. A visitor gets the impression that in its efforts to be neutral Eire is leaning precariously near waiting Axis arms. But the Irish believe that in the perspective of history their stand will be understood.

Licensed to Kill

Condensed from Redbook Magazine

Philip E. Devnew

Chief Examiner, Connecticut Motor Vehicle Department

As told to Myron M. Stearns

Editorial Associate, Automotive Safety Foundation *

FOR 20 YEARS I have been giving road tests supposed to weed out unfit drivers. According to the National Safety Council, my state — Connecticut — has one of the best six examination systems in the country; yet it is not thorough enough to keep dangerous drivers off the road. From our records we examiners know that *one out of every five new drivers we license will be in a smashup within six months.*

With better facilities and more time for each applicant, we could spot that one out of every five and keep him off the road. But the public apparently isn't interested

Law-abiding examiners too, labor on the highest of the seats of dangerous drivers every year. Yet the remedy is simple.

enough in life or death to back us up.

Our average test takes only 12 minutes. The course covers about a mile. Top speed is rarely over 20 miles an hour. We can't possibly find out enough about a driver to know how he will behave in an emergency.

In New York there's the same situation: 385,000 road tests a year are given by only 85 inspectors. In many states it's much worse. Yet until we who stand watch over the first safety gate are given the time and

* This article is based in part on a six year's research made by the Automotive Safety Foundation and described in its 1941 Report.

the means to apply what we know, and license only drivers of whose competence we are sure, other remedies for our disgraceful accident record will avail little.

This is borne out by the rapidly mounting toll of accidents. In 1941 some 40,000 men, women and children were killed by automobiles; 100,000 were crippled for life; 1,250,000 received such injuries as a scarred face or a broken leg.

This staggering amount of grief and pain is not necessary. At least half of all accidents are caused by bad driving. One man swerved to avoid running over a toad; he hit a tree and killed his wife. An excitable young father, rushing his two-year-old to the hospital after a minor injury, crashed into another car at an intersection, killed one of its occupants, crippled another, hurt himself seriously — and killed his child. Trying out the top speed of his secondhand roadster, a 17-year-old boy misjudged a curve, shot off the road, struck a telephone pole and drove his head halfway down his spine.

Tens of thousands of equally fantastic accidents are caused by drivers who should never have been allowed on the roads without better training or restraint.

I have seen all kinds of would-be drivers, and know the habits of hand and eye that mark the difference between good and bad ones. I know, too, that many a veteran motorist retains a bad habit which

may some day get him into serious trouble. Here are the fundamentals that I look for when examining an applicant.

First, observation. A good driver notices everything that may affect his driving safety. He doesn't simply glue his eyes to the road; he watches for things beside the road and behind him. He notices not only warning signs and other cars, but pedestrians, dogs, children at play. I can usually estimate an applicant's attention by watching the movement of his eyes. Unless they are in slight but almost continual motion, glancing from one object to another, occasionally at the mirror, he's not a safe driver.

On the other hand, a good driver never lets his attention be unduly distracted. If his eyes follow a pretty girl, instead of snapping back promptly to the road, he's dangerous.

To check on distraction I sometimes score applicants on a pad held in plain sight on my knee. If a man attempts to see what marks I am giving him, thereby taking his attention off his driving, he's less likely to pass.

One winter a middle-aged woman applicant kept watching some object in a snowdrift intently until we had passed it. I asked what she had seen. "Why," she said, "there was a child's overshoe there! Just one! Where was the other one?" After years of riding as a passenger, with no responsibility for driving, she had developed a bad case of "rider's habit" — confident inattention.

Ability to size up a situation in ad-

vance is a sure sign of a good driver. He continually drives "ahead of his car." I always test applicants on a blind corner without traffic lights, noticing if they slow down far enough ahead of the corner to make sure that the road on both sides is clear. I also watch their speed on turns and curves. Braking on a curve increases the danger of a skid, while picking up speed decreases it. Good drivers anticipate such a danger point and slow down ahead of time, accelerating again when they actually reach it.

Automobile salesmen sometimes boast that a car can be steered with one finger. Don't ever do it. Safe steering requires two hands. One week two young fellows from outside the state drove their road tests with one hand, doubtless to prove their confidence and skill. I looked up their home-state records. Each had chalked up three accidents in a single year.

A good driver never turns a parked car out from the curb without looking, and putting out a warning hand; he never backs without looking behind him. And by never I mean never. Hospital emergency wards are full of the victims of people who were careful 99 times out of 100.

The examiner can help improve attention, judgment and care by pointing out the applicant's bad habits. A driver's abilities should be explored, and some of his faults brought to his notice, in a road test

lasting at least one hour. But under present conditions there isn't a chance to gauge a driver's nervous tension, his patience, his coolness when caught in a sudden jam. As one inspector puts it, "We can find out whether an applicant is able to see and hear — but what we want to know is whether he is going to *look* and *listen*."

The inadequacy of present driving tests is proved by the number of accident-prone applicants who get by. In Indiana last year 10,317 accident-repeaters were called in for re-examination. Five percent failed the eye test; 45 percent failed on traffic rules; 50 percent failed the road test.

More than half of our 44,000,000 licensed drivers never took a driving examination. Last year one third of Utah's drivers were unable to pass the state's new licensing test. Examiners turned in such comments as: "Follows too closely." "Shows carelessness in passing cars." "Does not reduce speed sufficiently at intersections." South Carolina, with newly installed examiners, is getting almost identical results. In Birmingham, Ala., when several hundred licensed drivers took the standard examinations required for WPA driving jobs, three out of five failed to pass.

Some states require inspection of all cars. Won't clinical inspection of all drivers — new and old — accomplish even more?

Connecticut is calling drivers over 60 back for an eye test. Nearly a

third of those tested so far need glasses badly. New York only recently started giving special examinations to physically deficient applicants. Physical defects need not result in rejection. Some are remediable. Others, once recognized by the driver, can be compensated for.

With proper time and equipment we can measure the capabilities of drivers in advance; we can remedy many driving defects; and we can take the worst offenders out of the driver's seat. Lifesaving improvements in driver examinations will cost a little more, but there is a logical source from which this money can come. The public should insist that income from drivers' licenses be earmarked for the purpose of selecting and training safer drivers.

Our Connecticut examination fee is \$2 and the annual license fee is \$3. That makes \$5 for the first year's license. The examination, and keeping the necessary records, costs the state \$1. That additional \$4, now regarded merely as a source of revenue, should be devoted to protecting life.

Preliminary work can be done by agencies other than the state, so that when an applicant comes up for licensing he will be ready for exam-

ination. It is not unreasonable to expect every applicant to show a physician's certificate and another to show that he has completed a driving course approved by the state. The bulk of new drivers now learn from friends and relatives, who learned in the same fashion. Thus bad habits are perpetuated.

Over 300 high schools give behind-the-wheel road training to students. The number should be vastly increased. Women's clubs, Rotary and Kiwanis, YMCA's and similar agencies should organize more courses for their members and sponsor safety contests for youngsters.

More use could be made of commercial driving schools, although many of them are unfortunately far below standard: recently a fourth of those in New York were closed at one fell swoop. Some are reputable, and all might be. They can take an important part in raising driving standards by adequate programs of road instruction in which both skill and proper attitude are developed.

The present appalling situation can be remedied. All that is necessary is the will to do it. Experience shows that there need be no bad drivers on the road. Safe drivers are made, not born.



Queer Things That Get in the Papers

WANTED — College-type girl to learn kennel work; feeding, handling, grooming, stripping; small private kennel; live in.

— N. Y. Times

❧ *From the first full-length appraisal of the President's life, by a distinguished biographer*

Our Commander in Chief

Condensed from "Roosevelt: Dictator or Democrat?"

Gerald W. Johnson

THERE WAS a period of approximately 24 hours in March 1933 more fateful for the destiny of mankind than any other one day in the century. A little after noon on March 4, Franklin Delano Roosevelt was inaugurated as President of the United States. Before midnight on March 5, the German Reichstag had put absolute power into the hands of Chancellor Adolf Hitler.

Nine years later these two men face each other as the champions of totally antagonistic ways of life. Not many doubt that one is destined to destroy the other.

As we move into that catastrophic struggle it is important to consider

GERALD W. JOHNSON'S sound scholarship and vigorous writing have made him an outstanding authority on American political history and a leading biographer of national figures. Mr. Johnson was born in North Carolina and worked for several newspapers in that state before World War I, when he went to France with the AEF. After the war he became professor of journalism at the University of North Carolina. He is now an editorial writer for the *Baltimore Sun*. Mr. Johnson has been a frequent contributor to the magazines, and his books include *Andrew Jackson*, *Randolph of Roanoke* and *America's Silver Age*.

the qualifications of the man whom fate has made our leader. Judging by the past, what can we now expect of Mr. Roosevelt as President of the United States charged with the duty of assuring the safety of the nation?

The fogs of controversy arising from three bitterly fought presidential campaigns have confused the minds of friend and foe. Mr. Roosevelt is neither a demigod nor a devil. The most noticeable thing about him is that he is American to the core.

While his background is undeniably aristocratic, it is aristocratic in a peculiarly American way. He was not born on a baronial estate that had been in the family for generations. His father bought the Hyde Park place only about 15 years before the boy's birth. The residence was, and is, simply an old colonial farmhouse, with a stone wing added. James Roosevelt was a capitalist but not enormously rich. He was also a farmer, and a good one.

Unfriendly biographers have adopted the curious notion that Roosevelt's early environment was far too easy to produce a strong character. But it is nonsensical to suppose that a boy whose physical

needs are supplied with bounty and wisdom, and whose mental traits are developed sensibly, firmly, yet kindly, is going to turn out soft. The result of such training is not softness, but balance, poise, the quality that enables a man to keep his head under unexpected shocks and strains. From his earliest days he was accustomed to the battle of ideas, for his home was frequented by people with opinions on every current subject of debate.

Practically every year the Roosevelts went abroad. For two summers Franklin was in school in Germany, and during two others he made bicycle tours in Europe. These experiences resulted in an excellent command of German and French and a knowledge of the ways of Europeans.

At Groton and Harvard, Franklin's record was that of an average boy. It should be noted, however, that the Groton-Harvard years were not his choice. His ambition had been to attend Annapolis and become a naval officer. His father argued him out of it; and from the standpoint of the Navy this was a marvelous stroke of fortune, for no admiral can hope to do a tithe as much for the Navy as has been accomplished by the first sailor President. Between 1933 and 1938 — before war threatened our shores — annual expenditures on naval armament were almost doubled.

The rejoicing admirals used more powder and projectiles in target

practice than they had ever been able to before in time of peace. Thus when the great crisis of 1939 arose the United States had not only a considerable number of new ships, but on all the ships it had gun crews who could actually hit what they aimed at. The Navy was obviously not big enough for two oceans; but ship for ship, gun for gun, it could handle anything afloat.

Mr. Roosevelt's study of naval history, likewise, enabled him to understand, long before other Americans of equal intelligence, the threat of the European war to our communications and therefore to our entire economic organization.

ROOSEVELT emerged from Harvard, in the class of 1904, with the reputation of an amiable, moderately able but unpredictable fellow. He obviously belonged on the Gold Coast — the Harvard term for the snootiest section of the student body — by wealth, social position and family tradition. Everybody liked him, but he puzzled his fellows by being a frank Democrat in a nest of conservative Republicanism. Worst of all, he organized a rising of non-club members and helped them elect their slate of class officers, defeating the Gold Coast ticket.

From Harvard, Roosevelt went on to Columbia Law School, and marriage to his distant cousin, Eleanor Roosevelt. At the law, Roosevelt worked dutifully, becoming in time his firm's specialist in admiralty

law. But he was frankly glad to get away to Hyde Park on week-ends, where he was finding country life more and more interesting as he grew better acquainted with his neighbors and their doings.

In 1910 Roosevelt was offered the Democratic nomination to the New York State Senate. The district had elected only one Democratic senator since 1856, and there was no visible evidence that it would ever elect another. It seems much less likely that the Democrats picked Roosevelt because they thought he was a genius than because they thought he was a sucker.

But here, at last, was something into which Roosevelt could throw himself with single-minded devotion. At Groton, at Harvard, at Columbia, in the practice of law, he had been content to amble along in the ruck. From the moment he accepted that nomination he became a different man, was fiercely determined on nothing less than leading the class.

Precedent decreed that the candidate should make a few set speeches in the principal towns, and let it go at that. If he invaded the rural districts—and no senatorial candidate had ever paid much attention to them—he should travel as a humble man of the people. Roosevelt toured the district in an automobile—a rural rarity at that time—speaking at every schoolhouse, country store and crossroads where he could collect half a dozen listen-

ers. In a cloud of dust, he swept along the roads, stopping frequently to accost a farmer working in his fields. No candidate of any kind had ever appeared in such an unheard-of fashion. The farmers were startled, but not outraged. He carried the district by 1140 votes.

The new senator almost immediately found himself leader of a faction opposing Charles F. Murphy, leader of Tammany Hall and Democratic boss. Murphy was sponsoring for election to the United States Senate "Blue-eyed Billy" Sheehan, a perfect specimen of the old conservative, of the political agent of great wealth. In those days a U. S. Senator was elected by the state legislature in joint session, not by vote of the people.

Now, Roosevelt was just starting a political career, and it was generally conceded that Murphy held the power of political life and death over young Democratic politicians in New York. But Roosevelt decided he could not vote for Sheehan and retain his own self-respect. Furthermore, he rounded up 18 Democratic Assemblymen willing to join him in refusing to vote for Sheehan in the party caucus, and this defection of 19 votes meant defeat for Blue-eyed Billy. Murphy eventually had to withdraw his name.

The defeat of Sheehan is of small significance now. What makes the fight historic is the fact that it made Roosevelt prominent. He won reelection, and the older Democratic

leaders gave him a leading part in the state management of the Democratic campaign in 1912. When Woodrow Wilson was elected, Roosevelt was in line for something handsome from the new national administration. He did not warm to suggestions that he become Collector of the Port of New York or Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. But when Josephus Daniels offered to take him on as Assistant Secretary of the Navy his acceptance was instantaneous.

THE OUTBREAK of war in Europe, in the following year, suddenly made the navy post not only much more important than it had been, but vividly interesting. Roosevelt saw with the utmost clarity that a powerful American navy was urgently necessary. But beyond this he perceived that the weakness of our fleet was not in its fighting ships, nor in its personnel, but in its shore stations — bases of supply, yards where ships are repaired, arsenals, training stations. Not many men are gnawed by the ambition to command a coal-
ing station or even a navy yard, and through years of indifferent supervision their efficiency had deteriorated. Roosevelt with all his energy threw himself into the task of correcting this, checking and cross-checking, running the legs off officers detailed to show him around, and disconcerting them by his memory and capacity for detail.

Under this regimen the shore establishments swiftly took on life

and vigor. An example of the reforms he instituted may be found in his iron-clad regulation that every naval ship returning to her base should load stores of all kinds for her next voyage before her men and officers went on shore leave. Some regarded this as a fine example of bureaucratic crankiness, but the test of it soon came. In 1914 Roosevelt sent a hurry call for two ships to proceed at once to Vera Cruz. Under the old system it might have taken three or four days to load supplies; under the new, they were already loaded, and the first ship was hull down two hours after the telegram was received. After that, criticism subsided. It was good work, and the Navy knew it.

Roosevelt also was astonishingly successful in persuading businessmen to gamble on his integrity and ability to get things done. Right after we entered the war, in 1917, it was realized that the first efforts of the American Navy would be directed against submarines and lightly armed raiders. For this purpose the huge guns on the battleships' main batteries were of less importance than great numbers of lighter ordnance. In the course of time an appropriation was passed by Congress — the Navy's first legal permission to buy. But presently it was revealed that a good deal of the stuff was already in process of manufacture and would soon be delivered. Roosevelt had inveigled manufacturers to start work on \$40,000,000 worth of light guns, depth charges, ammunition and

other equipment. These businessmen had no contracts, nothing whatever to protect them save Roosevelt's personal assurance that they would be paid as soon as Congress supplied the funds.

ROOSEVELT's course of action during that war furnishes convincing proof of his essential Americanism. Yet it was a course fit to drive a strict logician to despair. He himself said afterward that he broke enough laws to send him to jail for 999 years. But a certain sort of lawlessness has always been a distinctively American trait. Perhaps the most gigantic single act of lawbreaking in our national history was perpetrated by Thomas Jefferson when he "suspended the Constitution" to effect the Louisiana Purchase. Abraham Lincoln was on extremely doubtful ground when he suspended the writ of *habeas corpus*, and when he issued the Emancipation Proclamation.

The American theory has always been that in emergencies a high government official ought to use his common sense, rather than rely on legalism. He ought to get the work done, and if he has to risk going to jail to do it, well, in time of war other men are taking graver risks than that.

Without doubt this is a dangerous doctrine, but it is incontestably American.

Roosevelt and Daniels, as different from each other as day from night, worked perfectly in harness. Red

tape was slashed ruthlessly. All sorts of short cuts were taken. The business of the Navy moved with unprecedented speed. Yet afterwards, when the inevitable investigations were undertaken, the most searching examination showed that no high officer of the department had misappropriated a dollar; no instance was brought to light where any considerable sum had been wasted through sheer stupidity.

DURING the Peace Conference, Roosevelt was in France supervising the disposition of navy machinery and stores. He returned to this country on the *George Washington*. Also on board was Woodrow Wilson, coming back from the last battle of his career, the lost battle. During the voyage Roosevelt saw a great deal of the President, and Wilson talked to him of the League of Nations. From these talks Roosevelt obtained a clear understanding of the plain common sense that underlay the effort to prevent future wars by collective action of free nations; and he developed a deep and fervent admiration for the author of the rejected Covenant.

In 1920, when Roosevelt was named Democratic candidate for the Vice-Presidency, he and his running-mate, James M. Cox of Ohio, knew as practical politicians that the League was an unpopular issue, which would have to be sidetracked for other issues if they were to have any hope of victory. They hesitated

over their campaign plans but one day they paid a courtesy call on the President. It was a painful episode. Woodrow Wilson, but yesterday the greatest man in the world, sat there in a wheel chair, old, broken, helpless. A more savage commentary on the swift reversals of human fortune could not be imagined, and both visitors felt it keenly. As they were about to leave, Cox said deferentially to the emaciated, shawled figure, "Mr. President, I have always admired your fight for the League of Nations." The effect was startling. The bent head rose, the dull eyes flashed, age and illness momentarily fell away and Wilson's voice rang out: "Mr. Cox, the fight can still be won!"

Roosevelt avers that Cox's eyes filled with tears. As they left, the candidates looked at each other and each read his own thoughts in his companion's eyes. They made their fight on the League issue — and they lost. From the standpoint of practical politics it was a bad decision. Yet the chances are that it did not determine the result. The country was stampeding "back to normalcy." Roosevelt fought for the League, knowing it was futile but also knowing in his heart that it was the right thing to do. Twenty-two years later, with the horror of war released upon the world again, the man who risked political suicide to fight for the League can face a nation that knows he did what he could to prevent a new war.

IN ALL of Franklin Roosevelt's first 39 years it is impossible to find a single important shadow. Then, in the summer of 1921, Fortune suddenly turned upon her favorite with appalling savagery. Roosevelt was stricken with infantile paralysis. Before the infection was checked both his legs were paralyzed, both his arms badly affected. Only by a narrow margin was his life saved.

Based on the medical experience of 20 years ago, it was not an unreasonable prediction that Roosevelt would spend the rest of his life a helpless invalid. But shortly after his illness began, he said to his wife, "I'll beat this thing." The greater part of the following seven years he spent making those words good. Eventually he recovered the entire use of his arms, and enough use of his legs to walk without crutches. Incidentally, the strict regimen, including countless hours of swimming, resulted in giving him the shoulders of a professional wrestler and a constitution that carried him breezily through three presidential campaigns — and one really hard campaign is enough to kill a horse.

Physical competence, however, was not by any means the most important thing he acquired. This fight made him one of us. The average man comes to his 40th birthday with all too intimate an understanding of what is meant by the phrase "up against it." It may be illness, poverty, bereavement, failure — the cause matters little; nearly every

man at some time or other has seen his hopes blasted, his faith laid in ruins, and in the presence of disaster has found his strength reduced to weakness and his pride to despair. And once a man has drunk the bitter waters of Marah, he must view as a little alien to himself one who has not.

Between 1921 and 1928 Franklin Roosevelt drank those waters, and drank deep. He had never known poverty, but any sturdy beggar is richer than a man who does not possess command over his own legs. He had never known defeat, for the campaign of 1920 was in some sense a triumph; but now he knew defeat. He had known not much of pain, but now he learned. He had been a rejoicing athlete, and now he was a cripple. He had always been accustomed to deference, as a superior man, but now he knew the fathomless bitterness of being pitied.

He came out of that fight scarred and maimed forever, but he came back one of us.

EVEN DURING these years, Roosevelt was far indeed from being concerned only with his fight to recover. Most of the time he worked regularly in New York as a vice-president of the Fidelity and Deposit Company of Maryland, and later he formed a law partnership. Nor did he retire from politics. He had long been a friend and admirer of Al Smith, who was now New York's governor. When the presi-

dential year 1924 approached, Roosevelt became Smith's manager. At the time still dragging himself around on crutches, he fought a tremendous fight in the Democratic National Convention. He could not win the nomination for his man, but he did effective work among Democratic politicians. The result was that in 1928, when Roosevelt, walking with a pair of canes by this time, nominated Al again, the convention promptly named him. How Smith lost and Roosevelt became Governor of New York and won the Presidency in 1932 is by now a familiar story.

THE FIRST inaugural address of Franklin D. Roosevelt, on March 4, 1933, was one of the most dramatic speeches ever made. Within an hour it transformed a party leader into a national leader. "Let me assert my firm belief that the only thing we have to fear is fear itself," he proclaimed. "I assume unhesitatingly the leadership of this great army of our people dedicated to a disciplined attack upon our common problems." He spoke well. He had spoken just as well a dozen years before when he had said to an audience consisting of one woman, "I'll beat this thing."

The courage of the man was amazing, for never since Lincoln's first inauguration had a President come to office under gloomier auspices. What sardonic fate! After years of labor and combat Roosevelt had touched the summit of political power, only to find himself the titu-

lar leader of a paralyzed nation whose financial structure was crumbling. The situation called for a type of courage that is rarely, if ever, born in a man, as physical bravery is. The courage that keeps a man steady when he faces an assassin's pistol may be instinctive; not so the courage that steadies him as he faces threats of the frustration of his whole life's endeavor. That sort of courage is acquired. It is only when a man has stared long into the abyss of despair that he attains the knowledge that the only thing he really has to fear is fear.

SOME HAVE asserted that we are led by a fanatic who will stop at nothing in his zeal to reform. But the proofs of the President's genuine satisfaction with the American record are numerous and strong. No man shattered more precedents. No man has altered more rapidly and radically the whole American scheme of things. Yet no man believes more implicitly that the building of America was, on the whole, a pretty good job.

Even in 1932, when many were openly expressing doubts as to the survival of the sort of civilization we had built up in America, Roosevelt insisted that "our task is to adapt existing economic organizations to the service of the people." It must never be forgotten that the world as it was suited Franklin D. Roosevelt admirably. His place in that world was pleasant and much more secure

than that of most men. He would have been a fool of almost unexampled proportions to desire, much less to try to effect, the demolition of that world. That he did preserve it, one finds it difficult to deny, no matter how much one may criticize certain of the measures taken. True, there were tactical blunders. He undertook to "pack" the Supreme Court. But "packing" is neither unheard-of nor unprecedented in the American system. Congress has increased or reduced the number of Supreme Court justices five times. Every strong President has collided with the Court. Theodore Roosevelt wanted to recall its decisions. Lincoln flatly ignored them. Jackson invited Marshall to enforce them himself. Jefferson's war with the Court was almost incessant. The President's action, then, was by no means outside the field of American tradition.

SIMILARLY, the attempted "purge" of certain Senators in 1938 was peculiarly American in its outcome. The President is so powerful that, when he attacks any individual, that man immediately gains the sympathy that goes to the underdog. So it was in 1938: the Senators were triumphantly returned to office.

What are the implications of these blunders? One is, of course, that Mr. Roosevelt is not so saintly that he is incapable of wrath. But there is another implication that is inescapable: Roosevelt is no dictator. A dictator who cannot liquidate a contumacious

congressman is not worthy of the name.

Naturally the government was not administered for eight consecutive years without errors, some of them very serious and costly errors. But there are many things that have happened in Washington during the last eight years that any American, regardless of what ticket he votes, can be proud of. Surely now is the time to remember them, when the line is no longer drawn as between Democrat and Republican, but between Americans and the Axis.

Perhaps the essential difference in the philosophies of Roosevelt and Hitler is that Roosevelt in 1933 realized that the wealth of America had been dissipated and lost, whereas Hitler believed that the wealth of Germany had been stolen. Roosevelt's aim, therefore, was recovery; Hitler's aim was recapture. One leader said to his ruined countrymen, "Let us make." The other said to his, "Let us take."

After six years Hitler had plunged Europe into war and forced Roosevelt to divert the national energies from the problems of peace to the task of creating the most formidable military power possible. Some Americans hold that the six years and the 40 billions Roosevelt devoted to such matters as roads, dams, irrigation projects, land reclamation represent losses that have weakened us dangerously as we face the menace from abroad. This is hardly justified by the fact. Twenty-seven million

American voters, a clear majority of the whole, believe the contrary so strongly that they trampled down the hitherto sacred third term tradition in order to re-elect Roosevelt. The 27,000,000 may be deluded, of course, but they have faith that the American system is, or can be made, the best system of government as yet devised. Being full of faith, they are full of fight. In that sense the country was being well armed during those six years. Without those six years most of the people might not have been so jubilantly confident that theirs is a government worth shedding their blood to preserve.

THE RECORD shows that from our Commander in Chief in this war we can expect the first and most essential quality of courage. Whatever else may happen to this man, he will not be appalled. Infantile paralysis is a more terrifying devil than Hitler, but Roosevelt faced it. Economic collapse is more terrifying than a bombing raid, but Roosevelt faced it. Whoever may blench, as we plunge into the fog and smoke, we may rest assured that the man at the top is not afraid, for he has seen worse than this, yet come through.

By the same token, we may expect resolution. Mr. Roosevelt's opponents call him the stubbornest man alive. At any rate, if he could battle seven long years to reach the point where he could walk limpingly, could battle seven more to bring the country to the point where it

could get about without crutches, is there any doubt that he will fight quite as stubbornly to prevent the enslavement of the American people? Another thing that is certain is that the man at the top will not quit.

We may also expect inflexibility. This will be denied. The idea is firmly imbedded in many minds that Mr. Roosevelt is a master of sinuosity and deviousness. But though his methods may vary, his goals remain the same. Mr. Roosevelt is a politician and any politician whose ethics are examined by the standards of a doctor of moral philosophy is pretty sure to show some wavering along the edges. But doctors of moral philosophy do not get elected President of the United States. If his record indicates adroitness in playing tough politics, we should be indeed gratified. For he is now engaged in a far more desperate political game, against far more powerful and ruthless players. His path is infinitely more tortuous and slippery; but the fact that in the past he was as sure-footed as a mountain goat permits the hope that he may be sure-footed again.

Whether Mr. Roosevelt can spur the armament industry to maximum production I don't know; but I do know that he will be accused of fumbling. I also know that if the President were not Roosevelt, but Tubal-cain, father of all workers in metal, he would be accused of fumbling the production program. From now on, denouncing the fumbling

at Washington will be one of the easiest ways of making oneself seem important. There will be fumbling, God knows; but for every fumbler the denouncers will be twice as numerous and ten times as loud. It was so in Wilson's day. It was so in Lincoln's. In this greatest crisis of all we may remember that Mr. Roosevelt has always been at his best in a crisis. Certainly he will not become hysterical in times of stress; no one has ever seen him gnawing the carpet in a fit of hysteria.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE face this war free of the lust of conquest and domination. The right to exist as a free people is the beginning and end of our demands. We were aware all along that in determining to live our own national life in our own way we were challenging the aggressors; for even one nation of freemen is a standing reproach and a perpetual menace to all tyrannies. But shall we apologize for living?

Not now. Not while we remain American. Not under the leadership of a man who, whatever his faults, is bold, resolute and inflexible; whose roots are buried deep in American soil; whose blood is American blood, and whose hopes, desires, ideals and dreams are of and with and for America. Let us stand to arms, then, steadily; knowing that under our latest President, as under our first, we have raised a "standard to which the wise and honest can repair; the rest is in the hand of God."

"Ol' Mississippi' Got Her Master Now!"

Condensed from "Mississippi Steamboatin' "

Herbert and Edward Quick

THE FIRST steamboat to ply the Mississippi River was built in Pittsburgh in 1811 under the direction of Nicholas J. Roosevelt, grand-uncle of Theodore. An associate of Robert Fulton in eastern steamboat operations, Nicholas Roosevelt was anxious to break into the growing Mississippi River trade. It was at that time carried on by keelboats which were laboriously poled and towed back upstream; or by flatboats which were sold for lumber at New Orleans, the crews making an uncertain homeward trek by land through regions infested with thieves and armed Indians.

On such a flatboat in 1809 Nicholas Roosevelt and his bride took their honeymoon, exploring the lower Mississippi with an eye to starting a service between New Orleans and Natchez. Back in New York, nine months later, Roosevelt convinced Fulton that the Mississippi was suitable for steam navigation. So a paddle-wheel steamboat was built at Pittsburgh at a cost of \$38,000. Named the *New Orleans*, she was 116

feet long with a 20-foot beam and carried two masts and sails. Like all early steamboats, she was round-bellied, sitting deep in the water, and had only one deck.

When the *New Orleans* set forth from Pittsburgh on her maiden voyage in September 1811, the only passengers were Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt. The crew consisted of captain, pilot, engineer and six hands. On the first night out the Roosevelts remained on deck until dawn. As the boat plowed steadily through the silent forests, Nicholas checked her speed by passing landmarks. Going with the current she made about nine miles an hour — considered very good.

They anchored the second night at Cincinnati and took on fuel before an audience of curious townspeople. The wise ones said to each other, "She came down all right, but no contraption like that'll ever go *up* the river."

Three days later, at midnight, the *New Orleans* reached Louisville. Here a public dinner was given the Roosevelts, and in return they gave one on



the boat. While the guests sat about with their liquor, machinery began to clank and the ship began to sway. The guests rushed on deck, fearing the boat had broken loose and was headed for the dangerous falls of the Ohio just below. But Louisville was disappearing *downstream*, as the *New Orleans* made headway against the current. The steam pressure rose, speed increased. And no longer could the diners be doubtful; they had seen the marvel with their own eyes.

Roosevelt waited at Louisville for floodwaters to deepen the channel below, and for his wife to be delivered of a baby. Both events happened in a few days and, with this pioneer mother and baby aboard, the *New Orleans* safely shot the turbulent rapids below the town.

The crew relaxed. The rest of the trip would be easy. But as the ship lay anchored below the falls, the water suddenly jumped into waves, and the river bluffs caved in before the astonished crew and passengers. It was the first shock of the great earthquake at New Madrid, Mo., the most violent and extensive this country has ever known, probably the greatest earthquake that has occurred in a nonvolcanic region since history began. It spread terror and destruction all through the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, into the Carolinas, Georgia, Virginia, Pennsylvania and even Massachusetts.

The *New Orleans* shuddered as if she had suddenly gone aground. But they went on; there was nothing else

they could do. At the mouth of the Ohio the bottom lands were flooded. Indians paddled about among the branches of half-submerged trees, looking in amazement at the strange craft that smoked so furiously and slashed the waters. Some fled, believing it a thing belched up from the earth; others paddled alongside, trying vainly to outstrip her.

Shaken by repeated earth shocks, her company sleepless and morose, the *New Orleans* continued her voyage. The river was strange, now, even to the pilot. Familiar trees and bluffs that had once guided him had disappeared under the wide, yellow sheet of water. Islands lay hidden or with shapes unrecognizable. The channel was now obstructed by treacherous reefs and bars.

Unknown to the voyagers was the fact that the whole area between Cairo, Ill., and the mouth of the White and Arkansas Rivers was rising and sinking in great undulations, heaving up river beds to dry in the sun and turning uplands into lakes. On the Kentucky-Tennessee border, forests and canebrakes sank to form one of the largest of these — Reelfoot Lake, where for years the trees could be seen through the clear water, tenanted by tortoises and fish instead of birds.

With the most severe shocks the earth heaved in a series of great waves, like waves in the sea. As these waves advanced, trees bent forward and whipped back, often interlocking their branches in tangled masses.

Great fissures opened in the ground. An elevation of the whole river bed at one point caused the mighty Mississippi to flow tumultuously backward for several hours. Then the bed sank, or the river cut through the elevation, and the water resumed its course.

Down through this region of wreck and terror came the *New Orleans*, feeling her uncertain way through mud-red water, her slate-blue sides stained with yellow clotted spume. By day the boat wallowed through earthquake waves that threatened to cast her on bank or bar. By night her crew moored her at some island in midstream, fearing the fate of boats they had seen thrown up on the banks or crushed by falling trees and earth. One night the boat was shaken by repeated shocks and great waves drenched her deck. In the red dawn they looked about in amazement, for there was no island; from bank to bank ran the tumbling waste of water. At first they thought they had broken loose, but the mooring line still strained over the bow, though now straight down. It was fast to the tree that had been engulfed with the island.

The Roosevelts found the village of New Madrid a place of terror. Many stores and houses were gone, fallen into fissures that had opened in the earth. These cracks all ran in the same general direction, southeast to northwest. Seeing this, the people had felled trees across the direction of cleavage, and during the

tremors sat or lay on the fallen trunks to save themselves from being buried alive.

Leaving New Madrid, the boat felt fewer and fewer shocks, and presently the riverbanks no longer showed the raw scars of cave-ins. At Natchez a big crowd hailed the arrival of the strange craft trailing smoke and steam.

From Natchez the *New Orleans* carried a shipment of cotton which the owner, against advice, had entrusted to this dangerous-looking craft for delivery to her namesake city, some 200 miles distant. That was the first freight carried by a Mississippi steamboat, and it was landed safely on January 12, 1812.

Thereafter, the *New Orleans* began weekly trips up the river (at three miles an hour) to Natchez and back, carrying both freight and passengers. On July 14, 1814, six months after she had carried troops from Natchez to New Orleans to aid Andrew Jackson in the defense of the Crescent City, she was caught by a fall of the river while tied up at Baton Rouge. Impaled on a stump, she filled and sank, crumpling her hull like paper.

But the *New Orleans* lived on in her successors, the myriad boats of ever-improved design and power that followed because she had first shown the way. Inspired indeed was the cry of the Negro on Natchez shore as the *New Orleans* splashed anchor over the bow for her first landing there — "Ol' Mississipp' done got her master now!"

Youth Finds a New Road to Religion

Condensed from Christian Herald

Ralph Wallace

IT WAS the regular meeting of the largest college Sunday school in the world. Across the campus of Stephens College at Columbia, Mo., poured a stream of boys and girls. From nearby Christian College they came, and from the University of Missouri too — with eagerness and expectancy.

I stepped inside the building to a scene impressive and devout. Below the stage ranged a large orchestra softly playing a Haydn symphony; above it stood a white-clad verse-speaking choir. On a higher platform clustered class officials and Paul S. Weaver, head of the Stephens department of religion and philosophy. Behind this group sat a huge robed chorus.

As the symphony ended, the choir began the magic words of the Twenty-seventh Psalm: "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? Though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident." There followed the swelling refrain of "Holy, Holy, Holy," by the chorus. And then for 30 minutes Weaver talked in undergraduate language, urging intense participation by students in the religious life of their communities during the war years which lay ahead.

This was my introduction to the

In the midst of today's grim world these 4000 boys and girls are finding "the spiritual pause that refreshes."

Burrall Class — a group with more than 4000 members. Deeply interested, I stayed in Columbia to observe the many projects of the class which are developing social consciousness and Christian helpfulness among these normal, eager-eyed boys and girls.

I talked to sorority presidents who were spending more of their sorority budgets on charitable activities than on parties; to an athlete who had organized twice-weekly visits to a crippled children's ward to teach the patients handicraft and games. Through school psychiatrists I heard story after story of maladjusted students brought back to normality by this new type of religion. "Nothing is more pathetic than the present perplexities of undergraduates regarding the great fundamental issues of life," one professor said. "By clarifying these, Burrall performs an inestimable service in bringing young people to a mature and lasting faith."

The spirit of the class is spreading Christian leadership through the

Middle West. In a remote Arkansas district, a former university student has started a modern Sunday school and Boy Scout troop among the hill dwellers; in South Dakota a Burrall alumna has formed a farm women's religious club which works wonders in aiding underprivileged families; a Stephens graduate, disturbed by the lack of faith among her friends, launched a drive which brought a hundred new young people into her church in Chicago. Such activities mean an intelligent religious awakening for many communities in a period when religion is sorely needed.

Back of all this are the ideas of an Ozark farm boy named James Madison Wood, who in 29 years as president of Stephens has built a tottering "female academy" into the world's largest women's junior college. From the beginning, Wood was concerned with the lack of an inspiring religious program at Stephens. He believed that American colleges placed too much emphasis on cold science and economics, too little on the human soul.

Wood found the students apathetic to religion. They told him church services were dull and sterile. To stimulate his idealistic but religiously impoverished girls, Wood realized something new and striking was needed. Finally, he went to the Stephens board.

"To build up our spiritual forces," he said, "we need a layman who can speak the language of students. I

want you to authorize me to go out and find a man with the social consciousness of a Louis D. Brandeis, the analytical mind of a Charles Evans Hughes, and the religious fervor of a John Knox."

It was a large order but the board agreed. Then began a strange Odyssey. Wherever he heard of an individual anywhere in the country who was building a new faith in religion, Wood went and talked with him. For six years he could not find the person he sought. By this time the World War had ended, and the war-inspired godlessness of each new student body set Wood's teeth on edge. Then he heard of a magazine editor named Jessie Burrall who was drawing enormous crowds of government workers to a Sunday school class conducted in a motion-picture theater in Washington, D. C. Wood went to hear her, and was immediately impressed. Miss Burrall's voice was vital and thrilling. She talked intelligently on the great and often crushing problems common to all men and women. And, through religion laymen could understand, she gave her listeners solace and hope.

Wood persuaded Miss Burrall to resign her magazine post. At Stephens College her success was immediate. Soon parents of students at the University of Missouri and Christian College were clamoring that her class be thrown open to their sons and daughters.

The basic strength of the Burrall program is proved by the fact that

its influence has continued to expand through three changes in leadership. Miss Burrall resigned in 1928 to be married, and her successor, Nellie Lee Holt,¹ resigned in 1934. Paul Weaver, present head of the Burrall Class, is a 34-year-old Yale graduate. Students swarm through his house as though it were a dormitory, and call him at any hour of the day or night to tell him their troubles.

"We want undergraduates to feel that it is normal to think and talk about religion," Weaver told me. "And we want them to form the habit of *doing something* about their religious convictions."

At the Sunday morning meetings, Weaver is the principal speaker. He realizes that, beneath a veneer of bravado and indifference, college students feel pitifully insecure. Hence, with the help of a student committee, he selects a problem from daily life. It may be, for example, discouragement. The speaker then shows in plain language what religion has to say about this, and how the resources of Christian living can help overcome periods of depression and futility. On weeknights there are forums where problems of personal living such as drinking and dates are talked out, and problems of community living such as race discrimination and public health.

The methods used to arouse interest among students are adroit. I talked to three of them who told me that the previous fall they had been confined to their dormitory for an

infraction of rules. Suddenly Weaver appeared and asked if they would like to go for a ride. He took them to a shack on the outskirts of town, where he introduced them to an ill, out-of-work laborer, his pregnant wife, and five shy, thin-faced children.

As the puzzled girls attempted to follow Weaver's easy, friendly conversation, they noticed their surroundings: no food save a few loaves of musty bread, no soap, little linen. The one bed, in which all seven members of the family slept, had only one blanket. The walls needed whitewashing, the floor sweeping — work the ill, undernourished wife was unable to do.

When they drove away the girls had awakened from their apathy. They had never imagined people were forced to live like that. Couldn't they buy food, hire someone to clean the shack? Weaver looked thoughtful. It would be easy enough, he casually said, to spend part of their allowances to hire the work done. But, wouldn't it be better if the girls pitched in and helped out themselves? The family would appreciate it more. . . .

Next morning the girls returned to the shack, loaded down with food and other necessities. They swept the floors, bathed the children, cooked a meal. And thereafter they looked after the family until the husband found a job. By making a personal contribution of work, as well as cash, the girls learned an un-

forgettable lesson in true charity. In the Burrall Class, such cases are counted in the thousands.

In a similar spirit Burrall Class members found work for an engineering student who was obtaining so little food that he was failing in his studies; a girl whose father suddenly died was helped through school. Then there was the laundry collection club instituted years ago to provide work for a widow with three children living in a moldy basement. Within a year her earnings enabled her to move into better quarters and purchase an electric washing machine. Last year she proudly watched her eldest daughter graduate from the university.

All in a week's activities is the magazine collection to provide reading matter for sufferers at the state cancer hospital; assembling of clothes to be sent to an Ozark high school for impoverished children; hot lunches to be prepared for a Negro rural school Burrall has adopted. And each Saturday afternoon, when the average undergraduate loafs at the local drugstore, a delegation of Class members goes out to the Boone County Old Folks Home to entertain the friendless poor who otherwise would never see a youthful face.

Such activities teach youth something of the joy which can come only through service to others. "Our

work is sort of a spiritual pause that refreshes," one co-ed told me shyly.

The only criticism of the Burrall program I heard in Columbia came from a minister who said: "It is so good and so comprehensive that most churches would suffer by comparison. Aren't Stephens students disappointed when they return to the church back home? To put it another way, if you had been listening for two or four years to the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, would you be satisfied with the local brass band?"

The answer is that modifications of the Burrall program are already working in many colleges and high schools in midwestern states, and excellent work in many communities is being directed by former members of the class. Yet no such adaptations can succeed automatically; faith, intelligence and, above all, hard work are necessary.

Our colleges are molding the world leaders of tomorrow. Without religion — a belief in man's capacity for goodness — their leadership will lack the spiritual qualities necessary to build justice and tolerance into the lives of men during the postwar era of reconstruction. For years educators have dreamed of a practical method to instill such religion in their students. Burrall Class has shown the way.



PICTURESQUE *speech* AND PATTERN . . .

Moving their shawls of shadow, the hills settled down snugly to sleep (Mrs. Gordon Campbell) . . . Small streams drunk and disorderly on spring's strong liquor (Samuel Hopkins Adams) . . . Blossoming dogwood, illuminating the dusky places with a white laughter. (Donald Culross Peattie)

A knotted string of a woman, who toiled early and late (Martha Ostenso) . . . Time had crumpled the old man's face (*The People*) . . . Dimples like small whirlpools in her cheeks (Margaret Johnston) . . . Crow's feet scratching for a smile around his eyes.

(William Allen White)

Sample of the perfect tribute. Helen Keller of Mark Twain: I can feel the twinkle of his eyes in his handshake.

Carl Sandburg on Capt. Colin Kelly, Jr.: He was a nurseling of destiny who forgot himself into immortality.

She lives a date-to-date existence (Sidney Skolaky) . . . A movie actress, lovely in a crowded sweater (Meyer Berger) . . . When she walks, her whole figure makes eyes at you (Paul Hartman) . . . Attractive to the oomph degree (Ruth Stone Allen) . . . A woman's mind is cleaner than a man's — she changes it more often. (Oliver Herford)

She has everything that credit could buy (Bud Fisher) . . . He was a leader of men and a follower of women (Bob Hope) . . . Mother's holidays were just a change of sink. (Francis Keller)

A wedding as simple as money could make it (June Provines' *Notbook*) . . . Her eyes changed the subject (Barbara T. Anderson) . . . He was listening out of the corner of his mind (Edward Rempolski) . . . Courage is fear that has said its prayers.

(Quoted by Don McNeill)

Toast to the Japanese navy: "Bottoms up!" (Walter Winchell)

Advertisement, wartime version: Woman with secondhand car would like to meet gentleman with four new tires. Object: Schenectady.

(Fred Allen)

Even when he talks about *me*, he bores me.

(William von Riegen cartoon in *Collier's*)

A trumpeter pulling notes like taffy into a thin sweet thread of sound (Maureen Daly) . . . Children jingling with laughter as though they had swallowed sleighbells. (Fannie Hurst)

The wild cavalry of March winds (Edith Wharton) . . . A farmhouse rode at anchor in the fog (Gordon MacQuarrie) . . . A street dark as a pocket.

(Bellamy Partridge)

The lamps flower softly in the twilight, dusting it with yellow pollen (Dane Gregory) . . . The bare birches wore the stars on their fingers (E. B. White) . . . Morning still dark with leftover night (George Sessions Perry) . . . The moon a gardenia in the night's buttonhole. (Max Beerbohm)

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ADDRESS PATTERN EDITOR, BOX 605, PLEASANTVILLE, N. Y.

The Magic of High-Octane Gas

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

Harland Manchester

LAST SEPTEMBER when the American Chemical Society met at Atlantic City, Dr. Thomas Midgley, Jr., who is recovering from infantile paralysis, was pushed forward in a wheel chair to receive the Society's greatest honor — the Priestley medal. Instead of making an acceptance speech, Dr. Midgley turned to a one-cylinder gasoline engine at his side. One of its two glass fuel tanks held a water-clear gasoline, the other a reddish mixture. The engine was started on the colorless fuel, and soon the auditorium rang with a "ping-ping-ping" so sharp that many present fought an urge to reach for the gear shift. Then the tinted liquid was fed to the motor. Its knocking stopped, and it purred like a kitten.

The applause was prolonged, for Dr. Midgley had demonstrated his greatest accomplishment — the use of tetraethyl lead to keep an engine happy. Banishing engine knock by adding this compound to the fuel and by equally important new refining processes which his invention stimulated is the most important automotive discovery of the past 20 years.

When Dr. Midgley solved the first mystery of engine knock, in 1922, the best cars on the road were

The wizards of the laboratory have revolutionized motor transportation — and more miracles are in sight.

feeble, coughing gas buggies compared with the compact, responsive mechanism today's drivers take for granted. Miles per gallon have increased 20 percent, engine performance 50 percent, and the amount of petroleum needed to make America's motor fuel has been cut in half.

But the really spectacular story of better gasoline is written in the skies. Thanks to what is virtually a new fuel, planes today fly 400 miles an hour, climb a vertical mile in one minute, carry heavy loads more than 3500 miles. And chemists and engineers say they have only made a start. Powered with new superfuels, automobile and plane motors that excel anything we have yet seen in daily use are already running in the research laboratories.

The knocking of an engine under strain was a mystery when Tom Midgley, a recently graduated mechanical engineer, got a job with Charles F. Kettering during the last war. No one suspected that the fuel was the villain. Kettering was having knock trouble with his kerosene-run Delco engines which supplied power

race between better fuel and engines built to utilize it swung into high gear.

There are two ways of making better gasoline: by adding something to it and by chemically rebuilding the fuel itself. Because of a health hazard, there is a limit to the amount of lead that can be added to automobile fuel; there is no limit in sight to the making of better gasoline by the chemist.

In 1930, Eugene Houdry, a Frenchman, found that when vaporized gasoline was passed through fuller's earth its molecular structure was altered and high-octane fuel resulted. Arthur E. Pew, Jr., vice-president of the Sun Oil Co., was looking for a way to produce anti-knock gasoline without adding lead. Houdry and Pew struck a bargain and Sun Oil and Socony-Vacuum, joint backers, spent \$35,000,000 on new high-octane refining plants built to Houdry specifications.

High-octane rating can also be built into gasoline by means of improved cracking processes. In cracking, crude oil is subjected to great heat and pressure, which literally cracks many of the larger molecules to gasoline size. The process itself is not new, but an advance made in it by an oil chemist named Carbon Petroleum Dubbs increases the octane rating of gasoline. It also effects a tremendous saving of petroleum as it extracts gasoline from heavy residual fuel oils which heretofore could not be converted into

gasoline. Now the Dubbs Cracking Process, controlled by Universal Oil Products, is used under license by more than 80 American refiners.

Superfuels now being made in laboratories in eyedropper quantities may smash all present standard of motor performance. One, called "triptane," is said to give 50 per cent more power than the best aviation gasoline. Chemists are looking for a cheaper method of manufacturing it. When they find it, triptane may have a brilliant career.

The struggle for air supremacy in this war may be won by octane numbers. Gasoline taken from captured German planes averages 87, and Japan's supply of high-octane fuel is limited. British and American planes have an ample supply of 100-octane fuel. Only a few years ago fuel of this grade was so rare that samples cost \$30 a gallon. Now our government is buying it in tank-car lots and plans are under way to increase production to 5,000,000 gallons a day.

The extra 13 octane numbers may give the British or American pilot one third more power from his fuel than his opponent has. This means that his ground take-off distance is cut by one fifth, that he can climb faster out of anti-aircraft fire, and that he can fly higher than an enemy plane of the same weight. One hundred-octane gasoline reduces the fuel load of a bomber so that it can carry more bombs or increase its flying range. To match this, the

Germans have reduced the weight of armament on many planes, thus making them easier prey.

The gasoline that chemists marked "100" is no longer at the top of the scale. It has been in use less than three years, but already fuels far above the 100 mark are setting new records of power in airplane tests, and experts are predicting 100-octane gasoline for the cars of the future.

Tests conducted in Detroit with a rare fuel somewhere above the 100

mark indicate that if your car is giving you 18 miles per gallon, for example, this superfuel would boost the mileage to almost 30, with better hill performance, pickup and lower cost. Technical men generally agree that in every gallon of gasoline there is a theoretical 250 miles of travel. A good beginning has been made in tapping this energy. No one knows exactly when newer fuels will appear at filling stations, but one thing seems sure — more and more power at lower net cost.



Innocence Abroad

ON MARQUIS once allotted himself \$200 to lose to cardsharps on a transatlantic voyage, in order to study their technique.

"From the first," he said, "events moved in line with the best traditions. A stranger asked if I would like to join in a game of poker. Names and courtesies being exchanged, five of us made up the school and we played throughout the voyage.

"The first night I won \$10. Quite proper; it was part of the technique to let me win a small sum at the beginning. The next night I lost \$8. On the third evening I picked up \$30, on the fourth \$45. On the eve of our arrival in Cherbourg, the two heaviest losers sug-

gested that, as it was our last night together, the stakes should be raised. I expected that. I now had \$277 to lose and I would quit when it was gone. My gracious quartet — for they had been delightful company — was ready for the kill.

"We played long past midnight. I finished with \$130 to the good, my reserve fund untouched. I couldn't understand it. Would they be laying for me, for a bigger killing, on the return trip to New York?

"No; as I left the ship the next morning, I was startled when a small boy pointed to me and said: 'There he is, Mother. That's the man who got Father's money.'"

— David M. Dow in *Australian Digest*

The New Army's New Discipline

Condensed from The American Legion Magazine

Thomas M. Johnson

*It's the little human touches
that build better soldiers.*

"GENERAL," said the earnest young buck private, "while you're inspecting the camp, you ought to go see the new air-raid warning station — you'll find it darned interesting!"

In the old days that soldier would have been sharply disciplined for "showing lack of respect to an officer." But General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff, U. S. Army, went to see the air-raid warning station, found it darned interesting, and told the soldier so.

The Chief of Staff was setting an example for other officers of today's army. The buck private had shown initiative; in today's warfare initiative is priceless, etiquette is not. Modern infantry fights with troops spread out so widely that the formerly impressive "voice of command" is now a squawk on the radio-telephone. The sense of mass that bolstered courage in former armies is gone and small isolated groups of men are on their own to an unprecedented degree. Yet there must be teamwork, with planes, tanks, guns.

The General Staff, after careful

study, decided that army training for this war must develop *understanding* cooperation in our soldier rather than uncomprehending, robot behavior. Troops must know what it's all about and what to do about it, not only under detailed orders but when on their own. The high officers, by precept and example, are spreading this new spirit to all officers with the troops. The old "beat 'em out" tradition isn't yet extinct but it is disappearing.

Whenever possible, for instance, each soldier gets a chance to drill a platoon. Whether he does it well or badly, he at least learns that "there's more to being an officer than thought."

Good officers preserve their own self-respect. A general came upon a corporal telling a squad how to handle a new mortar. In the presence of the officer the noncom got completely tongue-tied. Sensing that the corporal would lose face with the men, the general stepped closer and said: "Don't tell 'em — just show 'em." Relieved, the corporal breezed through an excellent demonstration.

When one of Lieutenant General Ben Lear's sentries challenged him, the general didn't know the countersign. The sentry said, "I've never been on this spot before. Wh

"Would you do if you were me?" General Lear said, "I'd take me to the guardhouse." The grateful sentry lurled, "Okay! Let's go!"

The army tells 'em *why*. During the Carolina maneuvers every soldier got a circular explaining what was being done by infantry, cavalry, artillery, armored force and aviation. Many evening campfire gatherings discussed the day's problems. "Captain," an enlisted man would ask, "this morning we did so-and-so. Why'd we do it that way?" The men were keenly interested, the officers sincerely helpful.

Before the Tennessee maneuvers at Spring, Major General George S. Patton, Jr., assembled his Second Armored Division, 12,000 strong, in a boxing arena and explained their program. After the maneuvers ended, he assembled them again. On the wall was an enormous map of the maneuver area. With a bamboo fishpole as pointer General Patton explained what the division had done and why it had been done that way.

The largest-scale demonstration of telling 'em *why* was given by General Lear, whose Second Midwestern Army has listened to lectures on American history, democracy, totalitarianism, and this war. His men are going to know why they fight.

Another reason for the new discipline is that this army is the most intelligent and best educated ever assembled. Its typical soldier has had two years in high school. Says one experienced officer: "To domineer

over such men would be disgraceful."

Kindness is not new in the army. Many an officer has carried a "bushed" private's pack the last miles of a long march, and good officers have always looked after their men's well-being before their own. But today they go further. When Major General Jacob L. Devers took command at Fort Bragg, N. C., he found his troops lined up for review on a frosty morning in cotton uniforms. Stripping off his coat, he stood in his shirt sleeves while 8000 men marched past. The sight of a shivering Military Policeman on traffic duty caused Major General Oscar W. Griswold to transfer his Sibley stove to the M. P.'s post. A colonel lent his overcoat, silver eagles and all, to another chilled M. P. traffic director.

Officers no longer yell at their men to get good results. One infantry colonel, instead of barking an order, explains: "We're going over there to hit the enemy's flank." His men spontaneously break into the double-quick. Commands are often informal requests: "Put those sandbags over there, will you, Jones?"

One captain, told by a veteran sergeant that the new homesick selectees were "the letter-writin'est soldiers I ever see," dealt out stationery between exercises. "Write 'em what you're doing," he said. "That will help you get it straight in your minds—and cheer you and them up, too."

"If you don't like the army, tell the general," is no longer a joke. Generals may even invite their men to call on them. One soldier said: "You're easier to talk to than my corporal." Generals in civilian clothes and cars often pick up selectees, question them about conditions and investigate complaints.

The "show 'em" method begins when recruits are taken for a lecture tour of exhibits of equipment, on which they take notes for future questions. Also, they see movies demonstrating everything from pitching a tent to firing an anti-aircraft gun. One division prepared a comedy in which "rookies" made every blunder and break in the book. The soldier audience roared — and painlessly learned the lesson.

The spirit of competition is fostered. A Signal Corps outfit's morale was affected by one sorehead's complaint that "this captain's running us ragged." The captain drove him to the next outfit's headquarters and asked: "How much wire did you people lay yesterday?" They told him: "Fifteen miles." The captain turned to the grouch: "We laid eleven. Let's go back and prove we're better than they are." And they did.

In the new army, that officer rates best who can give a deft lesson in initiative and judgment. A sergeant told this story:

"The umpire ruled that my squad was wiped out by machine-gun fire while crossing open ground. Then

here came a little major general. 'Sergeant,' he said, 'when you were a kid swiping apples, did you get the orchard by parading through the front yard or by sneaking around behind the barn? Well, see that ravine full of bushes? If you snuck down there . . .'

"General, you're right!" I blurt out. 'Do I get another chance?'

"Yes," the general replied. 'Put on a demonstration for your company.'

"We did," the sergeant concluded. "And did we knock that umpire dizzy!"

The War Department has just given a demonstration, unparalleled in the histories of armies, of respect for its soldiers' opinions. To a typical group of 3000 men it said: "Here are 118 questions. Write your answers but don't sign your name. We won't look over your shoulders."

The questions started with: "Do you like your officers? Why? Why not?" They added up to: "How can we make you better soldiers and the army a better army?"

The answers showed that the new army appreciates its officers' efforts to liberalize discipline and encourage teamwork. "The men don't gripe their officers like old-timers," a sergeant told me. "Why should they gripe?" asked privates of all sorts — regular, National Guard, selectees. "We've got swell officers. They let us in on what they're doing and what so if they get hit we can carry on."

Some old-timers — men as well:

officers — feared that the new discipline would encourage laxness. It hasn't. The new discipline results in fewer misdeeds. At the Carolina maneuvers, when 300,000 soldiers were paid in one day, the 600 Military Police were virtually idle.

Today's army knows that history teems with battles where disciplined soldiers held the line, while other troops, softened by lax officers trying to be "good fellows," broke. So they know that every man must do what he is told, instantly, else his side will suffer. Therefore, although in the

field officers and men will drop superfluous heel clicking, eat the same food, even roll up in the same blanket, the lines of essential discipline are still clearly drawn.

General Marshall says the object of the new discipline is "to produce a cheerful and understanding subordination of the individual to the good of the team." A foreign military observer at the Carolina maneuvers summed up the new methods thus: "The liberal, intelligent discipline of the American army is the source of that army's strength."

Feed Bags de Luxe

MAKING CLOTHING and kitchen linens out of flour and feed bags is a time-honored custom of rural America, but during the depression housewives complained that the sacks were too coarse and their stamped trademarks too conspicuous for thrifty salvage. An Oklahoma miller passed the word along to Pacific Mills, textile manufacturers, who promptly designed a line of bag materials that could be converted into attractive clothes, curtains, pillow-covers. Other manufacturers followed suit, and in one year 50,000,000 flour and feed bags were made of smart cotton prints for the home dressmaker. Special finishes give the cloth a linen-like appearance. The brand name appears on a paper label easily soaked off, or in ink which disappears with the first washing. Special stylists watch fashion trends, and Pacific Mills alone makes bag

cloth in 1000 different colorful designs.

Now farmers are taking swatches of cloth to be matched when they go to town to buy feed, and the women are dressing up themselves, their children and their homes in gay and attractive prints which many couldn't afford before feed bags went fancy.

The new bags cost a nickel extra — for this the housewife gets a yard and a quarter of durable, washable cotton with every 100-pound size sack of feed. She may return the bag and get her nickel back, but millers say that only bachelors make returns. The innovation has brought a healthy increase in the use of cotton.

Today 3,000,000 American farm women and children of all income levels are wearing print feed bag garments — not only for economy but because the materials are so attractive.

— Gertrude Allen in *This Week Magazine*

Those were grand old days on the farm, even if we wouldn't willingly go back to them.

The Lost Heritage of Simple Living

Condensed from *The Christian Science Monitor*

Ethel Ambler Hunter

MOTHER, when you were young," one of my children said to me the other day, "you had no radio, no movies, no car. What did you find to do when you lived 'way out there in the country and were poor, besides?"

Poor? We never thought we were poor, even if our day on the farm did begin at five in the morning. I remember no sense of hardship except in the bitter dark of winter when we could hardly get our icy clothing on with our numbed fingers. But even that ordeal was made gay by mutual teasing as we children dressed by the stoves downstairs.

After dressing, the boys brought in wood from the shed and helped with chores at the barn. Girls had their long hair brushed and braided by Grandmother and then set the table for breakfast. This hearty and generous meal was worth getting up for: ham and eggs, hashed-brown potatoes, feathery hot biscuits with their top crusts aglow from melted butter. If times were hard and hams and eggs had to be sold, there was fried cornmeal mush, browned crisply in salt pork fat, and served with butter and molasses or maple syrup.

That was a breakfast to "stand by you.

The after-breakfast chores done, we children rushed off to school. We thought education exciting, and while the curriculum was not varied much there was a good deal of competition for marks. To get "Perfect in geography or sums or win the spelling bee was an exalted honor.

After school there were more chores, often grumblingly done, perhaps, but brightened by indulgence in our favorite pastime, which—like most of our fun—required no apparatus except a vivid imagination. We galloped from the woodshe to the barn and from the corncrib to the hen house on magnificent though nonexistent steeds.

No wonder we stormed in for supper with ravenous appetites, or that cornbread and big baked potatoes with cream gravy and salt pork scraps seemed such a feast! It was topped off with baked apple or what we called Baldwin apple pie, which was really a kind of cake with grated apples whisked into a luscious white-of-egg frosting.

Most evenings were spent around the sitting-room table where the big

hanging lamp threw a mellow circle of light upon Father's paper, Mother's mending and our schoolbooks. Sometimes we popped a panful of hot, buttery corn or made fudge into which we put butternuts brought down from the attic. Sometimes Father read aloud to us, rolling out the sonorous syllables of William Makepeace Thackeray, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and Thomas Babington Macaulay (we never abbreviated the names). If the evening was enlivened by neighborly callers we children sat in the corner — seen but not heard. But over our game of Authors we kept our ears cocked for the salty horse sense of our elders.

Saturday was bath night, and after supper began the dreary business of lugging round wooden washtubs in from the shed and heating numberless kettles of water to fill them. In winter the tubs were rimed with frost; in summer they harbored large, black spiders. It was increasingly awkward, the older you grew, to fit your anatomy into them. Before the last candidate had taken his turn — each using a kettle of boiling water and ten dippers of cold — the kitchen was a shambles. Steam gathered on the windows and misted over the mirror; the kerosene lamps shone wanly from their brackets, and the floor was so wet we skated if we stepped off the mat. One by one, weary but conscious of virtue and the genteel odor of "crème of oatmeal" soap, we padded through the chilly halls to bed.

We hated to go to bed in summer, but there was zest to it in winter, once you had torn yourself away from the warm, cheerful downstairs rooms and hastily disrobed in a frosty chamber. Mother inserted in each featherbed a hot soapstone, which radiated a gentle warmth through the whole puffy interior. If "just one more chapter" was wheedled out of her after the eight o'clock deadline she would urge us to take the book along with us. But once you curled your chilly limbs into the bed's downy warmth not even a footprint on the sands of Crusoe's island could keep your drowsy eyes from closing.

We were never conscious of the financial cares of our parents, though there was a bad panic in 1893 and another in 1907, and plenty of hard times in between. Father and Mother worked fearfully hard for long hours. There was seldom much money in the house and often none at all. Yet there was a sense of well-being and comfort in our plain home and plenty of fun.

Mother could get thrilled over such beauties as our great hill, crowned with moonlit snow, looming against a steely, star-set sky, or equally excited over a fragment of jewel-tufted moss on a ledge. My father was not too worn by hard work to bring in a perfect violet plant cupped in his hand, to admire the marvelous patterns of snowflakes on his dark sleeve, or to glory in the splendor of the full moon.

"You ought to come out," he

would say as he clanked the milk-pails into the washroom sink. "I never remember the moon quite as big and red. If it happened only once in a dog's age, like an eclipse, folks would drive miles to see it."

We found deep joy in silent winter woods, in the black ice of flooded meadows, and especially in snow — drifted firm for tunneling, heavy and damp for rolling up into forts and snow men, or crusted hard for coasting.

When it rained or snowed hard we did not mind being shut in. We youngsters would sit in the front room for a while, feeling very elegant while we looked at the pictures in the stereoscope and played sketchy duets on the square piano. But before long we gravitated to the more interesting parts of the house and to making things — the boys at the workbench in the shed, the girls in the big, pleasant kitchen. Storm-bound days were mostly just more work for our elders. The men tinkered contentedly in the barns and stables, the womenfolk knitted or crocheted miles of lace with which to trim pillowcases, towels, "tidies" and voluminous feminine underwear.

Mother, who had a great deal of "bounce," was soon bored with such light occupation and after a half hour of tatting she would jump to her feet, bustle into the pantry and "whack out" three or four flaky pies, or a three-layer chocolate cake, or a great batch of cookies with a gingerbread boy for each child. The girls

were soon exhausted by the dish-washing which accompanied such an orgy of baking, but Mother was still so exuberant that she guessed she'd sprinkle and fold the huge basket of clothes for next day's ironing.

Often, on fine days, she would compress a hard day's work into the early morning hours and go outdoors, taking us all with her. Father went with us if it was Sunday, and the walk became an expedition and a holiday. We exclaimed over the shape of the clouds, the smell and feel of the air, the color and design of stones in the walls or ferns on the cliffs. We climbed the big hill, ventured into swamps and bogs, investigated the pastures and woodlot.

We identified plants and birds, gathered dried leaves for the garden and hen house, collected nuts and berries, greens and herbs, according to the season, and innumerable specimens for our many amateur collections. We never came home empty-handed. As we topped the last ridge we invariably stopped to survey our kingdom, and found it good to look upon.

It is still good to contemplate, across the years and the changes those years have made. Yet it was just an average country home of plain country people, not even moderately well-to-do as things are measured today. But we were not poor. We were rich in comfort, in companionship, in things to do. There was a savor to life, hearty and benign, like the taste of apples and the smell of

fresh-baked bread, which all our wishing cannot bring back. Certainly we would not want to go back to iron kettles, kerosene lamps, and no plumbing.

But we could go back to old-fashioned things whose values are more enduring, to courage and self-respect in humble circumstances. We could learn, and teach our children, that basic lore of happiness, the enjoyment

of everyday things. We say "the best things in life are free," and go on wanting the ones which cost a great deal of money. Like savages and children, we crave swift motion, loud noises, brilliant colors and exciting new gadgets. We need to slow down, think hard, feel deeply, read widely and long, to find the lost heritage of simple living which was once the priceless legacy of the country child.



¶ *Billions for defense, but not one cent for rackets!*

Fake, Hoax and Charity

Condensed from Survey Graphic

Frank W. Brock

Experienced racket investigator; co-author,
"The Run for Your Money"

OUR unparalleled national unity since we went to war is a heartening demonstration that democracy works. But it has been accompanied by another, more sinister unity: it has rallied to a man all the larcenous "war charity" promoters. Their take while we were neutral had been large. In a nation at war it will be much larger, unless our sympathies are governed by caution.

The National Information Bureau, a clearinghouse for charity information,* reports that some 500 U. S. organizations received \$91,000,000 for foreign war relief in the two years before Pearl Harbor. About 60 percent went to five organizations; the rest was divided among hundreds of smaller groups, "some of which," says the Bureau, "were hurriedly formed, without proper safeguards. At least one substandard group collected upwards of a million dollars. Many gifts intended for war needy have been wasted through in-

* 330 W. 42 St., N. Y. C. The Bureau's reports are available to prospective contributors through local organizations, such as those mentioned on page 118.

efficiency or outright dishonesty."

The connection between fake, hoax and charity is nothing new. But now the need for making relief dollars count is greater than ever, and crookdom's entire charity department has enlisted in "war relief" activities for the duration. Every crooked charity from now on will have a "war angle."

How can you tell the good from the bad? One way is to remember that selling tickets is a favorite device of the gyp. It's always easier to sell a ticket than to get a direct contribution. If all of us adopted the flat rule of refusing to buy *any* tickets for *any* cause, it might eliminate half of the gyp charities that approach you. But such a course would deprive not a few worthy causes of support; and the protection would be only temporary, for racketeers quickly work up new ways to get at your purse.

The most flamboyant of the ticket salesmen's creations was the gigantic "God Bless America" promotion which blossomed in Boston last year. The promoters falsely claimed the backing of the American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars, and United American Veterans. They proposed to make a patriotic film called "God Bless America." Proceeds were to go to a fictitious National Defense Fund. It was to be an amateur, local-talent production; "parts" were on sale up to \$300 each; and, of course, so stupendous a spectacle would call for an enormous cast. The "players" were also given

blocks of tickets to unload on their friends. Some 20,000 tickets were sold and \$70,000 taken in before the promoters left town, one jump ahead of the police.

Well-intentioned bungling can be almost as disastrous as conscious larceny. A Los Angeles theatrical group decided to produce a musical comedy and donate the proceeds to a national charity. Expenses were \$65,000, receipts only \$52,000. The backers footed a \$13,000 deficit and charity got nothing.

Dinners and benefits are particularly suspect when a local group lets an outsider "handle" it for them. In one large city, \$2300 worth of tickets were sold for a dinner to aid Britain. When the promoter's fee of \$350, other "incidentals," and the commissary bill (including a large helping of gravy for the promoter) had been deducted, Britain got \$20.79.

But most ticket salesmen are without even good intentions. They follow a simple pattern: collect a lot for a worthy cause, give the cause a little if necessary, nothing if you can get away with it.

The promotion of "Prince Alexis" offers an excellent example of their technique. The "Prince," strictly a phony, announced a "fashion show and war relief cocktail party" at one of New York's swanky hotels. Society was aflutter. Cocktails with a prince — what an opportunity to be charitable and at the same time ultra smart! Not satisfied with the anticipated gross of the party itself, the

Prince solicited Fifth Avenue shops for advertising in a program. One hard-boiled businessman, however, made inquiries — and a police car picked up the "Prince."

One racket was fitted out with all the trappings of international intrigue. Americans of Norwegian descent were approached by furtive agents who silently handed them letters from a mysterious "Captain Johnson," then vanished. The letters told of an urgent need of food and supplies for a "mercy ship" which could carry 3000 refugees. Lack of a few hundred dollars was holding up the voyage. Contributors were asked to rush money to the Captain. They were cautioned against mentioning the enterprise else "foreign agents" might get wind of it and sink the ship. Before the swindle was exposed, scores of Norwegian-Americans had contributed. The law never did catch up with the Captain.

But the straight "benefit" is still the moocher's stand-by. Dinners, entertainments, balls, receptions, rallies and shows have been given all over the land — far too many of them run by professional ticket salesmen of the gyp variety. These crooks are keen practical psychologists. Recently two \$5 tickets were sent to a Philadelphia society matron. She returned them without comment. Whereupon the ticket peddler dictated a letter explaining that the \$5 tickets had been sent in error. He enclosed two \$25 "patron tickets." Would the lady lend her

name to the "committee of sponsors"? He got a check for \$50 by return mail.

Don't set too much store by illustrious names on a letterhead. The owners of the names may not know they're there, or may be ignorant of the true nature of the enterprise. And don't allow your own name to be used unless you have time to find out *how* it will be used.

Municipal ordinances sometimes specify that a charity's overhead should not exceed 20 percent, or perhaps 30 percent, of what they take in. The excellently managed Greek War Relief operated on *three percent* of its collections. In benefit dinners and entertainments, the National Bureau of Information feels that 40 percent should cover all expenses. If it doesn't, the affair is not "for charity."

Now that the United States is in the war, swindles and frauds will increase. Within 36 hours after the attack on Pearl Harbor, these new operations were under way: A benefit dance, proceeds to go to "recreation facilities for the armed forces." A direct solicitation "to buy coffee for air-raid wardens." A door-to-door sale of so-called "OCD-approved bomb-resistant sandbags" at a dollar a bag. Worthless gas masks, left over from 1918, could be obtained from the same agents at \$5 each. A chain-letter scheme, "Send \$1 to the top name; when your name is reached you will collect \$1024 in Defense Bonds." (Such chain-letter schemes

are gyps.) A sale of fake "certificates of service" to families of service men; asking price \$4.98, cost of manufacture five cents. Three phony lotteries and five crooked raffles. A "notary public" who agreed to provide you with a birth certificate for a fee. A "doctor" in uniform who would give you an advance physical examination for military service for a fee. Nine apparently irresponsible drives for improving conditions around army camps.

"There ought to be a law!" the irate citizen exclaims. Well, there are laws and ordinances. But local laws aren't enough. The promoter usually has made a sizable "take" before the police get on to him. And when the pressure gets too great he moves his racket to a more receptive city — yours, perhaps.

There is also a national law. It requires all agencies soliciting for foreign war relief to register with the government. Here's how easy it is to get around *that* one: A "committee

for the relief of Czechoslovak refugees" was devoting only 12 percent of its receipts to its avowed cause. It was denounced by the Czechoslovak legation and its license was revoked. Whereupon its promoter bobbed up in Trenton, N. J., as head of a group which proposed to settle refugees in this country. This took him out of the "foreign relief" category and the government's jurisdiction. He went right on collecting.

In the last analysis it is up to each citizen to protect himself. Take time to be curious. Look before you give. If there is no Better Business Bureau in your town, try the Community Chest, the Chamber of Commerce, the Council of Social Agencies, the Department of Welfare, the police or even the district attorney.

This is an all-out war. All-out means every sinew against every enemy. Anyone who takes money on the pretense that it will be used for the war effort and diverts it to his own use is a saboteur.



Newsbreaks and Wisecracks

¶ HE is the son of Admiral Thomas C. Hart, who is now somewhere in the Pacific in command of the Asiatic fleet and Mrs. Hart.

— *Washington Post*

Wears the pants, eh?

¶ MRS. WILLIAM LAURENCE has been entertaining a large group of relatives from a distance the past several weeks. — *Ludington (Mich.) News*

Well, it's everybody's dream.

— *The New Yorker*

Detroit versus the White Plague

By

Paul de Kruif

FOR THE first time since World War I, our vaunted national conquest of tuberculosis is at a standstill. The white plague is beginning to flame high again, particularly in manufacturing centers crowded with new thousands of war production workers. If the upswinging death rate in the worst of 19 industrial cities becomes nation-wide, TB deaths will double.

Against this grim picture, Detroit's successful TB fight brings hope to the nation. There, despite intense industrial strain and bad housing conditions, the curve of the white death is going steadily down.

A voice from the back row asks: "Why this pother over a disease now in seventh place as a cause of death?" The answer is that tuberculosis in 1940 killed more than 60,000 Americans and is still the No. 1 murderer (accidents excepted) of manpower in its prime. And for each death, *three* new cases are found infected, lost to the nation's productive effort.

Detroit used to be one of the most TB-ridden cities in the country. In the mid '20's, its TB death rate stood well above the national average of 95 per 100,000 people. Yearly, some 1300 Detroiters were killed by the white plague. Before these victims died, they infected nearly 4000 others. Yet hardly 500 beds

While tuberculosis sabotages industrial effort elsewhere, industrial Detroit shows the way to the white plague's conquest.

were available to hospitalize the increasing thousands of sufferers.

In 1926 Health Commissioner Henry F. Vaughan, with TB fighters J. Burns Amberson and Bruce H. Douglas, demanded action. They demanded that the city provide hospital beds for *all* its tuberculous sick. It was a dream that hardly any city would dare entertain. But Detroit's pioneers accomplished the impossible: 1929 saw the city with nearly 3000 beds in its new Herman Kiefer and other hospitals.

The Detroit death fighters realized that bed-rest was not enough. When advanced TB has gouged a cavity in a victim's lung, mere rest in bed, fresh air and good food do little more than delay the terrible reckoning. To close the holes of death in a patient's lung, you must not only rest the patient but rest his lung so that the cavities will not be torn open by every breath.

Now Dr. E. J. O'Brien joined the fight. O'Brien knew, of course, about the various forms of lung-resting "collapse treatment." He knew you could inject a cushion of air between

the sick lung and the inside of the chest wall; this injected air cushion, called "artificial pneumothorax," would hold the lung quiescent until the lesion healed. He knew you could perform an operation on the phrenic nerve in the neck, thus paralyzing the diaphragm and relaxing one lung. More dramatic yet, you could "de-rib" the chest over the part of the lung that was sick. The lungs normally expand by action of the breathing muscles attached to the ribs; when ribs are removed, that part of the lung will no longer expand. Any of these treatments will relax a sick lung and, with rest in bed, save many a life.

In no city in the world had the "collapse treatment" been applied systematically to all threatened with consumptive doom. But O'Brien, aided by TB-controller Bruce Douglas, began making X rays of the lungs of thousands of patients in the Herman Kiefer Hospital. From these X rays they determined what form of collapse treatment should be used, and they included it even when cases were in the earliest, or "minimal," stage, before lung cavities had developed.

Then there began a mass production of pneumothorax treatments, of phrenic nerve operations (O'Brien's team could do 15 of these in one hour), and formidable last-ditch de-ribbing operations. Down went Detroit's TB death rate. By 1935, instead of the yearly toll of 1330 lives, TB was taking less than 1000.

But for Detroit's impatient fighters this was not enough. The trouble was that more than 80 percent of their patients were coming to the hospital with advanced disease. If only the cases could be found early! O'Brien's minor phrenic nerve operation was stopping "minimal TB" in its tracks 95 times out of 100.

The best way to catch this treacherous sickness in its first stages would be to X-ray the entire population. But X rays ran into money — \$3 per person. Too much? Health Commissioner Vaughan pointed out that already the TB fight, by reducing the number of patients that had to be maintained until they died, was saving Detroit hundreds of thousands of dollars annually. He demonstrated that if the city's TB beds were occupied by *early* cases (curable in half the time) within five years the city would be saving more than \$1,000,000 annually.

Impressed, the City Council voted to spend \$200,000 annually for X rays for five years. In 1937-38, two wonderful years, O'Brien and his associates discovered hundreds of early cases, took them out of circulation before they reached the stage where they would spray the white death. They saw the TB death-line sink to only 800 yearly, while hundreds of victims, after nine months, walked out of the Herman Kiefer Hospital ready to go back to their jobs. Then, just as they felt they had the white plague by the throat, the city's new mayor slashed the

1939 X-ray budget on grounds of economy.

Undiscouraged, Bruce Douglas and X-ray expert Carl C. Birkelo experimented with a new, amazingly cheap, miniature X-ray film developed by Chicago's Dr. Hollis E. Potter. Dr. Potter adapted a high-speed lens used in night airplane photography to a special camera which would take accurate pictures of a patient's chest as shown upon the X-ray fluorescing screen. The miniature films cost only 4.7 cents each, less than one tenth as much as old-type film. Moreover, they proved highly efficient in spotting early tuberculosis.

In 1940 O'Brien, Douglas and their colleagues took an unprecedented step in the battle against TB. They went out into the highways and byways searching for incipient cases. They could no longer pay case-finding nurses and doctors, but they enlisted the help of lodges, insurance groups, and particularly the Daniel H. William Health Guild, a Negro organization. With the volunteer aid of devoted Negro women, they entered the worst plague spots in the city — slums where the TB death rate still stood at the terrible figure of 127 per 100,000. They went from one hovel to the next, urging everyone to go to a new clinic where the miniature-film unit X-rayed 300 cases a day.

In addition, Detroit's motor industry — roaring now with arms production — began scouting for

TB. In the Chrysler Corporation, all workers on sick leave for five days or more are chest-filmed before returning to work. Twenty percent of all applicants for industrial jobs in Detroit now undergo routine chest-filming. As soon as early cases are uncovered, they are put to bed and given whatever form of collapse treatment the TB men think best.

So Detroit, by 12 years of unprecedented teamwork between healthmen, surgeons, physicians, X-ray experts, nurses, industrialists, and its citizens — white and Negro — is ready for today's stern battle against the surging white plague. In the face of an influx of heavily infected Negro workers, in the face of terribly congested housing, Detroit lost only 680 lives to TB in 1941 — compared to 1330 in 1925. It shoved the death rate down to 40.8 — well below the national rate.

But today Detroit is the *only* city in the country fully armed against the white death. In other industrial cities the rise of the death rate is shockingly steep. In Baltimore, for instance, it shot up to 95 per 100,000, the national rate of 20 years ago. That tragedy is not due to any lack of surgeons, scientists, nurses, X-ray experts. As in many another threatened community, it is hospital beds that are wanting. In Baltimore, less than one TB bed is available per annual death — and there must be three before an effective fight can be started. Moreover, there is as yet no coördination of forces — no TB

controller, no city-wide TB chest-filming service.

Even cities with fairly good TB records must be on the alert against the new onslaught. Akron, Boston, Cincinnati, Omaha have already suffered alarming increases of TB. Worse is in store if they do not act quickly, judging from Britain's experience. Under the strain of all-out defense effort, the 29,000 British deaths of 1939 became, preliminary figures indicate, nearly 36,000 in 1941.

We are now waging total war. Let's wage it against the enemies within as well as without, against foes microbic as deadly as foes mili-

tary. It is poor strategy to disregard an enemy that kills 60,000 of our citizens annually, most of them in life's prime, and puts 180,000 others out of the national effort. Today nearly 600,000 Americans are disabled by present or past TB.

* What Detroit is doing can be done in every city and town in the entire nation. The campaign must be undertaken by *local* authorities, using Detroit as a model. In this national emergency of all-out production effort, neither taxpayers nor financial comptrollers should refuse — on false grounds of "economy" — to grant our TB fighters the needed sinews of war.

Colorful Comment

¶ A PUBLIC HEALTH nurse was calling at a Negro home where there was an expectant mother. The old grandmother suddenly asked, "Is you married, nurse?"

"Goodness, no!" said the nurse playfully. "I have enough troubles already!"

"Why, nurse," the old lady chided, "husbands ain't any trouble, they's just an added burden."

— Contributed by Grace High

¶ THE COLLECTORS were pressing down on Rastus Jones during a drive for church funds. "I can't give nothin'," pleaded the old Negro. "I owes nearly everybody in dis here town already."

"But," said one of the collectors, "don't you think you owe the Lord somethin' too?"

"I does, indeed," said the old man, "but He ain't pushin' me like my other creditors is."

— Public Service Magazine

FICTION FEATURE

Storm

A CONDENSATION FROM THE BOOK BY

GEORGE R. STEWART

Author of "Ordeal by Hunger," "East of the Giants," etc.

THE HEROINE of Mr. Stewart's unique novel is not a person but a devastating storm — a torrential downpour that sweeps over California and is transformed into a blizzard when it beats against the mountain ranges. Under the majestic ordeal of its passing, the works of man — his automobile highways, telephone wires, and levees — are tested and strained to the utmost. The story is thus not only a drama of science, but of human experience.

"*Storm* is something superbly new," says Lewis Gannett. "Far and away the most original novel of the year."

*Copyright 1941, George R. Stewart, and published at \$2.50 by
Random House, Inc., 20 E. 57 St., N. Y. C.*



FOR WEEKS a winter drought had lain tense upon the land of California. Back in November "Election-Day rains" had brought two weeks of good growing weather, and farmers and stockmen had talked jovially to one another — a good year! In the towns, the merchants had laid in heavy stocks.

But December came in warm and sunny. By Christmas, the green of the pasture-lands and grain fields showed a faint cast of yellow. Grass blades were curled a little, and at the edges were brownish-red. Where cattle had grazed, the ragged ends still showed.

Stockmen no longer went about slapping one another on the back; instead they went secretly and inquired the price of cottonseed meal at the Fresno mills. As the weeks passed without rain, storekeepers grew chary about granting credit; the richer stockmen had started to buy feed.

In a small bare church — one of many across the land — a preacher stood up to pray. He knew that the grass was withering, and that his people suffered and were afraid.

"And if it be Thy will, O Lord, send us the rain. Even now Thy clouds pass over us, speak the word

and let fall the water that is above the earth. Send rain for the wheat and for the barley, that the tender ears may form. Send rain for the beasts of the field. As of old when Thy people thirsted in the desert Thou didst cause the water to flow forth, so raise Thy hand, O Lord, we beseech Thee."

IT WAS NOT yet four a.m. when the new Junior Meteorologist switched on the light over the big chart table in the San Francisco Weather Bureau and, scanning the Pacific weather charts of the preceding days, reviewed once more a set of data that was already firmly fixed in his mind.

On the table lay a large map. From the Arctic regions at its top the two continents slanted down — to the right, North America, to the left, eastern Asia. Between them stretched the Pacific Ocean. Over the outline of land and sea had been drawn a complex of lines — plotted from the daily radio reports of weather stations on land and ships at sea — which traced winds and weather. The black lines, nests of concentric ovals, were the "isobars" — lines of equal barometric pressure. Across these, great curves, drawn in crayon, indicated "warm fronts" and "cold

ronts." Here was where cold air from the north shouldered against warm air from the south. Along these lines the great storms had their origin.

As the J.M. scanned the vast expanses of the map he sensed once more the planetary, almost godlike scope of his work. He visualized the great sphere of the earth, continuously receiving heat from the sun and losing it again into space. But, he knew, this process was not balanced; the equator received much more heat than it radiated off, and the polar regions lost more than they received. Hence the gigantic and complex circulation by which the poles constantly cooled the tropics and the tropics warmed the poles.

In this process, cold ocean currents bore icebergs toward the equator, and warm currents moved poleward. But the chief equalizers of heat were the great winds — the trades and anti-trades, the monsoons, the tropical hurricanes, the polar easterlies, and, most notable of all, the gigantic whirling storms of the temperate zones. These, which in the stateliest of earthly processions moved across ocean and continent, ever from the setting toward the rising sun, were the J.M.'s chief concern.

As he studied once more the day-old chart, three features of it engaged his particular attention. One of these was the nest of concentric ovals, drawn around the neatly-printed word, "Low," which now lay in mid-Pacific and seemed to be advancing

toward the California coast a thousand miles a day. He smiled, and his lips formed the word, "Maria."

Not at any price would the J.M. have revealed to the Chief that he was bestowing girls' names ending in "ia" upon those great moving low-pressure areas. He justified this vagary to himself on the grounds that it was easier to say "Maria" than "the low-pressure center which was yesterday in latitude 35 North, longitude 145 East."

The storm he had christened "Maria" held a special place in the affections of the J.M. He had discovered her himself, four days previously, at her very birth, when she was a mere ripple on a cold front off the coast of Japan. It had been a small technical triumph; seldom was it possible to spot an incipient storm so early. This had given the J.M. a fatherly feeling about Maria, a feeling which intensified as, on succeeding days, he had watched her grow into a good-sized storm moving across the North Pacific. What would she do? Where would she strike? What would be her effect on the continent?

His eyes now shifted to the set of far-spaced concentric ovals which lay over the western United States and adjacent Pacific Ocean, distributed about points marked "HIGH." These were obvious signs of clear weather. In the jargon of the J.M.'s trade, this region was covered by "the semipermanent Pacific High."

He looked at it malignantly. The

Pacific High lay on the map as clearly as a mountain range — and was no less important in its effects on the people of California. While it remained, every storm advancing boldly from the Pacific would sheer off northeastward. Rain would drench the Alaskan coast, Seattle and Portland, while San Francisco and the Great Valley, already desperate for lack of rain, would have only cloud.

The third feature of the map to claim the J.M.'s attention was Cop-permine, a weather station far in the north of Canada. At this point the barometric pressure had been rising slowly for several days. This slow rise *could* mean — nothing! Or it could mean that the vast accumulation of cold air around the pole was preparing to break its bounds, to fling blizzards and freezing destruction southward across the central plains. If this occurred, Maria would be prevented from veering northward. She would smash the Pacific High and soak all of California with rain. She would break the drought!

The J.M. peered at the great unreported void to the north of Cop-permine. If he knew what was happening there, he would know more about what that polar air might do. But it was a mystery, and for the present, would have to remain one.

Exasperated, he shifted his gaze from the chart to the clock. A little after four. This was, after all, yesterday's weather. Soon the Chief would be here. Soon the teletypes would start clanging with last-minute data,

and the Chief would begin charting the weather of *now*. Then a forecast would be possible.

THE CHIEF walked along the lighted corridor on the top floor of the Federal Building. On the right were the Administration Offices; or the left, the Climatological Division. Both were still dark. Ahead, shining through a glass door lettered "Forecasting Division," glowed the only light. The Chief felt a tingle of professional pride. "Administration" meant stenographers and pay-checks. "Climatology," endless statistics of dead weather. But forecasting — that was the battle line.

"How are you, boys? . . . Any reports in yet?"

"Nothing yet, sir," said the J.M.

The sudden click of a teletype machine sounded from the next room. It was like a bugle call. During the next hour the Chief's life would move at its fastest.

"Who's chartman this morning?" he said.

"I am, sir," said the J.M.

"Good."

On the table lay a large outline map of North America, a tiny circle representing each weather station. By now more than one teletype was sounding. The J.M. took the first batch of reports, settled into his seat, and with a fine-pointed fountain pen began entering the data. Until the data was entered, the Chief could not really begin his work.

Recording station after station,

the J.M. could sense the setup. Maria was close, and she was a roarer! Would she veer away northward, or would she hit the California coast? Rapidly, he filled in the rest of the stations.

In spite of years of routine the Chief felt a deep smoldering excitement; the moment drew nearer. A forecast was a contest in which the mighty forces of air were preparing unknown attacks against him.

"How's she stand?" he asked.

"Pretty well filled up, sir. I think you can start."

The Chief slipped into his chair and set himself to reduce the accumulated data to order. The J.M. watched the Chief's pencil as it moved rapidly and deftly among the clutter of notations. Here were barometer readings which had come in from weather stations all over the land, from Alaska, the Hawaiian Islands, and from ships reporting across the whole Pacific. By tracing the lines of equal barometric pressure through these points on his map, the Chief was soon able to locate the new "fronts" and draw them in — blue pencil for cold fronts, red for warm.

As the map took shape, the J.M.'s excitement grew. With every isobar the drama of the situation was clearer. Dominating all the north was a piled-up menace of polar air. The Pacific High still stood, but Maria was charging in upon it. He studied the map intently, his throat tight with excitement.

"Golly, Chief," he burst out. "It's rain in 24 hours, plenty of it!"

"Hn-n?" said the Chief.

The Chief took his bearings. All very well for the J.M. to predict rain — he was not responsible. But the Chief knew what would happen if *he* went to the typewriter and tapped off RAIN on the forecast blank. That single word would be about as big a news story as could break in California. Thousands of people would change their plans; hundreds of industries would make adjustments; money would be spent, wisely and foolishly. Then, if rain did not come, there would be a ridiculous anticlimax, with everybody blaming the weather man. If he wrote FAIR or even UNSETTLED, and the rain came, people would go on with their fair-weather plans and be caught wide open. His error might cost millions in property and more lives than he cared to think about. So today he doubly checked all the possibilities.

The telephone rang. "It's the *Register* for the forecast."

"Hn-n? Tell 'em to wait ten minutes."

The Chief sighed, and remembered something his predecessor had once told him: "The duties of this office permit little rest and less hesitation." Well, ten minutes would be enough.

The Chief saw himself this morning at the center of four great forces: The Pacific High, the mass of polar air to the north, a storm

over Winnipeg, and the new storm approaching from the Pacific. All these forces seemed to be working for rain. He knew that distant forces could have their influence; that factors beyond the range of his map, even on the other side of the world, might falsify his forecast. But his job was to predict probable, not possible weather. He made his decision.

"Get on the telephone," he called, "and order up storm warnings, Point Arena to North Head." He turned to his typewriter. "Tell the *Register* to set the headlines and get ready — it's RAIN."

"RAIN!"

THE MANAGER of the Palace Department Store read the forecast in the morning paper and immediately went into action. For the coming week he had planned an emphasis upon hats, baby carriages and bed sheeting. He shifted it to ski clothing, rain equipment, and blankets.

THE DIRECTOR of the Observatory gave up his plans for some lunar photography.

THE PROPRIETOR of the Gaiety Amusement Park shrugged his shoulders. He had gambled his last dollar on a fair week end. Rain would break him. He called up his lawyer and said he would probably have to make an assignment on Monday.

IN THE Eagle Lumber Yard the owner kept his men working overtime on Saturday afternoon, and

picked up two extra helpers. He had a lot of finished lumber in the yard and to save it from getting wet and warping was hundreds of dollars in his pocket.

One of the new workers, on the strength of the job, signed a contract to purchase a used car; the automobile salesman optimistically imagined an upswing in business and his wife spent more freely than usual at a clothing store.

REAL ESTATE operators looked at the forecast sadly and cancelled most of their newspaper advertisements. They knew how cold and gloomy empty houses look in the rain, even if you could get people out to look at them.

THE SHREWD proprietors of several restaurants read the forecast and called up the factory to reduce their orders for ice cream. The manager of the factory found his needs for milk and cream lessened, and passed on his word to the dairy. Since the cows could not be forced to cooperate, the dairy company diverted the surplus to its subsidiary corporation which manufactured butter and cheese.

WEATHER-WISE after their kind, the frogs from their puddles croak before rain, and the mountain goats move to the sheltered face of the peak before the blizzard strikes. Such also may have been the wisdom of man's ancestors before man was. In nerve-endings now decadent they felt the moisture in the air; in the

liquids of their joints they sensed the falling pressure.

So now, as the rainbelt moved steadily shoreward from the sea, a forerunning wave of pain had reached the land. Old lumberjack joints grown stiff in the dripping of the red-wood forests twinged and throbbed. From Cape Disappointment to Point Arguello overworked mothers winced with headaches. Nerve-ends of leg stumps tingled. Old wounds of the Argonne ached again. In a moving belt one hundred and fifty miles before the rain, renewed tortures prevailed in the hurt and maimed limbs of men.

THE RAIN, when it came, was at first so fine that it was as if the low-lying mist had merely swooped a little lower. Then for a moment it was gone. But it came again. There was neither thunder nor lightning. Such petulant displays might be left to smaller storms, just as a small man wins attention by showing off, but a great man keeps his dignity. Minute by minute, unhurrying, the rain grew thicker and more steady. No longer was this a young storm racing a thousand miles a day. Now, powerful and sedate in maturity, it moved with the steady sure pace of majesty. Driving in parallel with the coast, the rain had struck along five hundred miles almost at the same moment. Over thousands of square miles the rain was falling, moving swiftly inland toward the broad valleys where the clods were

dry and the earth lay cracked and men waited for the freeing of the waters.

In these first hours of the storm, the shrunken, long-dry earth drew to itself all the moisture. Only a trickle of water ran in the gullies. For the many billions of dry clods which had lain in the fields of California must first grow heavy and soft, and sink back into the earth. Only then could the water flow freely.

By deep affinity, every grain of dust drew water to itself. The punky dryness of rotting logs grew slowly sodden. In the thickets the half rotted leaves of older years sucked moisture like a stiff sponge.

Still more, the living vegetation held the rain. How many bucketfuls to change from black to green all the moss upon all the rocks? How many tank cars to wet all the pine-needles and oak leaves and uncurl all the blades of grass on all the hills? Leaves shrunken to conserve moisture expanded; drooping shoots stood up. The very cells expanded, and their protoplasm absorbed countless tons of water. Through the tunnels of ants and earthworms the moisture seeped downward; the burrows of gophers took the trickles deeper still. Then the seeping moisture reached ground which was no longer dry, and began to join the great reservoir of water beneath the earth.

Until all this was achieved, the rivers were shrunken and low. As well expect water to stand in a sieve

as streams to run high before the land itself was satisfied. But at last the long process of soaking up was completed. Streams ran in the gullies; the rivers were rising.

Every river town stirred with excitement; people stood on the bridges, watching the brown water flow. "Nineteen-point-three," someone would read, looking at the gauge. "She's up more 'n a foot since noon."



AT A TIME like this The General — officially known as the Flood Control Coördinator — was a busy man. Five days of rainfall had saturated the earth, and now for every drop that fell another drop must somewhere pass into a stream and move rapidly downward toward the valley. It was the General's duty to see to it that these waters passed on into the Bay with a minimum disruption of the works of man. He controlled the vast system of man-made weirs and dams, levees and by-passes, by which, in addition to the River's own channels, this passage was accomplished.

With a frown, he studied the rainfall reports his secretary had tabu-

lated. Up two tenths in an hour at Sacramento. We can't stand *that* very long!

The General looked with satisfaction at the huge wall map of the Valley — man's triumph of a hundred years of warring against the River. The regular river channels were indicated in blue; black lines showed levees. Paralleling the blue channels were broad spaces of red — the by-passes, great auxiliary rivers into which the flood water spilled when the river's own channels could no longer carry it. There were also large green-colored sections — areas which, by opening a weir, could be flooded when necessary to prevent a break in the main system.

Fighting the River, the General reflected, was in a way a military problem. You retreated at one point in order to hold another. His object, of course, was to hold *all* points whenever possible. In doing it, time was an important factor. The main river had many tributaries. Usually the crest of one stream would arrive at the main channel and pass on before the next arrived. Should two crests arrive at the same time, the General would have to yield some ground. It was even possible — though unlikely — for a malevolent Nature to arrange a timetable that would bring a repetition of the disastrous floods of '61, in which an area the size of Massachusetts was inundated.

One fort the General jealously guarded. The city of Sacramento,

state capital, was by far the most valuable piece of property in the Valley. It stood in the narrow angle between the American and Sacramento Rivers, a ticklish place.

Besides its levees, the chief protection to the city was Sacramento Weir, four miles upstream. Only at the General's order could its gates be opened, and it was not a step to be taken lightly. It would mean deliberately flooding a great area; cattle and sheep would have to be herded to places of safety; asparagus farmers in the delta would be ruined. True, these men knew of the risk when they utilized this land. But the General's aim was to hold *all* his lines.

The phone rang. One of the big asparagus growers in the delta was on the wire.

"You won't open those gates any sooner than you need to, will you?"

The General bridled at the implication of the question. "I'll order those wickets opened exactly when I think is the *right* time!"

He hung up. Then, with set jaw, he turned to the reports. When his calculations were complete, he shook his head, and called in his secretary. He dictated: "The American River is rising rapidly, and will flood the main highway between Sacramento and North Sacramento about midnight. This will mean rerouting traffic via Jib-boom Street."

The General settled back in his chair and looked at his desk clock.

That statement would go out immediately, and in about twenty minutes he could expect the Committee.

The Committee consisted of three businessmen, and they arrived even sooner than he expected.

"General," stated the chairman, "this has got to stop. When that road is closed, Sacramento clearing-house receipts fall off \$500,000 — *each day!* If you open those gates *that road won't flood.*" We represent the State *Businessmen's* Association, and we pay a *lot* of taxes. We're *about* ready to turn on the *heat!*"

"What happens to the delta farmers," the General retorted, "when those gates are opened?"

"They get flooded, of course, but they take that chance."

The General reflected a moment.

"I hold the gates," he said, "until I consider that the city is endangered."

The three men of the Committee looked at one another, and then got up. Last to go was the fat chairman. He turned around in the doorway.

"All right, *General* —" he barked. "You don't by any chance *own stock* in the Delta Asparagus Company?"

The General was on his feet. He roared: "Get out of my office!"

When they had gone, he strode back and forth the length of the room. By God, by God, but civilians were a poor lot of mammals! Didn't they ever learn that you had to work together, even sacrifice yourself, for the whole?

THE STORM flourished and grew strong. Tyrannical, it drew power to itself from the Arctic to the tropics. In a great circuit it ruled the air and expended upon the land mighty stores of moisture drawn from the sea. In the high mountains the moisture fell as snow, and blizzards swirled among the peaks. On Donner Pass, where the automobile highway and the transcontinental telephone wires were lifted above the High Sierra, the snowfall was measured not in inches, but in feet!

Of the three great long-distance telephone leads out of San Francisco, Central Transcontinental, its stout poles carrying 40 wires, crosses Donner Pass into the Nevada Desert and on toward the Atlantic. At every point those thin strands of copper are subject to failure, and most of all they suffer before the assault of the winter storms. When the lines break under the attack of clinging snow, ice, and wind, the men of the Plant Department must go out to replace wire and set poles.

Every possible precaution had been taken to prepare for the damage of winter storms. Every wire in the system, every tower and pole, indeed the strength and courage of every maintenance man was figured to balance the power of storm and wind. During the autumn all lines had been patrolled and inspected, and worn wire, spotted insulators and uncertain crossarms were replaced. But the system was so large that concealed in it must lie count-

less flaws — faulty material, slips of workmanship, unpredictable injuries — which might let go under storm conditions.



THE LITTLE green truck with the telephone insignia on its side hummed merrily up U. S. 40, past the two-thousand-foot elevation marker and on. Inside, it gave a paradoxical impression of cluttered neatness; all kinds of diverse things lay ready at hand in a little space — coils of wire jostled spare insulators, and tools touched skis and snowshoes.

Rick, driving the truck, was happy. He liked the deep-snow country on the Pass, and working on the Transcontinental Lead meant more than just mending local wires in some foothill town. For the next few days he would be working alone. Where the wires were farther from the highway, linemen had to work in pairs for safety, but in this section the lead everywhere was close to the highway, usually in sight of it.

Lower down in the foothills the snow was sticky, and several crews

were busy on the local wires. But on the Transcontinental there had so far been only sniping trouble—here a wire, there a wire.

When Rick saw this particular break, he edged the truck to the side of the highway and parked it carefully. The snow wall was high and clean cut, for recently a rotary plow had passed by. Down around the first curve he could see it throwing its arc of snow out among the pines.

Getting to the pole was something of a job, for the snow wall was a sheer four feet, and farther back, where the rotary had thrown it, the snow was heaped up still higher. Rick loaded himself with his wire and climbers and tools. Then, strapping on his skis and using the fenders for a starting-place, he floundered up the wall, and got going.

As a shrewd storm fighter—he had worked for the telephone company for ten years—he took his time, for in the storm broken skis and a sprained ankle could mean serious trouble for a man working alone, even though he was close to the highway.

The wire had snapped near the insulator. Rick found the broken end buried under the snow, and attached a length of shiny new wire from the roll on his back. Carrying the slack wire over his arm, he prepared to climb the pole. He saw that the broken wire was from the lowest crossarm, and would be an easy job. He was glad, for he wanted to telephone his girl for a date, and the

sooner he fixed this wire the sooner he could do it. He stuck his ski poles into the snow. But he did not thrust one of the poles quite hard enough; it leaned over so that its top touched against the top of the other.

Climbing a pole was no more to Rick than going upstairs was to other people. At the crossarm, he snapped on his safety belt and started work.

Below him, a thirty-foot lodge-pole pine leaned its snow-laden tip toward the telephone pole. In a sudden flurry the snow came more thickly in great flakes; the tree, loaded more heavily, bent over still farther in the direction of the pole.

Rick worked on. Above him passed the forty wires of the Central Transcontinental Lead—a miracle of engineering. Each of those pairs of wires could carry many voices at the same time, and yet unscramble them perfectly at the end. But to Rick, the wire was only something to be mended. He attached his little block and tackle. The tree leaned still lower, almost brushing the pole.

Voices coursed along the wires in English of a half dozen different intonations, in Dutch, Japanese, German, Spanish, and Greek. An Assistant Secretary of State was talking to the Minister to Thailand. Rick was just attaching the wire to the insulator. Below him, the tip of the tree settled noiselessly against the pole.

The job finished, Rick shook the snow off his coat, and brushed it from his eyebrows. He was warm from his work, and unbuttoned his coat.

Then, without glancing down, he unsnapped his safety belt and started down, his coat blowing loosely about him. At its second stroke the climbing iron on his right foot pierced deceptively the top twig of the leaning tree, and through it barely nicked the pole itself. As Rick shifted his weight to that leg, the climbing iron cut loose, and he fell sprawling.

He whirled round as he fell, his coat flew open; with no protection but his shirt and underwear he lit squarely with the middle of his body upon the tops of his ski poles. One pole might have given way, but the two together thrust stiffly against his diaphragm, just below his heart. . . .

Snow fell upon Rick where he lay, wholly alone, on the mountainside beneath the wires which reached to all corners of the world.

In a moment he came to, without realizing that he had been unconscious. The great numbness around the base of his chest frightened him. But he was mountain bred, a fighter. He managed to get himself from the hole which he had made when he fell; he wormed along inch by inch to his skis, but when he reached them, he could not get to his feet and put them on. He decided to lie upon them as a sled. Already he was growing numb.

Overhead were passing the strains of an orchestra playing Beethoven's *Third Symphony* for a radio network. "This connection is rotten," said a man in Pocatello to a man in Fresno. The Minister to Thailand was taken

with a fit of coughing, and the faithful wires above transmitted half-way round the world the senseless spasms of his midriff.

Rick slid down the first little slope. "It's easy!" he thought for one joyous moment. Then he plunged head-on into the tangle of a cedar tree. Too stiff to turn himself around and crawl out, he began doggedly to back out feet first, squirming, inch by inch. Then he realized that his circulation was not working as it should; he thought fearfully that there must be a great bruise close to his heart; he was cold. The pain of the squirming motion was intense. He realized that he must rest for a minute. It was an extreme pleasure to stop struggling and lie still.

Down on the highway the little green truck was already so plastered with snow that it could hardly be distinguished from a drift.

IN THE east slope by the gates at

Donner Lake, on the west slope just below Emigrant Gap, the chain warnings were posted, lit by wind-whipped flares which flickered from the top of squat iron balls like witches' fires. The wording of the sign was educational rather than mandatory:

STOP

Motorists put on your chains.
Without chains you endanger
your own life as well as others.

In spite of the signs numerous motorists drove on without heeding. "Ah,

y'don't need chains," some argued. "The Highway Commission is in cahoots with the garages; they want you to stop and pay four bits to get your chains put on, and maybe have to buy the chains too." Egotists went ahead, trusting to their own presumed skill as drivers. Optimists assumed that the other fellow would get into trouble. Gamblers enjoyed taking a chance. Plain fools considered that man and his works were superior to the storm.



KEEPING U. S. 40 open over Donner Pass was a grim battle for the Road Maintenance crew, and the Superintendent was worried. Yesterday there had been a temporary jam at Windy Point, caused by a small snowslide; and several cars without chains had suffered minor accidents of one kind or another. Today the trouble was wind. This wind had been growing stronger all morning. By noon it was a gale. The great rotary plows had been throwing snow over the windrows since Sunday, and the snow walls beside the

roadway were ten feet high in places. Across the top the wind swept unhindered, picking up the loose snow and dropping it again as it swirled and eddied in the shelter of the walls. A rotary would go through leaving a clean track, and before it was out of sight, six inches of snow might have drifted across the road.

So far the plows had kept a two-lane highway open, but now the snow blew in faster than the rotaries could move along to throw it out. By eleven in the morning the Superintendent realized that he was going to have a real struggle to keep the road open.

He checked over mentally the location of all his plows. For the last 48 hours they had worked continuously, taking gasoline and oil from the service truck. There were six rotaries and nine pushplows for about 30 miles of highway, and from long experience the Superintendent knew very nearly where each one was at a given moment. From the wind direction the Superintendent knew that there was danger of a block on the east slope, and late that afternoon he drove down to see how things looked. Just below the Point he met a rotary working upgrade on the inside of the road, throwing its arc of snow across the highway and down the steep slope beyond. As he drew near, the rotary stopped throwing to let him drive by; he tooted lightly in salutation.

All along the way snow noses were building far out. There is no logic to

the ways of drifting snow. Against a telephone pole the snow always built out on the windward side. But at the crest of a cliff and along a cut in the road, it built out on the lee side. Farther and farther it would reach into space until the big blunt nose hung six or eight feet in the clear over the highway. Then eventually it grew too heavy and dropped, not doing any harm except to make a lot of mess for the plows to clean up.

Below Rocky Point he could see another rotary, also working upgrade on the inside. It seemed too close to the first one, but probably the operator was following orders from the foreman. Before it reached him, he saw a tire chain lying in the road, and stopped to pick it up so that it wouldn't get tangled in the rotary's augers. Peters and Swenson, the crew of the approaching rotary, stuck their heads out of the cab and waved their thanks.

As he was walking back to his car — he heard it! It was unmistakable. He started to run. The strange low hissing noise rose with a crescendo in pitch and intensity. Through the falling snow he could see nothing. Then as he ran, the whole roadway shook with some sudden impact; the hissing changed to a thudding. Like an advancing wave of water, a wave of snow came running along the highway. It pinned him against the side of his car, half knocking his breath out.

In the next instant there was sudden quiet. Some 20 feet farther on,

the wave of snow had come to a halt; for a moment with all the pressure of the mass behind, it had flowed madly, like a torrent of water; now it was only inert snow. Down the road, where Peters and Swenson had been working with the rotary, there was now only a long unbroken white slope. The Superintendent was pinned against his car in three feet of snow.

"Hey!" he shouted, cupping his hands in front of his mouth. "Peters! Swenson!"

He waited but there was no answer. Well, things might not be nearly as bad as they looked. The road was not carried away, it was merely filled with snow. On the outside edge, the snow would be only a few feet deep; on the inside the depth might reach 40 feet. Somewhere within that mass of snow was the rotary.

But the tough steel would withstand much more pressure than forty feet of snow could exert. Peters and Swenson at this moment were undoubtedly still sitting inside the cab — white-faced probably, considerably surprised and scared at their sudden entombment, but safe. Peters would already have had the presence of mind to turn off the engine and prevent them from being asphyxiated. In a moment they would collect themselves enough to begin discussing whether they would try to dig themselves out, or merely sit tight until they were rescued.

These great slides from the heights

could be expected a few times during every hard winter, but the Superintendent had never been present when one occurred; he had been within earshot often enough. Realizing that his car was hopelessly buried, he floundered ahead out of the deep snow, and then set out, half-running, up the road toward the next rotary. Lucky, he thought, this other rotary was so close; it could be working on that slide in ten minutes after he got to it. In three hours the road might be open again. To "lose" the road was to lose his honor.

Right at Windy Point was the rotary — but it was not working. The operator and the swamper were peering beneath it from behind.

"We were gunning her hard into that big drift," explained the operator in half-apology. "An axle went."

The Superintendent stopped in his tracks, figuring hard. One rotary buried, and another temporarily out. It would take eight hours to work out of this. But if he threw all his remaining power against the snowslide, the rest of the road would become impassable. Ten hours, then. Ten, or twelve.

His depression deepened to blackness. For three or four hours he could simply hold traffic at the gates; it would be merely a block, not a closed road. But twelve hours — that would even be in the papers. He would have lost the road.

But in this fight there was no surrender. He got the day-foreman on the rotary's radio telephone and gave

his orders. Rout out the night shift. Send down every man you can spare from the garage, even the mechanics. Order up another rotary. Stop traffic. Notify the Highway Patrol.

Then he hurried back down the road to the snowslide.

The first outfit to arrive was a V-plow with eight men of the night shift hanging onto it. They hitched a chain to the axle of the Superintendent's car and the plow yanked it out of the drift. Then the V-plow drove right on into the slide, and cleared away some of the shallower snow. When it hit the main part, where the snow was many feet deep, it could do nothing more.

Soon the lights of a rotary showed up around the turn. The men gave a little cheer as it began flinging snow; now they were really getting somewhere. The snow was high over the tops of the cutter-bars, but the rotary ate its way ahead until it had dug out a cave. The blower had no place to throw the snow, so the rotary backed out, and began shaving up the edges, and the men with shovels on top of the slide tumbled down great masses of snow from the mouth of the snow cave. As soon as there was enough to work on, the rotary waded in again and threw it all over the side. But the advance was slow.

Up at Windy Point the mechanics were working on the broken axle. It was a tough job, for the snow blew in your eyes faster than you could blink it out. They staked down can-

was all around the rotary, but the wind whistled under and over it and through all the chinks until a man could hardly see or hear, and had to work mostly by feel. But in the end they pulled out the pieces of the old axle, and fitted the new one into place.

The men on the slide gave the rotary with the new axle a cheer when it came down the road and lined up behind the other rotary. With two arcs of snow flying the rate of progress picked up.

Then suddenly there was a lot of yelling, and some of the men from the top slid down. Peters was just heaving himself out of the snow. They beat him on the back in triumph, and then dug in and pulled out Swenson who was just behind. The two of them had got the shovels out of the back of the rotary, dug their way in to the rock wall along the inner edge of the highway, and then followed it, tunneling foot by foot, and using the rock wall as one side of their tunnel.

"I'll send you right up to the Station," said the Superintendent, "and you can get something to eat and turn in."

"Ah, I'm all right," said Peters. "Give me some webs and a shovel, and I'll get up there with the boys on the slide."

Swenson said nothing, but went along with Peters.

It was now eight o'clock, and the rotaries had not eaten ahead more than fifty feet into the two hundred

feet of slide which lay upon the road. The men gave all they had, but there was something grim about it. They did a lot of swearing — at the job, and at each other. They knew they had lost the road. It would be in the papers: Donner Pass Closed.

It's a fine thing to go below (as the mountain people say) in the spring, and meet up with a fellow you know, in Sacramento maybe, and you go in for beers and he says, "Where you been all winter?"

"Oh," you say, "I was up on the Hump with the snowplows."

"That so?" he says, and he's kind of impressed.

"Yessir," you say, "we kept ol' Donner Pass open all through the winter, even that bad storm in January."

But now you couldn't say that. You'd lost the road. "Crisetamitey, quit jabbin' me with that shovel-handle."

TEXT MORNING the slide had been cleared and the road was open again. A rotary, trying to widen a stretch that had drifted over during the night, was feeling its way along from snowstake to snowstake — eight-foot orange-colored poles by which the plows steered through trackless snow. Then came a bang and a jolt.

"That's no pebble," said the swamper, and, with the operator, piled out into the snow, expecting to find that a boulder or tree trunk had fallen onto the highway.

"God, it's a car!" said the operator, for he could see the end of the rear bumper where the rotary's augers had chewed into it; everything else was drifted over with snow. The two men looked at each other, and each saw that the other was scared. "It's one of those little telephone trucks!"

The swamper rolled up the tarpaulin at the back, and stared into the truck. "Skis gone," he said.

"One man or two in these outfits?" asked the operator; he really knew, but he spoke to be saying something.

"One, along the highway," said the swamper, "two, when the wires are farther away."

They stood a moment staring at each other. Then, facing toward the forest on the side where the telephone lines ran, the operator let out a mighty "Hal-loo!"

They waited, and in the hush of expectancy could hear the engine of the rotary throbbing steadily. A faint call came back from the forest. "Hear that?" cried the swamper, starting forward impulsively.

But the operator called again: "Hal-loo-oo, hal-loo-oo!"

"Loo-oo," came back.

"Echo," said the operator. "Hardly think there would be one in this wind." He crawled back in the cab and got into touch with the night foreman by radio.

"I guess that's the fellow the telephone people were calling up about," said the night foreman. "He hadn't

reported in for quite a while. I'll call them."

"Do you want us to go look for him?"

"You can't without skis, and anyway if he's been in there that long. . . ."

THE STORM was dying, but even in death it was great. Over the coastal plains the weather was clearing, but the last front, a thousand miles long, hurled its winds and last snow flurries against the mountains. Great pines tossed wildly; thick branches snapped; whole trees went down.

MR. REYNOLDHURST was a very great man in the domain of petroleum; from his hotel suite in San Francisco his private secretary had just put through a call to New York. "Good morning, Davy," said Mr. Reynoldhurst, casually and informally; transcontinental calls were for him no novelty.

The impulses conveying the sound traveled in about one tenth of a second the 3000 miles from ocean to ocean, by way of Salt Lake City, Denver, and Chicago.

Just then the decaying bole of a tree on a mountain ledge became weighted with snow past its point of equilibrium, and began to roll. It slid over the last projection of the ledge, dropped 30 feet, struck on a rock, and catapulted through the air end over end.

"The matter will bear watching," said Mr. Reynoldhurst into the tele-

phone transmitter. "In view of the present international situation we can scarcely . . ."

At that moment the tree bole, finishing its great leap, struck squarely among the crossarms of Pole 1-243-76 of the Central Transcontinental Lead. That pole was 15 inches thick at the base and 30 feet tall; it was of selected, flawless Douglas fir, firmly set in rocky soil.

As the tree bole struck, the pole snapped like a dry twig; every cross-arm broke; most of the insulators were shattered; nearly all the wires broke and the curling loose ends crossed and short-circuited the few which remained unbroken.

"Hello, hello!" said Mr. Reynoldhurst sharply; inefficiency always irritated him. He pressed his buzzer. "Put that call through again," he said to his secretary. "Some fool telephone girl cut me off. And register a complaint with the Telephone Company."

"Yes, Mr. Reynoldhurst."

The secretary juggled the telephone. "Operator," said a voice from the other end.

"Mr. Reynoldhurst's call to New York has been broken off. Will you kindly restore it at once?"

"God . . ." thought the operator, "what have I done?"

"One moment, please," was all the operator said. Even while she was saying it, she split the connection and listened to the New York wire. It was dead. Of the nine other direct lines to New York, she saw that five

were busy. She plugged in on one of the others; it was dead. She plugged in on another and another — both dead. She plugged in on the last, and in sudden relief heard the clear hum of an open line and then the voice of the New York operator.

Mr. Reynoldhurst, as the seconds ticked away, drew circles on his desk, and then crossed out each circle with an X.

"Your call, Mr. Reynoldhurst."

Lifting the receiver he noticed that 25 seconds had elapsed. "Inexcusable!" he thought.

"That you, Reynoldhurst?" said the voice from New York.

"Oh, yes. Irritating to be broken off! You'd think a big outfit like Telephone would get things organized better — well, anyway, here we are talking just as before. Now, as I was saying . . ."

But Mr. Reynoldhurst was incorrect. He was no longer talking as before — by way of Salt Lake City, Denver and Chicago. Instead, the impulses now passed through Los Angeles, Oklahoma City, and St. Louis, over one of the alternate circuits which through the foresight of the District Traffic Superintendent had been held in reserve.

Almost before the echoes of that crashing tree-fall had ceased reverberating among the mountain solitudes, the toll testboardmen at Sacramento knew that the Central Transcontinental had suffered a total failure. A few minutes later, merely by using their instruments, they had

located the break within a quarter of a mile. In five minutes more a repair crew was headed for the spot.

To every important long-distance office in the West the fall of the tree brought sudden emergency. Eastern calls had to be routed to the south, wires were crowded, tickets piled up as calls were delayed. Operators felt the sudden tenseness. Supervisors talked to irate or worried or importunate customers. The rule was "First come, first served," but there had to be exceptions. Police and hospitals had precedence; but also there were the egotists who thought their own business was always most important. Big small-town businessmen foh-ed and fummied; reporters bluffed about the exigencies of getting to press; rich women threatened to report supervisors for impertinence.

In subtler ways the fall of that tree — an insignificant incident of the storm's final passage — affected the lives of people who knew nothing about it.

A man in Boise was delayed fifteen minutes in getting a call through to Sacramento and lost a prospective job.

A girl in Omaha was prevented from talking to her mother in Honolulu before she went into the operating room, not to return alive.

A woman about to enter a Reno courtroom for divorce proceedings had grown panicky and put in a call for her still hopeful husband in San Francisco; when the call was delayed, she cancelled it.

IN THE MOUNTAINS the telephone repair men were still laboring that afternoon. Their foreman had a portable telephone attached to the wires, and through it he kept in touch with Sacramento. Once he came back looking not so comfortable.

"Well, they found him," he said.

Everybody knew what he meant. They paused.

"He was under the snow, but some fellows from Truckee brought in a collie dog that was trained to work in the mountains, and the dog found him."

Still they waited.

"For God's sake, who do you think you're workin' for — the Old People's Home? Sure, he was dead. Why don't you get on with the job?"

They worked hard after that, and nobody talked much.

THE GENERAL had not gone to bed at all the night before. Now, as he looked from his office windows in the still hours of the morning, he felt a curious sense of unreality. The full moon was brilliant; street lights shone upon dry asphalt; branches of trees and shrubbery swayed in a steady breeze. It was no night to imagine floods and disaster.

The storm was over. But for the General the crisis had not yet passed. He could feel those billions of cubic feet of water, penned in behind the levees, pouring toward the Bay. The water level in the rivers stood far above the valley floor, high as the

roof eaves of the cottages in the river towns, high as the second-story windows in Sacramento. Along hundreds of miles of levee top, in the bright moonlight, his patrols walked their beats. On one side each man looked far down the slope of the levee and saw the street lights of some little town, or perhaps only the wide stretches of the valley where the scattered houses showed no lights. On his other side, the patrol looked out almost on his own level, and saw the swift brown water.

The critical stream was the American, still rising as the last runoff descended from the foothills. Every fifteen minutes the General had a telephone call from his deputy at the Sacramento gauge where the American poured into the main river.

Between two and three a.m., the gauge held steady. Perhaps, thought the General, the crest had arrived; perhaps he had held the American. But then the gauge crept up — 28.3, 28.5. Beyond 29 it must not go. The telephone rang — northwest wind freshening, waves slopping at the top of the American levee.

The General shrugged his shoulders. Like a good soldier he had held his lines until he could retreat with honor. The farms and crops over a large area would have to be sacrificed, but no lives would be lost. Even the livestock had been removed to higher land. Now the safety of the city must be paramount. He gave his orders.

Men hurried along Sacramento

Weir. They knocked out the pin holding the wickets in place. An eight-foot wall of water swept through.

The General started home to bed. As he drove his car along the dry streets under the bright moon, he again felt that sense of the unreality of disaster on such a night. Yet the opening of the weir was sending down water which would flood thousands of acres in the delta.

He had lost his fight. Flooding the asparagus country was a nasty business, but at least it saved the city:—like sacrificing a platoon to save a battalion. And somebody had to take the responsibility. The next few days might raise some excitement. But barring accident, the levees and bypasses would carry the runoff; the rivers would crest successively and the storm was over.

Yet other storms would come again; the brown water would rise against the levees. In the end the levees would go down — a hundred years, a thousand years; but in the end they would go, and the men who built them. The cold northwest wind eddied about the General's neck, and he shivered.

THE CHIEF and the J.M. bent together over the map. It looked much the same as it had during the weeks before the coming of Maria. Again the Pacific High thrust itself against the California coast. Far to the north lay the storm track. The polar air which had swept the plains

tates had been absorbed, and the normal movement of weather from west to east had been re-established. Maria was dead.

During the eleven days of its life this storm had traveled a third of the way round the world; at its height, it had encompassed an area larger than the United States of America. Its cosmic effects were noteworthy. By mixing in gigantic proportions the northern and southern air the storm had helped adjust the inequalities of heat between equator and pole.

Next notable of its actions was the transfer of water from ocean to land. One inch of rain falling upon one square mile totals a weight of 70,000 tons. Rain and snow from this single storm had fallen over a land area of more than 200,000 square miles, and the average precipitation of water was several inches.

Of all this water a little had already been reabsorbed into the dry air following after the last front. Another small amount had been impounded behind man-made dams. Much remained as snow — attaining a depth of many feet — upon the higher mountains. Much was contained in the flooded streams, and was still somewhat violently engaged in flowing toward tidewater. Another large part was held within the now saturated earth. Still another had gone into vegetation, for in many places the grass had grown an inch during the storm.

The third notable work of the

storm was its lowering of the land-surface. Here by landslide, there by less spectacular erosion, the water had carried millions of cubic yards of earth toward the ocean.

Beside these cosmic effects, the direct influence of the storm upon men seems small and secondary. *Good* and *bad* lose their meaning, and exist only according to point of view, within a limited range of vision.

"Sixteen dead by storm," declared the *Register*. But if the editor was to hold the storm responsible for 16 deaths by accident during the storm, why not for hundreds? Many invalids died during the days of the storm, their deaths precipitated by chills and heart depressions, attributable to the weather. Some healthy persons suffered wet feet which led to colds, pneumonia, and death within a few weeks. Other colds resulted in weakened resistance which opened the way to various fatal diseases.

"Million-dollar rain," was another headline in the *Register*. It had turned the alfalfa a brighter green. It swelled the gray leaves of the olive trees, and made darker the dark green of the orange trees. It had wet alike the wide-spreading walnut trees and the close-pruned grapevines. To every locality it had brought its boon — Oroville of the olives, Marysville of the peaches, and Colusa of the rice and barley; Lodi of the grapes; Corcoran of the wheat; Fresno of the figs and raisins; Porter-

ville of the oranges; Tulare of the cotton. To them all it had been a blessing.

But that was not the whole story; for the saving of certain crops in California might quite possibly mean ruin for competing farmers in Oklahoma and Florida.

Another good effect was so far removed that even farmers could not appraise it: only a few entomologists realized that the rain, falling just when it did, destroyed billions of grasshopper eggs, and prevented a plague six months later.

The storm had thus vitally affected, in one way or another, the life of every human being in the region. But now Maria was dead—completely vanished. Perhaps off the Olympic Peninsula or Vancouver Island there might be areas of drizzle and shower, but no ships were there to report. The air which had composed Maria twenty-four hours before had now turned to new courses and revolved around other centers of activity. But she had been a good storm—Maria!

ON DONNER PASS a golden sun in a blue sky shone daz-
zlingly on the fresh

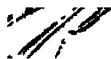


white snow. The cedars were dark green columns, powdered with shining crystals. Cars lined the high way. Costumed in red and blue dark-goggled against the glare, the skiers moved swiftly across the snow. Where the violet-gray shadows of the firs lay upon the whiteness, the skier pulled their jackets close, but in the sunshine they cast back their jacket and rejoiced in the brisk air. In the ski tracks the light of the sun, refracted among the snow crystals gleamed in ethereal blue.

In that world as clean and beautiful as mortal man can ever know the skiers came to play; the road was safe and two lanes wide; the network of telephone wires, gleaming in the sunlight, stretched unbroken across the mountains.

But along the highway men still worked. The snow plows were throwing back the snow clear to the line of the orange-painted snowstakes. Back and forth along the highway shuttled the green trucks of Telephone inspecting and strengthening repairs which had been made hastily in the storm.

The storm was over, but storms would come again. All must be ready.



K. A.

The Red Cross Was Ready

By Allan A. Madsen

(Continued from Back Cover)

leaving the whereabouts of their families from whom they had become separated during the bombing.

When we were ready to sail for San Francisco, 127 badly burned and wounded naval men were placed on board our ship. The Navy was short of nurses, so Red Cross officials scoured Hawaii, and in two hours located 21 registered nurses who were vacationing on the island and who volunteered to take the danger-fraught voyage to San Francisco.

At Pearl Harbor, the Red Cross was ready for this extraordinary emergency because it always stands ready — *everywhere*.

Since 1939 the American Red Cross has helped 15,000,000 refugees in Asia and Europe. I have seen it in action in a dozen countries: in France, helping refugees and prisoners of war without regard to race, creed or color; in Portugal, arranging for the care of stranded Americans. In Syria American Red Cross workers followed the British, Imperial and Free French troops, distributing food to the Arabs who had been half-starved during the British blockade of the Vichyites. In Abyssinia they risked their lives among the wild tribesmen of the hills to bring badly needed medical supplies to the interior of Haile Selassie's country.

In Egypt, working through the Egyptian Red Crescent, American Red Cross officials provided mobile kitchens, food, blankets and medicine for the 175,000 refugees who fled in terror from Axis air raids on Alexandria. In Manila, a week before the Japanese attack, I stood in the streets and watched the Red Cross assist in an evacuation drill. When the Japs bombed the city the Red Cross quickly and efficiently carried out the evacuation of 100,000 residents while bombs rained down among them.

Thus, with America's entry into the war the Red Cross has taken its place with the armed forces at home and abroad, wherever American troops are in action. It is holding front-line positions from Chungking to Cairo, from Los Angeles to London. The need for funds has been greatly enlarged.

In addition to its yearly membership drive, the Red Cross is now engaged in a \$50,000,000 War Fund Campaign.

Your contribution is needed.
Give generously.
Today!



The Red Cross Was Ready

By

Allan A. Michie

Correspondent for *Life* and *Time* who
has just completed an eight months
trip through the Middle and Far East

AS ONE of the first war correspondents to reach Hawaii after Pearl Harbor Sunday, I was struck by one bright spot in all that tragedy. *The Red Cross had been ready.* I dread thinking of how much worse the confusion and suffering would have been if Red Cross workers hadn't been right on the job, organized for instant action.

We now know officially that the U. S. armed forces were not on the alert on that lazy Sunday morning. Most of Hawaii's civilian organizations were afflicted with the same complacency.

But within a few minutes after the first Jap bombs rained down on Pearl Harbor, Red Cross workers manned their prearranged posts. Many Red Cross volunteers were wives of officers and men stationed at the air fields and naval base. They did not know what fate awaited their loved ones but they did not stand idly by. Jap planes strafed their cars on the road as they drove to their stations.

From its emergency kitchens, the Red Cross promptly supplied food to rescue workers. Bombed out families were supplied with lodging, clothing, and blankets, as well as food. Emergency stores of medical supplies and surgical dressings were rushed to hospitals and to schools which had been turned into temporary hospitals.

Doctors struggling furiously to save the lives of soldiers and sailors blasted and burned in the attack soon used up the Red Cross reserve of blood plasma. The Red Cross issued a call for volunteer donors, and its workers gave their own blood until sufficient donors could be brought in. (In all 10,000 volunteers gave their pint of blood at the rate of 50 per hour.)

By 3 a.m. on December 8 the Red Cross Motor Corps, driving in a blacker blacker than London's, and risking shots from jittery Territorial road guards, had removed 3000 refugees from the danger areas around Pearl Harbor and the air fields. Many of the Red Cross's volunteer workers stayed at their posts for ten days with little sleep. Red Cross information centers were promptly organized to help anxious service men

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An article a day—of enduring significance, in condensed, permanent booklet form

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Are We Awake—Even Yet?

Condensed from The New York Times Magazine

James B. Reston

THE SETBACKS of the United States in the first months of the war have reflected not so much military failure as an intellectual failure. We have not been out-fought but out-maneuvered and out-thought.

Our past thinking has been confused by fallacies: that the Axis revolution did not threaten our free-

Too little and too late — that is the epitaph of a dozen stricken countries. An observer familiar with the mood of both Europe and America raises vital questions we must face if we are to avoid tragedy ourselves.

JAMES B. RESTON, a New York Times correspondent in Washington for the past two years, has been watching with increasing irritation the American tendency to think that nine zeros in a Congressional arms appropriation will win the war without further effort. He saw that same complacency in England from 1937 to 1939 — and also the effects of it. After graduating from the University of Illinois in 1932, Mr. Reston worked as a reporter for the Springfield, Ohio, *News*. Later he became a sports-writer and then a New York theater columnist for the Associated Press. In 1937 the AP sent him to London, where he had the novel assignment of covering major sports events in summer and the Foreign Office in winter. He joined the London bureau of the New York Times in 1939, and moved on to Washington in December, 1940.

dom in any direct way; that Russia was weak, Japan weak, Italy a joke; and that the great defensive bastions on our side, the Maginot Line, Singapore, Pearl Harbor, were impregnable.

As a result of this thinking, which divided our people and crippled our will, we and our allies have been defeated or cornered in every quarter of the world: in the Philippines, in Malaysia, in Libya, in China, in Burma, in Australia, in the Pacific and in the Atlantic, where German submarines are sinking our ships and even venturing through the outer defenses of the Panama Canal.

Yet despite this catalogue of catastrophe, despite the fact that every-

body says we have learned a terrible lesson, there is no general agreement on what that lesson is; and one ventures to inquire whether, even now, we have cleared our minds of old ideas, habits and prejudices, whether as a nation we are awake to the grim realities of the war.

It is true that Mr. Roosevelt cannot be accused of intellectual failure in his conception of what the war meant to this country before we were directly attacked. And there are many other high officials — notably Donald Nelson and William L. Batt — who apparently understand that only action will win the war.

But among many prominent officials a number of illusions persist. One of these is the illusion that since we are the richest and *potentially* the strongest people in the world we cannot lose the war. Nothing is more fallacious. Money may be able to solve most of our difficulties in time of peace, *but you can't stop a tank with a hundred-thousand-dollar bill.*

We are five years behind the Germans in converting our industrial plants to military purposes. In the year 1941, we turned out 20 billion dollars' worth of peacetime goods with machines which could have been converted to war work, and now it is going to take us longer to convert our automobile industry than it took the Japanese to cripple Pearl Harbor, take Manila, occupy Malaya, close the Burma Road and

wrest Singapore from the British.

The second great illusion — that we can win the war without using our best administrators and without putting an end to the personal and interdepartmental wars in Washington — is equally dangerous. With many high government posts in the hands of less than our best men, it is surely indefensible to deny top jobs to men like Wendell Willkie. It would be unfair to charge the Administration with running the war on a party basis, for there are too many Republicans like Donald Nelson and Nelson Rockefeller in high position to sustain such an argument, but the process has not gone far enough. What's wrong with a coalition Win-the-War Party?

Even the high government officials who say on the radio that we are facing our greatest crisis would not contend that Washington acts like it. Hope Ridings Miller, society editor of the *Washington Post*, reported the other day: "This town recently has given itself over to the most hectic round of partying anybody has ever heard of."

This is not intended to give the impression that government officials do nothing but attend parties. Most of them work early and late. But they cannot escape a great number of these social affairs, and the atmosphere of Washington is not yet one of grim, relentless war work.

This social whirl is part of the same mentality that causes some of

the highest-ranking cabinet secretaries and other top officials to squander their energy, ingenuity and time in maneuvering for position. The contrast between the wartime operations of the British and U. S. governments is striking. In Britain, outside of the Admiralty, one felt that too many people were trying to duck responsibility. In Washington, too many are grabbing for power. Everybody here wants to beat Hitler, provided he, personally, can do the job. It's a healthy sign, but it has led us down some nasty alleys.

For example, we have not agreed even now about who is to run many of the most important aspects of the war. This is true in the realm of the acquisition of raw materials, where responsibility for doing the job is divided between one agency and one committee, and still another agency controls the money needed for the job; it is true in the realm of public morale, where the Office of Facts and Figures, the Office of Civilian Defense, the War Production Board, the War, Navy, Treasury, State, Agriculture and several other departments and agencies all dabble in the job — sometimes in key and sometimes not; it is true in the realm of economic warfare, where the State Department and the Board of Economic Warfare have been at cross purposes on many different occasions.

If this were peacetime, these conflicts could be dismissed as the unfortunate but inevitable consequences

of the best system of government in the world; if they were fleeting and unimportant, it would be a disservice to put them into type; but this is not peace and these squabbles are not trivial. They take an incredible amount of time away from the essential work on the war. And they persist, though they will be measured one day in tears and blood.

The third illusion — that we can win the war without scrapping a number of high military and naval officers who are still thinking in terms of classic defense rather than offense — can be touched on only briefly by a civilian. But it is a fact proved by the collapse of France, by the repeated purges in the British army, and by the disaster of Pearl Harbor that in time of peace generals tend to nurse ancient theories and admirals learn to think about battle ships as so many things to administer instead of so many fighting weapons of offensive action.

It was only the other day that we introduced air training at West Point. Even now too few people have recognized that in certain cases the best defense is a strong offense. It is time to ask whether it is possible for the men who believed in the old defensive policy to turn their minds successfully to one of the most complex naval and military operations in the history of warfare.

The fourth illusion — that the nation will fight its best on a diet of optimistic news — denies the first psychological lesson of the war: that

the Anglo-Saxon peoples will not make the supreme sacrifices necessary until they understand that their position is not only bad but desperate. The people of London worked their hardest when the going was toughest. Before the blitz, when they were being fed on optimistic drivel, they coasted outrageously; but when bombs fell, and they understood at last that preservation of their freedom was more than a phrase, they worked like mad.

The history of our own country has proved that our energy and our sacrifices have risen with our understanding of the nation's peril. Without truth there is no understanding. And without understanding there is likely to be no victory.

The fifth illusion — that we can beat the Axis while working a 40-hour-week — is answered by the military position today. It is an-

swered also by the fact that the British, who are very jealous of their trade-union traditions, are working between 55 and 60 hours a week. And it is answered most conclusively of all by the fact that the Germans are working between 60 and 70 hours.

Will money win the war, or will it take munitions? Have we time for petty squabbling, personal ambitions or party considerations? Must we confuse our own people in order to confuse the enemy? Can we spot our enemies a five-year start and beat them on their home grounds if we work 40 hours to their 60?

We cannot win the war until we clear our minds of these illusions. When we do, all the military power of the Axis, all the advantages they have gained so far, will not deter us from the goals President Roosevelt has proclaimed.



Collector's Items

¶ A MAN we know neglected his account with his laundress for months. Finally he found this note among his clean clothes:

"Dear Sir: You have owed me six dollars for four months. If you do not pay the whole by next week, I will put too much starch in your collars.

Cordially, Mrs. Smith."

¶ THE promotion manager of radio station WWL in New Orleans addressed a beautifully simple letter to delinquent clients:

"Dear Mr. —: Will you please send us the name of a good lawyer in your community? We may have to sue you. Yours very truly . . ."

— Tide

Prelude to Treachery

By

Mark J. Gayn

TWENTY YEARS AGO, Japan's delegates to the Washington Conference signed a solemn pledge to maintain peace in the Pacific and keep honorable hands off China. In Tokyo, semidivine Hirohito, acting as regent for his insane father, Emperor Taisho, approved the pledge.

Before the year was over, the ablest men on the Japanese Naval General Staff went to work blueprinting war on the United States and Britain.

Today, as this design for aggression unfolds, it reads like a dime thriller. It also carries a lesson in foresight, long-range planning and precise execution which must be taken to heart by the complacent, easy-going American people.

MARK GAYN has been an on-the-spot observer of Japanese war preparations. From 1934 to 1939 he was Far Eastern correspondent for the *Washington Post*. He was also an editor for Rengo and Domei, the official Japanese news agencies, until 1937, when Japan attacked China and he resigned. He then became news editor and editorial writer for the *China Press*, American daily in Shanghai. His vigorous exposures of Japanese machinations soon brought a visit from gunmen who bombed and machine-gunned the newspaper plant — a form of censorship that proved ineffectual. Mr. Gayn's latest book, *The Fight for the Pacific*, first published last June, has recently been reissued and become a best seller.

The navy's was a highly secret undertaking. The cautious diplomats at the Foreign Office wanted peace. The generals were working on their own secret designs for war on Russia and China. None — until four or five years ago — saw merit in the others' plans. But when they did, the plans dovetailed into a streamlined pattern of treachery toward Britain, America and the Netherlands East Indies.

The meeting of the army and navy minds occurred about 1938. The navy had acquired a string of bases stretching beyond the China Coast. The army had by this time reached South China and, as they thoughtfully surveyed the lands beyond, the generals began to agree with the admirals that Japan would have to fight the democracies if she was to have the treasures of Malaya and the Netherlands East Indies.

The events of 1939-40 further cemented the new understanding. The Hitlerian orgy in Europe freed Japan's hands in the Far East. In Tokyo, a little army clique, committed to aggression on a grandiose scale, seized control of the government. A short, solemn, bullet-headed general named Hideki Tojo became War Minister and promptly began to translate yesterday's plans into

battle training, accumulation of war supplies, and the expansion of the fifth column for the zero hour.

This, in broad outlines, is the background of today's war — the Prelude to the Great Treachery. Let's now turn to the amazing tale of Japan's actual step-by-step preparations for the conflict.

HAINAN is a 14,000-square-mile island that hangs like a huge earring off the South China ear lobe. Its climate is much like that of Malaya. Japan seized Hainan early in 1939. Immediately Japanese military engineers got busy, building airfields, roads, barracks and harbor facilities.

The work was completed in 1940, and the new Japanese bases became beehives of activity. Thousands of soldiers filled the barracks. France, Britain and the United States fumed and protested. In Shanghai and Nanking, army spokesmen explained that the men had been shifted from the China front to Hainan for "rest."

At once, Hainan became a no-(newspaper)man's-land. The Chinese intelligence service, usually able to smuggle out information from occupied territory, was stumped. Something was afoot, but none knew what it was.

Troops continued to pour into Hainan. None of them was known to have returned to China. The gaps on the China front were filled with reservists from Japan proper. Hainan also became a mecca of Japanese generals, even to the commander in

chief of the forces in China. The spokesmen in Shanghai obligingly explained that the generals were inspecting the resting troops.

Thus, a handpicked army of about 200,000 "rested at" Hainan for more than a year. Last November Chinese intelligence agents in Pak-hoi, across a strait from Hainan, reported that soldiers, with full equipment, were being loaded on transports. The next report indicated that the armada, escorted by cruisers and an aircraft carrier, was slowly moving south.

For weeks, the fleet idled on the high seas; so many reports came out on its progress that no one knew its whereabouts. And anyway no one was disposed to pay much attention to a missing fleet while Saburo Kurusu suavely sought to persuade President Roosevelt and Cordell Hull to meet Japan's peaceful and legitimate aspirations. And, most certainly, no one — possibly not even Mr. Kurusu — knew that another fleet of aircraft carriers was stealthily nearing Hawaii.

On December 7, Pearl Harbor was attacked and Philippine and Malayan airfields were severely bombed. The Hainan armada suddenly showed up along the Thai and Malayan coast and began to unload its men, who within three weeks were rolling toward Singapore.

ONLY in January did the true story of Hainan come out. Part of it came from bragging Japanese generals, eager to convince their

foes and allies that their successes were not accidental. Part of it came from Chinese, Dutch and American intelligence reports. The remainder came out of my own files—tidbits of information which made little sense when I got them, but which today fit into a startling pattern.

Hainan was a gigantic school for conquest, in which approximately ten divisions were given a 15-month course in invading Malaya and Burma. The strategy of the invasion was formulated four or five years ago. The tactics were worked out around 1938, and put to a severe test in the lush, snake-infested forests of the island.

The Japanese command's first action in Hainan was to split its divisions into small task forces, each trained to fight independently of the others. In effect, the army became a loose agglomeration of commando units. Even while Occidental experts were writing reams of copy on the Japanese soldier's lack of initiative, the Japanese command was secretly exploding this beautiful myth. As a matter of fact, the Japanese army's new tactics depended on training the husky Japanese peasant lad in all branches of modern fighting -- and then leaving everything to his own ingenuity.

The broader tactics tested in Hainan were an illegitimate offspring of Nazi blitzkrieg. The similarities were speed, shrewd use of flanking movements, and employment of great

masses of aircraft and armored units. But there were also essential differences. The Hainan school of fighting did not call for brute force to deal the first blow. Instead, it provided for stealthy infiltration through the British lines. Small units, ranging from five to 500 men, sneaked past the British sentries, deep into the jungle. They made no sound, and fought no skirmishes until they were well behind the British lines. Then, on orders either prearranged or flashed by radio, they struck at the rear of the surprised Imperials.

It was only then that the heavier Japanese units moved forward for the frontal attack. By this time, the British lines were already undermined by the unexpected enemy sorties from the rear, and no effective resistance could be offered to the advancing Japanese tanks.

In all of the two-month Malayan campaign there were scarcely three important engagements. The Japanese forced the Britons to retreat by the combination of infiltration and outflanking. When the latter maneuver could not be carried out by land, the Japanese used a fleet of small craft, slowly moving southward along the western coast of Malaya.

To insure silence, the Japanese soldiers were supplied not with the regular army boots but with rubber sneakers. They also were equipped with cotton pads for hands and knees, to enable them to crawl through the jungles without a sound.

To insure speed, equipment was

simplified to the bare essentials. The soldier wore shorts instead of trousers, a singlet instead of a shirt. The reduced weight enabled many soldiers to carry collapsible bicycles, which they mounted as soon as they were out of sight of the British lines.

The British tactics in Malaya were based on the assumption that they could anchor their flanks on swamps and rice paddies, since these would halt tanks. Not until a fortnight before the war broke out did they stumble upon what the Japanese had long before learned in Hainan — that light mechanized units could cross rice fields. By that time it was already too late. When the tiny Japanese one-man tanks and two-man troop carriers struck across swamps at the British flanks, there was little resistance.

After the light Japanese tanks had turned the British lines, there came heavy tanks and artillery, apparently accumulated in great secrecy in Indo-China since 1940. Like the Nazi tanks in Libya, the Japanese 30-tonners were more than a match for the light British armored vehicles.

Ahead of the light and heavy tank waves came a protective screen of fighters and bombers, to blast the British supply trains, defenses and bases. Disastrously weakened by the treacherous attack on its fields before war was declared, the RAF was hopelessly outnumbered.

This overwhelming numerical superiority made up for the fact that the Japanese planes were inferior to

the best British and American planes. The Japanese pilots were excellent, and careful planning saw to it that plenty of planes — Japan's air force probably numbered 4000-5000 planes in all — were where they were needed at the right moment. The Japanese timetable was worked out on paper probably 18 to 24 months before the war. The Japanese war machine adhered to it with precision born of thorough preparation.

THE STORY of Hainan — a story more amazing in its scope and boldness than any of Hitler's exploits — forms only a part of Japan's secret preparations for the Great Treachery. While General Nishio was preparing his men at Hainan, another force was receiving training at another Japanese base.

Formosa is a huge club-shaped island about 100 miles off the coast of South China. The Japanese got it in 1895, as part of the booty in their war with China. In the fall of 1940, divisions began to pour into Formosa from South China and Japan. For the first time, an admiral on the active list was appointed governor. And General Masaharu Homma disappeared from the front pages of Tokyo newspapers.

Big, smiling Homma for a decade has been fondly regarded by pro-Japanese statesmen abroad as a great friend of the West. He visited European capitals for disarmament conferences, accompanied Prince Chichibu on the famous good-will

trip to London for the 1937 coronation ceremony. Wherever he went, his Oxford accent, fondness for alcohol and a good store of barroom tales insured his popularity.

For about two years Homma remained out of the limelight. But this January, Tokyo proudly announced that he was in charge of the Fourteenth Army, which invaded the Philippines from Formosa. Under Homma's watchful eye, eight to ten divisions — 160,000 to 200,000 men — spent 15 months preparing for the attack.

Information in the possession of the War Department gives a striking picture of these preparations. Special attention at Formosa was paid to landing operations. Under conditions closely resembling those of the Philippines, the soldiers left their invasion barges, charged the shore, established beachheads, and then began infiltration, on the Flainan pattern.

In these rehearsals the Japanese army and navy worked in collaboration. Thus, when war came, destroyers, cruisers and naval aircraft escorted the invasion fleet and cleared the beach of the defending (American) forces by intensive shelling and bombing. Efficient radio sets permitted the Japanese reconnaissance planes to keep the land units, equipped with earphones, informed of the American movements and road conditions.

The naval command paid special attention to the air arm. Its per-

formance in the first two months of the Pacific war showed original and daring air tactics, and superb combat behavior. The latter stemmed from the experience gained by the Japanese naval pilots in China. There, with little resistance, the fliers could test their tactics and marksmanship on living targets. In the first five months of the China war, the naval pilots made 13,000 flights. Little wonder, therefore, that a veteran British flier told Allen Raymond of the *New York Herald Tribune*: "You saw some of our best formations fly in England. The Japs we met were just as good in formation, and they could shoot and hit their targets while doing rolling turns. . . ."

Invasion barges were built in large numbers even before the attack on China in 1937. These were tested in large-scale war operations off Tsingtao, Shanghai and Canton in 1937-38. On the basis of this experience, and the lessons learned at Formosa, considerable improvements were made in barge design, speed and armament.

Our army today has records of at least five types of invasion craft used by Homma's troops. The largest of these carries up to 120 men with complete equipment and perhaps a light field gun. Another, slightly smaller, is driven by an airplane propeller, and is used for operations in very shallow waters.

To carry these barges to the beaches, the Japanese have developed a mother-ship. This vessel

slides the fully equipped and manned barges into the water through a rear hatch. I saw one of these ships off the Woosung forts in 1937, in the initial days of the Shanghai war. It looked exactly like a large whaling depot steamer, and it is possible the lessons learned in the operation of the whalers were incorporated in the design of the barge mother-ship.

The land tactics taught by Homma at Formosa were very similar to those practiced at Hainan. But it is interesting to note that so extensive was the experience of the Japanese fighting men that they changed their tactics with each change of terrain. Thus, in Burma, they fought a jungle war east of the Salween River. Once they crossed it, they began to advance in large units, well supported by heavy tanks and artillery, and ever accompanied by an umbrella of aircraft.

IN PREPARING for the war, hundreds of army chemists, doctors, engineers and other laboratory men — many of them trained in Germany and the United States — labored hard on the technical details. The weapons developed by these men provided a surprise for the defenders of Malaya and the Philippines. The surprises ranged from "baby" machine guns and semiautomatic rifles, which fired .25 caliber bullets, to tanks with V-fronts, which deflected direct hits by 37-millimeter guns. While lacking the penetration power of our weap-

ons, the "baby" guns shot lighter bullets and permitted the Japanese soldier to carry a larger supply of ammunition.

Careful attention was paid to the question of camouflage. The mud-yellow uniform used in Central China became a green uniform in Malaya to suit the color of the lush tropical growth. In the Philippines, General MacArthur's men captured Japanese snipers, green from head to shoes. Even their faces and hands were painted the color of the trees in which they hid themselves. These men were equipped with linemen's spikes and with smokeless ammunition.

Equal attention was paid to their hygiene and diet. The men in the advance army units were given a very compact and surprisingly light pack, containing these supplies:

A pound bag of rice; a bag of hard-tack; half pound of hard candy; a can of field rations; a package of concentrated foods; vitamin pills; anti-dysentery pills; quinine; antidote for mustard gas; bandages; a can of chlorine to purify water; a flashlight; a gas mask; a green mosquito net, also used to camouflage the head and shoulders; a heavier net to camouflage the rest of the body; rope for climbing trees.

This ration was sufficient to maintain a man in the jungle for a fortnight — even longer if he could augment his food ration with fruits. In his pockets, the Japanese soldier also carried so-called "energy pills"

supposed to be a nonharmful stimulant, effective for a few hours. In addition, the soldier very often had a small radio set.

Thanks to long and careful preparations, the incidence of disease was very low. In the swamps and jungles of Malaya, the Japanese proved much more immune — with much less equipment — to stomach ailments and malaria than the British and Australian fighters.

BUT IT IS in the petty tricks that the thoroughness of the Japanese war preparations was especially striking. Knowing that the waters of Hong Kong would be mined, the army employed the services of Reizo Koike, one of the world's best breast-stroke swimmers, who starred at the 1932 Olympic games in Los Angeles. Koike trained a team of men who one night plunged into the Hong Kong harbor, swam to the floating mines and exploded them with rifle shots. This enabled the Japanese attackers to cross the channel and land on the island. Koike's feat entailed many months of very careful rehearsing, and supplied yet another proof that Japan had long planned to attack Britain.

To imitate native fishing boats, Japanese in Malaya camouflaged their barges with clothes, ostensibly hung out to dry. Both in Malaya and the Philippines, the Japanese effectively used firecrackers to mislead their foes. In Luzon, they frequently dropped fountain pens on jungle

paths. Those who picked them up paid with their lives, for the pens were attached to hand grenades. On every front the Japanese made good use of their resemblance to the natives. In Burma this made every Burmese a suspect. In the Philippines the trick worked until the American sentries thought of pass-words with a lot of L's. The Japanese always betrayed themselves by pronouncing L as R. In the siege of Singapore the Japanese claimed they used hundreds of pigs and dogs to create noise which misled the British. In the Philippines Japanese machine-gun nests signaled surrender, only to go into action as soon as the American soldiers emerged into the open.

This list could be continued almost indefinitely. And like everything else the Japanese have done, it teaches this lesson: The Japanese are unscrupulous, ruthless, bold and brilliantly imaginative. They are not a foe to be ignored.

AMAZING tales have been told of Nazi agents in Norway, France and the Lowlands. But nothing they have done compares in scope or thoroughness with the work of the Japanese fifth columnists. Probably the greatest living fifth-column organizer is the gentle-looking, white-bearded Mitsuru Toyama.

About 60 years ago, Toyama became fired with the idea of Japan's "mission" to rule the world. After his henchmen had murdered a few

cautious or peace-loving statesmen, he won recognition as a potent influence in Japanese politics. Following the Russo-Japanese War, Toyama's eyes turned toward China and other rich Asiatic lands. Revolutionaries and malcontents from these countries found a ready refuge at his house. Chinese, Filipinos, Malays, Siamese and Hindus began to flock to him, to get the funds and inspiration for their work against the established authority. Toyama's investment in room-and-lodging paid rich dividends.

From China to his house came Dr. Sun Yat-sen, Chiang Kai-shek and Wang Ching-wei, when all were revolutionaries fighting against a corrupt and ruthless government. Of these, Wang today is Japan's Number One puppet in China. When he visited Tokyo last year, the first man he called on after seeing the Premier was Toyama. To Toyama also came Benigno Ramos, head of the Filipino rebel Sakdalista Party, and General Artemio Ricardo, one of the chief aides of the rebel General Aguinaldo. Now all three are doing Japan's subversive work in the invaded Philippines. Toyama's friends in Burma included U Saw, whom the British jailed this year for plotting to turn his country over to the Japanese. From Penang and Singapore, Toyama's Malay and Hindu agents today broadcast anti-British and anti-American propaganda to the Netherlands East Indies, Burma and India.

Especial attention has been paid by this 89-year-old man to the huge Japanese communities on our west coast, Hawaii and the Philippines. In the latter place the fifth column embraced the large Japanese community and very active undercover Filipino groups. The shores of the Philippines had been scouted for years by Japanese "fishermen." Homma's invading armada was guided by these "fishermen," now in their naval uniforms. Japanese bombers raiding American bases were aided by mirrors fixed up in trees near camouflaged anti-aircraft guns. In blackouts, lights conveniently illuminated targets for the Japanese. In Davao, with its 20,000 Japanese residents, Japanese landing parties were actually joined by these men — now wearing army uniform. In Vigan, 200 miles north of Manila, a one-time small shopkeeper blossomed out as an army major. As soon as the invaders marched into the town, he took over the post of Military Governor of the Ilocos Sur province. Hundreds of other Japanese shopkeepers, barbers and dentists — according to a comprehensive invasion plan — took over administrative posts in all areas seized by the invader.

And once again, every Japanese move bore the stamp of thorough and lengthy preparation. Consider, for instance, the fact that the Japanese soldiers came to the Philippines with wads of newly printed Philippine currency. The designing, printing and distribution of the notes

must have taken at least six months. This means that last June, Japan knew she was going to attack the Philippines.

Still more amazing was the performance of the fifth column in British Malaya. The invading Japanese shock units time and again managed to filter undetected through the British lines by using Malayan guides. The Japanese maps of swamps, jungles and plantation areas were more exact than those of the British army. In every large town the Japanese occupied, a puppet administration was functioning within 48 hours; another indication of long and careful plotting.

WE MUST rid ourselves of the idea that Japan is an easy enemy, or that she simply cannot win this war. Japan *can* win, if we allow overconfidence to make us slow and unwilling to make sacrifices or take risks. It is entirely within the realm of possibility that within the next three months Japanese submarines and cruisers will operate off South Africa, that a Japanese general will sit in the viceroy's palace in New Delhi, or that the Rising Sun flag will wave over the Australian mainland. If the Germans and the Japanese effect junction in Asia, their chances of coming out on top will be better than ours.

(★)

Presidential Favorites

¶ LINCOLN'S own favorite story among the many that circulated about him during his lifetime was about two Quakeresses discussing the Civil War leaders, Lincoln and Jefferson Davis.

"I think Jefferson will succeed," declared one.

"Why does thee think so?"

"Because Jefferson is a praying man."

"And so is Abraham a praying man."

"Yes, but," countered the first, "the Lord will think Abraham is joking."

— Dixon Wecter, *The Hero in America* (Scribner's)

¶ F. D. R. LIKES this one on himself. A couple of Negroes were walking along a Washington street when they were startled by the scream of police sirens and the roar of eight motorcycles preceding a long black car. Impressed by the number of police, one of the Negroes asked his companion who was in the car.

"Why, you ignoramus," said the second, "dat's de President ob de United States."

"Yeah?" said the first. "What *he* done?"

— Dr. George G. Frazier in *Coronet*

"So Long, Son"

Condensed from The Chicago Daily News

Howard Vincent O'Brien

THERE WAS no band, no ceremonial. It wasn't even dramatic. A car honked outside and he said: "Well, I guess that's for me." He picked up his bag, and his mother said: "You haven't forgotten your gloves?"

He kissed her and held out his hand to me. "Well, so long," he said. I took his hand but all I could say was "Good luck."

The door slammed and that was that — another boy gone to war.

I had advised waiting for the draft, waiting at least until he was old enough to register. He had smiled at that, and assured me that his mind was made up. He wanted peace, he said. Without peace, what good was living?

There was finality in the way he said this — a finality at once grim

and gentle. I had said no more about waiting.

After the door closed behind him I went upstairs to what had been his room. It was in worse chaos than usual. Clothing was scattered about — dancing pumps, a tennis racket, his phonograph records, letters, invitations to parties he now would not attend.

I went then to my room. On the wall was a picture of a little boy, his toothless grin framed in curls — the same boy who had just taken my hand and said: "Well, so long." Not much time, I thought, between the making of that picture and the slamming of the front door.

Suddenly a queer thing happened. Objects came alive — whispered to me. The house was full of soft voices. They led me up to the attic — to a box of toy soldiers, a football helmet, a home-made guitar, class pictures, a stamp album, a penny bank with the lid pried off . . .

The voices led me on to a folder stuffed with papers: report cards, letters — among them the wail of an exasperated teacher: "Though he looks like an angel . . ." — a baptismal certificate, a ribbon won in a

HOWARD VINCENT O'BRIEN's daily column, "All Things Considered," has appeared for nearly 10 years in the *Chicago Daily News* and other papers. He writes about everything from pets to politics, with an independence illustrated by the fact that he endorsed President Roosevelt's philosophy in 1936 when the Republican candidate for Vice-President was his boss, Frank Knox. During the war he served overseas as first lieutenant in the field artillery.

track meet, faded photographs, one taken on the memorable first day of long pants.

I sat down and thought how time had flown. Why, it was only yesterday when I had held him in my arms! That, somehow, made me remember all the scoldings I had given him, the preachments, the exhortation to a virtue and wisdom I did not myself possess.

I thought, too, of my last inarticulate "good luck," and wished that I had somehow been able to tell him how much I really loved him. Had

he perhaps penetrated my brusque reserve? Had he guessed what was in my heart?

And then I thought: What fools we are with our children — always plotting what we shall make of them, always planning for a future that never comes, always intent on what they may be, never accepting what they are.

Well, curly-head — you're a man now. I hated to see you go, but I would not have halted you if I could. I cannot pretend I am not sad. But I am proud, too. So long, son.



Pullman's Pioneer

In 1858 after a restless night on a so-called train "sleeper," a 27-year-old master-carpenter named George M. Pullman set out to improve the crude sleeping accommodations of the day. Shortly afterward he borrowed from the Chicago and Alton Railroad two standard day coaches, only a little over six feet high on the inside. Into these he crowded 10 two-berth sections, supplied with blankets and mattresses but no sheets. Candle lights and a small washroom and stove at each end of the car completed the equipment. Pullman was not satisfied — these accommodations were still cramped and primitive.

During the Civil War he built another and much larger coach, *The Pioneer*. This car was longer, wider and higher than the ordinary coach, with roomier berths and aisles, and enough headroom to accommodate Pullman's revolutionary invention, the full-sized

hinged upper berth which clamped up slantwise when not in use. *The Pioneer* was equipped with black-walnut woodwork, mirrors, overstuffed chairs, thick carpets, rich curtains and spacious washrooms. But despite its luxury it seemed doomed to rust in the yards. It was too wide for station platforms, too high for bridges, as railroad men quickly pointed out. Pullman's reply was, "Then change the platforms and raise the bridges."

The Pioneer lay idle until, in 1865, it was commandeered for the funeral train taking President Lincoln's body on the last stage of its journey home — from Chicago to Springfield, Illinois. To let *The Pioneer* pass, space between platforms was quickly widened, bridge-frames were raised. One by one, other stretches of railroad were altered to accommodate the new type of car. Pullman had won.

— Adapted from Arthur Train, Jr., *The Story of Everyday Things* (Harcourt)

Alfalfa and Omega

Condensed from *The Yale Review*

Sterling North

TOWARD SPRING our restlessness — which began in October — sharpens into longing. Alfalfa and Omega, our crazy-quilt Michigan farm, lies 175 miles away. All winter long our lake was roofed with ice, clear as rock crystal — and we were not there to see it. We fear the pheasants and the quail have had a bad time, for the snow was deep. And the rabbits doubtless feasted on the bark of our young apple trees.

We never fail to experience impending loss when we pull away for Chicago in October, straining for a last glimpse of the buildings as we round the bend. And our hearts always miss a beat as we come back around that bend in May or June.

"It's still there!" we shout.

No one but a mountaineer would consider the net earnings of Alfalfa

and Omega a "living." Security, if there is such a thing, can be achieved only on richer ground and more of it. But would 160 acres of black loam mean as much to us as this haphazard corner of paradise? We doubt it!

Six summers of hard work and six winters of long-distance dreaming have left marks as indelible as our children's footprints in the concrete floor of the Chic Sale three-seater. David then was six and Arielle three. Since we moved in at two o'clock one June morning in 1935, Hitler has conquered most of Europe and we have brought a new orchard into bearing. Gladys and I have slipped from our twenties into our thirties.

We took over what had been a century of misadventure — "the poorest farm in St. Joseph County." We remodeled the buildings, changed a pig yard into an acre of smooth green turf, limed and fertilized the land, seeded 18 acres to alfalfa, and learned from an old German carpenter how to make a reasonably potable wine. That year, too, we raised and marketed 300 bushels of Michigan Russet potatoes, doing all the work ourselves.

Having proved that a book reviewer and his wife could earn their

STERLING NORTH, literary editor of the *Chicago Daily News* and *New York Post*, is also a widely known writer and lecturer. He made his way through the University of Chicago by writing lyric poetry for the magazines and working in automobile plants. After four years as a reporter for the *Daily News*, he was appointed literary editor when he was 27. Mr. North is the author of ten novels and juveniles — the latter written originally for the pleasure of his own children. Among his books are *Plowing on Sunday* and *Seven Against the Years*.

sustenance the hard way, we began to take farm life more easily. The following summers, we spent more time fishing and swimming and less time carrying 100-pound sacks of potatoes down cellar stairs. We grew more roses and fewer beans. We took time out to live through all five senses; to identify bird songs; to relish the feel of plush-green mullen leaves between our fingers, the resilience of pine needles under bare feet, the taste of spicebush and slippery elm, the exhilarating sight of wild geese wedging high over our cornfields in the autumn. We learned a great lesson from the farm folk of the region, whose philosophy may be surmised from the fact that they seldom cultivate corn after June 25 — the day the bass season opens.

Throughout the Michigan summer we live by lamplight. We have spent six blessed seasons without a telephone. We are two merciful miles from the nearest concrete highway. Thousands of Michiganders devote their summers to bridge and golf, but not on our corner. We pitch horseshoes and play croquet.

Conversation in St. Joseph County is not at the breakneck pace of a metropolitan cocktail party; it is leisurely, deliberate, filled with understatement, broad humor and common sense. Between question and answer there is often time for a quail to speak his clear "bob-white," or for a mourning dove to utter his quadruple note of dignified sorrow.

Even in richer farming areas it is

doubtful if as much folk wisdom survives — "receipts" handed down from mother to daughter, counting-out rhymes and rope-skipping verses which children have taught children since the days of Queen Elizabeth, simple remedies for man and beast, planting and harvesting lore. One farmer describes Arielle as "purty as a blossom bough." Along our fence line one day came a little old woman as withered as an apple at the bottom of the barrel. She was collecting wild herbs for "teat balm" to treat the udders of her cow.

None of our neighbors would think of returning a dish empty. There are always willing hands to help carry the burden of sickness or misfortune. The watermelon is a "social" fruit which everyone shares and no one sells. In more fertile areas tenants and owners may sign complicated leases; in southern Michigan all such agreements are oral.

Farming in our region is a way of life. Our streams, woods and lakes are communal. Fences, which elsewhere are pig-tight, horse-high and bull-strong, never impede our progress.

With so much good will surrounding us, we think of the animals as our neighbors too. We have become increasingly unwilling to shoot a single goose or duck during the hunting season. Instead, we now lie hidden to watch the mother mallard leading her downy flotilla in maneuvers on the reed-rimmed pool; we make friends of the chipping sparrows that

nest in our pine trees, and we are filled with something akin to reverence on the rare occasions when our little lake is visited by a wild swan.

Once when it rained pitchforks for two whole days in June, we felt like Noah and his family, so many were the creatures we saved from the flood. We dashed into the wind and rain to rescue the golden fledglings that fell from the oriole nest. We sheltered a half-grown bluejay clinging to the top wire of the garden fence like a drunken acrobat. But by far the most amusing refugees we harbored were a family of muskrat kits, four small frightened objects which slipped into the water, as I approached, and began paddling in baby fashion toward deep water where lie granddad pickerel for whom a four-inch muskrat is just one good bite.

I put them into my big coat pockets, where they huddled without protest during my trip to the house. A washtub with two inches of water in the bottom, dry bricks on which to climb, and a quantity of reeds and cattails reproduced their original environment. They would climb on the bricks and sit in a row drying their bellies with their "elbows," slicking back the fur of face and head with their small, graceful front paws. Sometimes just as they were satisfied with themselves they would slip into the water quite by accident and have to repeat the entire grooming.

Luck was with us, and we were able to save almost all of our small

charges. On the third day the orioles took over their fledglings, fighting a dazzling battle of orange and blue with the bluejay mother. The flood was slow in receding, and the olive branch arrived too late for the weakest of the four muskrat kits. The other three were returned to their house, which had become habitable once again.

Sometimes we try to look clearly at Alfalfa and Omega. On the debit side are a few rattlesnakes, some sandburs and poison ivy, and three persistent swarms of bees hiving in one wall of our house.

On the credit side are a small herb garden, a young orchard on a pleasant knoll above the lake, grapes that run 75 potent gallons to the quarter acre, wild grapes and bittersweet to garland the old fences in the autumn, maples that flame like a forest fire at the first breath of frost, wild rice and cattails to feed and shelter the bittern, white egret and wild ducks; friendly grizzled woodchucks, saucy chipmunks; moths almost as large as hummingbirds, with eyes that shine golden in the lamplight. Also secret hoards of pretty stones hidden here and there, a good place to dig angleworms, a tree with a ladder leading to a lookout, air as clear as the amber moment just after sunset, and well water cold as snow.

The balance in happiness and cash on hand is decidedly in the black.

We are marking the days on the calendar, tying new flies and oiling our reels. It won't be long now!

News from the Fire Front

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

C. Lester Walker

IN LONDON, December 29, 1940, had been a quiet Sunday. No air-raid alarms, little traffic. The giant Christmas tree on the steps of St. Paul's peacefully winked at the gathering dusk.

That was 5:30 p.m. At six the *Luftwaffe* came — in the greatest fire raid in history. That night 100,000 fire bombs rained down. By midnight the city was fighting 1500 fires. People at Windsor, 20 miles away, could read newspapers by the light of the blaze. The streets were a mass of shattered buildings, smashed fire apparatus, heat-twisted trolley rails, pavements awash with char-laden water. Blizzards of burning embers slanted down like snow.

When the fires were under control, at 7:30 in the morning, London licked her wounds and toted up the score. Many a Londoner thought what he dared not say: another such night, and another, in succession, and London would be done for. But that night bad weather grounded the German planes.

What are the chances of such a holocaust being visited upon our American cities? Experts seem to agree that if the Japanese or Nazis conduct bombings of our mainland cities they will do it chiefly with fire. The Army and the Office of

Instead of hoping for the best,
America should prepare for
And an adequate defense
condemns now would great
fire losses when peace comes

Civilian Defense have mapped out a "zone of expectancy," a 300-mile belt paralleling each coast. On the east it runs through Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Atlanta; on the west, through Spokane, Las Vegas, Flagstaff.

The map also shows an inland zone of expectancy including Chicago, Youngstown, Detroit, Denver — more than 20 cities in all. These towns, logical objectives because of their war industries, have shrugged their shoulders at the idea of bombings and are comparatively unprepared. Yet enemy pilots could reach them by night, dump their fire bombs, bail out, and on landing surrender themselves for internment. German planes have range enough to come from France. Japanese bombers could base on aircraft carriers, hidden by fog off our west coast.

Suppose we conduct a typical fire-bombing on one of these inland towns. The German bomber command knows that Detroit is a great

war-industry center, a city of combustible wooden-frame houses, shingled roofs. It knows that there is always a fanning wind off the Detroit River. The Nazi command knows, too, just what sections of Detroit are most vulnerable to fire. Maps published by the underwriters tell them that. Anti-aircraft, the command knows, will be negligible.

Somewhere in occupied France one moonlight night 20 bombers take off; nestled in the belly of each are 2000 incendiary bombs. Only 10 inches long and two inches in diameter, a magnesium bomb weighs scarcely 2.2 pounds, but it goes through slate, tile, metal. It will pierce a quarter-inch of plate steel or three and a half inches of reinforced concrete. Its magnesium shell burns at a heat of 2372° Fahrenheit. Its core is thermite — powdered aluminum and iron oxide — which burns at 4532° and eats through steel as if it were cheese.

Our first Nazi bomber glides in at about 5000 feet, and drops 20 bombs at a time, a second apart. He is now setting fires every 60 yards in the city below.

When the bombs hit the rooftops they are moving at better than four miles a minute. They go through the roof. The burning thermite forces flying molten magnesium out of vent holes in the bomb's shell. This magnesium seeps through cracks and fissures to lower floors, igniting everything it touches. By now fire has the building well in hand.

The Nazi squadron commander knows that out of every thousand bombs 133 will hit a building; that of these, 75 will start what are termed "working fires."

Detroit's equipment and its firemen are excellent and their fire-fighting methods are widely copied, but Detroit is not equipped to handle 100 fires at a time. No American city is. Only New York could handle as many as 50.

At a recent Boston warehouse fire, surrounding towns rushed to the scene 55 engine companies, one hose company, eight ladder companies, two water towers, two rescue companies, and ten chiefs. Fire trucks jammed the crooked streets so tightly there was hardly room to lay hose. The incident illustrates one American weakness: bad interdepartment organization. Coöperative arrangements between towns today are either so complicated or so nebulous that they usually produce a feast or a famine.

This country has about 13,000 volunteer fire companies and 500,000 volunteer firemen. Some states rely almost entirely on volunteers. Delaware has only one paid department. Splendid as their service has been, we must remember that many of these volunteer companies are "clubs"; that often they have no responsibility to anyone. And as most VFD's support a large inactive membership, the scheduling of men on duty often goes haywire.

American equipment amounts to

about 22,000 pumpers, 7500 hose trucks, 6000 ladder trucks. If fire bombings begin, this is not enough. Furthermore, too much of our apparatus is obsolete. Among cities of 20,000 or over, 365 reported last summer that half of their pumpers and ladder trucks were at least 15 years old. In 1939 only 768 pumpers were manufactured in all America; in 1928, a peak year, 1015.

What is to be done? Thirty of our states have fire marshals, who investigate incendiaries, prosecute arson, coordinate fire-prevention work. Each state could make its fire marshal a fire-defense dictator. And they should study the Maryland Plan.

Last year Governor Herbert O'Connor took on the task of coordinating all Maryland's fire-fighting forces for war emergency. Although his fire companies prided themselves on a tradition of excellence that went back over a hundred years, O'Connor pushed them into additional training and opened the regular Fireman's Training Program to high school seniors and farmers. He compiled an inventory of all apparatus. Clerks put the data on huge charts which were distributed throughout the state. Each town's chart showed all other towns within a 15-mile radius. When a chief needed extra equipment he could tell at a glance where to get it and how much.

O'Connor broke the state into six fire-defense districts, put an inspector over each and one man over all. If fire-bombing starts, Maryland is

organized to meet it. Michigan, Indiana and Massachusetts will soon be similarly prepared.

How many firemen will this country need? London had 2750 before the war began, now has 30,000. England's auxiliary firemen, non-professionals, number 248,000. In proportion we would need 800,000 auxiliaries. But if that seems an astronomical number, remember that London found her auxiliaries among the most valuable of all. Their constant patrol snuffed out tens of thousands of starting fires.

When we once get these auxiliary fire fighters they should be realistically trained. New York City recently offered a horrid example in training civilians to be fire-front fighters by letting them *watch* fire drills, but never, never *touch* a piece of apparatus. If the civilian fire rookie got hurt he might sue the city!

Our volunteer firemen should be sent to state fire schools. The full-paid fire-eaters should be increased in number and sent to the Army's special fire-defense academies for policemen and firemen, such as that of the Chemical Warfare Service, at Edgewood Arsenal, Maryland.

No city should wait for fancy hose wagons and pumpers. Let them take any light truck, mount a pump on it, add 500 feet of 2½-inch hose, 500 of 1½, together with buckets, hand pumps, ladders, shovels, axes, crow-bars — and they will have an effective firewagon.

Suppose no fire-bombings come?

Then at least American cities will be better protected against fire than ever before. We are profligate where fire is concerned: we have one fire a year for every 200 of our citizens, a home fire every one and a half minutes. Flames have taken three

billion dollars' worth of our property since 1929 and each year 10,000 lives. So if the war-born alarms and precautions cut our normal fire losses even 10 percent, all the effort, time and money will have been worth it.

DON'T LAUGH NOW

Excerpts from Esquire

J. C. Furnas

¶ A LADY gave a moonlight party for 500 ostriches on a California beach. At a very late hour only 499 had shown up. Embarrassed by the rudeness of the 500th, all the others stuck their heads in the sand. Presently the 500th came galloping up to the gathering, looked about, and asked, "Where is everybody?"

¶ LEO DUROCHER, manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers, was startled when a horse trotted up to him in a training camp and said: "How about giving me a tryout?" Durocher gaped at him. "Come on," said the horse, "knock me out in center field." Durocher aimed one at the flagpole and the horse took out after it. With the sun in his eyes he caught it in his mouth and pegged it on a dead line for the plate.

The horse then picked up a bat in his teeth and squared off in the batter's box. The pitcher wasted a couple outside to see if the horse would swing. He never moved a muscle. But when the ball came over the inside corner, the horse knocked it over the left field fence.

"Say, you," said Durocher to the horse, "that wasn't bad at all. How's about pitching?"

The horse flung his bat down on the ground. "I quit," he said. "Who ever heard of a horse that could pitch?"

¶ A MAN got off a train one day, green in the face. A friend who met him asked him what was wrong. "Train sickness," said the traveler. "I'm always deathly sick when I ride backwards on a train."

"Why didn't you ask the man sitting opposite you to change with you?" asked the friend.

"I thought of that," said the traveler "but there wasn't anybody there."

¶ A MAN was pegging along the street with a walking stick several inches too tall for comfort. A solicitous friend said, "That's a nice stick, but you better have somebody cut a few inches off that end."

"That wouldn't help," the owner answered. "It's this end that's too high."

A Church for All People

Condensed from Christian Herald

Webb Waldron

IN HIS home town, Denver, people everywhere greet him with: "Say, Wally, you did a swell job with that kid!" Or, "Wally, we got a fight on our hands — we need your help!"

To newsboys, judges, bank presidents and janitors he is Wally. The Reverend Edgar M. Wahlberg, round-faced, spectacled, small but tough as nails, is a 42-year-old Methodist preacher who has made his church a vital instrument of social good and a magnificent example of what a church can do.

Not a temple of cold doctrine, but a radiant center of human brotherhood: that is Wahlberg's idea of a church. To encourage people to stand on their own feet, to stimulate the community to shoulder responsibility for its own welfare, to help those in need, to open wide the church to every worth-while activity of the people: that is Wahlberg's idea of a church's job.

Stand any day at the door of Grace Church and watch the human tide. Working mothers leaving their children at the free nursery. Women attending the Mothers' Clinic. People going into the job-finding office. In the evening the Rambler Gang — young fellows Wally brought in from the streets — playing all sorts of

A minister who went out into the highways and found in people's common problems the stuff of which vital religion is made.

games. In the parsonage the Denver Labor College holding a class in public speaking. In the Community House a Czech group putting on a folk dance, and busy classes in cooperative buying, homemaking, first aid, citizenship.

Attendance at Grace Church activities, apart from religious services, last year exceeded 200,000, including people of 26 denominations. Not one in 20 was a Methodist and many belonged to no church. Often there are 240 meetings a month, with some crowded rooms running four shifts a day. In the recreation rooms many of the youngsters are delinquents paroled in Wahlberg's care. Only two such boys have fallen back into the clutches of the law, and both were mental cases. There are 32 Grace Church basketball teams, and what had been one of Denver's toughest boys' gangs won the inter-church tournament last winter.

Wahlberg was born in Denver, the son of a Swedish immigrant. He graduated from the University of

Denver and soon afterward went into the ministry. He has three children of his own.

Early in his career he proved the value of incentive and activity in the world of youth. One of his first pulpits was in a small Utah mining town. Juvenile delinquency was rampant. He said to the mine manager: "You pay \$2700 a year to keep the streets and parks clean. Why not hire the boys in town to do the job — for the same money?" The manager agreed. The boys, finding an exciting sense of responsibility in doing what grownups had formerly done, pitched in and did it well. Juvenile crime practically ceased.

When Wahlberg came to Grace Church a dozen years ago, in the depths of the depression, it was dying. Well-to-do supporters had moved away; church attendance averaged 49. Wahlberg tried pulpit pyrotechnics but the people wouldn't come back. "Finally," he says, "I realized that the church wasn't offering anything that interested people. So I turned the church over to them — to the whole community — and let them do what they wished with it."

Invited in, the neighborhood started a self-help cooperative which raised vegetables and made clothes. In "Problem Meetings" hundreds vigorously discussed poverty, relief, jobs, and the role of the church in the crisis.

Church membership took a jump. Wahlberg discovered that when he stopped pushing the church *as a*

church in the narrow traditional sense and made it a community affair, the church *as a spiritual force* multiplied in power.

Alarmed that one district was breeding potential jailbirds, citizens asked Wally what to do. He suggested a community center. They got hold of an abandoned firehouse; old streetcar seats were made into chairs; folks gave tables, stoves and lamps, got up craftwork and games for boys and girls. There has since been almost no juvenile delinquency in that section.

"No corrective effort is effective if imposed from the outside," Wahlberg says. "You must find some root in the community out of which self-improvement and discipline can grow."

Four years ago a Denver businessman, James Q. Newton, gave Grace Church a 500-acre ranch. The Rambler Gang turned it into a boys' ranch. Many people had said the gang wouldn't do a lick of work. But, hauling out tons of manure, they made the cow shed into a dormitory, the machine shed a kitchen and dining hall, the hay barn a craft center. Some 30 boys are there the year round, and in summer the ranch becomes a camp for needy children.

But youth activities won't guarantee that children from bad homes will grow up wholesomely. In the three-square-mile section around Grace Church, housing conditions were among the worst in town. Denver was advertised as the world's

healthiest city, but Wahlberg pointed out that part of this area had one of the world's most shocking infant mortality rates. Juvenile delinquency flourished, too. Both evils Wahlberg laid to the cold, dark, unsanitary shacks in which the people lived.

His outcry brought real estate men down upon him. This upstart Methodist preacher was a traitor to his city. Wahlberg retorted that just as there are laws against selling rotten food, there ought to be laws against renting rotten houses. The Governor appointed him chairman of a state housing committee, and he saw to it that the black spot near his church was replaced by a low-rent housing development. Infant mortality and juvenile misdemeanors took a sharp drop.

Anything that hits evilly at his people brings Wahlberg up fighting. Many in his community were falling into the hands of loan sharks. Interest was sometimes pyramided to six times the principal, and borrowers often found themselves buried under a growing pile of service fees and re-financing charges. Wahlberg and his friends fought through a city ordinance which eliminated some of the evils. This battle against usury stimulated the organization of credit unions; the one at Grace Church did a \$4000 business last year. Other group enterprises started under Wahlberg's inspiration and guidance include a consumer's coöperative and a medical and dental service.

Eleven years ago Wahlberg heard that the Denver Bakers' Union was looking for quarters. He invited the bakers to rent rooms in the Community House. Nineteen Denver labor unions have been born in Grace Church, several enjoying free quarters till they got on their feet.

The strongest fraternal hand reaching out to Wahlberg in Denver is that of Paul Roberts, Dean of St. John's Episcopal Cathedral. "Wally not only talks social ideas and ideals — he lives them," says Roberts, who has helped Wahlberg get financial help for his church from wealthy citizens. The two ministers held monthly dinners that brought together Roberts' "coupon clippers" and Wally's labor people. Talking frankly about wages, jobs and working conditions, these men discovered that employers and workers were not different breeds but troubled human beings confronted by different circumstances, trying to work things out into satisfactory lives. These gatherings have spread a better feeling between capital and labor in Denver.

"The Church needs," says Wahlberg, "to rethink and restate the needs of men. Until it has done so it will be jostled out of the way by the onrush of movements that gather round those needs — that give vitality to fascism and communism. If democracy is saved in America the Church will have to take a hand. To do so it will have to know not less about God but more about men."

Tanks in the Desert

Condensed from Life

Alan Moorehead

ON THE NIGHT of November 17, while a storm of extraordinary violence swept across the desert and forked lightning played above the barbed-wire boundary fence, the British army passed from Egypt into Libya.

At the head rode U.S.-built tanks that had never seen battle, manned by British youngsters of 20 or so who were already veterans of the desert. Each M3 light tank had a brand-new 37-mm. gun, and an airplane motor that drove it over the rough gravel and saltbush flats at a noisy 10 m.p.h. Each tank commander sat high in his open hatch holding his communication mouthpiece. The tanks bore striped regimental colors with perhaps some name painted above, like Gladys, Phyllis, Betty. Each flew signal flags from its wireless antenna.

Riding close upon his leading squadrons and ahead of the supply columns went the brigadier in command. He gave his orders over the radio quietly, quickly, incessantly. By midday the little brigade was well into Libya, riding through an empty enemy desert.

The British plan, simple in structure, was complex in detail. Four concentric rings were being laid round the enemy positions in a triangle marked by Tobruk, Fort

Nothing else in modern warfare resembles the vast tank battles of the desert, with columns of bristling monsters moving like warships into action amid explosions of dust, sound and flame. Here is a vivid firsthand account of an operation in the Libyan campaign by a brilliant correspondent of the London *Daily Express*.

Maddalena and Bardia. Stiffening and protecting these rings like a band of metal went the British armored forces — hundreds of tanks, 25-pounder guns, armored cars, anti-tank guns, machine-gun units, stretching across 100 miles of desert.

The U.S.-built light tanks took up position near Sidi Omár. Then on the morning of the 19th the battle came. For ten miles in the east the horizon lit up with gun bursts. Clearly it sounded — that dry quick coughing that is a tank gun and nothing else. General Rommel had come south with more than 100 medium tanks, and the American "lights" had pitched into him.

Unless you are in a tank yourself, you don't see anything very clearly in a tank battle. The enemy appears as a line of tiny silhouettes shaped exactly like distant battleships, each one spitting yellow flashes. Your

own tanks, weaving in to attack, disappear in their own dust. Within a few minutes it is just so much smoke, dust, flame and noise.

Listening from a headquarters communication vehicle we heard the tanks talking to one another right in the battle.

"Get to hell out of it, Bill, so I can get at this ——! Easy boy, easy boy — *now* at him. Bill, you ——, you're blocking my way again. Look out, right behind you!" And through it all you hear the bursting of shells, the tearing and screaming of the tank treads, the gears grunting into reverse and forward. We waited and watched the pall of battle smoke widen, darken and move into the sun.

Then a staff major came out of the tangle and told us: "They came right smack at us off the rising ground with the sun behind their backs. They opened up with their 50-mm. guns at 1500 yards — much too far for our 37's. So the boys just went into the barrage, hull down, at 40 m.p.h. to get into range. Then they mixed it. I tell you no one on God's earth can follow what's going on. The boys are weaving in and out between the Jerries, passing them, then turning and coming back into it again. They're passing 50 and 60 yards apart and firing point-blank. As soon as you see a swastika you let fly. There's everything in the air — tracers, shells, bullets, ricochets, incendiaries and bits of red-hot metal whanging off the burning tanks.

Some tanks are blowing up, their petrol exploding, their ammunition popping off in every direction."

Every few minutes a tank would rush to a supply vehicle, fling in petrol and shells, then zigzag into the arena again. The battle died down little by little as dusk fell, a blue-green dusk lightened by the red glare of burning tanks. In the darkness tanks called to one another, found their friends, felt their way back to their own lines bringing what wounded they could. Other wounded walked back or crawled; or lay there in the piercing desert cold amid the acrid smell of cordite.

The Nazis held the battlefield. Up from their lines flew star shells and Very lights in green, red, purple. Before midnight their breakdown wagons were there hooking on to wrecks, dragging guns and broken tracks away. The Germans were not unkind to our wounded. They took their rations but gave them hot tea, covered some with blankets, bandaged one or two sufficiently to give them a 50-50 chance of living till the next day.

At 5 o'clock in the morning the battle began afresh. British and German tanks that had lain close together through the night suddenly blitzed off at one another again, though it was almost too cold to bear the touch of metal. After four hours, Rommel suddenly broke off and veered westward. He had lost 30 tanks. We too had learned at heavy cost some lessons that have governed

this desert tank fighting ever since. A young Scots sergeant explained, "We've got to get 50- and 75-mm. guns like the Germans. They start firing at 1500 yards, and we have to come in to 800 before our 37's can reply. But 'Honeys' (the group's word for American tanks) are wonderful on speed and weaving about. It would go fine if we could just get our 25-pounder artillery up forward to cover our first advance, and the RAF to bomb."

The armor plating on the Honeys can take it. However, there were neat six-pounder holes through some of the turrets, close-range stuff, and the Nazi incendiaries seemed to burn the very metal off the tanks.

In this sort of warfare, the desert crawls with isolated men making their painful way back to their lines by compass and the stars. Some have walked 20 or 30 miles to freedom, lying doggo by day, bluffing past challenges at night.

On the twelfth day of the battle, I see the brigadier again. He has lost his kit and wears a blanket wrapped round his legs. He has eaten perhaps once daily, slept a few hours each night, been cut off half a dozen times and never remained more than two hours each night on one spot. His tank is blackened with blast, chipped and holed with shell. He gives his men ten minutes to eat. At midday we attack again.

We cover the advance of infantry over last week's battlefield. It is a flat stretch of gravel strewn with burned-out tanks, crashed aircraft, and the forlorn, pathetic wreckage of dead men's packs — bedding, mess tins, letters. There are piles of British and German shell cases, a litter of rifles, petrol tins, water containers, broken tank tracks spilled along the sand like great lizards, up-ended trucks. And scattered among all this are the intermingled graveyards of British and German dead. Most of these men have a cross or some symbol like an empty cartridge belt placed by a comrade. As we pass, a half-demolished tank takes fire, fills the sky with black smoke, its shells blowing off in mad, roaring volleys, its petrol sending up wave after wave of flame.

Two Messerschmitts come over machine-gunning. British artillery sends its 25-pounders over our heads onto a formation of enemy tanks a mile or two ahead. RAF bombers lay a 300-ft. curtain of dust and explosives across the battlefield. It is working out the way the sergeant wanted it. The Honeys deploy. The Nazis are coming on for a collision, dropping their shells among us already. The brigadier says quietly into his mouthpiece, "All right, go ahead." In the last yellow light of the day the Honeys are in there fighting again.



Needed Now! — A Positive Labor Policy for Production

By

William Hard

Veteran Washington journalist and lecturer,
whose recent articles on industrial prob-
lems have attracted national attention

EVERYBODY SAYS that the gov-
ernment should have a "con-
structive" policy toward labor.
Everybody is right. The govern-
ment's labor policy will greatly
determine the future of labor —
and of the country.

The war requires a labor policy
that will help to make the country
strong. The need is urgent. Labor
and management have to be har-
monized. If we cannot do it now,
under the pressure of the war, we
shall never be able to do it. Now is
the time to go beyond "rights" of
labor and management into the field
of their opportunities and duties.

Our government's present labor
policy has four main parts. Three of
them, from the economic productive
point of view, are negative.

For instance, there is the law which
establishes basic minimum wages and
basic maximum hours in interstate
business.

Such laws are humanitarian and
inevitable. Professor Leo Wolman of
Columbia University truly says: "At
all times a democratic government
must consider the means of insuring
the most equitable distribution of
the national income."

*How soon will government, labor
and management join hands to pro-
duce greater national prosperity, more
equitably distributed?*

This principle cannot be disputed.
But it is negative. It distributes the
national income *but it does not in-
crease it.* What we need is *more* com-
modities and services, *more* national
wealth, *more* national income, to be
distributed "equitably." Wage and
hour laws do nothing toward getting
us that "more."

THE SECOND PART of our govern-
mental policy toward labor has
to do with collective bargaining. The
Railway Labor Act and the National
Labor Relations Act compel negotia-
tions between employers and unions.
But what if the outcome of negotia-
tions is sometimes not too good?

Negotiations in the railroads have
brought it about, for instance, that
train crews often get paid for labor
they do not perform. They move a
train for a couple of hours and get
paid as if they had moved it for a
day. The Railway Labor Act does not
care.

Negotiations in the entertainment field have brought it about that traveling orchestras must often hire local musicians to act as "stand-bys"; and these local musicians get paid *even if they do not show up* and "stand by" at all. The National Labor Relations Act does not care.

Nor does it care if negotiations bring it about that a farmer driving a truck into New York City has to pay \$9.42 for a local "pilot driver," although the farmer continues driving the truck.

Such practices are by no means rare. They are destructive to moral character as well as to economic efficiency. Our collective bargaining laws are necessary for the protection of labor, but they do not, in and of themselves, increase labor's contribution to our economic welfare. In fact they sometimes diminish it.

THE THIRD PART of our governmental policy toward labor has to do with trying to prevent strikes. For this purpose we have the Labor Department's Conciliation Service and also now the War Labor Board and certain special no-strike agreements between the government and the unions on ships, in shipyards and in the building trades.

These efforts today are largely successful. But suppose that they were completely successful. You could still have low efficiency and high corruption.

You could still have the union official who today goes from govern-

ment job to government job charging laborers \$10 apiece for the privilege of talking to him in order to find out if he will let them join his union and go to work; and you could still have the contractor's foreman who helps that union official get that \$10 and then pockets half of it himself.

You could still have the rings of building-material dealers, building contractors, and building trade unions which outlaw strikes but which simultaneously outlaw the building of prefabricated houses.

Hundreds of such instances could be given. They illustrate the sad fact that we often can have perfect industrial peace and still also have industrial unprogressiveness. Strikelessness is desirable, but it is negative.

THE FOURTH PART of our governmental policy toward labor is truly positive. It appears like a tiny sprout of green amid the details of the agreement between the government and the unions in shipyard and on ships. The agreement with the unions on ships says:

During the period of the war there shall be no limitation or curtailment of the productive or service capacities of either employer or employee.

This clause is creative. It lets loose the vital energies of management and of men. But why only "during the period of the war"? Why not for always and for all managements and all men in America?

Now is the government's chance to push a program of positive co-

operation between unions and their employers to promote ever-increasing efficiency in production. Many unions would welcome such leadership by the government. I will tell the stories of two of them.

ONE IS the National Association of Die Casting Workers, of the CIO. It has a contract with the Doehler Die Casting Company of Toledo. It has helped to take that company out of losses into dividends. Its chief official is Edward Cheyfitz.

Mr. Cheyfitz is only 28 years old. He went through the University of Michigan to become a professor of mathematics. Then he got a job in the Doehler company's engineering department. Now he is a union agent with efficiency ideas.

In 1938 the Doehler company was losing money fast. It had three plants and 4000 workers; but, as the president of the company, Mr. Charles Pack, says: "The workers were working against the company."

Then Mr. Pack and Mr. Cheyfitz made a bargain. The company would give the union a "union shop." The union, in return, would go all out to improve the company's manufacturing performance. It would try to increase output, and to lower costs.

It went half-and-half with the company in hiring a research engineer. It helped to organize research and efficiency committees in the plant. It established a suggestion system whereby 25 percent of the dollar value of a new idea would go

to the worker suggesting it, 25 percent to his fellow workers, and 50 percent to the company. It sought to prevent waste and increase the production of each man and machine.

In three years Mr. Cheyfitz's idea of "industrial democracy" raised wages in the Doehler company by a total of \$2,000,000, and lifted the company from earning nothing for stockholders to earning more than \$1,000,000 for them in a 12-month period, *even without war contracts*.

Today, along with war contracts, the union and the company have a 10-man joint committee empowered to lay aside any shop rules which might impede war production. Last month the navy awarded the Doehler plant its "E" pennant for war-production efficiency.

Mr. Pack says:

"I am proud of the union in our plant. It is a main part of our company. I am proud of Eddie Cheyfitz, who is a fighting, progressive, constructive labor statesman."

Mr. Cheyfitz adds: "I think there will be more unions like ours when there are more managements like Mr. Pack's."

BUT NO UNION is likely to contribute to efficiency unless it is honestly and democratically organized and administered within itself. Mr. Cheyfitz's union is. Many unions are. A "good" union has to have two qualities. First: An internal structure which keeps power in the hands of the members and prevents gangsters

and racketeers from getting control. Second: A desire not to *supplant* but to *supplement* the efforts of management. I will illustrate by telling the story of the Watch Workers Union of Waltham, Massachusetts.

I WAS ATTRACTED to this union by seeing a letter it wrote to the head of the Waltham Watch Company saying: "We want you to know that our organization is one of those unions making full financial reports and having the 'glass pockets' that The Reader's Digest says unions ought to have." * So I went to Waltham; and from management and the union I learned as follows:

Last year, in a few months' time, the workers in the big Waltham Watch Company plant were changed over from being nonunion into being overwhelmingly union by the single-handed efforts of a young AFL organizer named Walter Cenerazzo. Mr. Cenerazzo has not yet reached his 32nd birthday. He has refused management jobs in order to have a labor career. He announced to his followers in his new Watch Workers Union:

"Before we get through here in Waltham, we are going to have the best-operated union in America."

Here is how it is operated:

The initiation fee is only \$2. The monthly dues are only \$1.25. They cannot be increased except by a vote of the membership of the union. Every month

each member gets a certified statement from a public accountant detailing every expenditure of the union.

No strike can be called except by a two thirds' vote of the members.

Officers are elected every two years. The judges who supervise the election are chosen by the members.

The members in each plant department elect a union steward every six months. These stewards together form a policy committee to make recommendations to the union for new agreements with the company. These agreements cannot be sanctioned just by Mr. Cenerazzo and the union's other officers. They have to be sanctioned by the union's membership.

The Waltham management recently was willing to grant a flat increase in pay. Mr. Cenerazzo and the union took another view, one which many unions have stubbornly declined to take and which the government ought to encourage among unions. They said:

A flat increase by itself is wrong. Some of us have a wage rate that is too low. But others of us have a wage rate that is too high. Some jobs take only four months to learn. They should be relatively low paid. Other jobs take four years to learn. They should be relatively high paid. What we want is scientific wage classifications; and then, within those wage classifications, we want individual rewards for individual productive ability.

I think that a union which, like Mr. Cenerazzo's, is honestly and democratically operated will tend naturally toward this honest and democratic and coöperative idea of more and better pay *through more and better production*. But no gov-

* See "Should Labor Have Glass Pockets?" The Reader's Digest, January, '42.

ernment program yet formulated encourages unions to adopt such policies.

MOST LABOR LEADERS denounce all efforts to "regulate" unions by law. Mr. Cenerazzo boldly says: "I believe in amending the National Labor Relations Act as follows:

"Every union must register with the National Labor Relations Board. It must show that all its officers have been elected by secret ballot among its members. It must state its initiation fees and its dues. It must show that every agreement with an employer has been sanctioned by its members. All its officers must take an oath of allegiance to the Constitution and be impeachable for any act violating that oath."

Here is a start. Coming from a labor leader it is a big start. Youngsters like Cenerazzo and Cheyfitz in the labor movement, with their production-minded unions, are omens of a broadening day. The government can help both management and labor to march forward into it. Donald Nelson, head of our War Production Board, has set himself upon that road.

In every industry which is to be converted to war production he has undertaken to appoint an advisory committee representing management and an advisory committee representing labor. These two committees will come together under a government chairman and discuss all

production ideas which either management or labor can contribute. The War Production Board will listen to management ideas and labor ideas equally.

Mr. Nelson's management-labor committees can be the government's most constructive agencies toward a labor policy not just of negative peace but of positive productive action. Assembled out of all our great industries, these committees could devise two things for us:

One. A national charter of honest and democratic organization for unions.

Two. A national program of management-union coöperation to continue after the war and to do for all plants what it now does for a few.

This charter and program should aim at producing American union members who control their own dues and their own strikes and their own officers, and who on top of that are conscious participants, along with management, in the basic American economic duty of making an America that is really efficient and really prosperous.

The world of tomorrow is going to belong to those who work hardest. We deceive ourselves when we say simply that the totalitarian powers believe in war. Their strength is that they believe in work — hard work. They have organized hard work autocratically. We have not yet organized hard work democratically. To do so now is our greatest task.

¶ The builder of Bonneville Dam has turned to building freighters with unprecedented speed and revolutionary methods

Ships on Short Order

Condensed from The Nautical Gazette

Frank J. Taylor

"I'VE JUST signed a contract to build 30 ships for the British, and you're going to build them," Henry J. Kaiser telephoned Clay P. Bedford, one of his associates, on December 20, 1940. Bedford had never built a ship. Neither had Kaiser, guiding genius of a score of interlocked western construction outfits (the famous Six Companies, Inc., for example) specializing in highways, bridges and dams.

Bedford, still in his thirties, was the wizard who had made machines move mammoth tonnages faster than anyone else in the Kaiser outfit; he and Kaiser's son, Edgar, had harnessed the Columbia River with Bonneville Dam after more experienced engineers declared it couldn't be done, and later finished, a year ahead of time, the world's greatest concrete pouring job at Grand Coulee.

The Kaiser group's experience with ships was limited to two old vessels Henry Kaiser bought in 1940 to move cement to defense construction jobs in the Pacific. While having them repaired at the Todd Drydocks in Seattle, Kaiser met forceful John Reilly, president of the Todd company. Reilly foresaw the ship-

building boom but lacked engineers and manpower to meet it. Kaiser had the engineers and 5000 veteran construction workers. By merging their ideas and manpower, Kaiser and Reilly decided that they could build ships faster than they had ever been put together before.

In January 1941, the Todd-California Shipbuilding Corporation had been formed and men began building a shipyard in a swamp on San Francisco Bay. It would be, everyone thought, a six months' job. But three months later what inevitably came to be known as the Todd-Cal yard was finished. Workers laid the keel of a 10,000-ton freighter, and completed it in 197 days. Three months ago I saw the 12th British-ordered ship launched. By then Bedford had cut keel-to-delivery time to 12 days. Before Britain's 30 ships are finished he expects to complete freighters in 105 days.

In another yard near Todd-Cal crews are building 36 Liberty Ships of 10,500 deadweight tons each, for the U. S. Maritime Commission. When the Army asked for 15 transports in a hurry, Kaiser agreed to produce them, and organized the

Kaiser Shipbuilding Corporation with a yard across the channel. Instead of the usual above-water shipways, it will have five parallel concrete basins. As each transport is completed the basin in which it was built will be filled with water and the ship floated into the bay, after which the gates will be closed and the basin pumped dry again for laying the next keel.

Meantime, indefatigable Henry Kaiser agreed to turn out 125 additional Liberty Ships at Todd-Cal after the British ships are delivered in August — 70 days ahead of schedule. At St. Johns, on the Columbia River, Edgar Kaiser put up a nine-ways shipyard to construct 131 U. S. freighters. Following this he built in Vancouver, Washington, a yard where 65 more freighters will take shape.

Not only will these five yards turn out over 400 cargo and troop carriers, but at Seattle, Tacoma, Los Angeles, Houston, and Bath, Maine, the Kaiser organization is interested in — not managing — yards that will build 383 more ships, totaling 785 of the 1664 merchant vessels (1074 of them are Liberty Ships) ordered by the Maritime Commission and the British government up to February.

It is a Kaiser tradition that no man in the outfit ever admits that a thing can't be done. Whenever a skeptical ship man said, "That can't be done," Bedford or one of his assistants replied, "Okay, we'll get a construction man in here, and he'll do it."

Because they didn't know what couldn't be done in shipbuilding, Kaiser's amateurs have cut construction time of a \$1,500,000 freighter from six months to three and a half — and hope to reduce it to 60 days. What's more, the organization has revolutionized shipbuilding.

"We build a ship in sections scattered around a yard big enough for a lot of men to work on them without getting in each other's way," explained Bedford. "When the sections are fabricated, we weld them together, and there's your ship."

This is a radical method. The traditional technique was to lay the keel in the ways, then erect the entire craft on it. A Kaiser-operated shipyard occupies three times the area customarily used. In the Todd-Cal and nearby Richmond yards, small rubber-tired cranes whiz around carrying plates, girders, pipes, to scattered fabricating bays where gangs of men swarm like ants over prows, galleys and other sections. Seam welding has eliminated nine tenths of the riveting; the only rivets used are those that fasten hull plates to the framework. Great cranes on tracks, moved down from the Grand Coulee job, pick up a prow or stern section and lower it gently into place, where welders make it a part of the ship. In the new Kaiser shipbuilding yard, supercranes will lift 150-ton sections, weights that only dam builders have had experience in handling.

Every suggestion for doing a job

faster and easier is tried out. If it is successful it becomes standard practice in all the yards. Somebody thought drilling holes in plates would be faster than punching them in the traditional way. Now, instead of having a crew move a heavy plate through a punch press, it is left on the floor where one man drills holes as fast as a gang did before. To save time, a propeller shaft tunnel is built and painted in the yard and is complete when it goes into the ship.

Building ship parts upside down is a typical Kaiser innovation. The deckhouses are assembled that way because workmen can fasten their parts together with downhand welding, which is faster and easier than overhead welding.

Under traditional methods, 800 to 900 men crowd into or around a hull, often in cramped positions, welding, riveting, painting, fitting plumbing and wiring. In the Kaiser yards,

while 500 to 700 men labor in and on the hull, 800 others scattered over several acres can work on parts of the same ship. Eventually, upon completion of a fabricating plant between the Todd-Cal and Richmond yards (which will do finishing work on galleys, deckhouses, fore-castles and engine rooms), 2000 men will work simultaneously on each ship.

In Todd-Cal, 9640 men work in three shifts around the clock, and 9700 in Richmond. When these yards and the new Kaiser yard reach their manpower peak, Kaiser will have 40,000 men building ships on San Francisco Bay and an equal number in the Columbia River plants. At first, veteran ship men were aghast at the unorthodox methods of Kaiser and his amateurs. The way those methods are succeeding, however, is one of the most heartening achievements of the nation's war effort.



Buy-Lines

¶ WHEN Wanamaker's in New York wanted to promote winter sports wear, it asked bluntly, "Oh, Say, Can You Ski?"

¶ "WE Fix Flats" was the slogan a Chicago store used to introduce a new type of brassiere.

¶ UNDER the head "These are the Automats of the Breakfast Table," a New York store did a big business in electric percolators and toasters.

— Contributed by Richard Flanagan

Do You Really Know What You Ought to Eat?

By

Paul de Kruif

THE ARMED FORCES now thought essential for American victory will need 35,000 of our doctors. This means that nearly all of the country's physically fit physicians under 45 years of age will soon be in service.

What then will happen to civilians? Already hospital staffs are decimated; the nurse shortage is acute; in many communities patients phone their trusted family physician only to learn he's in the army now.

Plainly, we aren't going to have as much of the best medical care as we have relied on in the past. Yet, under war conditions, we're likely to need *more* medical care. The physical strain of war production, the nervous strain felt in every household — both will increase the risk of illness.

Moreover, the burden on our remaining doctors will be heavy. Even in normal times their arduous work kills doctors with heart disease at a rate far higher than that afflicting the rest of us. Now, with the younger men off to the wars, a double burden will be thrown upon the older physicians.

The situation is a challenge to all Americans; it is a challenge to us *to try to keep well!*

What brings greater risk of illness, and serious shortage of medical care. Here's how you can guard your health with your diet.

Don't say you always *do* try to keep well. Most of us are inexcusably careless about the simple rules for everyday living that build up resistance to disease.

By far the most powerful of all personal weapons to strengthen our health — and save the time of our doctors — is one we continue to neglect, even though we know better. It is the right use of food. For, despite today's clamor about calories, minerals and vitamins, three quarters of us are living on diets that cannot give us the highest level of health, that leave millions in a miserable, half-alive twilight zone between disease and vigor.

“NUTRITIONAL DISEASES,” says an authority of the U. S. Public Health Service, “in all probability constitute our greatest medical problem, not from the point of view of deaths, but from the point of view of disability.”

Dr. Russell M. Wilder, one of the

world's leading nutrition experts, points out that it is not outright deficiency diseases, like pellagra, scurvy, or beriberi, that are the real menace. Our nation-wide hidden hunger, caused by lack of the right foods in the right balance, wrecks courage; it paralyzes the will to do; it seriously depresses resistance to infections; it makes us toss sleepless at night.

More than half our calls at doctors' offices are for vague aches, pains, fatigue, nervousness, lumped together under the catchall name of psychoneurosis. Physicians skilled in the new dietary science are finding that more and more of this psychoneurosis is only another name for bad eating.

THIS twilight zone of not-quite-living does not confine itself to the underprivileged. Dr. H. D. Kruse, of the Milbank Memorial Fund, recently examined the eyes of a New York office staff — workers who certainly could afford to eat well. He found 25 percent of them suffering from eyestrain, sore eyes, eyes hurting from light, and headaches that interfered with their efficiency. A little dose of the B vitamin, riboflavin, caused these eye troubles to vanish. Proper diet would have sufficed to prevent them in the first place.

Nobody knows how many millions in our nation show this eye-sign of malnutrition. But wherever careful slit-lamp eye examinations

have been made — among the staff of a large hospital, among 5000 children in New York schools, in a giant airplane factory in California — a high proportion have been found suffering from B vitamin hunger.

The Journal of the American Medical Association tells of a group of "healthy" human beings adequately fed, except that their food lacked just the proper trace of thiamin, Vitamin B₁. They were moody, sluggish, afraid, always tired in mind and body. The necessary very slight improvement in their diet brought them back to vigor.

But this is only part of the power of the new dietary science to maintain health. Dr. Tom D. Spies and his co-workers of the University of Cincinnati and Hillman Hospital at Birmingham, Alabama, have proved that shortage of milk, lean meat, eggs, and other protective foods lets down your guard against streptococcus and other microbes.

Drs. Jerald G. Wooley and W. H. Sebrell, of the U. S. Public Health Service, find that a similar dietary lack lowers resistance to experimental pneumonia. Proper eating, though it may not prevent a head cold, may well help guard you from its frequent consequences, and keep you away from your overburdened doctor, and perhaps even from the hospital.

ALL RIGHT, then, it's agreed that, despite all we've read about

diet and vitamins, many of us still don't have the right foods; if we did many of us could literally eat our way to better health.

But what, specifically, should we eat? Isn't that a question which is clear only to nutritional specialists who make out complicated and confusing dietary lists?

No. For normal living the answer is simple. It's as simple as being sure to eat grapefruit, oranges or tomatoes, with their C vitamins, every day; it's as simple as drinking milk daily. (Milk, cheese, butter, eggs are teeming with vital food elements, infinitely more valuable than the starches, sugar and fats which we overeat.)

It's as simple as eating whole wheat bread instead of white bread. Everybody knows that white bread has lost most of the nutritional values of whole wheat. Yet — for a complexity of reasons — 97 percent of the bread Americans eat is white.

Fortunately, this need not be true much longer. Through the crusading interest of Mr. M. Lee Marshall, president of the Continental Baking Company, the Earle Process (which peels the outer hull off wheat, takes the bitterness out of whole wheat) has been developed to a point where 75 percent of the vitamin, mineral virtues of the whole wheat are now *retained* in an excellent-tasting creamy-white flour. And Continental has agreed to release this revolutionary new milling

process to American millers at a nominal cost.

With a slight addition of enriched yeast and milk, the 15 billion loaves of the staff of life yearly baked in the nation can now be brought up to the health-giving standard of whole wheat bread, at no increase in price to the public. Within two months more than half of the entire white Wonderbread output of the Continental Baking Corporation will be made from the new high-vitamin white flour.

Wheat flour carries 25 percent of the calories of our food, and the lower our incomes the more we all have to depend on this staff of life for our energy. Now the new white bread can become the greatest of all channels for bringing us not only the energy we need but also the wheat's *natural* vitamins and minerals. If the millers and bakers of America coöperate to bring this equivalent of whole wheat bread to every American's table, they will contribute importantly to preventing much of today's disability in that shadowland of unfitness where millions exist — not sick, yet not healthy.

MEANWHILE, what specifically is "the well-balanced diet" that we are so often told we should follow for our health's sake and that we so often neglect? You will find the gist of it in the following seven rules based on a diet devised by Dr. Spies, who is one of America's out-

standing nutritional scientists, with Miss Jean Grant, of Hillman Hospital, Birmingham. Recently announced at a scientific meeting, after

being under test in practical use for three years, it proves adequate for nutrition for young and old under normal conditions.

1. At least one pint of milk a day for every adult and a quart for every child. One half this amount of evaporated milk may be used, or ten tablespoons of dried milk may be substituted for one pint of fresh milk.

2. A serving of lean meat daily for every adult and every child over eight years of age; from two to four servings a week for children under eight.

3. One egg daily for every adult and child over three years of age; four a week for children under three.

4. One serving of fresh or canned tomato or citrus fruit juice daily for both adults and children (for young children at least six ounces of tomato juice or two ounces of orange juice).

5. One serving of potato every day for adults and children; two servings of other vegetables for adults and one serving for children under eight. Four to five servings of dried vegetables or nuts for adults and two to three servings for children under 13.

6. One serving of whole grain cereal a day for adults and children. Three slices of whole wheat or enriched bread for young children and six slices a day for older children and adults.

7. Guard against loss of vitamins and minerals in cooking by the following six rules:

Do not peel or cut up vegetables or fruits and then let them stand before cooking. If possible cook them whole with skins on.

In cooking vegetables and fruits use as little water as possible and cook them as quickly as possible. Never add soda to vegetables.

Whenever possible steam foods rather than boil or stew them.

Never fry foods if it can be avoided.

Do not chop or crush fresh vegetables or fruits and allow them to stand before serving.

Frozen foods should be put on to cook while they are still frozen. If used raw they should be eaten immediately after thawing.



A FLOWER VENDOR outside the Hotel Reforma in Mexico City made no sales until he began saying, "This gardenia will make you feel important all day long, for ten cents."

— Elmer Wheeler

What Happened at Wake

Condensed from The American Legion Magazine

Donald Wilhelm

IN HIS TENT on Heel Point, Wake Island, Major James Patrick Sinnott Devereux awoke to reveille at 4:45. Sunday, December 7, at Pearl Harbor was Monday, December 8, here, for Wake is just west of the international date line.

Having shaved, with due regard for his small mustache, he strapped on his .45-caliber Colt and headed for the officers' mess. A wiry little man with the bulging brow of a student, he was quiet, slow to anger, slow to speak. He glanced at the sky and its sickly last-quarter moon: a good day for flying. His dawn patrol was already out over the Pacific.

The Major was in his element. Son of an army medical officer, he was born in Cuba, the fourth child

of a famous army-navy-marine family of ten children. He had enlisted as a marine when 19. Though quiet, he was a fighter when roused, says one who saw action with him in Nicaragua, where he earned one of his three medals. He loved the life of a marine.

Wake is 2004 miles west of Pearl Harbor, but only 352 miles from Taong and 700 from the Marshall Islands, where, he knew, the Japanese had strong air bases. The desolate coral atoll that is Wake had been built up on the rim of a sunken volcano, the crater forming a shallow lagoon four miles long by about a mile and a half wide. A coral reef hemmed in its northwest end, and the rest of it was surrounded by three islets that almost touched: Wilkes, the smallest; Peale, with its Pan-American Airways station; and Wake. Nowhere was the land more than a mile wide and the highest point on these treeless sand-spits dotted with low green scrub growth was not ten feet above high tide.

Beautiful, but what a place to defend!

When Pan-American Airways first planned to land on Wake, in 1935, it was uninhabited; lest we offend Japan, our government had made it a bird sanctuary. Just a few months

DONALD WILHELM's unique account of the heroic defense of Wake Island is drawn not only from official sources but also from personal reporting. He talked with old friends of Major Devereux and the officers and men who fought under him; with Pan-American and Marine Corps personnel from top to bottom; with generals, congressmen, flight officers and privates.

While still a Harvard undergraduate, Mr. Wilhelm became editor of the first aviation paper, the *Aero Daily News*. During the last war he was an assistant to Herbert Hoover, and in that capacity, after the war, he traveled extensively in Russia. His books include *Writing for Profit*, *The Story of Steel* and *The Book of Metals*.

Says a marine officer, once Devereux's superior when they were together in China, "What Jimmy did was to play doggo! I can just see that little man with his binocs trained on that cruiser, praying: 'O Lord, please give me a crack at her.'"

He ordered the gun captains to hold their fire until he gave the word. The fleet drew closer. Its biggest guns opened fire. Getting no answer, the cruiser drove down on the atoll with all her guns firing. Destroyers and gunboats also opened up as they came within range. The marines were getting the smell of exploding TNT; flying sand and debris showered over them, and the air was filled with the roar of Japanese planes. All of Putnam's planes—four—were in the air. "They made a total of ten attacks," he said in his report. "Though greatly overloaded they performed splendidly. We claim the sinking of one ship and serious damage to another." Also, they brought down two bombers.

Meanwhile Devereux was still waiting. And still the cruiser came on.

"Ten thousand yards!" . . . "Eight thousand!" . . . "Six thousand!"

Still our quiet little Major held his fire, knowing that his men, straining to fight back, were growling, "What the hell's he waiting for!"

Not until the cruiser stood at 4700 yards and the enemy destroyers and gunboats were still closer did he give the word, "Fire!"

Then the sweating and begrimed

gun crews worked hard and fast. The 5-inch projectiles weigh 50 pounds. A smart crew fires four or five of these a minute, and up to 30 a minute of the 15-pound 3-inch shells. They converged their fire on that cruiser, and they sank her, a blazing wreck. Then they turned their guns on the other ships. Yes, they sank the Jap cruiser. And two destroyers. And one gunboat.

Far from landing troops on Wake, as the Tokyo radio was announcing, what was left of the Japanese fleet made off. And the marines suffered not a single casualty. Honolulu reported that when Devereux was asked by radio if he wanted anything, his reply was, "Send us more Japs!"

But again it was time for him to take stock.

The enemy now knew he had 5-inch guns and where they were. They wouldn't risk his gunnery again, or Putnam's planes, without first working over the place with their bombers. They would try to pulverize every vital foot of Wake. And unless Devereux used his guns, which were devouring precious ammunition, they would swoop progressively lower and machine-gun more accurately.

The next day, December 12, 27 bombers rained explosives from 22,000 feet on Wake. On the 14th they concentrated 32 on the remnants of the airdrome. Though they lost one plane, they shot down one of ours and destroyed another on the ground, leaving two. On the 15th they sent

31 bombers and lost three. Next day, 41 bombers concentrated all they had on the field guns and headquarters. On the 17th they sent 32 planes to fly very low and finish the job. They lost one.

Now it was their turn to take reckoning. On the 18th a single reconnaissance plane flew over to take photographs. Whatever these showed, they would not show why the American planes when shot down soon came up again.

Trained by service in remote places where parts are not available, marine ground crews know how to make much from little. Here at Wake, their shop ruined, tools scattered, First Lieutenant John Franklin Kinney, Technical Sergeant W. J. Hamilton and their men performed miracles to keep planes in the air.

"Parts and assemblies have been traded back and forth until no airplane can be identified," Major Putnam reported. "Engines have been switched, planes have been junked, stripped, rebuilt, all but created. . . ." At one time, his hastily penciled notes of the 20th say, "only one serviceable plane was left. But the mechanics created another."

Devereux knew he could not hold out much longer. The Navy knew it, too. On the night of December 19, a lone American flying boat settled on the lagoon. It had risked coming to bring out Major Walter L. J. Bayler, an air officer who had built the air-drome and who carried in his pocket Major Putnam's hurriedly written

but invaluable report on air operations. He was the last officer who served with Devereux and Putnam and escaped. The plane brought out the casualty list to the 20th. Among other mail it brought out a letter from Devereux to his wife, who was in New York with their eight-year-old son.

It brought also such letters as this, from Lieutenant-Commander Elmer B. Greey to his wife in New Jersey: "Too much praise cannot be given to the marines. Heroes have been made hourly here, and many will go unsung. But the Stars and Stripes are still at the top of the mast."

The men on Wake saw the big flying boat leave. They stayed. They weren't through yet. On the 22nd the Stars and Stripes still flew and they still had their two planes, though one was barely able to stay up. That day a second lieutenant and a captain took them up against 60 Jap planes. The captain was shot down, wounded. The lieutenant did not return.

On December 23 the Navy reported: "Wake Island sustained another strong air attack on the 22nd. An enemy force effected a landing on Wake the morning of the 23rd."

On December 24 it reported: "Radio communication with Wake has been severed. Two enemy destroyers were lost in the final landing operations."

The curtain drops. Behind it, save for fragmentary reports from prisoners over the Japanese radio, there is

only silence. As this is written, no one but the Japanese knows the fate of Major Devereux. The Navy, as of February 20, "presumes" that he is a prisoner.

In his citation of Majors Devereux and Putnam and their men, President Roosevelt wrote: "The cou-

rageous conduct of the men who defended Wake Island against overwhelming enemy forces from December 8 to 22, 1941, has been noted with admiration by their fellow countrymen and the civilized world. It will not be forgotten as long as gallantry and heroism are respected."



Profound Truths Arrived at by Cineminds at Work

Excerpts from Cue

- | | |
|-------------------|---|
| MARLENE DIETRICH: | "I am not in the least disturbed when people regard my legs intently. I know they are doing so in pursuance of their inherent artistic instinct." |
| LORETTA YOUNG: | "Sex is everywhere — in the skies, on the earth. Comets are born, trees take root and grow. Yet we go merrily on our way totally unmindful of it all, or a reasonable facsimile of same." |
| CONRAD VEIDT: | "The female is different from the male. There is no doubt about it." |
| FAY WRAY: | "Give an hour a day to your brain. Think — and think regularly every day. An open mind is the best beauty parlor." |
| ANN RUTHERFORD: | "I hate hackneyed phrases. I always keep a dictionary, Roget's <i>Thesaurus</i> and Bartlett's <i>Familiar Quotations</i> on my bedside table." |
| MICHAEL CURTIZ: | "These publicity stories are terrible. Half the lies they tell about me aren't true." |
| LUPE VELEZ: | "First time you buy a house you see how pretty the paint is and you buy it. The second time you look to see if the basement has termites. It's the same with men." |

Mickey Rooney's self-confidence is exceeded only by his versatility

Alias Andy Hardy

Condensed from Liberty

Frederick Van Ryn

"THE only dangerous man in Hollywood," said an actress recently, "is Mickey Rooney."

He must be. Gossip columns disclosed that before his engagement and marriage to Ava Gardner, Mickey was pursuing 11 different ladies. All these girls had one thing in common. Each was at least six inches taller than Mickey's five feet three. When one of them, Linda Darnell, bought low-heeled shoes to avoid hurting Mickey's feelings, Hollywood laughed. Nobody there believes that anyone or anything could possibly embarrass Mickey.

As a child Mickey wasn't blasé about his stature. He tried stretching exercises; he slept on a hard bed; he answered scores of advertisements guaranteeing "at least an inch per month." Nothing worked. He made up in toughness what he lacked in height, licking boys who topped him by a head.

Three men helped him overcome his inferiority complex—Napoleon, General Sheridan and Mayor LaGuardia. He is convinced that the Almighty patterned him after these



warriors. Otherwise, would he have been endowed with every other gift except height? Slowly Mickey realized that with a strong personality, a five-foot-three man can easily act like a six-footer, so he adopted the techniques of his three gods. For his personal appearances, Mickey chooses to be as flamboyant and impassioned as New York's chief executive. On the golf links and tennis court he fancies Sheridan's quick, dramatic methods. And in dealing with individuals, particularly women, he acts with Napoleon's mixture of dignity and condescension. Observers are inclined to believe that LaGuardia and Sheridan have done better by Mickey than Napoleon.

For two successive years Mickey has been voted No. 1 box-office attraction by motion-picture exhibitors. He makes more money for his employers than do Clark Gable, Greta Garbo and Spencer Tracy combined. His personal appearances attract the biggest crowds. A trust fund created by his guardians is well over a million dollars.

Besides a ranch, he owns a 12-

room house, a race horse named Bing Crosby, a football team, a jazz band and two cars. His wardrobe is more elaborate than that of Clark Gable, who has long since given up competing with Mickey.

Mickey's future is secure. He can sing, dance, do imitations, and he's the best master of ceremonies this country has ever seen. He leads a band, plays nine different instruments and, collaborating with a friend, has written several popular songs which became national best sellers. Mickey has also written a symphony which moved a well-known conductor to exclaim: "What a pity Mickey wastes his time on that Andy Hardy nonsense!"

Indefatigable, magnetic, boastful and a mischief maker, Mickey is M-G-M's greatest pride and greatest nightmare. Suppose he should scandalize those millions of fans who think of him as Andy Hardy, the clean-cut American boy with all the virtues and no vices! Hence, Mickey must act at all times as Andy Hardy. No smoking in public. No display of wealth. He can use his shining roadster on ordinary nights, but he appears at premieres in a secondhand station wagon. And finally he must never grant newspaper interviews except in the presence of an M-G-M representative. The representative does the talking, Rooney the grinning.

Mickey was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., 21 years ago, the only son of Joe Yule and Nell Carter, vaudeville

performers. Christened Joe Yule, Jr., he appeared at the age of three as a midget in a tear-jerking melodrama. His face was his capital. It looked like the ugly pan of a 30-year-old midget. Two more midget roles followed. In one of them Joe lost four milk teeth chewing on big black cigars. Then, with no more midget plays anywhere, Joe, not yet five, was washed up.

Refusing to accept defeat, his mother took the boy to Los Angeles. And so, unheralded and underfed, he toured the movie studios and agencies — without success. But shortly after Joe was six a producer wanted a "tough kid" to play Mickey McGuire, a character based on Fontaine Fox's famous comic strip. Screen tests were made and the studio staff proclaimed that followers of the comic strip would instantly recognize him as Mickey, the tough boy in a derby hat with ready fists and a chocolate cigar in his mouth. Joe had always been told to watch his language and temper; now he was suddenly encouraged to do his worst. "The tougher he gets in real life," said the producers, "the easier it will be for him to play Mickey McGuire." And finally to make the whole thing realistic his name was changed from Joe Yule, Jr., to Mickey McGuire.

Mickey appeared in 78 McGuire pictures, making 13 a year, and thrived on the work. Then suddenly the public was tired of the tough boy in a derby hat. At 12 Mickey was

washed up for the second time and, worse still, the name Mickey McGuire had to be returned to the copyright owner. But Mickey's mother recalled a last name common in her family. From then on he was Mickey Rooney.

Surprisingly, Mickey was recalled from obscurity by his proficiency at ping-pong. He was playing in a tournament at which David Selznick, then a producer for M-G-M, was a judge. Spotting Selznick in the audience, Mickey braced himself for an all-out effort. When he missed a shot he looked as if he were responsible for the collapse of Western civilization. When he retrieved an almost impossible ball, he dismissed the applause with condescending modesty. His patter was equally amazing. A forerunner of the jitterbugs, Mickey spoke an English that was all his own.

It took Selznick a split second to decide that the underslung boy playing in the finals was about the most refreshing personality of our times.

"Why," he said to his wife, "the kid is a better showman than most of our stars. Just watch his pantomime. Just get a load of his remarks."

Selznick could hardly sleep that night. The more he thought of Rooney the more excited he became. He realized that the brassy ping-pong player was heaven's answer to M-G-M's prayer.

Hollywood, Along with America, Takes Its Andy Seriously

Katharine Brush

Novelist; writer of the script for the tenth Hardy picture

BECAUSE the movie public knows its Hardys like neighbors and won't allow the slightest off-note, the writer of a Hardy script has to spend days soaking in preliminary information — such things as the genealogy of the Hardy family for five generations back, and data on the imaginary town in which they live and on Carvel's citizens, their nicknames, professions, street addresses, mannerisms. It is all elaborately set down, including charts showing every building and house.

Infinite pains are taken to keep the family precisely average, lest parents protest that Andy is setting a bad example by traveling so much that his schooling is interrupted. In particular, Andy must always be kind to his mother. Once he was made to say, about a meal cooked by her, "This dinner's no good," and American home life rocked to its foundations. There had to be a retake in which Mickey said: "It was a fine dinner, Mom, a lovely dinner, but I just wasn't hungry."

(Copyright 1942, Consolidated News Features)

Though he played in over 40 pictures, Mickey's achievements in the first few years at M-G-M were not spectacular. He gave several good performances and directors praised his versatility. But his name meant little to movie fans until *A Family Affair*, the first of the Hardy Family pictures, was released in 1937. It was concocted on a meager budget; Lionel Barrymore as Judge Hardy was the only star in the cast and

Hollywood's contempt for this B-picture was shared by the critics. But city after city reported that the cash customers went wild over "that Hardy picture" and wanted more. Soon even Hollywood skeptics had to admit that the Hardy family was a terrific attraction.

That the public continues to take its Hardys seriously is proved by the avalanche of fan mail. So great is the nation's faith in Judge Hardy's wisdom that strangers write to Lewis Stone, who now plays that role, about their most intimate affairs. Nobody expects Mickey to give medical or legal advice; they merely ask him to contaminate their unruly kids with his goodness.

But what really distinguishes Mickey is not his success in the Hardy Family pictures; it is that endless, roaring, terrifying vitality which is as American as the miracle of Detroit.

Women fall in love with him, forgetting his height and pugnacious face because they cannot resist the appeal of that outburst of vitality which is Mickey Rooney. Men who are inclined to treat him as "a spunky little fellow" discover before long that they could no more keep up with Rooney than a horse and buggy could keep up with a strato-liner.

Through all his activities runs the thread of his self-confidence. When he paid a call at the White House the President said jokingly, "Well, Mickey, my boy, some day I hope you'll be able to spare enough time so we can have a man-to-man talk." In all sincerity Mickey replied, "Yes, sir; I can get time off from the studio any day for that." He thought it only natural that the President, being an Andy Hardy fan, should be anxious to get better acquainted with Mickey Rooney.

Party Chatter

✦ At a luncheon party an actress, noted for her sarcasm, looked significantly at Rosalind Russell and said: "I dread to think of life at 45."

"Why?" asked quick-witted Miss Russell. "What happened then?"

— *Kansas City Star*

✦ At a party Cass Canfield, the publisher, introduced another guest to Clare Boothe. "Clare," said he, "this is Mr. Prescott. He thinks he ought to meet you, just for the hell of it."

— *Leonard Lyons in Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*

✦ At a party after Tallulah Bankhead's ill-starred production of *Anthony and Cleopatra*, a friendly critic patted her affectionately on the shoulder and said, "Don't look now, darling, but your show's slipping."

— *Contributed by Thomas K. Brown*

The Negro in the Army

Condensed from Survey Graphic

W. L. White

AMERICAN NEGROES can fight. Their military tradition began with black Peter Salem who distinguished himself at Bunker Hill. The bravery of Negro troops, facing British bullets in the battle of New Orleans, won the praise of General Andrew Jackson. Several hundred thousand colored men fought in the Civil War, and presently Congress authorized four regular army Negro regiments. Such regiments won laurels in Cuba in 1898, and 20 years later in France.

All right, they can fight; but do they make good officers? Until recently our army would have answered No, claiming that the Negro soldier had no respect for Negro officers. Until recently you could count on the fingers of one hand the number of commissioned Negro officers in the regular army — most of them chaplains.

Because the Negro officer knew his troops had no confidence in him, the army said, he often lacked confidence in himself. The first world war tended to confirm this view: the 92nd Division was an all-Negro outfit except for officers above the grade of major; some of its colored officers had been regular army sergeants with practical experience, but most were inexperienced graduates of the

Negro Officers School at Des Moines; there was constant friction and the Division got itself into some bad messes.

But there have been exceptions. Last year one division had five Negro National Guard officers on maneuvers. Though four of them showed an attitude of indifference, perhaps born of a conviction that since they were Negroes they wouldn't get promotion no matter how hard they worked, the fifth threw himself into the spirit of the maneuvers — and is slated for promotion.

Another exception, the army conceded, was the late Colonel Charles R. Young, one of West Point's few Negro graduates. He had to pass not only the academic hurdles but also an ordeal known as the "silence cure" which West Point undergraduates reserved for Negro aspirants. All during the first year nobody spoke to you or looked at you; if you could take this without leaving the academy with a nervous breakdown, West Point would relent and concede that regardless of color you were fit to be an officer.

Yet Negroes would argue that even Colonel Young's ability was not enough to overcome his color. When the United States entered the first world war Colonel Young's seniority

would have entitled him to become a brigadier general, but he was pronounced physically unfit for active duty in France although he rode horseback from Ohio to Washington in order to disprove the charge. Finally he was ordered to Liberia to train the constabulary, and died there of tropical fever.

Brigadier General Benjamin O. Davis now occupies the highest post ever accorded a Negro in the American army, and no white officer will say that General Davis hasn't earned his star on merit. Until the present war the only other Negro officers in the regular army — apart from the few chaplains — were his son, Captain Benjamin O. Davis, Jr., and Lieutenant Colonel John E. Green, now retired. Green rose from the ranks. Young Davis graduated from West Point in 1936, standing 35th in a class of 276. He served for some time with the Negro 24th Infantry at Fort Benning. His commanding officer says that Davis had the complete respect of his fellow officers and of the Negro soldiers under him.

The peacetime strength of the army included only four Negro regiments. But in October 1940 it was announced that Negroes would be inducted into service in proportion to their numbers in the population — about 10 percent. Four additional all-Negro units of the New York National Guard were placed in the 369th, an artillery and anti-aircraft regiment; Chicago Negro Guard units became the nucleus of the

184th Field Artillery; the 372nd Infantry was organized with Negro National Guard companies from Ohio, New Jersey and Illinois; and a Negro anti-tank battalion is now being formed. These units are led by Negro officers who received their commissions through the National Guard or the Reserve Officers Training Corps. At the end of 1941 almost 100,000 Negroes, comprising about 20 regiments, were in uniform and in 1942 the army plans to call up 175,000 more.

In 1918 all Negro officers were trained in the special camp at Des Moines, but today Negro officer-candidates are in training in the regular officers training camps of the army.

Let's take a look at a typical platoon in one of these schools. Here are 24 boys who hope soon to be officers; three are Negroes. All sleep in rows of cots in the barracks and eat together on pine tables in the big mess hall. The 24 boys come from all over the country, many from the deep South. Officers in charge say there is no difference between the behavior of the Negroes and that of the whites. Although the white boys were a little slow in warming up, they all get along well together now.

In the ratings, the Negroes stand slightly above the platoon average. The officer in charge rates the candidates' fitness as officer material, numbering them from one to 24. In addition, each candidate rates the 23 others. In this platoon the Negroes

rate eighth, eleventh and thirteenth. In the unit are two white boys of nationally known families; one of them rates above and the other below the Negroes.

Platoon mates' comments on the Negro who placed lowest of the three include the following: "Forceful, alert, shows initiative." "Level-headed, enthusiastic." "Intelligent, coöperative, instills confidence in men." The platoon leader rated him: "Quick-witted, determined, initiates action speedily, would make an excellent officer." If we can judge by this platoon, the old army belief that the Negro was unfit to command seems to be going with the wind.

The Negro student officer agrees that he's getting exactly the same training and unprejudiced rating the white boys get. Yet he will probably point out that of the 1200 boys admitted to this particular school only 15 — a little over one percent — were Negroes.

Here the intelligent white boys accept the Negro officer-candidate, but how about after he gets his shoulder-bars and walks out in front of a Negro company — will his men respect him? When I asked a Negro fledgling officer that, he grinned. There wouldn't be any trouble, he assured me, because colored boys are proud of Negro officers. Look at the two who were recently graduated and joined the 48th Negro Quartermaster Regiment; the colored soldiers there, tremendously proud, are breaking their necks to help put

them over. And when he himself left his Negro company at Fort Devens to go to officers school, the boys went down to the train to wave him off and said, "Come back to your old outfit — we'll all work for you."

Another new door for Negroes in the service was opened last July when the air corps established at Tuskegee, Alabama, a school for Negro combat pilots. This is in defiance of a theory that Negroes couldn't be taught to be good pilots. Let's see:

To get on the waiting list for this school, candidates must have had at least two years of college or pass an equivalent examination, undergo a stiff physical examination, and present several letters of recommendation. Candidates have the same type of planes, equipment and barracks as do white trainees at other fields. If this experiment should fail, nobody can say the Negro didn't have every chance. The students know this, and point out with pride that every one of their instructors volunteered for this task; it wasn't a question of culls of the air corps being ordered to instruct in a Jim Crow flying school.

It is expected that at least 50 percent of the candidates will come through and receive their pilot's wings in March — about the average survival among white pilots.

The white officers at Tuskegee Field are proud of their charges, and insist that there are no important differences between these Negro boys and white candidates. The Ne-

groes are somewhat tense, feeling that so much depends on this first experimental school, not only for themselves but for their whole race. The officers try to relax them and reduce this tension. At first the trainees are too conscious of their instructors, and work too hard at pleasing them instead of concentrating on the plane. So the instructors tell them sternly, "You can't please an airplane — it doesn't care about you." The trainees are quick to catch the idea.

Instructors say that they must be gentle in criticizing these Negro boys. A sardonic jibe can crush a colored trainee completely. A white boy takes it more casually; he wants

to be a pilot, of course, yet if he fails the bottom won't fall out of his world.

Recently the War Department authorized a second squadron at Tuskegee. Later other air corps training fields for Negroes may be set up.

All over that part of the South every Negro knows about the school. So when you look down from a plane you can see Negroes in the cotton fields stop their work, their black faces peering up at your plane. One of "their boys" is in it, they are thinking, and they wave up to him to cheer him on.

It sort of gets you, the white instructors say.

They Want Wings

OF EVERY 100 flying-cadet applicants only 20 are able to pass the rigid physical and mental tests. About half of those rejected have only minor deficiencies. To salvage as much of this pilot material as possible, Aviators' Post 743 of the American Legion has sponsored the American Flying Service Foundation, a nonprofit organization which now has members in 160 cities in 35 states. At the New York office, the Foundation has provided assistance or advice to 2000 men — medical aid, free or for whatever the applicant can pay; and, in cooperation with the Dwight School, coaching and special courses to overcome educational deficiencies. The Foundation is financed by voluntary contributions and has worked out an "adopt a pilot" system, whereby organizations or individuals may pay \$50 for the rehabilitation of a specific candidate. Already the Foundation has placed more than 500 recruits in flight training camps, some of whom are now pilots.

They Grow Their Own — and Live Better

By

Leigh Mitchell Hodges

IN A three-room-and-attic farmhouse near Dickson, Tennessee, lives Mrs. Minnie Buchanan. When her husband died six years ago he left her seven young children; 150 acres, with 40 cleared; and little else. But she was determined to educate those five boys and two girls. First, of course, they must be fed. With such help as they could give she met this need by growing every mouthful they ate — meat, poultry, grains, milk, eggs, butter, vegetables and fruits. Honey and sorghum supplied sweetening. All she bought was salt, pepper and baking powder.

So it was fitting that, in the spring of 1940, Mrs. Buchanan should be the second person enrolled in Governor Prentice Cooper's Home Food Supply Program to encourage Tennessee farm families to raise at least three fourths of their daily food.

Within a month 61,000 Tennessee farmers and their wives had signed up for a peacetime effort which Pearl Harbor was to transform into a war measure of great importance. Every farmer and his wife in Tennessee is eligible to participate in the Home Food Supply Program, whether he is a farm owner, tenant, or share-cropper, white or colored. Details are explained by county agents, agricultural and home economics teachers, and Farm Security supervisors. Personal contacts, community meetings,

*R*eminiscent of the old days of "dinner on the ground" and second helpings is this story of the Tennessee Home Food Supply Program. And it shows every state what it can and ought to do to restore self-sufficiency to the farm.

spring rallies, short courses and circular letters are used. All this is carried on through existing organized groups without added personnel or expense.

Each family is given a score card listing foods that can be raised at home, and showing in pounds, quarts and bushels one year's needs for a well-balanced diet. The whole offers a total of 1000 credit points, and each family that turns in a score of 750 or more points is awarded a handsome framed Certificate of Recognition.

In 1940, 9000 of these were given out. The number jumped to 14,000 in 1941. That year 106,000 farm families pledged themselves to make the effort. This year some 200,000 farm families will enroll, representing four fifths of the state's farm population.

Mrs. Buchanan's pioneer record of raising all the food her family eats has been closely challenged by other Home Food Supply signers. Thousands of them have raised four fifths of everything served on their tables,

and the 90-95 percenters form a considerable group. A few run up to 98 percent.

"It's the best food program in the nation," says M. L. Wilson, Director of Extension Work in the Department of Agriculture in Washington. And to one who for the first time sees its results it smacks of something that couldn't come true, but has.

There's the rambling, roomy farmhouse in Rutherford County where wide-awake Shelton Edwards and his wife and daughter dwell. You mightn't think this program would appeal to them, for always they've had enough and to spare. But they point to a two-starred certificate, one star for each more-than-75-percent year, as if it were a deed to the place. And when Mrs. Edwards opens the cold-room door — well, what's to be said of some 400 quarts of canned beef, pork, lamb, peas, beans, corn, berries, cherries, and what you will, still available in the middle of February? And hams and sides of bacon in the smokehouse, and sweet and white potatoes in straw-covered trenches. Nothing but coffee, tea and salt bought for months.

"This isn't the best of it, though," says Edwards. "You ought to see the way our tenant farmer's kid has picked up since they joined last year!"

Down the road the five Rogers, thrifty folk who've had to stretch their dimes, put on the table a dinner that would cost several dollars in any restaurant. Here again hundreds of

jars of fruits, vegetables and meats, and in the smokehouse a 95-pound ham — "Yes, sir, and on fair scales" — from an 800-pound hog. "I think we won't have to buy any food at all this year," Mrs. Rogers tells me, "and from the way things look now, that will mean a lot, won't it?"

All classes, from Negro sharecroppers in cabins to families in pillared mansions, seem equally intent on showing what their acres and care can do; equally eager to play this "game," for that's the spirit in which it's carried on. Most of them want to be among those exhibiting what they've canned, dried or smoked at Home Food Supply festivals held in every county adopting the program. Last year that meant 94 of Tennessee's 95 counties.

Perhaps the most bountiful meal in history high-lighted the festival in Washington County, where the farm family enrollment was 100 percent. The menu included 185 different items, among them 33 meats and fowl, 43 vegetables, 18 kinds of bread, 36 desserts, 11 kinds of fruit, 7 varieties of nuts, 20 kinds of preserves and jellies, 12 different drinks, plus eggs, butter, cheese and pickles.

Even the decorations were local products — home-made tallow candles set in apples for candlesticks, and sprays of home-grown holly. To cap the feast, the diners bought and paid for nearly \$400 worth of defense stamps and bonds.

A fine feature of this Home Food Supply Program is the way it ap

peals to young persons. The contest spirit makes a hit with youngsters — many a boy has gone to spading extra garden space after sighting a playmate at such work down the road. More than one eight-year-old has had his own exhibit of truck at an autumn rally.

This peace-born program was launched by Governor Cooper primarily as a remedy for certain long-existing ills common in some measure to every state in the union — undernourishment, poorly balanced meals, and farmers' neglect of productive resources. Elimination of these is a basic national need.

"Of course," Governor Cooper says, "our being in the war has emphasized the need for an adequate home food supply, but this program is not merely a wartime measure. It is a permanent aid to our people's health, strength and self-reliance.

"A farm family which aims at raising at least three fourths of what it eats will be likely to pay attention to such important matters as crop diversification, livestock and poultry improvement, planting of more fruit trees, insect control and soil erosion. Instead of having to arouse interest in such measures, we find that farmers now come to us seeking information and guidance. Two years' experience has amply proved its value. And now that we

face unprecedented transportation problems, it may forestall regional shortages and release commercial food supplies to our own and allied forces and to starving people abroad.

"Its morale value is almost on a par with its practical worth — it helps to do for the farmer what other common forms of recognition do for men and women in other fields of work — not only increases self-respect and self-reliance but also lifts his standing in his community."

The task of putting this program into operation was unexpectedly easy because it won instant and wholehearted coöperation from all state and federal agencies — the Extension Service of the Department of Agriculture, the Federal Advisory Board for Vocational Education, and the Farm Security Administration. No one to whom the plan was suggested offered any objection.

The Tennessee program has so interested other governors that many of them are planning to adapt it to their own states. The Department of Agriculture has officially sanctioned it as "the best means of assuring the health and strength of the American family in wartime" — it might have said at *all* times — and Secretary Wickard has made Governor Cooper chairman of a national committee to stir up interest in home food supplies and family gardens.

A Pint of Your Blood to Save a Soldier's Life!

Condensed from Hygeia

Myron M. Stearns

HERE IS one thing which can be done by all healthy Americans who want to serve and do not know how: give to your country a small portion of your own blood.

The army and navy want blood plasma for transfusions at the scene of battle. It is now being collected by the Red Cross. The amount requested is 365,000 donations of about one pint each, by July 1. This gift can save the lives of thousands of American sailors and soldiers. As yet less than half of it has been collected.

In the last war the method of restoring blood to a wounded man was by direct, arm-to-arm transfusion from another of the same blood type, a process dangerous and often impossible on the battlefield. But in the last few years medical men have worked out a new solution. It is the use of plasma, one of science's major miracles.

Plasma is the yellow liquid portion of human blood left after removal of the red blood cells. It does not contain all substances the blood stream needs, but when pumped into the vein of a wounded person it can mean the difference between life and death. Unlike whole blood, plasma

is universal — anybody's plasma can go into the body of anybody else. It can now be preserved and sent great distances for emergency use.

Even if he does not actually lose blood through an open wound, nearly every severely wounded person suffers from traumatic shock. Liquid flows from the blood vessels into the damaged tissues. When you bang your head the swelling that follows is caused by plasma that has rushed to the scene of trouble. In a serious accident the heart, no longer getting enough blood to run on smoothly, begins to race, and unless some liquid is promptly injected the injured man may "bleed to death" though no blood has left his body.

Salt solution may do for a very short time. But plasma will keep the injured man alive for hours, until the loss can be made up by a whole-blood transfusion. Plasma, though vital in an emergency, must often be supplemented by whole blood.

Even in mild shock a quart or more of plasma may be absorbed into the tissues from the blood stream. In severe shock this loss may be doubled. From two to four pints of plasma are usually necessary to restore the blood pressure to normal. If plasma can be administered

promptly the quantity required is far less than will be needed later.

At Pearl Harbor hundreds of lives were saved by transfusions, first of plasma, then of whole blood. Of the small supply of plasma collected from American donors before December, some 750 units (about one pint each) had already been shipped to Hawaii and were ready for instant use. Within an hour of the first Japanese attack, a young pilot was carried into the army hospital, the inside of his right hand and forearm torn off by a bomb. By the time he reached the hospital he was a typical shock victim, drifting quietly into the coma of death. With a prompt transfusion of plasma, followed by another of whole blood, color came back into his face. He began to look like a living person instead of a corpse. In hardly more than ten minutes he opened his eyes and asked for a cigarette.

Three out of every four of the Pearl Harbor attack victims required transfusions. Without plasma (or the whole blood that happened to be available), without sulfanilamide to prevent infection, a large proportion of them would have died. But of those who reached Tripler General Hospital in Honolulu, *96 out of every 100 were saved*. The other hospitals had almost equally amazing results.

The wounds in this war are often caused by high explosive bombs, which hurl in every direction fragments of whatever they hit. Moreover, 60 percent of all the wounded

Persons between 21 and 60 who wish to give blood should get in touch with the nearest chapter of the Red Cross, to learn where they may make appointments. This can be done only in the cities where blood donor centers are located, or at neighboring Red Cross chapters, because the centers must be as near as possible to the laboratories.

No healthy person need be deterred from this life-saving gift by fears of harmful after-effects. The doctors in the blood donor centers know whom to take and whom to reject. The simple examination and set of questions asked are based on extensive experience, and give the doctor what he needs to safeguard the donor. You should follow closely his instructions about the care of your arm, exercise and diet.

Your body will rapidly replenish the temporary loss of blood. In two months or less, most healthy people will be ready to give their blood again.

at Pearl Harbor were burned. Many of the burns were "flash burns," from explosions that seared the skin wherever it was exposed, etching outlines of the clothing on the victim. Severe burns particularly require plasma.

A seven-year-old boy was brought to the Honolulu hospital nearly 14 hours after his leg, hip and side had been badly burned. He was so near

death that without even waiting for plasma he was given an injection of salt solution, just to give his heart something to work on. Then came plasma, and then whole-blood transfusions, one after another, until his small body had taken in nearly a gallon of liquid. He lived.

As our soldiers and sailors may be fighting on a dozen fronts, in jungle, desert, or on Arctic shores, large quantities of plasma are indispensable. Even though each man is prepared to give blood instantly to a wounded comrade, transfusions of whole blood will usually be out of the question at the scene of battle. We must have enough to place plasma on board every American warship, to send it to every place where fighting is likely to occur, so as to preserve life when every minute counts.

Before England organized its own blood-donation centers, the American Red Cross collected and shipped 17,000 plasma units to Britain. A

year ago our own government asked the public for a like amount. From these first donations shipments were made to Pearl Harbor and the Philippines.

Blood is being collected today at Red Cross centers in 18 cities. The taking of the blood is handled by trained nurses under the supervision of a skilled physician, while the donor lies on a hospital cot. It is a simple and painless process, requiring only about 15 minutes. Each blood unit, in a carefully sterilized bottle, goes at once to a laboratory where the plasma is separated from the blood cells, dehydrated, and frozen.

Here is a gift which, unlike money, unlike time or even work, is a part of yourself. A gift most literally from your heart, straight to the heart of another — to an American soldier or sailor who may live to help save all you count precious in this world because you took one simple, generous step to help save him.



The Listening Public

¶ DRAMA CRITIC John Mason Brown, who lectures annually on the theater to clubs in 48 states, reports that of all the slips of paper sent up to him during the question period following his lectures, his favorite was one submitted at the end of a very high-brow discourse. It read: "Will the speaker be so good as to give me Carmen Miranda's telephone number?"

— *Time*

¶ ONE of the major embarrassments to which lecturers are submitted is the audience's looking at their watches. I once asked John Erskine if, in his lectures, he found the ordeal particularly trying. "No," he replied, "not until they start shaking them!"

— Frank Crowninshield in *Vogue*

¶ In the destruction of war, can human values survive? The record of a life in Burma.

"These Things Shall Not Pass Away"

Condensed from
The Christian Century

Ralph Haley

AS THE Japanese assault breaks across the Far East, obscure tropical towns, lit momentarily by bomb-bursts, leap into newspaper headlines. Then the glare of destruction subsides, and a pall of obscurity descends again.

The name of such a town—a jungle town in Burma—startled my eye in the morning paper. It lies in the path of the Japanese advance; already the bombers have visited it. I am startled because the place is so familiar to me. I know that on a knoll on the outskirts of the town, at the edge of the forest, there is a grave marked by a small white stone. My father, the missionary doctor, lies buried there. Inevitably a bitter question arises: What was the use of that life? Was it thrown away in a losing gamble? After the assault, the conquest, and the looting, will anything of his work survive?

This question is less personal than it seems. In only one sense was that doctor's work a personal gamble. In another sense it was part of something almost universal in Americans—the desire to do a good turn to less fortunate neighbors. Thousands



of other men and women have felt that same urge strongly enough to go from their home towns and spend their lives in the far places of the earth.

Many of these adventurers in kindness were missionaries. And many of them still live, or are buried, in lands now made desolate by total war. What of their work? Does the ledger of their years—in China, the Philippines, Burma, Malaya, and even in Japan—close now in a splash of red?

The case cannot be argued, but perhaps it can be illumined by incidents from a single life.

When the doctor first went to Burma as a young man, he had little equipment to work with and no friendships to help him. The people were suspicious or frightened. Only beggars, and a few children, ventured his way. His study of the language, for which he had altogether too much time, began to look like a useless labor. But a change came at last, as the result of an inci-

dent so spectacular that it made an indelible impression on my small-boy memory.

One day there appeared outside our bungalow a huge bull elephant, his mahout astride his neck, his belly torn in a four-foot gash received in a fight with another tusker. The local chieftain, his owner, had at last deigned to recognize the presence of the white doctor. He was sending him this first mountainous patient — of notoriously evil disposition.

Obviously, the royal patronage was a challenge. To the chieftain this valuable work-elephant was worth many human lives. Would the doctor dare attempt a cure? Or was he concerned only with the valueless lives of ailing women and children?

The doctor went inside the house and soon emerged, carrying a bucket of disinfectant and a great swab of gauze wrapped on the end of a broom handle. I could see the grim set of his mouth beneath the shadow of his sun helmet as he marched straight up to the gashed side. The elephant, dangerous in his pain, coiled his trunk and swung about.

"Make him lie down, please —" I heard the doctor use the polite form of the native speech.

The great beast obeyed the mahout's command and lay down to expose the wounded side. But at the first touch of the broomstick swab he trumpeted shrilly and began to rise. The mahout shouted threats and entreaties in that curious jargon called "elephant talk." With a rum-

bling groan of resignation the animal relaxed. And the doctor, who had paled but stood his ground, went in again with his swab and disinfectant. He went in literally, for when he came out his arms were soiled to the shoulder. But he managed to clean and cauterize the outsize wound.

The doctor knew well enough that he was not entirely responsible for the cure that followed, but the chieftain had no doubts and wished to express his gratitude in tangible form. So the doctor made the most of the opportunity. He asked for enough teak lumber to build a small dispensary. Teak is expensive, and the chieftain hinted at settling for a nice pony. The doctor, however, was obdurate, and somewhat in the spirit of a man who has lost a sporting bet the chieftain paid up. Then, to his own surprise, and prodded by a little discreet salesmanship from the doctor, he found his interest awakened in the work of the dispensary.

One thing led to another over the years. The doctor and the chieftain became excellent friends. A hospital — also made of teak, and bricks from the palace kilns — was added to the dispensary, and the scourges of tropical disease began to be less virulent in the town. There followed a school, an orphanage, and a secluded cantonment for the lepers who, till then, had dragged their festering limbs freely about the market place.

It would not be true to imply that the chieftain, with his nine wives,

his uncounted concubines, and his hopes of even wider opportunities in the next life, ever became a moralist or a reformer; but he did eventually take pride in the improved health of the town, and even sent some of his favorite sons to the school.

Life went on for the doctor, eventually but quietly, for 25, 30, 35 years, and his acquaintance among the people of the town, the outlying villages and the whole countryside became astonishingly wide. There was no beggar's shack too foul for him to enter; no Buddhist temple where he was not made welcome by the yellow-robed priests, who often provided for him a sort of wayfarer's rest; no means of travel — on foot, on horseback, on elephant back or by bullock cart — which was too arduous for him to use, even as his age approached the Biblical three-score years and ten.

The doctor lived by one simple rule: that it is better to give of oneself than to take for oneself. Often it meant the willingness to spend half his nights — sorely needed for rest after his crowded days — in dark hovels where sickness or difficult childbirth made urgent demands. Or it meant undertaking a journey through drenching forests when he was still shaky from a bout of fever, to fight an outbreak of plague in some jungle village. It was a good rule; it was not inflexible perhaps, but like a tempered blade it never broke and it never lost its fine edge.

And now, along these same forest paths, come the soldiers of rapacious Nippon. The town which they will ravage in passing was for many years my home. I know well what they will find. It will not be a rich conquest.

I know the patient old men, plodding behind their water buffalos in the rice fields; they would always pause in their work for a word with the doctor when he passed. I know the paths where the woodcutters and the thatch-gatherers go; the doctor was often guided along them to the scene of an accident or sickness. I know the dispensary to which crowd the sick and the infirm; the native doctor working there was first the doctor's pupil, and then his able assistant.

I know the children trooping to the school on the hill, the school which the doctor founded. Those bright, laughter-loving children with their clean white jackets and washed faces were a marvel to villages for miles around. Three hundred boys and girls, learning new wisdoms and new skills. They had invented a salutation for the doctor: meeting him, they would call a greeting and bow ceremoniously from the waist. Yes, they were always the doctor's friends, those children; he dreamed great dreams of what their future would mean to their country. They were to carry on his adventure.

Perhaps it is the wrong time to write about the doctor. For he is dead — a victim of one of the epidemics he was trying to check — and

now all he believed in seems about to be destroyed. A few bombs from the sky can make a pyre of all his hopes for the school, for the dispensary. No longer can the sick be tended. No longer will the children, with fresh white jackets and washed faces, walk to school. And that grave, outside the town — even the passing of a light tank will overturn that simple stone and crush its fragments into the mud.

Yet perhaps this is the time above all others to remember him, and those like him in other tortured lands. For one thing will survive, and it is the thing the doctor would have cherished above all else: a way of life. The townspeople will not forget a man whose rule was to give rather than to take. They will remember that ever more sharply now, because of the bitter contrast which faces

them. He came as a helper; the Japanese come as marauders.

It is an age-old conflict, this issue between the men who seek to enrich themselves by plundering and those who know that the only enduring enrichment comes by giving. The doctor would have seen that quite clearly, and mere death and destruction would never for a moment have blinded his vision. He would have no regrets at his own seemingly "wasted" life. He would confidently have thrown it into the scales against the weight of armies of despoilers.

What the doctor built with his hands may crash into ruin, but what he built with his heart will survive like an immortal thing. And wherever men have lived, as he lived, there will be that difference between what may be destroyed and what will endure.

Scotch and Wry

AT A political meeting in a remote Scotch border town I was defending Lloyd George's Insurance Act as a practical application of the Sermon on the Mount. A shepherd rose and asked: "Ye consider that this Insurance Act is in keepin' with the Bible, sir?"

"I do."

"Is it true that under the Act there's a maternity benefit and that a woman gets it whether she's married or not?"

"That's right."

"Well, sir, how d'ye explain this? The Bible says the wages of sin is death and the Act says 30 shillings."

— John Buchan, *Pilgrim's Way* (Houghton Mifflin)

Oil on the Branch

Condensed from Forbes

George Kent

UNTIL 1930 the nut of the oiticica (oy-tee-seek-a) tree was a botanical curiosity of Brazil's hinterland. Today its oil is used in paint, linoleum, printers' inks and a dozen other products. And M. E. Marvin, who devised a way to process it, is richer by a million dollars.

Oiticica has plugged a hole in America's war effort. Tanks, ships and planes need paint; and paint needs oil, especially tung oil — 80,000,000 pounds of which we used to import every year from China and Japan. Marvin, who proved that oiticica oil is as good as tung, shipped 40,000,000 pounds last year and his 1942 output will go far toward filling our wartime paint demands.

Millions of the trees grow wild in northern Brazil; many yield 500 to 2000 pounds of nuts, the kernels of which are 60 percent oil. Several Brazilian promoters had tried to find how to use oiticica but had failed. Everyone in Rio de Janeiro knew of these spectacular failures and when Marvin sought backing for his plan to commercialize the oil the bankers bluntly turned him down. But Marvin was sure that science finally would solve oiticica's secret.

If his friends had known more of his background they would not have tried to discourage him. Marvin came up the hard way. He had had only a grade school education. At 12 he sold newspapers in Northampton, Massachusetts, to support his family. Four years later he beat his way West. He slept in flophouses in Chicago and often went hungry. He went to night school and read omnivorously. A man with quick intelligence, energy and a way with people, he finally became a salesman and at 22 was the leading business-getter for a San Francisco firm that sold copper and lead products.

Working energetically on a commission basis, Marvin had made a fortune by his 27th birthday. His hair had turned white and friends began calling him "the old man." The name stuck and today Rio knows him affectionately as *O Velho*.

As a salesman traveling through Central and South America he was captivated by the beauty and richness of Brazil. Setting up in business there, he built foundries, smelters and 14 factories that turned out bolts, nails, pipe and other metal products.

To Marvin money has always been

less important than the excitement of the chase. In 1927, when his industries were running smoothly, he became bored, sold out to a British syndicate and retired at 40 several times a millionaire.

The stock market crash of 1929 virtually wiped out his fortune, and he had to start over again. All he owned was a small idle paint factory—and an idea that had been simmering in his mind since 1918. In that year he had hired two engineers to find out what industry could be established in Brazil that would be entirely self-sufficient. They suggested paint and varnish. Within the country they had found resins, turpentine, pigments, linseed. To round them out, oil from oiticica was indispensable.

Marvin plucked that oil report from its pigeonhole. He hired a German chemist and set him to work in a laboratory. "Oiticica is a quick drier, produces a hard surface impervious to acid, alkalis, moisture and other agents which hurt ordinary paint," Marvin told him. "But the paint we have made with it is either sticky or wrinkles when it dries, and for some reason no two batches are identical."

After a year the chemist resigned, saying, "I think you'd better get out from under. This oil is no good."

Marvin then imported a Dutch chemist, who cured the oil of its habit of wrinkling but who also advised Marvin to forget oiticica. "It's so stiff a man would have to be a

prize fighter to paint with it," he said.

An Englishman succeeded the Dutchman and in his hands the paint acquired sufficient fluidity, but other faults remained. Marvin hired younger men with something of his own fanatical confidence in the oil, and practically lived in the laboratory. One after another, the difficulties were solved until only one remained: no two batches of the paint were the same.

Dr. Henry Gardner, scientific director of the Paint and Varnish Institute, came to Brazil at Marvin's urgent request. He finally found that the trouble lay not in the oil or the nuts themselves but in the haphazard manner in which they were gathered. Often the nuts were collected just before the rainy season and permitted by the natives to lie in wet and steaming piles in the open for months at a time.

Marvin now tackled the problem of organizing the harvest. The oiticica country, 1500 miles north of Rio de Janeiro, is half jungle, half desert. No railway penetrates this region. In this dry, ash-gray land of intolerable heat the only green thing is the oiticica.

The people of this sparsely settled land are called *caboclos*; some are Indians, others a mixture of Indian, Negro and white. They are surly and independent, but honest. They agreed to gather the nuts as he wanted them to, provided they were paid in advance. Marvin returned to

Fortaleza, principal city of the oiticica country, and wired for money. Then, accompanied only by an assistant, he set out again. In negotiating with the *caboclos* he discovered that they gave no receipts. He paid out thousands of dollars with nothing to show for it but his own records.

Now that a supply of nuts was arranged for, Marvin erected a large modern refinery in Fortaleza. A thousand miles or so inland, where the trees grow most luxuriantly, Marvin and his two sons, fresh from Princeton, built a chain of air-conditioned storage warehouses to which the *caboclos* on their burros could bring the nuts; and somewhat nearer to Fortaleza three pressing plants were constructed where crude oil would be produced and from there taken to the refinery.

O Vélho imported \$150,000 worth of U. S. machinery for his refinery. But it did not work properly and the cost of producing oil was ruinously high. His financial problem was now acute. He was \$300,000 in debt. Bankers and friends turned a deaf ear. Marvin had already borrowed on his insurance, hocked the family trust funds. His wife, seeing him haggard and in pain from digestive disorders, begged him to quit. So did his doctor. *O Vélho* refused.

As a last resort he went to Brazil's president, Getulio Vargas. Vargas, who knew how much *O Vélho* had added to the wealth of the country, investigated what he had done and

realized that here was an industry of promise. "Marvin, you have done well," he said, "and the Bank of Brazil will lend you what you need."

Down a thousand trails the burros with their heavy loads of nuts came picking their way. Women with baskets of oiticica on their heads swayed under their burdens. At jungle and desert depots inspectors culled the nuts. At pressing plants machinery hummed to yield oil in yellow streams. Wood was scarce and Marvin used the hulls for fuel. The water in the boilers had to come 50 miles on burro back. Trucks and the quaint wood-burning locomotives of the jungle railroad loaded the drums of crude oil.

In 1936 Marvin exported 1000 tons of oiticica oil to the United States. He followed it to carry forward the final phase of his pioneering — the task of introducing it to paint and varnish manufacturers, who were loath to give up tung oil. It was now six years since he began his fight, but with renewed zeal he launched a promotion campaign and went from city to city selling the virtues of the new oil.

As manufacturers gained experience in handling it, sales increased. When the war cut off supplies of Oriental tung there was a rush for oiticica. It is now the 11th most important Brazilian export. Today Marvin's oiticica business and paint company occupy a large building in Rio, three floors of which are for laboratories. Marvin has paid off

all his debts and grown rich again. His keymen, and the few investors who supported his venture, have likewise grown wealthy. To the *caboclo* country, the new industry has brought prosperity.

Proof of the importance of Mar-

vin's achievement is the fact that the War Production Board invited *O Vélho* to this country to congratulate him and plead for a vastly increased output of oiticica.

And only 12 years ago everyone said he was crazy!



Table d'hôte Law

WHEN several capable employes suddenly lost their efficiency at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York City, the personnel director found the causes in perplexing personal problems. The pastry chef's sister-in-law was forcing him to support her. A book-keeper's wife had enrolled in a \$300 mail-order art course which he couldn't pay for. A little legal advice and the problems were solved. The chef was not legally obliged to support his sister-in-law and a surprised husband learned that he was not legally responsible for his wife's luxury debts.

As a result, the Waldorf-Astoria management set up the first employer-provided legal service in the United States for a six months' trial. That was five years ago. Today it is one of the most valuable services in the hotel's personnel program. Annually over 200 of the hotel's 2200 employes have consulted the hotel's attorney at his office. No fee is charged for consultation and about 80 percent of the problems are cleared up through proper guidance alone. For the 20 percent involving

drafting of legal papers or court litigation the attorney arranges small-scale fees. The cost to the hotel is modest -- about \$1 a year per employe.

At first workers were panicky about crises, but now they usually ask for advice to keep them out of trouble. Most of the problems are everyday affairs: mystifying provisions in leases; a note endorsed for a friend in an unguarded moment; a terrifying hitch in achieving naturalization papers; domestic disagreements heading toward divorce. In five years only two out of nearly 150 near-divorce cases actually went to court.

Formerly the hotel had a special employe to handle the many wage garnishments. Within a year after the establishment of the law service, such garnishments reached a vanishing point. Unscrupulous installment salesmen who haunted employe entrances to waylay the unsuspecting into signing tricky agreements have vanished too. Waldorf-Astoria employes have grown too smart for them.

--- Beatrice Schapper in *Nation's Business*

Strictly Personal

Condensed from Advertising & Selling

Henry Morton Robinson

FOR BARTER OR SALE: My gorgeous parrot, Micawber, a truly depraved bird, whose plumage and command of profanity are miracles. Physically, I am allergic to Micawber — he fans my asthma — but psychically, Micawber is a man's bird to his tail feathers. Those with sensitive maiden aunts should not apply. What am I offered? Yankee Collector.

THE ASTHMATIC Yankee who placed this colorful ad in the Personal Column of *The Saturday Review of Literature* received 26 answers, and swapped his blasphemous bird for a performing money bear. The swappce, it turned out, was a retired sea captain whose old ears were fairly aching for the caress of parrot profanity!

For a decade, the Personal Column of *The Saturday Review of Literature* has been an informal and imaginative clearinghouse for all manner of goods, services and *wants* — especially those connected with the hunger for companionship. The fun began in 1933 when Louis Untermeyer, the poet, came back from Sardinia with a brace of donkeys.

He was contemplating a future for himself as a donkey-breeder, but one of the animals died. Untermeyer decided to offer the other for sale in *The Saturday Review*. Surprisingly enough, he sold his little beast at a good figure, and thereupon sounded off in public to the effect that the SRL Personal Column was a mighty handy place to dispose of odd wares.

Since then the column has become a cross between an Agony Corner and an Opportunity Shop, where strangers may scale the conventional barriers that stand between them. The ads themselves tell the story better than any commentary.

SQUARE-SHOOTING but rather homespun southern gentleman desires to have corners polished by charming Yankee.

WILL out-of-doors man write city-bound girl describing dogwood and other spring things?

IDEALIST, steeped in the beauty of poetry and music, would correspond with those who cling to their faith in humanity.

Every yearning advertisement brings from a dozen to 150 responses. Who could resist the following?

IS THERE a young woman, unblighted by civilization, natively sensitive, responsive, freed of inhibitions, complexes, and withal highly articulate? She is sought for. Object: collaboration, literary character, with working author. David.

This proved so magnetic to feminine readers that David received 50 replies, found the precise shade of collaborator he sought, and made half a dozen lasting friendships. Not a bad return on an ad costing 10 cents a word.

"Redhead" (masculine) sought letters from "a sweet, deep thing," and got 45 of the sweetest and deepest — 12 of them by special delivery and air mail. There was the lass who, "totally bewitched by the theater, signals anyone similarly afflicted to revel or commiserate by correspondence." Her wigwagging attracted so much attention that she didn't have to buy a theater ticket for the rest of the winter.

The personals are always intimate and cozy, but when spring comes down the lane they get really heady. Last April this notice appeared:

'Tis Spring! What Rose-in-hand will toss a petal into the cup of old Khayyám?

Not all the ads are romantic. Witness this dream-shattering announcement:

ROGER: How can I forward your toupee in time for interview, if I haven't any forwarding address? Anyway, I've sent it to General Delivery, St. Louis. Bernice.

Commercial advertisers selling un-

usual wares find that the column is combed by a discerning clientele. Among these advertisers are a Florida man who sells sea shells, the manufacturer of an antisnoring device, and a Mayflower descendant who offers plum puddings made from a Plymouth Rock recipe.

A refugee with an adventurous appetite offered this ad:

ENGLISH LADY will exchange recipe of a really good steak-and-kidney pudding for excellent recipe for New England fish chowder.

She received 43 replies, including one from a bachelor gourmet who offered, after some genteel dickering, to cook chowder for her if she would whip up a toothsome steak-and-kidney pie. This culinary meeting of minds developed into a hands-across-the-stove international friendship.

Personal services such as typing and tutoring are exchanged for everything from an edition of *Boccaccio* to a set of retreaded tires. Here's one with an unconventional snapper:

SPRING CLEAN that desk, clean up that mess. New York secretary will exchange one week's work for fare and fresh air.

This brought a variety of bids, including one from a gentleman who owned an estate, offering peace, quiet, swimming and sports of all kinds. P.S.: His desk gets cleaned up regularly now.

The problem of censorship is discreetly exercised. Clients are not

permitted to state their age, telephone number or address, but are given a box number. The replies are then forwarded, and from then on the letter writers are on their own. In spite of censorship, correspondents meet, become friendly, even marry.

The *Review* refuses a good many ads. Here are two that were turned down with some reluctance:

WOULD LIKE correspondence with wealthy old widdy woman in the twenties who can steer a boat and arrange for petrol while I type the American Novel in the turgid waters of Puget Sound.

EXTRA! Excellent ex-secretary, ex-home maker, ex-wife, expects exodus of funds from exhausted exchequer — needs exchange of expenses or will soon be extinct. Object: existence. Charming Widow.

Suspicious souls might think that flimflam artists would use the column to gull and swindle the unwary. They are right. Recently one Reycroft, a middle-aged Lothario with a flair for sweet talk, inserted this shimmery bit:

WISHING, dreaming, castle-building, diffident bachelor, bored with muddled world. Would welcome stimulating correspondence with gentlewoman fond of books, open fireplaces, distant places, leisurely conversation.

It snared about 30 book-loving women. Here's the way Reycroft worked: After an exchange of letters he would suggest a meeting. Then, just as friendship was ripening into something deep and fine, he would

"borrow" money and disappear. He did pretty well, but his literary talents finally led to his undoing. He put a second ad in the Personal Column:

THE Late George Apley's successor, submerged in Manhattan, unconfirmed diffident bachelor, wishes interesting feminine correspondent with high ideals, tolerant mind, stout heart, playful disposition, not too clever.

One of the female editors of the *Review*, suspecting fraud, answered it, representing herself as a lonely girl from the Middle West. Reycroft arranged a tryst with her in the respectable lobby of the American Women's Association, where he was nabbed by cold-eyed postal inspectors.

Alarmed by *l'affaire Reycroft*, the editors contemplated putting an end to the Personal Column, but they encountered the same trouble that Conan Doyle ran into when he tried to kill Sherlock Holmes — people wouldn't stand for it. Earnest readers asked what would become of the genuine romantic dreamers, literary spinsters, recipe-writing Englishwomen, and square-shooting southern gentlemen, if the Personal Column came to an end? The pressure was irresistible and the editors decided to keep the flag flying.

And so the Obelisk of Opportunity still stands — a tower of imagination, wit and originality, with deep foundations in the lonely human heart.

Robot of Destruction

Condensed from Scientific American

Donald Wilhelm

THE TORPEDO, against which naval engineers have found no satisfactory protection, is man's most intricate engine of destruction. It is the smallest warship afloat: 24 feet long. For it *is* a ship, complete with engine room, cargo and a mechanical crew, more precisely obedient than human sailors. If so directed, it will describe a complete semicircle before settling down to its course. It will travel underwater at the exact depth desired. Like a big battleship, it is given test runs before it joins the fleet.

A 3000-pound fish of steel with 600 pounds of high explosive in its warhead, it knifes through the sea at nearly a mile a minute. Its wallop staggers the heaviest battleship. As Admiral Hart said recently: "When a torpedo hits anything, it stays hit."

The self-propelling torpedo was born in 1864, when Captain Luppis of the Austrian navy went to the famous Scottish engineer Robert Whitehead with a plan for an automatic, self-steering underwater projectile. Whitehead, fascinated, went to work at once. Two years later the first Whitehead torpedo slid into the water. It was a crude little machine, only 10 feet long, traveling six miles an hour by compressed air and

carrying 18 pounds of dynamite. But so sound was Whitehead's work that his basic design has been changed only slightly.

The early torpedo was notoriously tricky; so erratic was its course in the water that it often menaced the mother ship more than the target. Even during the last war several U-boats were blown up by their own torpedoes. And they often jumped out of the water like porpoises. Once a British submarine launched a torpedo at a German U-boat cruising on the surface. As it was about to strike it leaped out of the water, slithered across the U-boat's deck, and plunged harmlessly into the sea on the other side.

The modern torpedo — and the designs of different nations vary only in detail — is so accurate it can run for miles without appreciable deviation from its set course and depth. When it misses it travels for about eight miles, then sinks. Thus it won't be a navigation hazard or fall into enemy hands. Its mechanism, comprising 1325 precision-built parts, is

much more intricate than that of a watch. To make one requires some 20,000 man-hours, and it costs our Navy about \$12,000 in cash.

The torpedo is divided into four main sections. First is the warhead, built like an armor-piercing shell and containing 600 pounds of the most devastating explosive known. Behind the warhead is a compartment holding compressed air, the torpedo's main driving force, under the colossal pressure of 2800 pounds per square inch — several times the maximum in the most powerful locomotive boiler. Behind that are tanks carrying fuel, water and lubricating oil. Aft, in the "engine room," are the mechanical brain that guides the torpedo and the engines which drive it. Astern are twin propellers which turn in opposite directions (a single propeller would only make the torpedo revolve in the water) and two sets of rudders, one for direction, one for depth.

The duties of a launching vessel are merely to get the torpedo within five miles of its target and give it orders. In submarines this is done by a blast of compressed air which pushes the torpedo out of its tube. From the deck tubes of surface vessels a small explosive charge boosts the torpedo over the gunwales. Airplanes merely drop them.

When the torpedo is launched an amazing number of things happen, in an incredibly short time. A starting lever, tripped by the forward movement, turns on a highly inflam-

mable fuel spray. Cartridges explode, igniting this spray. In the same split second, an ingenious self-regulating water pot begins spraying water on the flame. The water and flame make steam, and the pot regulates the volume of water so that the temperature in the firebox is kept at exactly 1250 degrees. The steam-gas-compressed-air mixture slams into the engines with such force that 400 horsepower is instantly generated, quickly driving the torpedo's speed up to nearly a mile a minute.

Just before the deadly "fish" is launched, a torpedoman — on instruction from the fire control officer who has computed the target's position, speed and range — sets direction and depth by adjusting a small, numbered spindle, like a radio dial. It is no longer necessary to aim the torpedo dead at its target. It may be launched in any direction, and so set that it will turn to its proper course — a big help for the destroyer which does not want to turn broadside toward the enemy while firing its deck tubes.

The principal member of the torpedo's mechanical crew is a gyroscopic pilot — a bronze flywheel, the size of a saucer, whirled at 18,000 revolutions a minute by a jet of compressed air. This gyro-compass controls a small engine which operates the directional rudder, instantly correcting any deviation from the torpedo's fixed course.

The torpedo's underwater course — usually about 15 feet below sur-

face — must be kept level. A sensitive hydrostat, measuring depth by external water pressure, controls a second small steering engine, which operates horizontal tail rudders. If the torpedo runs closer to the surface than ordered, or deeper, these steer it back to correct depth. All these mechanisms are fitted tidily within the torpedo's slim diameter — 21 inches!

The "tin fish" used to leave a tell-tale wake of lively white bubbles, from the cold compressed air which streamed out of its exhaust pipe. This sometimes gave the victim time to dodge, and clearly marked the position of the submarine which fired it. The modern torpedo leaves almost no wake. The white-hot mixture of spent compressed air and steam is exhausted through the hollow bronze propeller shaft. The steam, on striking the cold sea, condenses into water; the hot air forms tiny slow-rising bubbles which cannot be seen from a distance when the torpedo is well down.

Before we entered the war, watchers reported that the shipyards at Kiel, Bremen and Hamburg had switched from big warships to small surface raiders and submarines. At Danzig and Stettin, large new submarine plants have been put up, and the torpedo school at Kiel has been enormously expanded. The U. S. Navy can play at that game, too. Our own torpedo stations are humming as never before. Torpedoes used to be made almost exclusively in Navy-operated plants. Today scores of other factories are turning out torpedo parts in an immense production speed-up.

The Battle of Macassar Strait showed that it is risky to move troops past the tubes of American torpedomen, who dispatch their projectiles with unparalleled accuracy. The decision in the next phase of the war may turn on our ability to defeat the torpedo in the Atlantic and win with it in the southern Pacific. The "tin fish" is still making history.

Speed and Light

AT THE approach to the junction of two main highways near St. Paul and Minneapolis neon-lettered signs flash a warning, exclusive to each driver, "Junction Ahead! Your Speed Over 45" — or 50 or 55 as the case may be. The speed of each car is automatically computed by the length of time a car takes to travel a 35-foot distance between two electric eye beams.

—Printers' Ink

¶ He wrote the books that children read,
and shaped the thought of a nation

McGuffey and His Readers

Condensed from *School and Society*

Jo Chamberlin

OVER 100 years ago William Holmes McGuffey, a \$600-a-year teacher in the pioneer state of Ohio, was asked by a publisher to prepare some new school textbooks. His pay was to come when and if the books were sold — a doubtful prospect. Yet he decided to go ahead, even if he never got paid, and show what his new teaching methods could do.

The result was a series of six books which became America's best best sellers and astounded the world. From 1836 until 1920 more than 122,000,000 were sold — the largest sale ever for any series of books. At one time half the school children in America used his Readers. In 1910, when Teddy Roosevelt, angrily

JO CHAMBERLIN has made a hobby of studying earlier American life, from its architecture and furniture to its business and intellectual pursuits. A graduate of the University of Michigan in 1928, he spent a year at the University of London, and taught English two years at New York University. He then became a staff writer on *Review of Reviews*, and later managing editor of *Scribner's Magazine*. Since 1938 he has been a free-lance writer for the radio and magazines. He is now serving in Washington with the Army's division of public relations.



commenting on the policies of his protégé, Taft, declared, "I don't propose to be a Meddlesome Mattie, but . . ." everyone knew what he meant. Mattie was in McGuffey's Fourth Reader.

McGuffey knew a century before Hitler that schoolbooks greatly influence a nation's thought. In his Readers he shaped young minds along the lines we think of as distinctly American. As Henry Ford put it, "Truth, honesty, fair dealing, initiative, invention, self-reliance — these were the fundamentals of the McGuffey Readers. They are as timeless now as they were then."

McGuffey was born in 1800 in Trumbull County, Ohio. His early education was limited to lessons with an itinerant teacher in winter, when farm work was slack. He walked miles to borrow books, and read them

stretched out on the hearth as young Lincoln did a few years later. He had no slate, so he learned by memorizing. He would often recite whole Bible chapters while plowing a field.

Legend tells how a Reverend Thomas Hughes, seeking scholars for his academy, was riding past the McGuffey farm one evening when he heard Mrs. McGuffey praying aloud, seeking divine guidance for the education of William, then in his teens. The result was that young McGuffey became a student, working out his expenses with farm and janitor chores.

After a year at the academy, he earned his way through Washington College, now part of Washington and Jefferson. In 1825 he was appointed professor of ancient languages at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio. The post sounds vastly more impressive than it was. Log cabins had accommodated the first scholars, the first permanent building had been finished only the year before, and the faculty was the president and one helper.

McGuffey rode to the university on horseback through the wilderness, a sturdy young redhead of 25, wearing a long black coat and a stovepipe hat.

Although a college professor, he had a way with youngsters, and gathered them around him during his 11 years at Miami University. Outdoors, the children would sit on logs. There was a log cach for spelling, reading, arithmetic, geography.

The child best prepared in his lessons was allowed to sit on the big end of the log. Such novelties spread McGuffey's fame as a teacher, and in 1836 a small Cincinnati publishing firm, Truman and Smith, asked him to prepare his Readers.

A widely used primer by another editor, printed about the same time, reeks with stern warnings of hell-fire and exhortations to children to admit their sins. McGuffey rejected all this. Instead he offered instruction along neighborly, ethical lines, depicting a world of human friendliness and joyous everyday living.

McGuffey was the first to fit the child's education to the child's own world. To illustrate words and their meanings he selected pictures that would appeal to children. His predecessors had used pictures of inanimate objects, but McGuffey showed familiar scenes of home and farm, with animals and pets in abundance.

Mark Sullivan says in *Our Times*: "To probably nine out of ten average Americans, what taste of literature they got from McGuffey was all they ever had." The First, Second, Third and Fourth Readers were published in 1836 and 1837. A Fifth Reader, 1844, was edited by McGuffey's brother, Alexander. A Sixth Reader completed the series ten years later. They were revised five times, the last time in 1901. They were published independently in the South during the Civil War, a tribute to their broad viewpoint. Mis-

sionaries later took them to Africa, the Philippines, Puerto Rico, China and Japan.

Today the Readers are considered American classics. As collectors' items, some have brought as much as \$200 each. Yet McGuffey got only \$1000 for preparing the whole series, and a modest income from his publishers during his later years.

The titles of his selections are eye-catching. Who wouldn't want to read "The Money Amy Didn't Earn" or "The Discontented Pendulum" or "How a Fly Walks on the Ceiling"?

In the First Reader is the story of "The Lame Dog." A kindly man bandages a dog's bleeding foot. Later the dog returns with another dog whose foot is injured, so he too can be helped. Also in that first book is "Mary's Little Lamb" and "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star" (which Thomas Edison used, from McGuffey, for his first phonograph recording). The author drew freely on literary classics, called his series Eclectic Readers.

The First Reader combined cheerfulness with a practical hint on the value of work:

The lark is up to meet the sun,
The bee is on the wing,
The ant its labor has begun,
The woods with music ring.

Shall birds and ants and bees be wise,
While I my moments waste?
Then let us with the morning rise
And to our duties haste.

Stories urge children to be gentle with animals, honest with their play-

mates, helpful to their elders, patriotic, and loving of God. Other pages take them through the entire range of literature, from Aesop to Whittier. In them Marc Antony comes to bury Caesar, not to praise him. Pilgrims land on Mrs. Hemans' stern and rockbound coast. Patrick Henry calls for liberty or death. Under the spreading chestnut tree Longfellow's smithy stands. Shylock gets his pound of flesh, Hamlet talks with his father's ghost, Enoch Arden comes home to tragedy, and Lochinvar rides off with his bride.

McGuffey was a busy man. He taught Latin, Greek, Hebrew. As an ordained Presbyterian minister he preached in churches which could not pay a minister. He tutored pupils, chopped his own wood and raised a family. He campaigned for teacher training, better school buildings, adult education.

In a day when mechanics and laborers weren't supposed to need much knowledge McGuffey saw to their education after working hours. Teachers' jobs then were subject to the whim of neighborhood farmers. McGuffey campaigned for a state public school system with responsible people at its head — and got it. He saw clearly the vital importance of the teacher in carrying on a country's inspiring traditions.

He left Miami University in 1836 to spend nine uphill years with three struggling schools, then went to the University of Virginia as professor of political economy and moral philoso-

phy. There he taught for more than a quarter of a century, opposing slavery, opposing war, yet retaining his post all through the Civil War and keeping the respect of friends and students. In Virginia, too, he urged a state public school system, and after a long struggle it was established with one of his pupils at the head.

McGuffey's last years were happy. Always working on new projects, he had almost completed a four-volume philosophical work at the time of his death. Philosophy had been one of his main interests from early days.

On May 4, 1873, he died — one of our country's truly great men, a teacher who took the nation into his classroom.

Barriers Between the States Must Go!

Condensed from *The Rotarian*

O. K. Armstrong

A TRUCK loaded with materials for a southern army camp crossed the Ohio River from Indiana into Kentucky, and sped down the highway until the whine of a police siren halted it.

"Officer, this load is consigned to the army quartermaster in Atlanta," protested the driver.

"We don't give a damn if you've got Uncle Sam himself in that truck," was the answer. "If it's overweight you pay a fine."

The truck was found to be 1000 pounds over the 18,000-pound Kentucky maximum. The driver paid a fine of \$24.50. The delay was three hours.

A truckload of lubricating oil headed for Baltimore, where it was

held up by a barrier to the free flow of interstate traffic — a barrier essential to our welfare.

due aboard a ship transporting war materials, was detained six hours at Wilmington for violating a regulation peculiar to the state of Delaware. The ship sailed without the oil.

These cases are typical of the unjust barriers to interstate traffic erected by many of our states. We are a Balkanized nation, with transportation halted by "ports of entry"; by discriminatory laws against agricultural products, coal, lumber, stone; by taxes to protect "home industry"; and by retaliatory regula-

tions that some states have enacted for no other purpose than to "get even" with others. The Interdepartmental Committee on Trade Barriers lists more than 1500 examples of interstate trade restrictions. Economists and public officials warn that unless this trend is checked we shall have 48 hostile and competing areas instead of one united nation.

Now that we are at war, something must be done about it. *Materials necessary to win this war must pass quickly from any part of the nation to any other. But trade barriers among the states now block the way.*

Incidents such as these are occurring daily:

A truck carrying defense materials from St. Louis to Fort Leavenworth was delayed for two hours at the Kansas line while its length was measured, its brakes and lights checked, and a tax of two cents collected on every gallon in the gas tank over a specified amount. The delay caused its important cargo to miss a contingent of fighting men leaving Leavenworth for the Far West.

Several days after Pearl Harbor a truck rushing steel castings from a Texas foundry to a Minnesota ordinance plant was stopped by Iowa patrolmen who found that the weight on one axle was slightly above the state's limit. The driver was fined \$22.50, then forced to shift his load. The delay cost Uncle Sam a day's work on those castings.

Most harmful of barriers is the in-

sane diversity of state laws. The National Highway Users' Conference prints three heavy volumes every year to tell its members about the latest regulations as to size, weight, equipment, registration fees and new state taxes. No truck could possibly conform to all of them at once.

Maximum weight specifications range from Kentucky's 18,000 pounds -- champion headache of the long-haul trucker -- to Rhode Island's 120,000. At Medford, Ore., trucks from California must be stopped and their loads shared with other trucks to conform with Oregon's lower load limit.

One driver in Kentucky was forced to unload his excess weight of pig aluminum by the side of the road, while airplane factories waited. Oil for ships, machine tools, gun mounts, building materials, fresh meats and vegetables, medical supplies and cloth for uniforms have often been dumped by the roadside or in warehouses because of state barrier laws.

Meanwhile, the nation battles for freedom!

"There's one place in Delaware," said the head of a company which transports essential war materials, "where our men are arrested so often that to avoid delay we have established credit with the magistrates and pay the accumulated fines in a lump sum."

The American Association of State Highway Officials has compiled a uniform standard for weight, dimen-

sions and speeds of motor vehicles, but only 16 state highway departments have adopted them. Wider acceptance has been stymied by the desire to get revenues from outstate traffic, to restrict certain products and to please certain railroads.

The lack of reciprocity in license plate and fee regulations also has led to bitter retaliation. A contractor working on the Dixie Highway in Kentucky needed air compressors in a hurry. A Wisconsin firm dispatched the equipment in two trucks, and supplied the drivers with money to pay any costs demanded by state officials on the way. At Scottsburg, Ind., \$76 for Indiana licenses and weight tax fees wasn't enough: the drivers had to go to jail. It cost \$39.61 to get them out.

Motorists don't object to paying fair taxes. But we should all object when the taxing power is used to erect unfair barriers that throttle trade. Hundreds of taxes upon food products are encountered at almost

every state line in some form. Some 20 states have mileage taxes. California prohibits transportation of any vehicle for sale without purchase of a \$15 permit. A few states waive enforcement of such laws against military transport. But trucks carrying food for soldiers must pay.

Trade barriers threaten railroads, too, at a time when they are all steamed up to go forward in America's war effort. Train-length limitation laws hamper railroads in Oklahoma, Louisiana, Nevada and Arizona.

The federal government can and should act to wipe out these interstate trade barriers. Joseph B. Eastman, Director of Defense Transportation, now has wartime control over all railroads, highways, coastal and inland waterways and air traffic. He has authority to sweep away restrictions and set up uniform regulations. If he does, governors and state legislatures can unite to complete the job — and keep 'em rolling and fighting.

Illustrative Anecdotes—55—

THE Cleveland Chamber of Commerce held a luncheon in honor of Bob Hope, the movie comedian, who is also a businessman as an officer of the Hope Metal Products Company of Cleveland.

"The Hope Metal Products Company is doing swell," Hope told the chamber. "You know those big bombers with the huge wing span? We make the clips that keep the blueprints together." — AP



His nickname tells but a fragment of the strange story of Russia's diplomat

Little Papa Litvinoff

Condensed from The Baltimore Sunday Sun

Milton Mayer

IF YOU SAW Maxim Litvinoff on the street, you'd never suspect that he is ambassador plenipotentiary of the U.S.S.R. to the U. S. A., the survivor of a blood-and-thunder, storybook life, and one of the handful of men who today are shaping the United Nations' gigantic war effort.

Now 65, Litvinoff looks like a cloak-and-suit merchant with worries—a fat little man with a wide mouth, thick nose and stubby fingers. Long ago Lenin nicknamed him *Papasha*, affectionate Russian for Little Papa.

But Little Papa's homey exterior hides a shrewd mind. Through an unhappy century's bloodiest storms he has proved himself highly durable. Serving a country where official lives are notoriously short, he has been almost continuously in one governmental saddle or another for 25 years.

The measure of a diplomat's success, according to Litvinoff's own hard-headed definition, is what he gets for his country. By this yardstick *Papasha* towers among his kind.

In discussing Litvinoff's exploits with one of America's most sophisticated striped-pants diplomats, I remarked that he seemed to be the most successful diplomat in the world. "Hell," replied this dignitary, "he's the *only* diplomat. The rest of them are out of business."

Litvinoff is at once honest and cunning, simple and inscrutable, irascible and patient, ruthlessly practical and incurably idealistic. In a word, he is a Russian. And in another, a Bolshevik.

The name Litvinoff is a pseudonym adopted to confuse the czarist police. He was born Moysheev Vallakh, the son of a bank employe. He early acquired a hatred of czarist oppression. At the age of five he saw his father unjustly dragged off to prison for suspected revolutionary tendencies.

As a young student he dedicated himself to the overthrow of the czarist regime. At 25 he was arrested, thrown into prison for two years and sentenced to Siberia. The sentence was never carried out, for Litvinoff staged a mass escape.

In 1904 he showed up at Lenin's London apartment as a recruit. Practical and cool-headed, he was put in charge of running guns and revolutionary literature into Russia and accomplished his task so well that Lenin wrote: "As long as *Papasha* is there we shall have transport."

After the revolution of 1905 collapsed, Litvinoff founded with Maxim Gorky the first legally published Bolshevik paper in Russia. Later, he drifted to the Caucasus and met Stalin, with whom he schemed to get money to carry on the struggle. Then in Paris, he was implicated in a charge of marketing money seized in the holdup of the bank at Tiflis. He was arrested and firmly requested to leave France.

In 1908 he went to England, where for several years he worked as a clerk in a publishing firm. He learned to speak English fluently, and in 1916 married Ivy Low, daughter of an eminent British journalist.

During this period Litvinoff kept up his contacts with underground circles. The day after Petrograd fell in the Bolshevik revolution, Trotsky appointed him Ambassador to England; but his credentials to the Court of St. James's were returned unopened, with the explanation that His Majesty still recognized the ambassador of the late czar. After this snub, he went up to radical Nottingham and promised a trade-union meeting that "the Russian revolution will be followed by one

in Germany and, we hope, somewhere else." He was lodged in Brixton Prison and ten days later he was deported to Moscow.

Hard-boiled and energetic, Litvinoff held his own in the Bolshevik race for high office, but suffered rebuffs from every quarter of the diplomatic compass outside Russia. France turned down his request to represent Russia at the Versailles Conference. In 1919 he went to Copenhagen to negotiate for the exchange of Russian prisoners; the hotels wouldn't rent him a room. In 1922 he presided over an international disarmament conference in Moscow, at which no other nation showed up. In 1923 he informed Secretary of State Hughes that the Soviet government was ready to negotiate for American recognition. Hughes replied: "There is no reason for negotiating."

By 1924, however, Litvinoff's tenacity and bargaining talents had obtained recognition from several European powers, and commercial credit from almost all of them. "If credit comes," he said, "recognition cannot be far behind." Even hostile France signed a nonaggression pact in 1932 on the Soviet promise to buy French goods. American recognition, Litvinoff's greatest diplomatic triumph, followed his offer to buy our cotton surplus on a 70 per cent credit basis.

Meanwhile Litvinoff was leading a dual existence. In Moscow he wore a coarse Tolstovka jacket and carried a

piece of black bread in his pocket, like any Russian peasant. In Paris, London, Geneva, he wore a morning coat like any European gentleman. Russian workers, despite their hatred of bourgeois carryings-on, chortled when they read in *Pravda* that *Papasha* was riding in limousines and drinking champagne with Europe's capitalists. It proved to them that one of their boys had made good abroad.

Through his career as Assistant, then Commissar, of Foreign Affairs from 1919 to 1939, Litvinoff pursued the one goal that people seldom ascribe to the Soviets — the goal of peace for Russia. The U.S.S.R. was rich in natural resources but being industrially undeveloped lacked the strength to fight even a defensive war. Russia joined the League of Nations, hoping to bring about a joint effort to restrain any aggressor. But Litvinoff soon found that diplomacy as conducted in Geneva was a synonym for hypocrisy. By demanding again and again that the League fulfill its pledges he hastened its end. He was called the "conscience of Geneva."

From the very beginnings of Hitler, Stalin saw an eventual threat to Russia's security. Litvinoff became the public spokesman for collective security against the fascists. He constantly warned the world that it would have to fight Hitler if it did not quarantine him. In March 1936 he prophesied that Germany's remilitarization of the Rhineland was

the first step in "establishing the hegemony of Germany throughout Europe." From then on he was pessimistic about the preservation of world peace. When other diplomats asked him why, he would read *Mein Kampf* to them. When they replied that Hitler was crazy he solemnly agreed. "But," he added, "he is going to do what he says he is going to do."

In 1939, when it became evident that collective security could not be achieved, Stalin dropped Litvinoff and signed his pact with Hitler. But after the Nazi invasion of Russia there was nobody so well qualified to represent the U.S.S.R. with the other nations fighting Hitler as the man who had urged an alliance against the Nazis from the start. He reappeared in Moscow, and when the center of world gravity shifted to Washington he came to America as ambassador.

En route he flew across the Pacific early last December. In the Philippines and Hawaii he told American officials that the Japanese would attack at any moment. They said the Japs would be fools to attack. Litvinoff said that maybe they would be fools but they would attack anyway. Twenty hours after Litvinoff's plane left Pearl Harbor, they attacked.

Papasha is one of the few "old Bolsheviks" left. Most of his early comrades are dead. During the purges of 1937-38 all except two of his appointees — ambassadors, assistants, experts — were imprisoned,

exiled or killed. Litvinoff remained. Probably it is his fanatic hatred of fascism, more than anything else, that has carried him through all the shifting hazards of Russian public life. Even during the period of the Nazi-Soviet Pact he was merely tucked away in a safe place against a resumption of anti-fascist policy.

Litvinoff is a prodigious worker. When he isn't working he's reading newspapers, in several languages. And when he isn't reading he's committing the undiplomatic act of writing his own speeches. He is accompanied in Washington by Madame Litvinoff, but his son and daughter remain in Russia. Mischa, 24, is an aviation engineer. Tania, a year younger, is an artist now engaged in camouflaging factory roofs.

Papasha's job today is to act as Stalin's spokesman in working out with Roosevelt and Churchill the grand strategy of the United Na-

tions, and to arrange with our War Department and Lease-Lend officials the difficult problems of allocating and exchanging supplies and armed forces. Soviet Embassy lights burn until the small hours; the lights in Litvinoff's office are the last to go out.

When *this* war ends, Litvinoff will not appeal in vain for a seat at the conference table. He will have a lot to say about the shape of things to come. Always the hard-headed politician, he may be counted on not to demand the impossible goal of world socialism but to demand, with American support, a degree of democratization that will never permit a Hitler to arise again. And his arguments will not be whispered behind sound-proof doors. They will be stated loudly before the entire world, for Maxim Maximovich Litvinoff heartily supports the Wilsonian ideal of "open covenants openly arrived at."



THORWALDSEN, the Danish sculptor, found weeping by his latest statue, was asked if he were not satisfied with it. He replied that he saw no fault in it, so he knew that his imagination was in decay.

— John Oman, *Concerning the Memory* (Harper)

Builders in Br

ALONG one of the main corridors of the City Hall in Stockholm are several niches occupied by bronze busts of men who had to do with building the Hall — not members of the building commission or the Chamber of Commerce but men who actually *did* the building. One is of the man who laid the first brick; another of the man who worked the greatest number of days; another man distinguished himself in metal work. All these men had been voted on by their trade associates as most worthy to be memorialized.

— Fred C. Kelly

Millions in Search of an Heir

Condensed from Movie-Radio Guide

Edith M. Stern

WHEN the death of their aunt in 1931 made Mary, Charlie, Henry and James Schultz heirs to \$4000, the girl and her brothers could not be found. Ten years went by, and the money was still unclaimed. Then, last summer, the Court of Missing Heirs program of the Columbia Broadcasting System told what was known of their story.

When the mother died in 1903 the father of the Schultz children placed them in foster homes and orphanages, and forgot them. The children lost all track of each other.

Henry Schultz, a fireman in Ozone Park, Long Island, heard the broadcast, but could give no information on his sister and brothers. Forty-five Mary Schultzes responded to the next broadcast. A week later the director of the program sent for Henry. "I think I've found the right Mary

— she's on relief here in New York," he said. "Talk to her on the phone." In a few moments Henry rushed back. "God be praised!" he shouted. "It's my sister, all right — I'm off to see her."

In the meantime a James Schultz of Stroudsburg, Pa., had been located as a result of the broadcast, and the family birth certificates, which Mary possessed, identified him. Someone reported that a sailor named Charles Schultz might be the third brother. The name and destination of his ship were learned through the Maritime Union, and police in Houston, Texas, were asked to notify him when the ship made port there. "I don't believe it," Charlie declared when told of the inheritance. He practically had to be shanghaied from the ship.

The hard-boiled sailor, still incredulous, was brought face to face with the other three Schultzes in the Court of Missing Heirs office. Convinced, he softened and put his arms around Mary. "I never did nothin' for nobody," he gulped, "but I'm goin' to take care of Mary the rest of my life. I'm all choked up!" So was the office staff; the program director

EDITH M. STERN graduated from Barnard College in New York, worked for five years in various publishing houses, and then decided to find out if she could write. Her first novel, *Purse Strings*, was completed in nine weeks and accepted for publication within three days. Since the Mrs. Stern has written half a dozen books, contributed regularly to the magazines, and lectured widely on current literature.

told me that none of them did a stroke of work the rest of that day.

The story of the Court of Missing Heirs program goes back to the time when James Waters, the creator and director of the show, was graduated from law school in 1928 and got a job with a probate attorney in Chicago. Always more interested in a good human-interest yarn than in the law, he made it a hobby to collect stories of unclaimed estates.

He found that most missing heirs were missing because they had no idea that they had become the beneficiaries of relatives whom they had known slightly or not at all. All over the country were heirs, often destitute, who never dreamed that an inheritance was theirs for the asking.

In 1932, filling a brief case with the most striking stories he had unearthed, Waters called on New York publishers, but none was willing to gamble on the book he proposed to write. Returning to Chicago, he found his job gone. He then tried to get a radio hearing for his idea, but there were no takers.

Twice he crossed the country in an old jalopy, picking up new cases from dusty probate files along the route and vainly interviewing prospective sponsors. Ironically broke while trying to give away millions, he often pawned his typewriter until he could get a loan from friends. Finally, after five years of discouragement, an Oklahoma oil firm agreed to sponsor the program, and the first show was broadcast in 1937.

The first time the program went on the air, over 29 Midwest stations, Waters listened apprehensively as actors portrayed events in the life of one George Henry Wilkins, who died intestate leaving \$9000. Suppose no listener sent in a clue and no missing heir turned up; would the program flop and his years of combing probate records, of hawking his idea, of hunger and of hoping, go for nothing? To his despair, no heir was found in time for the second broadcast a week later.

That night audiences heard the story of an aged recluse who died in a shack and left a bankbook showing deposits of \$18,000. A listener in Topeka, Kansas, recognized the miser as an eccentric uncle who had disappeared. He received the estate, and at the third broadcast told of his good fortune. From then on, heirs continued to be found in a steady stream that insured the program's success and moved it to its present spot on Columbia's coast-to-coast network.

Today Waters supervises four trained investigators who search out unclaimed estates from the records of the 3070 counties in the United States. A staff of seven persons is required to read, sort and answer the 5000 to 10,000 letters and telegrams that pour in each week from claimants and informants.

From then on it's straight detective work. Take the case of Charles P. Richmond, a murdered ex-miner. A listener wrote in that Richmond's

son had attended a certain school in New York City in 1916. Waters' investigators knocked on door after door in that shabby neighborhood, asking, "Did you ever know a Mrs. Richmond who once lived around here?" until the widow, an elderly dressmaker, and her son, a post-office employee, were located and their \$30,000 turned over to them.

When Waters is convinced that a person has established his claim, he turns all the data over to the administrator of the estate, who determines the legal aspects of the case. His program gives no legal advice, and refuses any compensation.

The majority of missing-heir mysteries, Waters has found, originate in a quarrel. Abandoned spouses often obliterate the memory of the other parent from their children's minds. Hope Strahan of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, learned through a Court of Missing Heirs broadcast that she had inherited \$8,000 from a father she had never known because, during her infancy, her mother had left him.

Louise Phillips left her husband, Harry, and went away with her little son, Rawlins, when Harry refused to give up the life of a train steward for a settled job in a club. Rawlins grew up a wandering jack-of-all-trades. Meanwhile, the father prospered during the prohibition era and died in 1934. When the Court of Missing Heirs sought his son to give him \$85,000, Rawlins was found in Chicago earning \$18 a week as a cement mixer.

A sense of inferiority often makes people drop out of sight. Such a case was that of Helen Herrold, sought for by the Court of Missing Heirs to claim the \$14,000 trust fund her father had willed to her when she became of age. Orphaned at seven, Helen was brought up by aunts who had children of their own, and she always felt that she didn't "belong." She ran away when she was 16 and hitchhiked from Ohio to Florida. When Waters found her five years later she was working at a roadside restaurant.

Many lost legatees are middle-class Americans leading average lives; some hold positions of responsibility. John P. Snyder, mayor of Clay Center, Kansas, was one of 14 surprised heirs to the \$50,000 estate of an aunt. Sheriff Guy C. Wood of Calipatria, California, got a \$5500 share in \$40,000 from an uncle in Iowa he had never met. When a friend who listened to the Missing Heirs broadcasts brought the news to Mrs. Leona U. Burke of Beulah, Wisconsin, that she had inherited \$3500 from an uncle of her first husband she wouldn't believe it. Her reaction was typical: even when missing heirs themselves hear their case broadcast, they usually think it "too good to be true" and have to be coaxed by friends into communicating with Waters.

Sometimes Waters' search party takes on the character of an old-fashioned pursuit-and-capture movie. The hunt for Birdie Mac Larrise was

one of these. Only 24 days remained between the broadcast and the date she had under Georgia law to claim her money — \$10,000 and a valuable farm left by her husband. To support herself and John, her son, she was dancing and running concessions for tent shows.

Following the broadcast, informants gave Waters the name of the widow's show. He learned its route and inserted a notice in *Billboard*, the gazette of the show business, that urgent letters awaited her at their next stop. Meanwhile, the show had broken up; Birdie Mae and little John were left stranded. Just one day before the time for filing her claim expired, the letters caught up with her.

"It's a satisfaction to help people come into their own," Jim Waters told me, "but it's maddening to think of the countless persons who

don't know about their legacies. My files show that there are \$20,000,000 waiting for missing heirs." *

One, for example, is Allan Leo Williams, last heard of in 1916 when he cooked for a lumber camp in Troy, Idaho. Now 52 years old, he is heir to \$250,000 left by his uncle James Armstrong, who ran away to sea as a boy and became a well-to-do Hawaiian plantation owner.

To date the Court of Missing Heirs, which has placed \$810,090 in the surprised hands of 155 missing heirs, has proved that hidden treasure, melodramatic reunions, and nick-of-time rescue from desperate situations are not fairy tales, but stranger-than-fiction reality in these United States.

* A recent book, *The Court of Missing Heirs* (Modern Age), lists the names of 2000 persons now sought by Waters.

Tree of Promotion

IF YOU HAVE difficulty distinguishing U. S. Army officers' insignia of rank, this allegory, traditional in the Service, will help.

The young officer, climbing the tree of promotion, sets foot on a ladder. Its first rung, a precious step up from the ranks, is golden — the second lieutenant's gold bar. Next higher is the first lieutenant's silver bar. One more rung to a captain's two silver bars.

At the top of the ladder and up among the branches, he wears a major's golden leaves. These turn to silver as he mounts to a lieutenant colonelcy. Birds begin to circle around him and two perch on his shoulders — the colonel's silver eagles.

By now he's well up in the sky. A silver star on each shoulder strap and he's a brigadier general. Two stars on each shoulder mark a major general, three a lieutenant general, and finally the magnificent four-star constellation distinguishes the rare full general.

—Contributed by Fairfax Downey

From Pillar to Post

Condensed from "How to Do Practically Anything"

Jack Goodman and Alan Green



DOG OWNERS, ARISE! Too long have you tried to conceal from your dog the fact that he really owns you. Dog books and dog doctors, muttering incoherent statements about Training and Psychology, are no help; you are left holding the bag, one end of which has already been chewed away, like everything else you possess. I am no expert. My house is thoroughly dog-broken. But I do not intend to leave my fellow man with his dog having the upper paw in the household.

I believe my predicament to be a valuable case history. Things started badly when I bought my dog. I didn't select him; he selected me. I

had wanted to buy several puppies, but Phyllis, my wife, claimed this was too much for a small apartment, so I decided to get as much dog as possible for my money — a Great Dane. I was looking critically at a batch of puppies when one of them galloped over, sat down heavily on my feet and looked me over carefully. I couldn't move, so I had to look at him, too. He was obviously admiring me. Next he took my trouser leg in his mouth and shook it playfully, possibly to test the quality of the material. Then he gave several pleased wiggles, attempted to climb up on me and washed my hand thoroughly with a salmon-pink tongue. Then he sat down again on my feet and admired me some more.

I had been chosen.

Several months have passed. He weighs roughly 82 pounds at the moment, but he thinks he is a lap dog and as such entitled to climb on my chair whether I am in it or not. His mouth is already large enough to contain my arm and, when I am giving him a bath, does. His voice is a beery sort of baritone.

My training methods seem to lack something. I have found that the very first step must be to Gain

JACK GOODMAN and Alan Green confess to sharing a common inability to master many of life's complexities, such as miniature cameras, gearshifts and other people. They address their book to those who, like themselves, are "all thumbs in a world of thumbscrews." The trouble with all the other How-To-Do-It books, they believe, is that they are written by Authorities; only an experienced blunderer can point out a pitfall with unerring accuracy.

Mr. Goodman is advertising manager of Simon and Schuster, publishers, and co-author of a former best-seller, *I Wish I'd Said That!* Mr. Green is co-director of Green-Brodie, Inc., a New York advertising agency, and of three small boys.

His Confidence. To accomplish this, I sit on the floor next to him and say, "Good little dog!" This is a flat lie and he knows it, being well aware that he is neither little nor good. He backs away several feet and turns up his eyes at me with a wary "You-are-up-to-something-tricky-and-I'm-not-going-to-like-it" expression.

I reach out reassuringly and pat his nearest paw. He withdraws the paw and licks it fastidiously.

I attempt now to get his attention by cupping both hands and saying coily: "Guess what I've got here?"

Showing signs of interest, he nuzzles into my hands. I am caught flat-footed with nothing in them.

When I first got him I called him Gilbert, but the only word he always answers to is Food, so I generally call him that. Since I have known Gilbert, or Food, I have had few square meals at home. This is because he is adept at a quiet, effective sort of bullying. When I start to eat, he looks at me tragically. He sighs. Feeling like a heartless gourmand, I move a morsel of food toward my mouth. Gilbert's glance never wavers; he drools slowly. I give the morsel to him, cursing.

Sometimes I decide to have a romp with Gilbert. Crouching on all fours, I advance on him, barking several times. He likes to humor me by pretending he thinks I'm a dog. With a happy yelp he skids around a chair and dashes upon me from behind. I

am now flat on the floor with him on top of me. He wants to pretend he is shaking me by the neck. This is too difficult unless he actually does shake me by the neck. So he does. I get up and brush myself off. I am through with the romp. But he isn't. He gets my tie in his teeth and hangs from it. It is some time before I get my breath.

He still refuses to stop. It is therefore time for me to Punish Him. I decide to lock him in the bathroom. This consists of the following steps:

1. He instantly senses my purpose and scrambles into the bedroom and under the bed.
2. I rush after him and say, "Come out from under there this minute!"
3. He doesn't.
4. I get down on the floor and look under the bed. We face each other silently for a moment, each trying to outstare the other. I blink, which gives him the round.
5. I mutter several dire threats. So does he.
6. I hold out my handkerchief, hoping he will grab it and pull, thereby enabling me to drag him out.
7. He grabs it and pulls.
8. We are now both under the bed.
9. I seize him firmly and wriggle out.
10. I shove and pull him into the bathroom and back out, closing the door and catching my hand in it.

I turn on the radio full blast and enter the kitchen singing loudly, hoping that both noises will distract him.

Gilbert, who would sleep soundly through a collision with another planet, easily detects the noiseless

opening of the icebox. No sooner do I reach for a roast-beef bone than Gilbert utters a series of agonized cries, giving the entire neighborhood the impression that I am murdering him.

Five, seven times a day, it is Time to Take Him Out. Gilbert dances with mad joy as I attach his chain and, in a series of chamoislike bounds, he precipitates me to our apartment elevator.

If Gilbert is in luck there will be another passenger, a stout, short, red-faced gentleman who lives on the floor above, for whom Gilbert feels warm affection. He at once places both front paws on the little man's carefully groomed shoulders, his tongue quickly and deftly leaves a long moist streak from chin to forehead, while his body deposits large amounts of hair on faultless apparel.

The little man's face becomes even redder. He does not Understand Dogs. I know he doesn't, because the first time this occurred, I said reassuringly, "It's all right, he's friendly." To which he replied, "I'm not."

Once outside, Gilbert and I spend a lot of time standing by trees and lampposts, while one of us reads a newspaper. It is frequently necessary for me to pretend that I do not know Gilbert, though this is difficult because of the chain which connects us.

I now know all Gilbert's moods and it does me no good, but two of

them may forewarn you in case you plan to have a dog.

1. *The Hooray-Hooray-a-New-Day's-Dawning! Mood.* This manifests itself twice a day. At 6 a.m. Gilbert lands heavily on my stomach, knocking both breath and sleep out of me. And about midnight, just after he has been bedded down, he insists that I throw his rubber bone for him or take him out with my coat over my pajamas. There must be some way to stop this.

2. *The I-Was-Asleep-and-Some-Bad-Man-Must-Have-Come-in-and-Torn-That-Bedspread-to-Bits Attitude.* This is accompanied by a brazen simulation of overweening joy at my entrance and is not convincing because of the large piece of cloth which Gilbert unconsciously carries on his dewlap. One method of avoiding this is always to leave your bed bare to the springs until retiring.

The curious may ask why I have a dog at all — but not the wise. The answer, of course, is simple. In Gilbert I have found a being to whom I am superior in many ways. He cannot drive a car. I can. He cannot wash dishes, run errands, or do dozens of other things Phyllis considers necessary. In fact, Gilbert is a living, breathing answer to her contention that I am the most inefficient form of life yet devised.

He is also the finest dog in town, even if he did tear up the best parts of this piece.



PICTURESQUE *speech* AND PATTERN

Popcorn clouds (John B. Grielle) . . .
Puddles busily collecting raindrops
(Beverley Nichols) . . . Roadsides steam-
ing with spring (John Dos Passos)

The darkness a soft blanket quilted
with stars (Carl Carmer) . . . The wind
fumbling among the oak leaves
(Elizabeth Woodbridge) . . . The admon-
ishing finger of a church steeple.

(Frederic F. Van de Water)

The wind shouldered against the
cabin (Ernest Haycox) . . . Water chuck-
ling suddenly out of the hillside.

(Henry Bellamann)

Each plank in the house had some-
thing to say, scolding and moaning
with every step (Richard Llewellyn) . . .
Darkness drifted into the room and
piled up in the corners (Thorne Smith)

Little spirals of dust creeping nerv-
ously along the curb like ghosts
(Frederic Prokosch) . . . Small-town street
lamps, beaming dimly at one another,
trying to stay awake (Lou Fulton)

Her eyes were rhapsodies in blue
(Virginia Lee) . . . Features with a
worn distinction like a head on an old
coin (W. Somerset Maugham) . . . A man
so small he was a waste of skin.

(Fred Allen)

Pen Portrait: Winston Churchill,
his cigar jutting from his face like a
gun from a turret. (*Time*)

TO THE FIRST CONTRIBUTOR OF EACH ACCEPTED ITEM of either Pattern or Picturesque Speech a payment of \$5 is made upon publication. In all cases the source must be given. An additional payment is made to the author, except for items originated by the sender. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned, but every item is carefully considered.

ADDRESS PATTERN EDITOR, BOX 605, PLEASANTVILLE, N. Y.

He withdrew his mind from his face
(Oliver St. John Gogarty) . . . Eyes blind
with thought (Richard Llewellyn) . . .
She stood stilettoed by a score of eyes
(Walter de la Mare) . . . Occasionally he
stumbled over the truth but he al-
ways picked himself up and hurried
on as if nothing had happened.

(Winston Churchill)

The day's round for a debutante —
hither, thither and yawn (Suzanne
Kettering) . . . The kind of guy who
would marry Hedy Lamarr for her
money (George Loomis) . . . He was the
low-life of the party (Charlie McCarthy)

Money isn't everything — just a
reasonable facsimile of same.

(*Here's Morgan* broadcast)

The new War Time is marvelous —
the only time you see the night is in
the morning. (A. R. Douglass)

The best way to hold a man is in
your arms (Mae West) . . . To her he's
just a passing fiancé (Jimmie Fidler) . . .
"Ex" marks his spot in her heart.

(Fred Eisenstadt)

A platonic friendship — play for
him and tonic for her . . . A wom-
an's fondest wish is to be weighed
and found wanting . . . Her dresses
show everything but good taste.

(Walter Winchell)

Sign across the window of an auto-
mobile agency in a newly constructed
building: "Opened by mistake." (AP)

Portrait of an American

Condensed from Philadelphia Bulletin

Nancy Hale

“THE BOY was only a couple of years out of Yale when he joined up. He'd been teaching school down in New London. He'd made a lot of friends everywhere he went, and the girls always liked him. They say he was a good-looking boy.

“Then the war came. The boy volunteered in Webb's Seventh Connecticut.

“Well, you know how things went after that. He took part in the siege of Boston all the next winter. The terms of enlistment of most of the men ran out in December, and some of them thought they'd done enough. The General was worried about it. Our boy offered the men in his company his own pay for a month if they'd stay that much longer. Anyway the siege was maintained.

“Once he went home on leave. Maybe that was when he got engaged. Alicia Adams. A lovely girl; they would have made a handsome couple.

“When spring came the enemy evacuated Boston and our army went down to New York, where real trouble was threatening. The boy was a captain now. He was 21 years old.

“Our Long Island campaign was just this side of disastrous. I don't suppose the General was in a worse spot during the whole war than he was for those three weeks right after the Battle of Long Island. There we lay, facing the enemy across the East River, and no way of knowing what they had up their sleeve. Surprise was what we feared.

“The General wanted to know two things: when the enemy was planning to attack and where. Nobody could tell him. The General let it be known that he'd welcome volunteers to spy.

“Now, the word 'spy' meant something degrading. Spying was a job they gave to bums. Our boy volunteered. His friends tried to talk him out of it. They spoke of the indignity; they also told him he'd make a terrible spy -- a frank, open boy like him.

“But his idea was, the job was necessary. That was the great thing. Its being necessary seemed to him to make it honorable. He went through the enemy lines dressed like a Dutch schoolmaster.

“He didn't make such a bad spy, after all. He got what he went after, and hid the drawings in his shoes. He was on his way back when they caught him. They found the information on him. He

admitted he was over there to spy. You know what a spy gets. They hanged him in the morning. He had written some letters to his family, but they were destroyed before his eyes. But in his last moment, they let him say what he wanted to. And later one of their officers told one of our officers what he'd said.

"There he was, with the noose around his neck. He hadn't got much done. He'd got caught on the first big job of his life. He wasn't going to finish fighting this war, or marry Alicia Adams, or have any children, or do any more teaching. He stood there in the morning air, and he spoke and said who he was, his commission and all. And then he added, 'I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country.'"

YOU COULD TELL the story like that, simply, because it is a simple story, and when you finished you'd have told about all there is to tell about Nathan Hale. There isn't even a contemporary picture of him. Most of the friends to whom he wrote didn't keep his letters. He was just a young American who'd gone to war, who'd lived for 21 ordinary years until — in the day's work — he died for his country.

ONE OF his brothers, Enoch, was my great-great-grandfather.

I must have been told this story, because I always knew it. But my father never went on about it. There his story was, for what it might mean. Some of my other ancestors were remembered by the anecdotes surrounding them, pointed, stirring, or uproarious. But this Nathan had died at 21, a patriot, as stark and all alone and anecdoteless as young men of 21 must be. There were no family reminiscences, no tales beyond the short plain story

of his life and death. He had had no time to do anything memorable but die.

Nathan Hale is a symbol of all the young American men who fight and die for us. He was the first of our own heroes in the first of our own wars. He was the first to show the world what Americans are made of. The reason his captors destroyed his letters home at the time of his death was, they said, so that "the rebels should not know they have a man who can die so firmly." He showed them.

He is no Washington or Jefferson although he ranks with the heroes. All our nation's heroes are great men who are great by their deeds and their careers. All except Hale. His special gift to his country, and to us who love that country, was the manner of his death.

He is the patron of all the young Americans who have grown up as he did, in quiet self-respecting families; who have gone to school and done well, and had fun, too; who

have started out along their life's careers, well spoken of, promising; and then broken off to join their country's forces in time of war without an instant's hesitation; knowing what must be done and who must do it. He was no different.

Nothing was more American in Hale than his taking on the duties that led to his death. It was a dirty job. Nobody wanted it. He took it. There's something about that, taking on a dirty job that's got to be done, that rings a bell. It's an American custom of American heroes.

He wasn't a very articulate boy. His letters are nothing special. But he became the spokesman for all young American fighting men. He chanced to say the thing they think; the thing they mean when there's not even a split second to think. He stood there at Turtle Bay on Manhattan Island. Don't think he declined. He wasn't that kind. He had those few moments, and he was thinking about all the different things that were ending for him. He said, and I think it was more like a remark,

"I only regret . . ."

Barnum Goes to Bat

THE FORTUNES of the Chattanooga baseball club are a community concern, for the Lookouts are owned by 1750 local baseball fans. When the team was abandoned as a farm club for the Washington Senators, Joe Engel, the president, persuaded Chattanoogaans to buy the team simply by hawking it at a busy street corner. Now a stockholders' meeting is held in the stands before each game, and there isn't a silent partner among them.

A shrewd businessman, Engel was one of the first to take up night baseball, and his first night game drew 26,000, a minor-league attendance record. Because of his genius for showmanship, he's called the "Barnum of Baseball." When attendance was lag-

ging, he announced a house would be given away to the holder of the lucky ticket stub. Fans stormed the park and a man on relief won. To lure the ladies to his games, he decorated the park with canaries in bright cages and signed a girl to pitch against the Yankees in an exhibition game. To everyone's surprise she struck out both Lou Gehrig and Babe Ruth!

But the prize prank of all came in 1939 when Chattanooga lost the privilege of staging the Southern Baseball Association's annual all-star game. Engel built a "crying cage," so labeled, in the ball park and sat in it, weeping copious tears for all to see.

— Adapted from Richard McCann
in *This Week Magazine*

Home Workshops Go to War

Condensed from Popular Science Monthly

Arthur Grahame

ONE DAY last spring Stanley A. Carlson, 36-year-old president of a small machinery manufacturing company in New Jersey, needed additional machine tools to fill subcontracts he had received for airplane, gun and bomb-sight parts. He had already opened a second plant, bought all the new and secondhand tools he could get, and expanded his force from 20 to 200. But orders kept piling up. He couldn't find any subcontractors in that region who could take on more defense work.

Carlson solved the problem, and the way he did it was so simple and effective that the government is introducing his Home Workshop Subcontracting Plan all over the country.

While Carlson was wondering where he could get additional lathes, John Lindstrom, a machinist who worked in the plant, came into the office on some errand. Carlson remembered that John's hobby was experimental tool-making, and that he had a good lathe in a little workshop in his basement. If he would use that lathe to do at home the same work he was doing in the plant, it would make his plant lathe available for another machinist.

Carlson offered Lindstrom his

If you own or operate machine tools as a hobby you can help defense production — and get paid for it.

regular wages and overtime, plus something extra for overhead. John went home with material for parts which had to be machined to two-thousandths-of-an-inch accuracy, and a few days later brought in the completed job.

After Lindstrom had worked a few weeks at home he came to Carlson with a proposition. Ever since he'd been an apprentice in Sweden he had dreamed of owning his own shop. He had his lathe and a small drill press, and he had tracked down a rusty old milling machine that could be made serviceable. A friend of his, a good amateur machinist, wanted to go to work for him. He would keep his car in the yard and turn his garage into a shop. Carlson had found his first subcontractor.

Were there other men in the vicinity who had machine tools in their home workshops? Carlson decided to find out. Next day this advertisement appeared in a New Jersey newspaper:

TOOLMAKERS, machinists, hobbyists, if you have an idle machine in your base

ment that you are willing to use in the interest of national defense, write at once giving full particulars as to your equipment and abilities.

Carlson received 75 answers, mostly from home-workshop hobbyists who were holding down regular jobs. Sam Pecorino, one of his plant engineers, was put in charge of transforming these applicants into subcontractors. Some had to be eliminated because they didn't have adequate tools or skill. Pecorino decided what sort of work each was best fitted to do and gave him material with which to make a sample. If the part passed rigid inspection, the man was given a contract.

Thirty-five of those who answered that first advertisement proved they could do work of the required quality. Later ads increased the number of home-workshop subcontractors. Some of them have found it profitable to give up their former occupations; others devote 25 to 60 off-time hours a week to defense production. Today about 150 men give full or part time to the work. And Carlson has found that the subcontractors who work in their basements and garages *have a lower percentage of rejections for faulty craftsmanship than the men in his plant.*

When technical difficulties crop up, Pecorino is available for advice. The subcontractors show their appreciation when there is a rush job; some of them have worked 30 hours without a break. Usually they name their own delivery dates, which they

almost always meet without prod-ding.

Pecorino took me to several of the home workshops. He stopped first at George Carell's house in a quiet suburban street. "Carell's one of our best men," Pecorino said. "He does beautiful precision work. When he answered our ad he was an oil salesman and did mechanical work for fun, such as making his wife a sewing machine and a vacuum cleaner. After working part time with us for several months he started out for himself. Now he has three men on his day shift and several who work a few hours in the evening. Carell himself averages close to 18 hours a day. One of his best men is a hobbyist who, when the war started, was a lace importer."

Over the cellar stairway was a sign: "Positively No Admittance. U. S. Defense Work." We went in. Except in a submarine, I've never seen so much machinery in so little space. "I like to have my machines close together," Carell said. "If a fellow doesn't have to waste time walking from one machine to another, sometimes he can operate two at once."

Our next stop was at John Lindstrom's. To accommodate the old machine tools he has bought and re-conditioned, Lindstrom enlarged his garage twice and now plans another addition. He employs, on day and night shifts, eight nonprofessional machinists whom he has trained to do precision work. Recently Lind-

strom devised a lathe fixture that grinds four gun-recoil parts in the time that it formerly took to grind one.

George C. Wyland, another top-flight subcontractor, formerly built and maintained scientific apparatus for the Columbia University School of Mines. A hobbyist with a well-equipped machine shop in his home, he resigned his position, after a few weeks of spare-time work, to give all his time to subcontracting. He now has six men working for him.

Another successful subcontractor is Michael Brodsky, a toolmaker in a rubber plant who used to make model gasoline engines in his home

shop. Now, in addition to his regular job, he works 50 hours a week at home. His subcontracting is a family affair—a brother-in-law averages 40 to 50 hours a week, and Mrs. Brodsky and her sister have learned to rough out small parts on an old lathe.

Carl Riel, foreman in a food-products plant, works 25 hours a week on airplane tools, his wife knitting busily for the marines while she keeps him company in his basement shop.

These people work hard and go short on sleep—but they like it. The work is highly profitable, and they are helping win the war.

IT IS URGENT to find out at once what home workshops throughout the nation can produce war materials. To obtain this information, *Popular Science Monthly* is making a survey of home craftsmen, the results of which will be made available to the government.

If you own machine tools or can operate such tools because of skill gained through your hobby, registration blanks may be found in the April issue of *Popular Science Monthly*. Or you may write for blanks, enclosing self-addressed, stamped envelope, to The Editor, *Popular Science Monthly*, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

ONCE asked Edwin Arlington Robinson if he did not think his sense of humor had lengthened his life. "I think," he replied, "my life has lengthened my sense of humor."

—Daniel Gregory Mason, *Musie in My Time* (Macmillan)



MacArthur of Bataan

Condensed from The Cleveland Press,
with additions by the author

Tom Wolf

NEA Service staff correspondent

TO A WATCHING world, General Douglas MacArthur's long defense of Bataan against impossible odds seems a military miracle. To those who know his career, it is just MacArthur—the same MacArthur whose record was an army legend long before the Japs swooped down on Luzon.

The General's life story reads like a "Tom Swift in the Army," full of bests, firsts, mosts and onlys. An army man from the day he was born, he has, in his 62 years, heard the zing of Indian arrows, the crack of Mexican rifles, the thunder of artillery on the Western Front and now the explosion of Japanese bombs. His valor and distinguished services have won him more American decorations—13—than were ever accorded another officer, and medals from 10 foreign nations besides.

MacArthur graduated from West Point at the head of his class in 1903, with the highest scholastic record in 25 years. At 38 the "D'Artagnan of the A.E.F." was the youngest division commander in the army. At 40

he was the youngest commandant ever to run West Point. He became Chief of Staff at 50, the youngest full general in American history.

Douglas MacArthur was born under circumstances that could have been a great help or an immense handicap. He was a Great Man's Son; the name of Arthur MacArthur, his father, was one to reckon with in the U. S. Army. "The Boy Colonel of the West" had joined the Union forces at the age of 17, made Civil War history in a charge at Missionary Ridge, and emerged with four wounds and a resolve to make the army his career. He saw action in the Philippines during 1898-1901, and later as Governor General set up systems of education and defense.

Douglas MacArthur's first recollection was the martial sound of bugles at the barracks in Little Rock, Arkansas, where he was born in 1880. His first childhood trip was with the army, to his father's new post in New Mexico. There, when he was four, he was baptized in battle by an Indian attack.

After West Point the young officer

served as aide to his father, who was an observer in Japan during the Russo-Japanese War, and as an aide to President Theodore Roosevelt in Washington. He served with Funston at Vera Cruz in 1914, where, disguised as a Mexican, he successfully reconnoitered behind enemy lines.

When America entered the last war, MacArthur urged the formation of a division composed of troops from every state in the union, to be called the Rainbow Division. The division was created, and Secretary of War Baker, recognizing unique organizing talents in the young major, made him the Rainbow's chief of staff. Before the war was over Baker was to call him America's "greatest front-line fighting general."

Once in the field there was no holding him. He was twice wounded, once gassed. An attack on a machine-gun nest in which he took part added an oak leaf cluster to the D.S.C. he won, because, as the citation said, "On a field where courage was the rule, his courage was the dominant feature." Disdaining helmet, gas mask and sidearms, he once went with his men into No Man's Land armed with only a riding crop. They brought back eight German prisoners, including a captain. MacArthur went along, he said, merely "to let the boys know somebody from headquarters was with them."

Not long after the Armistice, MacArthur was made commandant of West Point. His job was to stream-

line the Academy to the techniques of modern war. He pleaded for its enlargement, "lest," as he warned, "a condition result which will be paid for in American blood."

MacArthur's interest in sports — those are his words carved over the marble entrance to the academy gym, "On these friendly fields are sown the seeds that on other fields, in other days, will bring victory" — won him the presidency of the American team that went to the Amsterdam Olympics in 1928. There occurred one of the dramatic episodes so typical of him. The manager of the American boxing team thought his men had got some raw decisions and threatened to withdraw from the remaining bouts. MacArthur ordered the team back to the ring with one sentence: "Americans don't quit."

In November 1930, President Hoover called him to Washington as Chief of Staff. He inherited an American army at its 20th century lowest. The combination of world peace and depression had riddled appropriations. Foreseeing certain war — and with uncanny accuracy expecting blitzkrieg warfare of "mobile, highly trained, very powerful though somewhat smaller formations" — he strove tirelessly for five years to "lift the army above the danger line." His purple oratory painted dark picture of America's future if the army were not expanded. He pleaded indefatigably for a giant air force, for tanks and motorized equipment. De

nied all this, he went ahead and carried mechanization as far as he could.

"I have humiliated myself, have almost licked the boots of some gentlemen to get funds for motorization and mechanization," he said. "Unless we move quickly, we will be a beaten nation, paying huge indemnities after the next war. Give the American army a chance," he urged, "in the next fight it wages for the life of the country."

In the fall of 1935, Philippine President Quezon approached MacArthur with the idea of coming to the Islands as military adviser. MacArthur accepted. His fondness for the Filipino was lifelong and genuine. He stormed against those who thought the Islands "indefensible." "No place is indefensible or impregnable in itself. Any place can be defended, any place taken, provided superior forces can be assembled there. To say the Philippines are indefensible is merely to say they are inadequately defended." And defend them he would, to the utmost of his power. "While they are not the door to the Pacific, they are the key which turns the lock which opens that door."

The range and depth of MacArthur's thinking are clearly shown in the report he wrote in 1936 — *six years before Pearl Harbor!* "Every centavo that can be spared," he wrote, "must be invested in a bombing fleet capable of denying use of territorial waters to hostile surface craft." By 1946, when his 10-year

program would be completed, the Philippines would be "such a center of resistance that the cost of its subjugation would far outweigh the gain. Predatory force instinctively avoids such attacks." If worse came to worst, he would conduct "a war of relentless attrition, of resistance from the water's edge to the furthestmost retreat left available."

When MacArthur took over, the Islands' defense forces consisted of about 10,000 Philippine Scouts and Constabulary. His plan was to raise a conscript army of 40,000 a year, a 10-year total of 400,000. These men, trained at the military academy he had founded at Baguio, equipped with planes and given sea protection with a fleet of motor torpedo boats, would do the trick, he thought.

As the years passed, MacArthur's job became increasingly harder. President Quezon blew hot, then cold. A lukewarm Philippine Congress constantly pared down the \$8,000,000 yearly appropriation MacArthur had been promised. In 1940, it dropped to a little over \$1,000,000. Philippine apathy was matched by a don't-care attitude in America.

But these handicaps only spurred MacArthur on. He set out to instill in the Filipinos by word and action — as only MacArthur can — the highest military traditions. "Write your history in red on the breasts of your enemy," he charged them. "Only those are fit to live who are not afraid to die for their country." He formed the nucleus of an air

force, turning out 150 Filipino pilots trained by the methods used at our own best fields.

Before his program could be more than half completed, the Japs moved into Thailand and crisis mounted in the Pacific. President Roosevelt called MacArthur back to our own army in July 1941, and made him commanding general of all the U. S. forces in the Far East.

Now MacArthur's previous work seemed like a vacation. As he raced against time, his pace wore out men many years his junior. His aide went to the hospital with nervous exhaustion. Correspondents who saw him during this period recall a tall, handsome, lean, sloping-shouldered officer who, at 62, looks 15 years younger. His black hair is combed in such a way as to minimize the fact that he's growing bald. He has a high forehead; narrow face; thin, sensitive nose and mouth; dark, flashing eyes. His movements are nervous, restless, intense.

Last December, *Time* wrote of him thus: "He would stride up and down in his office, purpling the air with oratory, punctuated with invocations of God, the flag and patriotism, pounding his fist in his palm, swinging his arms in sweeping gestures. Always his thesis was the same: the Philippines could be defended, and, by God, they would be defended."

In conversation the General is pyrotechnic. Changing at will from a mellifluous melodramatic whisper to a fiery snort, from brutal fact to sheer rodomontade, he uses phrases like "We must foil the enemy," "We stand on the eve of a great battle," "We must not spill our precious blood on foreign soil in vain, in vain!" Intelligent listeners, however, rarely fail to perceive that beneath this baroque façade of rhetoric, MacArthur's ideas generally make shattering sense.

The blow at Pearl Harbor deprived MacArthur of protection he had every reason to count on. Yet in the face of 10-to-1 superiority of an enemy who also controls sea and air, his courage and military genius have written one of the most inspiring pages in American history.

MacArthur is more than a great general, and what has captured and held the world's rapt attention is something more than his military genius and efficiency: his ability to see beyond the moment and grasp and state what arouses men to heroic action.

During the Manila attack an officer suggested that the American flag on staff headquarters might serve as a target for Jap bombers, and asked about removing it.

"Take every reasonable precaution," MacArthur ordered. "But let's keep the flag flying."





The Face of Judas Iscariot

From *The Saturday Review of Literature*

Bonnie Chamberlin

AN OLD PRIEST told me this story when I was very young. I have since wondered many times where it came from. No one has been able to tell me.

CENTURIES AGO a great artist was engaged to paint a mural for the cathedral in a Sicilian town. The subject was the life of Christ. For many years the artist labored diligently, and finally the painting was finished except for the two most important figures: the Christ Child and Judas Iscariot. He searched far and wide for models for those two figures.

One day while walking in an old part of the city he came upon some children playing in the street. Among them was a 12-year-old boy whose face stirred the painter's heart. It was the face of an angel — a very dirty one, perhaps, but the face he needed.

The artist took the child home with him, and day after day the boy sat patiently until the face of the Christ Child was finished.

But the painter still found no one to serve as model for the portrait of Judas. For years, haunted by the fear that his masterpiece would remain unfinished, he continued his search.

The story of the unfinished masterpiece spread afar, and many men, fancying themselves of wicked countenance, offered to pose as models for the face of Judas. But in vain the old painter looked for a face that would serve to show Judas as he had envisioned him — a man warped by life, enfeebled by surrender to greed and lust.

Then one afternoon as he sat in the tavern over his daily glass of wine, a gaunt and tattered figure staggered across the threshold and fell upon the floor. "Wine, wine," he begged. The painter lifted him up, and looked into a face that startled him. It seemed to bear the marks of every sin of mankind.

Greatly excited, the old painter helped the profligate to his feet. "Come with me," he said, "and I will give you wine, and food, and clothing."

Here at last was the model for Judas. For many days and parts of many nights the painter worked feverishly to complete his masterpiece.

As the work went on a change came over the model. A strange tension replaced the stuporous languor, and his bloodshot eyes were fixed with horror on the painted

likeness of himself. One day, perceiving his subject's agitation, the painter paused in his work. "My son, I'd like to help you," he said. "What troubles you so?"

The model sobbed and buried his

face in his hands. After a long moment he lifted pleading eyes to the old painter's face.

"Do you not then remember me? Years ago I was your model for the Christ Child."

❧ How New York gets the low-down on the underworld's higher-ups

New Styles for Prosecutors

Condensed from The Kiwanis Magazine

Upton Close

HERE CAME his man. The plain-clothes cop who had been leaning against the doorway of a Bronx rooming house stepped briskly forward.

"Spero, I've got a warrant for you," he said. "Come along."

With a shrug, Mike Spero obeyed. A going-over at the station house, he supposed. To his amazement, however, the detective called a cab and told the driver, "Claremont Inn." Claremont Inn, on Riverside Drive overlooking the Hudson, has class.

Spero was one of an even hundred dinner guests, all escorted to the place like himself. Festivity, however, was a little constrained by the fact that the master of ceremonies was Thomas E. Dewey, then District Attorney of New York County.

After a while, Mr. Dewey arose. "We're all going to be working together for some time," he told his pop-eyed guests, "so I thought you'd like to get acquainted. I want my staff to talk informally with you about little items of your own past which they have been studying, as well as about the larger problem in which we are all interested."

All the guests had one thing in common: they were the little fellows in the numbers racket. Dutch Schultz had muscled into complete control of a lottery grossing \$100,000,000 a year and paying out mighty little. Dewey was sure Schultz was getting protection from Jimmy Hines, Tammany leader, but he needed concrete evidence. One of Schultz's iron-clad rules was that

his agents must not know one another, but Dewey had rounded them up.

Forced to spend the evening together, the men talked more and more freely, while plain-clothes men, whom they could not distinguish from their fellows, introduced them, stimulated conversation, and listened. Other assistants from the Dewey office installed themselves in various private rooms, and their guests were called in one by one to confer. They were burning to know how much the law had on them, but soon the word was going round: "They're not after us little fellows!"

From Claremont's strange guests came information which led to Dixie Davis, legal counsel for the racket; and Dixie, turning state's evidence, exposed Hines, who thought he was beyond the law. A power for over 30 years, Hines went to Sing Sing.

This case illustrates a new technique in prosecuting organized crime — enlisting criminal small fry against big shots. Usually these big shots have been protected by the underworld ethic against squealing. The Dewey office changed that by offering hospitable treatment to petty offenders in exchange for helpful information.

Similarly, in going after Charles Lucania (Lucky Luciano), head of a vicious New York white slave ring, Dewey was not interested in prosecuting underlings. He assured the prospective witnesses, for the most part prostitutes who loathed but

feared their extortionist boss, that their crime would not be held against them and they would be protected from Lucania's men. The prosecutors won their confidence by treating them courteously. Their later testimony, showing that they sometimes made \$150 a week but were permitted to keep only a fraction of it for themselves, horrified and convinced the jury.

To forestall any surprise witnesses the defense might produce in this case, Paul Lockwood with others of the Dewey office devised an "underworld brain trust." He rounded up a strange assortment of questionable characters, persuading them to work with him because he had something on all of them and because he promised them protection from underworld retribution.

When the trial opened, they were shepherded into the District Attorney's office where a "boiler room" was set up. In the courtroom, the defense was introducing witnesses, and each name was announced via telephone to Lockwood's motley crew. These swindle artists, desk men from shady Broadway hotels, racetrack touts and the like, vied in spilling the dope about the witnesses. Often before a defense witness had completed his direct testimony the prosecutor in the courtroom had a list of questions to embarrass him and baffle his lawyers on cross-examination.

An outstanding instance was the exposure of a seemingly clean-cut

young man named Lorenzo Brescio, a complete surprise to the prosecution, who testified that he was a partner with Lucania in legitimate business and that the latter was not at all the boss of New York's prostitution.

But the underworld informers were supplying Brescio's true past bit by bit, and the prosecutor volleyed questions about girls whom Brescio and Lucania entertained in their hotel suite and about Brescio's brief ten months of legitimate employment in 13 years. The jury was not impressed with such a character witness.

In exchange for coöperation, authorities make no promises that cannot be fulfilled; they agree only to intercede with the judge, warden, or parole board for shorter terms or softer conditions if a crook has some data that will help clear bigger cases than his own. Every precaution is taken against gang retaliation when a big shot is sent to prison. One such precaution is a pointed use of the indeterminate sentence. Lucania was sentenced to serve 30 years in Sing Sing. But if any witness who helped put him there is threatened or harmed in circumstances suggesting underworld revenge, the prisoner serves 20 years more. Not one madam, pimp or gunman who told on Lucky has been touched to date. In effect, Lucania is a hostage to justice. Most sentences in New York are now hostage sentences. The convict is given, say, 10 to 20 years instead of

a definite term. Fritz Kuhn, once head of the German-American Bund, is under such a sentence. Not only does the warden keep tab on the prisoner's conduct; the District Attorney's office also watches the conduct of his friends on the outside.

To keep in touch with all possible sources of information, the New York District Attorney's office employs civil investigators who are linguists and experts in the customs of various nationalities and races. One can pass as an orthodox Jew, another looks like a Puerto Rican and speaks several grades of Spanish. One is an expert in sign language and can pose as a deaf mute.

Auditing is not the movie idea of crime-busting, but it has trapped far more crooks than Dick Tracy sleuthing. And it is one of the methods Dewey introduced. When a businessman is visited by a racketeer, he is usually terrified and resorts to every kind of ruse to conceal the identity of his tormentor. To cope with such situations, Dewey hired expert accountants. Now, when the District Attorney's office believes that a business is being shaken down it merely subpoenas its books and lets the accountants patiently track down the real destination of every check. One restaurant owner desperately insisted that substantial checks, made out to "Cash," were presents for his mistress. The accountant soon proved this to be pure fiction.

An important new law fostered by the District Attorney makes it un-

necessary for the names of grand jury witnesses to appear on indictments. Formerly the defense lawyer would jot down the names of these witnesses and then some of his client's tougher acquaintances would call on them. Today they are assured of complete anonymity. Once the office of the District Attorney could be reached only through a public concourse where stooges and criminal lawyers could keep tab on each person going in with information. The new "justice factory" in New York has plenty of little-known entrances and exits.

Frank Hogan, recently elected to succeed Dewey, had the support of both political parties. He was trained in Dewey's office and in the new methods which have impressed not only the underworld but politicians and citizens alike. His choice was not accident but a result of six years' careful effort to turn prosecution

into a profession. Hogan was one of the young lawyers hired by Dewey in 1935. Dewey also adopted a practice of taking on young law-school graduates as internes. While they learn the trade, these internes provide the manpower needed for the many details of the new prosecution. Twenty-five of the present New York staff began as internes without salary.

The methods used in New York are being followed as far away as Florida, Iowa and California. There is need, to be sure, of high-mindedness in the use of these new tools of prosecution. Mere coöperation between prosecutor and underworld small fry is not enough. Officials must have integrity also. But experience has shown that this type of prosecution offers a really successful way of getting at the men who fatten on crime.

Murder in the Elevator

ALFRED HITCHCOCK, director of movie mystery thrillers, stepped into a New York hotel elevator with a friend and immediately began talking as though continuing a conversation:

"So I turned on the light, and there was this girl in the middle of the floor. Her throat was slit and there was a great puddle of blood. Beside the body was a knife. I was in a spot. If I called the police, there'd be a nasty row, and if I didn't somebody would find me there. So I took out my handkerchief and carefully . . ."

At this point the elevator stopped at Hitchcock's floor and he quietly stepped off with his companion, leaving everybody in the car goggle-eyed.

— *Chicago Tribune*

The Great 1000-Mile Horse Race

Condensed from *Adventure Magazine*

Walter Livingston

ONE DAY in 1893 the editor of a weekly in Chadron, Nebraska, had a half column still to fill before presstime. Fond of contending that the homebreds of the West were greater horses than the eastern turf champions, he proposed a 1000-mile horse race to show the mettle of western stock. His half column thus disposed of, he dismissed the matter from his mind.

But repercussions followed almost immediately. News services promptly picked up his fantastic proposal and excited the entire West with it. Then came a telegram from Chicago:

DELIGHTED TO HEAR OF PROPOSED 1000-MILE COWBOY RACE. WANT IT TO END AT MY WILD WEST SHOW IN COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION. WILL ADD \$500 TO PURSE. COLONEL (BUFFALO BILL) CODY.

A local committee wired acceptance to Buffalo Bill and raised a purse of \$1000. News of the race spread across the nation. The Colts offered an ivory-handled .44 revolver as a prize, Montgomery Ward a fine saddle. The Humane Society protested, but was mollified when its representatives were given power

to disqualify riders whose horses were driven beyond normal endurance. The committee laid out a route through 11 towns, at which each competitor had to check in. Riders were to use only two horses.

Favored in the betting was Doc Middleton of Chadron, a lanky cowboy of 40, regarded as a daredevil who could outride any man half his age. Two other Chadron entries were Joe Gillespie, whose 185 pounds were a heavy penalty on his mounts, and John Berry, a former stagecoach driver. Making up a total of nine were Davy Douglas, a lad in his teens; James Stephens from Kansas, known as Rattlesnake Pete; Joe Campbell, who had driven his horses from Colorado; George A. Jones of South Dakota; C. W. Smith and J. E. Albright of Nebraska.

On the morning of the start, June 13, 1893, the prairie outside Chadron was hidden under a haze of dust stirred by the thousands of onlookers. At five o'clock the contestants lined up, each with his extra horse, and the chairman of the committee fired a gun. Instantly the air was shattered with the noise of firearms, Indian yells, cheers of the populace

and a blare from the 9th Cavalry Band. Terrified, the horses reared and pitched, then dashed headlong across the prairie. The great 1000-mile race was on. Once out of sight the riders slowed down to a sedate shag-trot.

For three days the pack was well bunched. Then Davy Douglas suffered a violent spell of horse-sickness, similar to seasickness, and dropped out. Gillespie, Rattlesnake Pete and Doc Middleton were battling for the lead, although one of Doc's horses had sprained a tendon. Berry, the former stagecoach driver, was last, no whit discouraged to learn the others had come and gone. In this first leg most of the men stopped at small-town hotels and quartered their horses at livery stables, though Gillespie scorned the softness of his rivals and camped in the open with his saddle as a pillow.

At Sioux City citizens thronged the riverbank near the ferry landing as the racers drew near. Doc Middleton, arriving first, was received with deafening cheers. He waved his Stetson jauntily as pretty girls loaded him with bouquets and souvenir hunters plucked hairs from his horses' tails. The rest of them got a warmed-over welcome.

A few miles farther on, Middleton's injured horse gave out. Doc was undiscouraged. "As long as I have one horse and he has four legs, I'm in to the finish," he boasted. But bold words were not enough to keep him in the race.

Gillespie and Rattlesnake Pete now took over the lead. Two days later methodical John Berry caught them and forged ahead. Gillespie thereupon tied the halter of one horse to the saddlehorn of the other and ran behind them holding on to a tail. He thus overtook Berry and beat him into Fort Dodge.

During the next days rain fell in sheets and the road turned to gumbo — sticky, clinging mud that almost tore the horses' shoes off. The weary animals labored along, their riders shivering in the icy chill. Gillespie, to save weight, did not even have a coat. Berry, to spare his horses every extra ounce, was deliberately starving himself, eating barely enough to continue. He was first again at Iowa Falls, with Gillespie and Rattlesnake Pete right behind. Pete had been forced to abandon one of his mounts. To strengthen his second, he poured whisky down the animal's gullet. Later he and his horse split another quart — and left their race in the bottom of the bottle.

Leaving Waterloo, Ia., Berry found himself with an unexpected companion — a Chicago newspaper reporter who sped along at his side on a bicycle. From then on the reporter never left him, pausing only to drop off dispatches en route. One of them described Berry as "a little man of gentleness and patience, who rides without whip or spur, and encourages and pets his horses continually."

At Manchester, Gillespie paused a few hours to rest his horses. Looking

about town he spied a circus, where-upon he spent his brief respite riding the show's bucking mule.

Humane Society officers stationed in De Kalb, Ill., 70 miles from the finish, stipulated that each rider must be accompanied by an official riding in a buggy, to see that the exhausted animals were not goaded beyond the limits of horseflesh. Berry accepted such a guardian, and set off on the home stretch aboard Poison, his best horse and the one he had been saving for the final sprint. Gillespie and C. W. Smith, only an hour behind Berry, outsmarted the Humane Society by going to every livery stable, while their horses were being watered and inspected, and chartering every carriage in town.

Berry reached Chicago rocking in the saddle with fatigue. Michigan Boulevard was jammed with cheering crowds, and women tossed flowers in his path. At the Exposition grounds, Berry and Poison made their way through a mob of shouting cowboys, Cossacks, Indians and Buffalo Bill's Congress of Rough Riders.

Berry had just enough strength to grasp Colonel Cody's hand.

"Well done, John," the old Indian scout exclaimed. "The race is yours!"

But Humane Society officers and two veterinaries still had to check Poison's condition. This didn't take long. The exhausted stallion tried his best to kick the solicitude out of the officials, who hastened to attest to his sound health.

The only other contestants to finish were Gillespie, Smith and Albright — and it was soon discovered that Albright, in a desperate effort to save a lost cause, had brought his steeds from De Kalb in a boxcar.

Berry's horses had struggled over plains, hardrock roads and clay quagmires, through cold rain, heat and dust, covering 1040 miles in 13 days, 16 hours — an average of more than 75 miles a day. In the final day the winning horse covered 150 miles, the last 80 in nine and a half hours. The Great Cowboy Race was a test of endurance and speed which probably will never be equaled by horse or rider.



Script-Tease

WHEN Louise Andrews Kent's book, *Mrs. Appleyard's Year*, landed on the best-seller list, the author's son composed a telegram to her. "Congratulations," it read. "Hope you outstrip Gypsy Rose Lee." Miss Lee's book, *The G-String Murders*, was just ahead of Mrs. Kent's in sales. But the telegraph office refused to send the wire. The operator suggested "surpass" instead of "outstrip," and the wire was sent.

— Isabel M. Paterson in N. Y. *Herald Tribune*

PROFIT BY MY EXPERIENCE

The Story of a Mink Coat

Anonymous

ONE DECEMBER DAY when I was about 14 the telephone in our home on Long Island rang, and my mother answered it. I heard her repeat in a surprised tone the name of a well-known furrier on Fifth Avenue in New York.

"You say I am to come to your store and select any mink coat I like?" she said in a surprised tone. "That's odd — I bought a fur coat only two months ago. Are you certain this was ordered by Mr. Randolph March?" There was a pause, then she said, "Oh — ordered and payment guaranteed by Mr. March. Very well. I'll have him call you. I don't know anything about it."

She hung up and sat silent for a long moment. Then she went swiftly up to her room, and as she passed me I saw that she was crying.

That evening when my father returned from work I heard him reply to Mother's questions, "Nonsense, Janet; of course I didn't order any mink coat!" But at dinner I felt a strange tension between my parents, and in the days that followed Mother was strangely silent and depressed.

Father's protests that he had not bought the coat for Mother *or for anyone else* shocked me. I could not believe, as Mother seemed to, that

Father was involved with another woman. Even at my age I realized that Mother had been wrong in not giving him the benefit of the doubt. The seed of suspicion in her heart destroyed something precious in our household, and in its place was left untold heartache. Suspecting Father of infidelity, Mother became a miserable and hysterical woman who refused even to listen to Father's denials.

A long while after we heard the truth about the incident. A mink coat *had* been ordered by a Mr. Randolph March, but a Mr. March in a community 40 miles from ours. A clerk, hastily looking up the name in the telephone book, had made a mistake.

Ever since that incident of 21 years ago I have tried to apply the lesson I learned then: to *trust first*, to wait for an explanation of any situation or act that might be misinterpreted. Rarely has this policy let me down.

Once, during the time I was engaged to be married, a friend and I entered the elevator of a large restaurant, planning to lunch on an upper floor. As the elevator door closed I caught a glimpse of my fiancé lunching with a handsomely dressed woman.

In this anonymous article, the names are of course fictitious

"Wasn't that Dick?" my companion asked.

I nodded, stunned. My fiancé had told me he was going to Philadelphia that day. It was a bad moment for me — but I succeeded in holding to my resolve to *trust first*. A few days later Dick returned, and told me of meeting an old friend in New York a couple of hours before he had to take the train for Philadelphia. He had asked her to lunch with him and

had invited her to bring her husband to dine with us soon.

Silently I gave thanks that my resolve had triumphed. Looking back, I remembered the hurt in my father's eyes that night, long ago, when I learned that *to believe first* is so important. So much more important than to believe too late.

Because my father died suddenly, before Mother learned the truth about the mink coat.



The Russians Have a Day for It

WHEN I was employed as engineer for the Soviet Gold Trust, I visited various mines in the southern Urals. As our car approached one of the Cossack villages we saw what seemed to be a dust storm, but which turned out to be a free-for-all fight. Practically all the men and women of the village were taking part, using any weapon which came to hand, including rocks of considerable size, and the balalaikas and accordions some of them had been playing when the battle started.

After the excitement had died down a bit, we discovered that this was a big church festival day — the Trinity — which had been set aside by tradition as a day to settle accumulated disputes among relatives, friends and neighbors. On the morning of the first day of June, every member of the village dressed in his or her best clothes; those who could afford it put down a strip of carpet from their homes to the church. All attended church services, then went home, rolled up their carpets until the next year, and

started out on a round of calls. Vodka was the order of the day at each house, and after a few calls it began to take effect. Then every one began to bring up all the disputes of the past year, all the insults he had swallowed or slights he had fancied, working himself up to a sort of frenzy. Then the battle started.

Tradition allowed this free-for-all fight to continue through the afternoon and evening of the first day and the morning of the second, with time out for fuel to the flames in the shape of more drink. Before the end of the second day, all were expected to sober up and forget their differences until the next year. The villagers assured us the arrangement worked very well: when a dispute came up at any other time of year, some one always reminded the disputants that they could settle their differences when Holy Trinity festival came along, so there was peace in the village for 363 days of the year.

— John D. Littlepage and Demaree Bess, *In Search of Soviet Gold* (Flatcourt, Brace)

¶ The "second Lawrence of Arabia," a colorful and little-known soldier whose Arab Legion is vital to Allied grand strategy

Major Glubb, Guardian of the Near East

Condensed from Saturday Night, The Canadian Weekly

Ben Lucien Burman

OUT OF the Promised Land into the fiery desert we speed, past the Burned Mountains and the Great Salt Sea and Jericho entombed beside the Jordan. The road climbs dizzily up a mountain to a stone guardhouse, outpost for an Arab encampment. There a soldier escorts us to a wide canopy of gaily colored camel's wool. Under it bright-robed figures sit on Oriental rugs, drinking coffee. At their head is a small man, with a pink and white face marred by a chin obviously bullet-shattered. He arises and shakes hands. In odd contrast to his gay-hued turban, his voice suggests an English public school.

This is no Oriental, this desert leader; this is Major John Bagot



Glubb of Pembury Village, Kent, Commander in Chief for the Emir Abdullah of Trans-Jordan, known to his devoted followers as Glubb Pasha, the Father of the Little Chin, and to the British Imperial Army as "the new Lawrence of Arabia."

Son of General Sir Frederick Glubb, Chief Engineer of the British Second Army in 1915, John Glubb was hardly more than a lad when he was sent off to France with the British Expeditionary Forces in the first world war, to aid in repairing shell-torn highways and laying mines to impede the enemy advance. There he suffered the wound which blew away a considerable part of his jaw and chin. When the wound was mended in the imperfect manner of those days, he set out with an expedition for Arabia, and soon was building roads in the desert and ponton bridges over the Tigris.

Day after day he worked with the Arabs, listening to their picturesque folklore, laughing at their nimble repartee. When the war ended he re-

BEN LUCIEN BURMAN was the first journalist to reach French Equatorial Africa after General DeGaulle made that land the headquarters of his Free French movement (see "Free France on the Congo," *The Reader's Digest*, August, '41). Later he was the first to reach Beirut after the British and Free French had driven the Nazis from Syria. Here he reports a trek into Trans-Jordan.

maintained with his Arab friends. Promotion was rapid. Soon he was patrolling the wastes of Iraq, trying to bring peace to the Bedouins, to whom raiding was as natural as drinking coffee. Wherever he went storms subsided. In 1931 he was shifted to Trans-Jordan, ruled over by Britain's ally, Emir Abdullah.

The post was of great importance. The man who holds Trans-Jordan holds one of the keys to Suez and therefore to continents. With the Libyan and Egyptian deserts on the west and the mountains of Persia on the east, almost all the supply routes that link Africa and Europe and southern Asia pass through a narrow land bridge; the bridge embraces Palestine, Syria and Trans-Jordan, with Trans-Jordan as the keystone.

Nations have fought for this vital land bridge since the beginning of history, and Germany fights desperately for it today. As long as the Near East bridge holds, the Allied Near East Army can swiftly send forces in all directions. But with the bridge in the hands of the enemy the Allied Army of over a million would be cut in half. With the bridge broken Turkey would be isolated, a helpless prisoner of the Axis; the Persian Gulf would be made impassable and one of the best routes for aid to Russia cut off. It is the job of Glubb Pasha to see that this bridge does not fall.

He has been brilliantly successful in keeping the desert pacified. From

1936 to 1939, Glubb's Arab Legion alone kept Trans-Jordan's Arab from joining up with their quick shooting brothers in Palestine. He has fought the intrigues of the Germans and Italians, who have poured in vast sums of money to stir up the Arabs. Moslem kings of the neighboring nations, sheiks, caids, Bedouin chiefs, are Glubb's close friends and respect his opinions.

Knowing that the man who controls the desert's drinking is king Glubb built at every well a fort and stationed a garrison. No one could pass without the Pasha's instant knowledge. From these forts his armored cars and camel men go out on constant patrol.

Glubb uses his wits as well as his rifles. When Trans-Jordan tribesmen started cutting telephone wires in the desert, he installed field telephone in the tents of all the sheiks and told them to use the instruments without charge. The sheiks got so much fun out of phoning each other that their men didn't cut any more wires.

At headquarters I talk with him while an Arab brings tea. He is a gray-haired, retiring little fellow of 42 who looks more like a school master than a soldier. Glubb designed the costumes for his soldiers a combination of gorgeous scarlet robes, gleaming daggers and bandoliers of cartridges that makes each startling figure look like a Broadway impresario's dream. British Tommies who fought beside them christened them "Glubb's Girls."

Since the beginning of time, the Bedouins have roamed the great deserts of southwestern Asia, perhaps the freest men in the world. Even Lawrence was never able to enroll them as soldiers in a regular army. Thanks to Glubb's deep understanding of Arab psychology, the Bedouin now has become a soldier in a trained force, the Arab Legion. Its small size is no measure of its effectiveness — 1200 officers and men before the war, it has been expanded beyond 5000 and is increasing constantly. Its mechanized branches particularly are being strengthened to meet the threat of German Panzer invasion. The Legion's waiting list is longer than that of an exclusive social club. Though free to leave at any instant, no Arab has resigned, and in 15 years in Iraq and Trans-Jordan Glubb has not had a single desertion.

It is perhaps the most democratic army in the world; the proud Arab tribesman, who considers himself the equal of a king, would tolerate no organization that made him inferior. There is no separation of rank. When a battle is planned the men and officers assemble and talk over the proposed method of attack. Any soldier is free to speak his mind and make suggestions.

I walk outside the tent with the Pasha to watch maneuvers. Huge tanks rumble past, driven by long-robed Arabs with flowers in their hair; armored cars speed by with gaudy turbans showing above the

steering wheels. Machine guns crackle noisily. From behind them camels gallop in a charge, their riders shouting in wild frenzy.

The Iraq and Syrian campaigns of 1941 proved Glubb's value. A German-bought minister in Bagdad, Rachid Ali, proclaimed a revolt against Iraq's alliance with the English and struck at the land bridge. It was the first thrust of the upper claw of the great pincers which Germany had long been preparing. Her Panzer divisions, forming the lower claw, were already well on their way across Africa toward Egypt. If the pincers could be closed Suez would be blocked to the Allies and the way opened to India and the wealth of the East.

Swiftly Glubb's men, with their tanks, armored cars and camels, crossed the barren wastes toward Iraq, "the land that lies between the rivers." Stealthily they advanced upon the unsuspecting enemy and simultaneously struck at flanks, front and rear. The bewildered enemy believed itself surrounded by a huge army and fled in disorder. Again and again Glubb Pasha repeated the maneuver. His tactics were unvarying — harass, daze, destroy; never be seen, never be heard, let the first sign of your presence be the attack. The revolt soon was over. Iraq was again an ally.

During the Iraq rebellion, General Dentz, Vichy French Governor of Syria, glibly protested neutrality; but in secret he permitted the Nazis

to use his airports and sent guns and ammunition to the rebels. The Allies learned of his treachery. British and Free French troops advanced into Syria; the Pasha and his ghostly army sprang into action once more. A second time he swept behind enemy lines, destroying bridges, blowing up munition dumps, appearing within a camp when the guards thought him a hundred miles away.

Victory came to the Allies for the second time. The Pasha resumed his watch in the desert. There he is today, his Arab Legion stronger than ever. And if the Nazis invade through Turkey and strike out for the oil fields of Iraq and Iran, Glubb's job will be to harry the German supply columns as they move across the open sandy plain — a job which his men well know how to do.



Litany for a New A.E.F.

From The New Yorker

Henry Morton Robinson

Epaulettes of Farragut,
Powder-horn of Boone,
Hawaii's fateful morning,
Shiloh's fearful moon.
(*Be with us as we embark.*)

Bayonets in Belleau Wood,
Song of Marion's men,
Fox-holes in the Philippines,
Wake's grim garrison.
(*Be an example unto us.*)

Lincoln's face, its sadness;
"That from these honored dead
We take increased devotion . . .
Other things he said.
(*Support us in the battle.*)

Stars above our cornfields,
Morning-colored wind,
Snow, and wood-fires burning
On hearths we leave behind.
(*Shine for us, dear beacons.*)

*God of the hidden purpose,
Let our embarking be
The prayer of proud men asking
Not to be safe, but free.*

The Awful Truth about "War Work"

Condensed from "Self and Self-Management"

Arnold Bennett

WHEN citizens hear that volunteers for war work are badly wanted, and then look out their windows and see no work at all rolling up to their front doors, they are apt to feel rather hurt and say: "I am ready to do my share, but if no one gives me anything to do I can't do anything."

Yet patriots cannot expect the organizers of war work to run up and down streets knocking at doors and crying: "Come! You are the very person I need!" However much urgent war work is waiting to be done, nine tenths of the volunteers will have to put themselves to a certain amount of trouble to discover the work. They may even have almost to beg for the privilege of doing it. They are rather hurt, for they are not asking a favor. "I went and offered my services," a woman will say, "and he looked at me as if I were a doubtful character, and you never heard such a cross-examination as I had to go through. It was most humiliating."

Axiom: The trouble and annoyance incidental to getting the work are themselves an inevitable part of war work, just as much as bandaging the brows of heroes.

No sooner have you, an eager volunteer, brought to bay and

With humor and common sense a great writer pointed out, during the war of 1914-1918, axioms again highly pertinent.

caught the war work than you discover it is not the right kind of work. It is either beneath your powers, or beyond them; or it is unsuited to your individuality, your social station, your health, your hands or feet. You had expected work that showed you at your best — picturesque work, interesting work, work free from monotony, work of which you could see the immediate beautiful results, important work without the moral risks attaching to real responsibility. And the chances are ten to one that the work you have actually got is dull, monotonous, apparently futile; any fool could do it, though it is exhausting and inconvenient.

Axiom: Unsuitableness is characteristic of nearly all war work. Lowering your great powers down, or forcing your little powers up, to the level of the work offered — this, too, is a part of war work.

AGAIN, you have got to get away from the illusion that you can live a new life and still keep living the old

life. Everybody occupies every one of his 24 hours either in idleness or usefulness. If war work is brought in, something will have to be expelled. The essence of war work is that it may not be "fitted in." If it does not mean sacrifice, it means naught.

Axiom: If a teacup is full you cannot pour anything into it until you have poured something out.

NEARLY ALL who take up war work are under the illusion that, being a fine and noble thing, war work ought to change people's dispositions so as to produce the maximum of coöperating effort with the minimum of friction. Let us suppose that you are to sit on a committee or a subcommittee. Among its members are Miss X, who used to be a mannish and cheeky young maid; Mr. Y, who used to be an interfering and narrow-minded old maid; and Mrs. Z, who used to be nothing in particular. You enter the committee room and see these three with a few others almost equally unpromising.

You, however, are not downcast. You feel the uplifting power of a great ideal. You are determined to make the best of yourself and of everybody. But* in less than five minutes Miss X is calmly offering the most absurd proposals. Mr. Y is objecting to the rulings of the chairman and implying that the committee ought to do nothing at all. As for Mrs. Z, she voted both for and against the first resolution.

"Is it conceivable," you exclaim

in your soul, "that these individuals can behave so in such a supreme crisis? They cannot realize that we are at war!" Your faith in committees is practically destroyed. You are prepared to stand a lot, but there is a limit. You cannot be expected to work with people who are impossible. You will send in your resignation at once.

I hope you will not send it in. For at least half the committee are thinking these same things of you! You ought not to be startled. You ought to have known that people are never more themselves than in a crisis. You ought to realize that it takes all sorts to make a world, even a world at war.

Axiom: The most valorous and morally valuable war work is that of working with impossible people.

WHEN you have proved that in war work you are a decent human being — and you will prove this by sticking to the work long after you are weary of it — then you will part company with the war worker's last illusion, namely, that one's efforts will meet with gratitude. Gratitude is going to be an extremely rare commodity. There will be so few people with leisure to devote to gratitude. Everybody is or will be war-working, even the soldiers and sailors. The highest hope of the average war worker must be to escape censure. And herein is a great lesson. The reward of war work will be in the treaty of peace.

Fiction Feature

PIED PIPER



A condensation from the book by
NEVIL SHUTE

Pied Piper has been widely hailed as an outstanding novel by a master story-teller. Although its background is grim, this story of a quietly heroic old man shepherding a group of refugee children across France is crowded with human drama and high entertainment. It is, as Clifton Fadiman cleverly points out, a war story to "take your mind off the war."

Nevil Shute, the author, is a Lieutenant Commander on active service with the British Navy. He is the author of *Ordeal*, *Landfall*, and other best sellers.

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IT WAS nearly dark when the cab drew up at the little hotel, but as far as old Mr. Howard could see in the fading light Cidoton was just as he and John had left it a year ago, before the war began. He got out of the cab, somewhat stiffly. The long journey from England and across most of France had not been easy for a man nearly seventy — railway travel was disorganized, with so many men away guarding the Maginot line. So it was a relief to reach his destination at last, and to climb the familiar stone steps into the hall. As he entered, the door leading into the grill flew open, and there was Madame Lucard, buxom and cheerful as ever, with the maids grinning over her shoulder.

They gave him a vociferous French welcome. He had not thought to find himself so well remembered, but it's not very common for English people to go deep into the Jura district of France. They chattered at him nineteen to the dozen. Was he well? Had he made a good crossing of the Channel? He had stopped in Paris? And in Dijon also? That was good. It was very tiring to travel in this filthy war. He had brought a fishing rod with him this time, in-

stead of skis? That was good. He would take a little glass of Pernod with madame?

And then, his son, Monsieur John, he was well too?

Well, they had to know. He turned away from her blindly. "Madame," he said, "my son is dead. He was in the R.A.F. His plane was shot down above Heligoland Bight."

That, really, was why he had come on this fishing vacation. The spring flowers in the French Jura would be beautiful. And he wanted to see the spring, this year — to see as much of it as ever he could. He wanted to see all the new life coming on, replacing what was past. He wanted that more than anything else in the world, because of what had happened.

There had been nothing to keep him in England, since his son's death. He was a widower, and his only other child, his daughter Enid, was married and living in America. On account of his age, he hadn't been able to get anything to do in the war, not even as an air raid warden; and he had been lonely and restless, living by himself at his London club. So now he had come back to the hamlet of Cidoton, where he had spent that last vacation with John.

He settled down quite comfortably at the little inn. The fresh mountain air did him a world of good; it revived his appetite and brought him quiet, restful sleep at night. The little rustic company of the *estaminet* interested him, too. He knew a good deal of rural matters and he spoke good, slightly academic French, so that the farmers accepted him into their company.

When he first arrived, the snow was still on the ground, and his walks brought back powerful memories. The skiing slopes seemed haunted, as he looked at them. He thought to see John come hurtling over the brow, stem-christie to a traverse, and vanish in a white flurry. Sometimes the fair-haired French girl, Nicole, who came from Chartres, seemed to be with him, flying along with him in the same flurry of snow. That was the most painful impression of all.

At first, he had been annoyed to find an English woman staying in the hotel, so far from the tourist track. He had not come to France to speak English or to think in English. For the first week he sedulously avoided her, together with her two children. Her husband, a man named Cavanagh, madame told him, was an official in the League of Nations at Geneva, not more than 20 miles away as the crow flies. He was evidently fearful of an invasion of Switzerland by the Germans, and had prudently sent his wife and children into Allied France. He motored

across the border to visit them each week-end.

But Howard really couldn't escape the children: Ronald, a dark-haired, mechanically-minded little boy of eight, and a little girl, Sheila, who was just five. Both had been born in Geneva and spoke French as naturally as they did English. One day they were playing near him in the garden, and he made a whistle for them out of a hazel twig. It was a trick that he had practiced throughout his life, ever since John and Enid were children. The Cavanagh children stood by him watching his slow, wrinkled fingers as he stripped the bark from the twig, cut deftly with his penknife, and bound the bark back into place. He put it to his lips, and it gave out a shrill note. The children were delighted.

"It was so very kind of you to make that whistle for the children," Mrs. Cavanagh said that night, over coffee. "They were simply thrilled."

"Children always like a whistle, especially if they see it made," the old man said. It was one of the basic truths that he had learned in a long life, and he stated it simply.

In Cidoton the war seemed very far away. He listened to the news of the invasion of Belgium and Holland in a detached manner, shocked, but without great interest.

On the first day of the fishing season he walked six miles and caught three blue trout. He got back tired and happy, had dinner, and went up immediately to bed. In that way he

missed the first radio broadcasts of the evacuation of Dunkirk.

Next day he was jerked finally from his complacency. He sat by the radio in the *estaminet* for most of the day, distressed and worried. The gallant retreat from the beaches stirred him as nothing had for months; for the first time he began to feel a desire to return to England. He knew that there would be nothing for him to do, but he wanted to be back.

He admitted as much that night to Mrs. Cavanagh. "I don't like the look of things at all," he said. "Not at all. I think I shall go home. At a time like this, a man's place is in his home country."

She looked at him, startled. "But surely, you're not afraid that the Germans will come here, Mr. Howard? They couldn't get as far as this." She smiled reassuringly.

"No," he said, "they won't get much farther than they are now. But at the same time, I think I shall go home." He paused, and then he said a little wistfully, "I might be able to get into the A.R.P."

She knitted on quietly. "We shall miss you," she said.

He was in no real hurry to leave, and decided to stay his week out at the hotel. In fact, he had another day's fishing and was just beginning his leisurely preparations for the journey when Cavanagh appeared unexpectedly from Geneva in his little car. He looked worried, and that evening before dinner he approached the old man.

"Is it true that you're going home?" he asked.

"Yes," said Howard. "I feel now that my place is in England."

There was a short silence. Then Cavanagh said, "In Geneva we think that Switzerland will be invaded."

Howard looked at him with interest. "Do you, now! Is that going to be the next thing?"

"I think so," he said. "And if it happens I should have to stay in Geneva. I've got my work to do."

"Would that be very — wise?"

"No," said Cavanagh frankly. "But my wife agrees with me that it's the right thing to do. She wants to come back to Geneva with me. That's why I looked in to see you. Things may go hardly with us in Geneva before the war is over. A concentration camp, perhaps, where there won't be much to eat . . ."

Howard stared at Cavanagh in wonder. He had not credited the little man with such cool courage.

"It's the children," the other said apologetically. "We were thinking — Felicity was wondering if you could possibly take them back to England with you."

He went on hurriedly, before Howard could speak. "It's only just to take them to my sister's house in Oxford. But even that is asking an awful lot. If you feel you couldn't manage it . . . we'll understand."

Howard stared at him. "My dear chap," he said, "I should be only too glad to do anything I can to help. But I must tell you that at my age

I don't stand travel very well. Your children would be safer in the care of somebody a little more robust."

Cavanagh said, "That may be so. But there is no one else. The alternative is for Felicity to take the children back to England herself."

There was a pause. The old man said, "She doesn't want to do that?"

The other shook his head. "We want to be together," he said, a little pitifully. "It may be for years."

Howard stared at him. "You can count on me to do anything within my power," he said at last. "I'm 70 years old, but—" he smiled, "I ought to last a few weeks longer."

"Then you'll take them?"

"Of course I will, if that's what you want me to do."

Cavanagh went away to tell his wife, leaving the old man in a flutter. But it was already too late to retreat. When he came down to dinner and met Felicity Cavanagh in the salon, she caught his hand. "It's so very, very kind of you to do this for us," she said. It seemed to him that she had been crying a little.

"Not in the least," he said. "I shall enjoy having them as traveling companions."

TWO DAYS later Howard and the children were on board the little train that puffed out up the valley. The Cavanaghs had bravely managed to pretend that the parting was little more than a picnic, and at first the children were thrilled by the journey, talking excitedly in a mix-

ture of French and English. But very soon they began showing signs of boredom. Howard was watching for this, and had made his preparations. In his attaché case he had secreted a number of little amusements for them, given to him by their mother. He pulled out a scribbling pad and a couple of colored pencils, and set them to drawing ships.

Three hours later, they had had their lunch; the carriage was littered with sandwich wrappings and orange peel; an empty bottle that had contained milk stood underneath a seat. Sheila had had a little sleep, curled up with her head resting on Howard's lap; Ronnie stood looking out of the window, singing a little song in French about numerals —

*Un, deux, trois, *

Allons dans les bois —

Quatre, cinq, six,

Cueillir des cerises. . . .

By the time they got to Andelot, Howard felt that he knew his numerals quite well.

He had to rouse Sheila from a heavy slumber as they drew into the little country station where they had to change. Sheila woke up hot and fretful and began to cry a little for no reason at all. The old man wiped her eyes, got out of the carriage, and lifted the children down. There were no porters and he had a good deal of difficulty carrying the hand luggage. Finally he found a stationmaster, and inquired if the *Rapide* from Switzerland was likely to be late.

The man said that the *Rapide*

would not arrive. No trains from Switzerland would arrive.

Dumfounded, Howard expostulated. How, then, could one proceed toward Paris?

The stationmaster said that monsieur might rest tranquil. A local train would run to Dijon. It was incessantly expected. It had been incessantly expected for two hours.

An hour and forty minutes later, when Howard was thoroughly worn out with trying to amuse the children, the train for Dijon pulled in the station. It was very full, but he managed to find one seat and took Sheila on his knee, where she fell asleep again. Ronnie stood by the door chattering in French to a fat old woman in a corner.

Presently this woman leaned forward to Howard. She said, "Your little one has fever, is it not so?"

Startled, he said in French, "But no. She is a little tired."

She fixed him with beady black eyes. "She has a fever. It is not right to bring a child with fever in the train. It is not hygienic."

"I assure you, madame," he said, "you deceive yourself." But a horrible suspicion was creeping over him.

She appealed to the rest of the carriage. "I," she ejaculated, "— it is I who deceive myself, then! Let me tell you, m'sieur, it is not I who deceive myself. I tell you that your little one has fever. Look at her color, and her skin! She has scarlet fever, or chicken pox, or some horrible disease that clean people do not

get." She turned vehemently to the others. "Imagine, bringing a child in that condition in the train!"

There was a grunt from the other travelers. One said, "It is not correct. It should not be allowed."

Howard turned to the woman. "Madame," he said, "I ask for your help. These children are not my own, but I am taking them to England for a friend. I did not know the little one was feverish. Tell me, what would you do, as her mother?"

She shrugged her shoulders, still angry. "I have nothing to do with it, m'sieur. I would say, let children of that age stay with their mother. It is getting hot and traveling in trains that gives them fever."

With a sinking heart Howard realized that there was some truth in what she said. At the other end of the carriage somebody remarked, "English children are very often ill. The mothers expose them to currents of air." There was general agreement in the carriage.

Howard turned again to the woman. "Madame," he said, "do you think this fever is infectious? If it is so, I will get out at the next station."

The little beady eyes of the old peasant woman fixed him. "Has she got spots?"

"I — I don't think so."

She snorted. "Give her to me." She reached out and took Sheila from him. With quick fingers she undid the child's clothes and had a good look at her back and front.

"She has no spots," she said, replac-

ing the garments. "But fever — poor little one, she is hot as fire. She should be in bed."

Howard reached out for Sheila and thanked the Frenchwoman for her help. "It is clear that she must go to bed when we arrive at Dijon," he said. "Should she see a doctor?"

The old woman shrugged her shoulders. "It is not necessary. A tisane from the chemist, and she will be well. But you must not give her wine while she has fever. Wine is very heating to the blood."

Howard said, "I understand, madame. She shall not have wine."

"Not even mixed with water, or with coffee."

"No. She should have milk?"

"Milk will not hurt her. Many people say that children should drink as much milk as wine." This started a discussion of infant welfare that lasted till they got to Dijon.

The station at Dijon was seething with soldiers. With the utmost difficulty Howard got the children and his bags out of the train. Carrying Sheila in his arms and leading Ronnie by the hand, he could not carry any of his luggage; he was forced to leave everything in a corner of the station platform. At the hotel he was told that all the rooms were taken by the military.

"But, madame," he explained to the woman at the desk, "I have a sick child to look after. Is it not possible for us to arrange something?"

She was a motherly woman, and twenty minutes later he was in pos-

session of a room with one large double bed, and apologizing to an indignant French subaltern whose *capitaine* had ordered him to double up with another officer.

Leaving the children with the *femme de chambre*, who bustled about straightening up the room, Howard went down to the desk and asked where he could find a doctor. He was told that one of the officers in the restaurant was a *médecin major*. The old man pressed into the crowded restaurant, where after some inquiry he found the *médecin major* just finishing his meal. He explained the position to him. The man took up his red velvet cap and followed him upstairs.

After a quick examination the doctor said, "Be easy, monsieur. She must stay warm in bed tomorrow, and perhaps longer. But she is not infectious. Keep her in bed, monsieur. And light food only. No wine."

"No," said Howard. He took out his notecase. "Without doubt," he said, "there is a fee."

A note passed. The Frenchman folded it and put it in the breast pocket of his tunic. "You go to England?" he inquired.

Howard nodded. "I shall go to Paris as soon as she can travel, and then to England by St. Malo."

The doctor hesitated, and then said, "St. Malo is very near the Front. Perhaps there will be only military traffic there. It may be necessary that you should go to Brest. Always, there will be boats for England at Brest." He paused.

"It seems that the *sales Boches* have crossed the Seine, near Rheims. Only a few, you understand. They will be easily thrown back." He spoke without assurance.

Howard said quietly, "That is bad news."

The man said bitterly, "Everything to do with this war is bad news. It was a bad day for France when she allowed herself to be dragged into it."

He turned, and went downstairs. Howard followed him, and got from the restaurant a jug of cold milk, a few little plain cakes for the children and a couple of feet of bread, which he carried to his room.

Ronnie was standing at the window, staring out into the street. "There's lots and lots of *camions* and motors at the station," he said excitedly. "May we go down and see?"

"Not much," said the old man. "It's time you were in bed."

He gave the children their supper. Sheila seemed cooler, and drank her milk with very little coaxing. When it was time to put Ronnie into the big bed beside his sister, he asked, "Where are my pajamas?"

Howard said, "At the station. We'll put you into bed in your shirt for a start, just for fun. Then I'll go and get your pajamas."

He tucked them up carefully one at each side of the big bed, with a bolster down the middle. "Now you be good," he said. "I'm just going to get the luggage. I'll leave the lights on. You won't be afraid?"

Sheila did not answer; she was already nearly asleep, curled up, flushed and tousled on the pillow. Ronnie said sleepily, "May we see the guns and the *camions* tomorrow?"

"If you're good."

When he got to the station, the two suitcases of clothes were missing. He found only the tin case with his rods, and his attaché case. With these he returned to the hotel; tonight they must do without pajamas.

Both children were sleeping when he returned. He stretched out uneasily in the armchair, desperately worried over what the next day would bring. One fact consoled him; he had his rods, quite safe.

WHEN the *femme de chambre* came in next morning with the breakfast tray, and saw how he had spent the night, she was shocked. "Monsieur has slept so?" she said. "But there was room in bed for all!"

He felt a little foolish. "The little one is ill," he said. "When a child is ill, she should have room. I was quite comfortable."

Her eyes softened, and she clucked her tongue. "Tonight I will find another mattress," she said.

As she set the tray down upon the dressing table, he ventured, "I must go out this morning to buy a few things. I will take the little boy with me; I shall not be very long. Would you listen for the little girl, in case she cries?"

The woman beamed at him. "Assuredly. But monsieur need not

hurry. I will bring *la petite* Rose, and she can play with the little sick one."

Howard said, "Rose?"

He stood for ten minutes, listening to a torrent of family history. Little Rose was eight years old, the daughter of the woman's brother, who was in England. No doubt monsieur had met her brother? Tenois was the name, Henri Tenois. He was in London, the wine waiter at the Hotel Dickens, in Russell Square. He was a widower, so the *femme de chambre* made a home for *la petite* Rose. And so on, minute after minute.

Howard had to exercise a good deal of tact to get rid of her before his coffee cooled.

An hour later, leading Ronnie by the hand, he went out into the street. The little boy, dressed in beret, overcoat and socks, looked typically French; by contrast Howard in his old tweed suit looked very English. For ten minutes he fulfilled his promise in the market square, letting the child drink in his fill of *camions*, guns and tanks. Then at a nearby shop Howard bought pajamas for the children, and a small suitcase. They also bought for Sheila some purple sweets called *cassis*, and a large green picture book called *Babar the Elephant*. Then they turned back to the hotel.

As he entered the lobby the woman at the desk came forward hesitantly.

"Monsieur is going away soon?"

"Yes, we shall go the day after tomorrow if the little girl is well enough to travel."

She said awkwardly, "I am desolated, but it will be necessary for monsieur to go then, at the latest. The hotel is to be taken over tomorrow by the *Bureau Principal* of the railway, from Paris."

He stared at her. "Are they moving the offices from Paris, then?"

She shook her head. "I only know what I have told you, monsieur. All our guests must leave."

He was silent for a minute. Then he said, "Is there a garage where I might hire a car for a long trip?"

If he could get hold of a car, he might be able to drive straight through to the coast; he would not have to go to Paris at all.

The woman said doubtfully, "You might try the *Garage Citroën*, monsieur." She gave him directions for finding the garage. He sent Ronnie up to the bedroom with *Babar*, and ten minutes later he was in the garage owner's office.

The man was quite positive. "A car, yes," he declared. "That is the least thing, monsieur. But petrol — not a litre that has not been taken by the army. And where could I find a driver for a journey such as that? The Germans are across the Seine, monsieur; they are across the Marne. Who knows where they will be the day after tomorrow?"

The old man was silent.

The Frenchman said, "If monsieur wishes to get back to England he should go by train, and very soon."

Howard thanked him for the advice, and went out into the street.

He stopped at a café and ordered a Pernod with water. For some time he sat staring at the garish advertisements of cordials upon the walls.

Things had grown serious. If he left now, at once, it might be possible to win through to St. Malo and to England; if he delayed another thirty-six hours it might very well be that St. Malo would be overwhelmed in the tide of the German rush, as Calais had been, and Boulogne. He did not like this evacuation of the railway offices from Paris. That had an ugly sound.

But what if he were to leave now and Sheila should get worse? Suppose she took a chill and got pneumonia?

From the hotel he had tried to telegraph to the Cavanaghs in Geneva, but all communications with Switzerland had been suspended. The children were now entirely in his care; it was not caring for them to start on a long, uncertain journey regardless of their weakness and illness. That wasn't prudence. That was . . . fright.

He got up and went back to the hotel. In the lobby madame said to him, "Monsieur has found a car?"

He shook his head. "I shall stay here till the day after tomorrow. Then, if the little girl is well, we will go on by train."

He paused. "One thing, madame. I shall only be able to take one little bag for the three of us, that I can carry myself. If I leave my fishing rods, would you look after them for me for a time?"

"But certainly, monsieur. They will be quite safe."

He went upstairs with a calmer mind. Now that that little problem had been solved, he was amazed to find how greatly it had been distressing him. Just outside the bedroom, he met the *femme de chambre*.

"For tonight I have made for monsieur a bed upon the floor," she said in a low tone.

"That was very kind of you," he said, and looked curiously at her. In the dim light he could not see very clearly, but he had the impression that she was crying.

"What is it?" he asked gently. "Have the children interfered with your work? If so, I will tell madame how much you have helped me."

She shook her head, and wiped her eyes. "It is not that, monsieur," she said. "But — I am dismissed. I am to go tomorrow."

He was amazed. "But why?"

She said, "Have you not heard? The hotel is closing tomorrow. It is to be an office for the railway." She raised her tear-stained face. "All of us are dismissed, monsieur, every one. I do not know what will happen to me and *la petite Rose*."

"Will you not be all right?" he asked. "Surely so good a *femme de chambre* can get another job."

She shook her head. "It is not so. All the hotels are closing. I do not know how we shall live."

"You have relations, no doubt?"

"Only my brother, father of little Rose, and he is in England."

Howard remembered the wine waiter at the Dickens Hotel in Russell Square. He said a word or two of meagre comfort and turned away. It was impossible for him to give her any help in her great trouble.

Next day the hotel routine was already disarranged, and he saw that it would be impossible to stay on much longer. That was a worrying, trying sort of day. The war news was uniformly bad; the hotel servants stood about in little groups talking in low tones. He went to the station after breakfast with Ronnie to inquire about the trains to Paris, leaving Sheila in bed in the care of *la petite* Rose, a shy little girl with long black hair and an advanced maternal instinct. Already Sheila was devoted to her. *La petite* Rose knew how to make a rabbit from two handkerchiefs and three little bits of string, and this rabbit had a burrow in the bedclothes; when you said "Boo" he dived back into his burrow, manipulated ingeniously by *la petite* Rose. She also knew a game which involved the imitation of animals in endless repetition:

My great-aunt lives in Tours,
In a house with a cherry tree,
With a little mouse (*squeak, squeak*)
And a big lion (*roar, roar*)
And a wood pigeon (*coo, coo*) . . .

and so on quite indefinitely. It was a game that made no great demand on the intelligence, and Sheila wanted nothing better.

At the station they told him that the trains to Paris were much dis-

organized "*à cause de la situation militaire*," but trains were leaving every three or four hours. So far as they knew, the services from Paris to St. Malo were normal.

On his return he met the *femme de chambre* on the landing. She hesitated, then stopped him.

"Monsieur is leaving tomorrow?"

"I have no choice; they want the room," he replied. "But I think the little girl is well enough to travel."

She turned her face to him, beseeching. "Monsieur — it is terrible to ask. Would you take *la petite* Rose with you, to England?"

He was silent; he did not quite know what to say to that. She went on hurriedly.

"I have the money for the fare, monsieur. And Rose is a good little girl — oh, she is so good, that one. She would not trouble monsieur, no more than a little mouse."

Every instinct warned the old man that he must kill this thing stone dead — quick. But as he stared down at the tear-stained, anxious face, he temporized. "But why do you want to send her to England? The war will never come to Dijon."

The woman lifted the corner of her apron to her eyes. "Her father is in England, and in England she would be safe," she muttered. "I do not know what is going to happen to us, here in Dijon. I am afraid."

He patted her awkwardly upon the shoulder. "There," he said. "I will think about it. It's not a thing to be decided in a hurry."

That afternoon he left the children with Rose, and went to a café to think the problem through. It was not that he had anything against *la petite* Rose. On the contrary, he liked the child; she was a quiet, motherly little thing. But she would be another drag on him at a time when he knew with every instinct of his being that he could tolerate no further drags. He knew himself to be in danger. The sweep and drive of Germany down into France was no secret any longer; if he delayed too long, he would be engulfed by the invading army. For an Englishman that meant a concentration camp, and for a man of his age that probably meant death.

From his chair upon the pavement he stared out upon the quiet, sunlit *Place*. Bad times were coming for the French; if the Germans conquered they would bring with them, inevitably, their trail of pillage and starvation, gradually mounting toward anarchy as they faced the inevitable defeat. He must not let his children be caught in that. Children in France, if she were beaten down, would have a terrible time.

It was bad luck on little Rose. She had been most helpful with Sheila. Was it impossible to take her?

Now it seemed desperately cruel, impossible to leave her behind.

He sat there miserably irresolute for half an hour. In the end he got up and walked slowly back to the hotel, desperately worried. He met the *femme de chambre* upon the landing.

"I have made up my mind," he said heavily. "I will take *la petite* Rose with us to England, to her father. She must be ready to start tomorrow morning, at seven o'clock."

THE PARIS train left Dijon the next morning an hour and a half late. It was not at all crowded, and at first Howard was much relieved; but then the unnatural empty spaces began to seem ominous. It went slowly, stopping at every station and occasionally in between for long periods for no apparent reason. Howard had given the children lunch from a box of food which the *femme de chambre* had packed, and the old man was dozing a little when the train pulled into Joigny soon after one o'clock. It stood there in the station in the hot sunlight, interminably. Presently a man came down the corridor.

"*Descendez, monsieur*," he said. "This train goes no farther."

Howard stared at him, appalled. "But — this is the Paris train?"

"It is necessary to change here."

The old man went straight to the stationmaster's office. There was an officer there, a *capitaine des transports*.

"There will be no more trains for Paris, monsieur," he said. "None at all. I cannot tell you why, but no more trains will run north from Joigny."

There was a finality in his tone that brooked no argument. The old man said, "I am traveling to St. Malo, for England, with these chil-

dren. How would you advise me to get there?"

The young officer stared at him. "St. Malo? That is not the easiest journey, now, monsieur." He thought for a moment. "There would be trains from Chartres. . . . And in one hour, at half past two, there is an autobus for Montargis. . . . You must go to Chartres by way of Montargis, monsieur. . . ."

The officer turned to an angry Frenchwoman behind Howard, and the old man was elbowed out of the way. To go on to Montargis seemed the only thing to do. If all went well he would reach Chartres that night, and St. Malo the next morning; then the cross-Channel boat and he would be home in England.

He knew the ropes where French country autobuses were concerned. He found the bus out in the station yard, and sat in it with the children. If he had been ten minutes later he would not have found a seat. For the bus soon became filled with a sweating crowd of French country people. It was suffocatingly hot. The two English children stood it better than Howard could have expected; *la petite* Rose seemed to be more affected than they were. Shortly after they started out along the dusty road, she made a little wailing cry. Howard looked down, and saw her face white with a light greenish hue; before he could do anything to help her she had vomited upon the floor.

For a moment he was startled and disgusted. Then patience came back

to him; children couldn't help that sort of thing. She was coughing and weeping; he pulled out his handkerchief and wiped her face and comforted her, as best he could.

Half way to Montargis the bus heeled slowly to one side with a flat tire and drew to a stop. The driver ordered everybody out.

Howard got down with relief. They had been sitting in the bus for nearly two hours, of which an hour had been upon the road. The children were hot and fretful; a change would obviously be a good thing. He took them one by one behind a little bush in a decent manner; a proceeding which did not escape the little crowd of passengers. They nudged each other. "*C'est un anglais. . . .*"

He fetched his parcel of food, took the children a few yards up the road, and sat down in the shade of a tree.

The road stretched out toward the west, dead straight. As far as he could see it was thronged with vehicles, everything from old battered motorcars and donkey carts to perambulators and wheelbarrows, all heavily loaded and all moving the same way. It seemed as though the whole countryside were in flight.

Presently Rose said she heard an airplane.

"I hear it," Ronnie said. "Lots of airplanes."

The old man strained his ears, but he could hear nothing. "Can you see where they are?" he asked nonchalantly. A cold fear lurked in the background of his mind.

The children scanned the sky.

"V'là," said Rose, pointing suddenly. "*Trois avions — là.*"

Ronnie twisted round in excitement to Howard. "They're coming down toward us! Do you think we'll see them close?"

"Where are they?" he inquired. He strained his eyes in the direction the children were pointing. "Oh, I see. They won't come anywhere near here. Look, they're going down over there."

"Oh!" said Ronnie, disappointed. "I did want to see them close."

Howard expected to see them land among the fields beside the road, but they did not land. They flattened out and flew along just above the tree tops, one on each side of the road and one behind flying down the middle. A little crackling rattle sounded from them as they came. The old man stared, incredulous — it could not be . . .

Then, in a quick succession, from the rear machine Howard saw five bombs fall, saw five great spurts of flame upon the road, saw queer, odd fragments hurled into the air.

There was no time to do anything, to go anywhere. Howard caught Sheila and Ronnie and pulled them close to him, flat upon the ground. He shouted to Rose to lie down.

Then the machines were on them, low-winged, single-engined monoplanes with curious bent wings, dark green in color. For a moment Howard saw a gunner as he fired at them. He was a young man, not more than

20, with a keen, tanned face. He wore a student's yellow corps cap, and he was laughing as he fired.

Bombs were slung beneath the wing of the nearest plane. Howard watched in agony for them to fall. They did not fall. The machine passed by them, not a hundred feet away. He watched it as it went, sick with relief. He saw the bombs leave the machine 300 yards up the road, and stared dumbly as the debris flew upward. The three planes vanished in the distance; presently Howard heard the thunder of another load of bombs upon the road.

He released the children, and sat up upon the grass. Ronnie was flushed and excited. "Weren't they close!" he said. He was ecstatically pleased. Sheila was quite unaffected. She said, "May I have some orange?"

Howard said slowly and mechanically, "No, you've had enough to eat. Drink up your milk." He turned to Rose, and found her inclined to tears. "Did anything hit you?" he asked in French.

She shook her head. "It was the noise," she sobbed.

He patted her shoulder. "Never mind," he said a little unsteadily. "The noise won't hurt you."

Ronnie said, "I wasn't frightened, was I?"

Sheila echoed, "I wasn't frightened, was I?"

The old man said patiently, "Nobody was frightened. Rose doesn't like that sort of noise, but that's not being frightened." He stared over at

the little crowd around the bus. Something had happened there; he must go and see. "You can have an orange," he said. "One third each. Will you peel it, Rose?"

"*Mais oui, monsieur.*"

He walked over to the bus. To his astonishment, there were no casualties, but the bus itself had been badly machine-gunned. The driver was staring despondently at the engine. A man beside him turned aside to spit. "*Ça ne marche plus,*" he said succinctly.

It took a moment or two for the full meaning of this to come home to Howard. "What does one do?" he asked the driver. "Will there be another bus?"

"Not unless they find a madman for a driver." There was a strained silence. Then the driver said, "One must continue on foot."

It was appalling, but it was the only thing to do. He went into the wrecked body of the bus and collected their things, the two cases and a remaining parcel of food. Then they started out to walk slowly in the direction of Montargis, some 15 miles farther on. The old man patiently let the children go at their own pace, which because of Sheila was slow.

Presently they came to the place where a load of bombs had dropped.

Ronnie said clearly and with interest, "Are those dead people, Mr. Howard?"

He steered them over to the other side of the road. "Yes," he said

quietly. "You must be very sorry for them."

Ahead of them were two motorcars jammed in the road, where a bomb had fallen. One of the cars was wrecked beyond redemption, and there was much blood upon the road. As they approached, four men had just finished clearing the road for their decrepit de Dion to pass, and were clambering back into the old two-seater. On the grass verge a quiet heap was roughly covered by a rug. Howard stopped by them as the driver started his engine.

"Killed?" he asked quietly.

The man said bitterly, "What do you think? The filthy Boches!" He let the clutch in and the car moved away. Fifty yards up the road it slowed down for an instant. One of the men leaned back and shouted at him, "You — with the children. You! *Gardez le petit gosse!*"

Howard turned around in bewilderment and noticed for the first time a little boy of five or six on the far side of the road. He was dressed in gray shorts and a gray jersey, and was standing absolutely still, staring toward them. His face was a dead grayish white.

Howard caught his breath at the sight of him, and said very softly, "Oh, my God!" He had never seen a child looking like that, in all his seventy years. He crossed quickly over to him, the children following. The little boy stood motionless as he approached, staring at him vacantly.

The old man said, "Are you hurt at all?"

There was no answer. The child did not appear to have heard him.

"Don't be afraid," Howard said. Awkwardly he dropped down on one knee. "What is your name?"

There was no answer. Howard looked round for help, but at the moment there were no pedestrians. He got to his feet again, desperately perplexed. It seemed impossible to leave this child. At Montargis perhaps there would be a convent; he would take him to the nuns.

He crossed quickly to the other side of the road, telling the children to stay where they were. He lifted up a corner of the rug. They were a young, fairly well-dressed couple, terribly mutilated in death. He nerved himself, and opened the man's coat. There was a wallet with the identity card in the inside pocket: Jean Duchot, of 8 bis, Rue de la Victoire, Lille. He took the wallet and some letters, and stuffed them into his pocket; he would turn them over to the next gendarme he saw.

He went back to the children. Sheila came running to him, laughing. "He is a funny little boy," she said merrily. "He won't say anything at all!"

Howard took Sheila by the hand. "Don't bother him," he said to her gently. "I don't suppose he wants to play just now."

"Why doesn't he want to play?"

He did not answer that, but said to Rose and Ronnie, "You take one

of the cases each, for a little bit." He went up to the little boy and said to him, "Will you come with us?"

There was no answer, no sign that he had heard.

Howard stood in perplexity; then he stooped and took hold of a chilly, damp little hand. "*Allons, mon vicux*," he said with gentle firmness, "we're going to Montargis." He turned to the road; the boy in gray stirred and trotted docilely beside him. Leading one child with either hand the old man strolled down the long road; the other children followed behind, each with a case.

A little farther up the road, they had a bit of luck. They stopped at a farm for a drink and as they stood by the well the old man spied an ancient perambulator amongst a pile of rubbish. After some haggling he persuaded the old farm woman to part with it for 150 francs. Hens had been roosting on it, covering it with their droppings; he set Ronnie and Rose to pull up handfuls of grass to wipe it down with. When they had finished he surveyed it with some satisfaction. It was a filthy object still, and grossly expensive, but it solved a great many of his problems.

He was able to buy a little bread from the old woman, and he put it with the cases in the pram. Rather to his surprise nobody wanted to ride but they all wanted to push it; he found it necessary to arrange turns. "The youngest first," he said. "Sheila can push it first."

Presently Sheila tired of pushing.

Rose said, "Now it is the turn of Pierre." In motherly fashion she turned to the little boy in gray.

Howard asked, "How do you know his name is Pierre?"

"He said so — at the farm."

The old man had not heard a word from the little boy; indeed, he had been secretly afraid that he had lost the power of speech. Not for the first time he was reminded of the great gulf that stretches between youth and age.

Rose seemed to have made some contact with the little fellow already. When she trotted with the pram he trotted with her; when she walked he walked, but otherwise he seemed completely unresponsive. The blank look never left his face.

Ronnie said, "Why doesn't he say anything, Mr. Howard? He is funny."

Howard said, "He's been very unhappy. We must be as nice and as kind to him as we can."

Suddenly Sheila said, in French, "Then why don't you make him a whistle, like you did for us?"

They all beamed up at him in expectation.

"I don't mind making him a whistle," he said placidly. He doubted if it would do any good, but it would please the other children. "We'll have to find a hazel bush."

Presently one was found and Howard set to work with a practiced hand. When it was finished, he lifted the whistle to his lips. It blew a little low note, pure and clear.

"There you are," he said. "That's for Pierre."

Rose took it and put it gently to the little boy's lips. "*Siffle*, Pierre," she said.

A little woody note sounded above the other noises of the road.

Clearly, it was impossible for them to reach Montargis. They had come about five miles from where they had left the bus, and it was growing late. The children were weary and fretful. It was time for them to find a lodging.

Howard turned in to a farm beside the road and asked at the door for a bed for the children.

The gnarled old woman who opened it said, "There are no beds here. Do you take this for a hotel?"

Behind her stood a buxom young woman. "They could sleep in the barn, *ma mère*," she said.

The old dame looked Howard up and down. "Have you any money?"

He said, "Enough to pay for a good bed for these children, madame."

She led him to the barn — a large, bare apartment with a threshing floor at one end, empty and comfortless. The younger woman followed behind them.

He shook his head. "I am desolated, madame, but the children must have a bed. I must look somewhere else."

He heard the younger woman whisper something about the hayloft, and the older woman protest angrily. He heard the young one

say, "*Ils sont fatigués, les petits. . .*" They turned aside to confer.

The hayloft proved to be quite possible. He bargained for them to sleep there for fifteen francs. He found the women had milk to spare, and the younger woman offered to take his loaf of bread and make bread and milk for the children.

She returned while he was doing what he could to make the children comfortable under the hay. "You have no blankets, then?" she said.

"It was necessary to leave everything, madame," he said quietly.

She went away without speaking, but ten minutes later she returned, with two coarse blankets of the sort used for horses. "Do not tell *ma mère*," she said gruffly. "When the children are asleep, monsieur, come and have a bowl of soup with us."

Half an hour later he went gratefully into the kitchen. They had a stock pot simmering upon a charcoal stove; the old woman helped him to a large bowl of steaming broth and gave him a spoon.

Suddenly she said, "Are you from Alsace? You speak like a German."

He shook his head. "I'm an Englishman."

"Ah — an Englishman!" They looked at him with renewed interest. "But the children, they are not English."

With some difficulty he explained the position to them. They listened to him in silence, only half believing what he said. The old woman had never been beyond the market town.

It was difficult for her to comprehend a world where people traveled to another country, far away from home, merely to catch fish. And as for an old man who took care of other people's children, it simply did not make sense at all.

He felt better after finishing the soup, much better. He thanked them with grave courtesy, and went back to the barn in the falling dusk.

The children were curled up together in odd attitudes; the little boy Pierre twitched and whimpered in his sleep. He still had the whistle clutched in one hand. Howard withdrew it gently and put it in his pocket, then spread the blanket more evenly over the sleeping forms. Finally he trod down a little of the hay into a bed, and lay down himself, pulling his jacket round him.

He was awake at dawn next morning, but found the women already busy about the work of the farm. He spoke to the older one, and asked if she would make some coffee for the children. Three francs for the four of them, she said. He reassured her on that point, and went to get the children up.

He found them already running about, and sent them down to wash their faces at the pump. The little boy in gray hung back. From the ladder Rose called to him, but he would not go.

Howard, folding up the blankets, glanced at him. "Go on and wash your face," he said in French. "Rose is calling you."

The little boy put his right hand on his stomach and bowed to him. "Monsieur," he whispered.

The old man looked at him nonplussed. It was the first time he had heard him speak. The child stood looking at him imploringly, his hand still on his stomach. "*J'ai perdu le sifflet*," he whispered, at last.

"Oh, here's your whistle," said Howard. "Quite safe. Now go down and let Rose wash your face." He watched thoughtfully as the child slumbered backwards down the steps.

He followed the children to the farmhouse and gave them their coffee with the remainder of the bread. Then he attended to their more personal requirements, and paid the old lady for food and lodging. It was a little past seven when he led them out on to the road again, pushing the pram before him.

At about ten in the morning, as they were coming into a tiny hamlet, firing broke out to the north of them. It was distant, possibly ten miles away or more, but definitely to the north, between them and Paris. Howard was worried and perplexed. Surely, it could not be that the Germans were surrounding Paris to the south?

There was one small *estaminet* in the village which sold a few poor groceries. The children were beginning to tire so he led them in and bought them two long orange drinks between the four of them.

There were other refugees there, sitting glum and silent. One old man

said presently, to no one in particular, "They say that the Boches have taken Paris."

The wizened old woman of the house said it was true. It had said so on the radio. A soldier told her.

Howard listened, shaken to the core. It was incredible that such a thing could happen. Silence fell upon the room again; it seemed that no one had any more to say. Only the children wriggled on their chairs and discussed their drink.

The old man left them and went over to the grocery counter. He had hoped to find some oranges, but no oranges were left, and no fresh bread. All he could get was some thick hard biscuits rather like dog biscuits, a long, brown, doubtful-looking sausage, four bottles of the orange drink, and for his own weariness of the flesh, a bottle of cheap brandy. As he was turning away he saw a single box of chocolate bars, and bought a dozen for the children.

Their rest finished, he led them out upon the road again. To encourage them on the way he broke one of the chocolate bars accurately into four pieces, and gave it to them. Three of the children took their portion avidly. The fourth shook his head dumbly, and refused.

The old man said gently in French, "Don't you like chocolate, Pierre? It's so good."

The little boy whispered, "*Merci, monsieur. Maman* says no. Only after *déjeuner*."

For a moment the old man's mind

went back to the torn bodies under the rug by the roadside; he forced his mind away from that. "All right," he said in French, "we'll keep it, and you shall have it after *déjeuner*." He put the morsel carefully in a corner of the pram seat; the little boy watched with grave interest. "It will be safe there."

Pierre trotted on beside him, quite content.

AS THE DAY wore on, the heat became intense. At about a quarter to twelve they came to a place where a little stream ran beside the road. Howard decided to make a halt, and told the children they might go bathing.

The English children needed no further encouragement, and were out of their clothes and splashing in the water in a few seconds; but Rose shook her head in scandalized amazement. "It is not nice, that, monsieur."

He glanced at the little naked bodies gleaming in the sun. "No," he said reflectively, "I suppose it's not. Still, they may as well go on, now they've started."

Finally the French children were persuaded to go paddling and presently, among the children's chatter, Howard heard a shrill little sound that was quite new to him.

It was Pierre laughing.

Suddenly, behind his back he heard a man say, "God love a duck. Look at them bleeding kids — just like Brighton."

Another said, "Nèver mind about

the kids. Look at the mud they've stirred up. We can't put that stuff in the radiator."

Howard swung round and there, before him in the field, were two men, dirty and unshaven, in British Royal Air Force uniform. One was a corporal and one a driver. They had left an enormous workshop lorry by the roadside.

The old man started up. "Can you give us a lift?" he burst out.

The corporal stared at him, amazed. "And who the muckin' hell might you be?"

"I'm English. We're trying to get through to Chartres. Can you give us a lift?"

"What, you and all them kids? I dunno about that, mate. How far do you want to go?"

"I'm trying to get back to England."

"You ain't the only one."

"I only want a lift to Chartres. They say that trains are running from there to St. Malo."

"You don't want to believe all these Froggies say. Tried to tell us it was all right goin' through a place called Susan yesterday, and when we got there it was full of muckin' Jerries! All loosing off their hipes at Bert and me like we was Aunt Sally! Ever drive a ten-ton Leyland, mate?"

The old man shook his head.

"Well, she don't handle like an Austin Seven. Bert stuck 'is foot down and I got the old Bren going over the windshield and we went round the roundabout like it was the

banking at Brooklands, and out the way we come, and all we got was two bullets in the motor generator and a little chip out of the aft leg of the Herbert lathe, what won't make any odds if the officer don't notice it. But fancy saying we could go through there! Susan the name was, or something of that."

The old man blinked at him. "Where are you making for?"

The corporal said, "Place called Brest. Not the kind of name I'd like to call a town, myself, but that's the way these Froggies are. Officer said to go there if we got cut off, and we'd get the lorry shipped back home from there."

Howard said, "Take us with you."

The other looked uncertainly at the children. "I dunno what to say. Them kids ain't English."

"Two of them are. They're speaking French now, but that's because they've been brought up in France."

"What are the other two?"

"They're French."

"I ain't taking no Froggie kids along," the corporal said. "I ain't got no room, for one thing, and they're just as well left in their own place, to my way of thinking. I don't mind obliging you and the two English ones."

Howard thought for a moment. "If it's a matter of room," he said, "will you take the four children through to Brest with you? I can give you money for anything they'll want."

The other wrinkled his brows.

"You mean take them two Froggie kids along 'stead of you?"

"I'll be all right. I know France very well."

"Don't talk so bloody soft. What'd I do with four muckin' kids and only Bert along o' me?" He swung round on his heel. "Come on, then. Get them kids dressed toot and sweet — I ain't going to wait all night. And if I finds them messing with the Herbert I'll tan their little bottoms for them, straight I will."

He swung off toward his lorry. Howard called the children and got them dressed as quickly as he could, although they were wet and their clothes stuck to them.

The lorry was stuffed full of machinery, including the enormous Herbert lathe in the middle. The men's kitbags occupied what little room there was. Howard helped the children up among the machinery. The corporal finally agreed to let the old pram be hoisted up on the roof, but he refused point-blank Ronnie's request to ride beside the driver. "I got the Bren there, see?" he said, "I don't want no perishing kids around if we runs into Jerries."

Howard said, "I see that." Somehow they all got settled, and with a low purr and a lurch the lorry moved forward along the road. It was half an hour later that the old man realized that they had left Sheila's pants beside the stream in their hurry.

The road was ominously clear and they made good speed. They soon left Montargis behind them, and

an hour later they were near Pithiviers, twenty-five miles beyond. They drew up by the roadside half a mile from the town and held a consultation. The road stretched straight before them to the houses, with no soul in sight. They stared at it, irresolute. "I dunno as I fancy it," the corporal said. "It don't look right."

"I don't mind walking in ahead to have a look," said Howard, "if you wait here."

"Walk in ahead of us?"

"With all these refugees about I can't see that there'd be much risk. I'd rather do that than drive in with you if there's any chance of being fired on."

"Something in what he says," the driver said. "If the Jerries *are* there, we mightn't find another round about this time."

The old man said, "I'll have to take the children with me."

"What for? I don't want to sit here all the bloody day, mate."

"I'm not going to be separated from the children." Howard paused. "You see, they're in my charge. Just like your lathe."

The driver burst out laughing. "That's a good one, Corp! Just like your muckin' lathe," he said.

The corporal said, "Well, put a jerk in it, anyway. Wave something if it's all right to come on."

Howard looked fearfully for Germans as he hurried his children into the town, but it seemed virtually deserted; only one or two very old women peered at him from behind

curtains or around the half-closed doors of shops. In the gutter a tattered, dirty child that might have been of either sex in its short smock was chewing something horrible.

It was a beastly, sordid little town, the old man felt. He caught one of the old women at a door. "Are the Germans here?" he asked.

"They are coming from the north," she quavered. "They will ravish everyone, and shoot us."

The old man felt instinctively that this was nonsense. "Have you seen any Germans in the town yet?"

"There is one there." She pointed a trembling, withered hand at the child in the gutter. "It speaks only German. It is the child of spies." She caught his arm with senile urgency. "Throw a stone and chase it away. It will bring the Germans to this house if it stays there."

Howard shook her off. It was now clear to him there were no Germans in the town. As he turned away, there was a sharp crack, and a fair-sized stone rolled down the pavement near the German spy. The child slunk off 50 yards down the street, and squatted down again upon the curb.

The old man was very angry, but he had other things to do. He said to Rose, "Look after the children for a minute, Rose. Don't let them go away, or speak to anyone."

He hurried back and waved to the lorry to come on. As it drew up, the corporal leaned down from the cab. "Any juice here, do you think?" The

old man looked at him, uncomprehending. "Petrol, mate."

"Oh — I don't know. I wouldn't hang about here very long."

"That's right," the driver muttered. "We got close on five gallons left. Get us to Angerville."

"Okay." The corporal said to Howard, "Get the kids into the back and we'll 'op it."

The children had wandered up the road to the German spy, who was crying miserably.

"Rose," Howard shouted. "Come on. Bring the children."

She called in a thin, piping voice, "*Il est blessé*. Somebody threw a stone at him and hit him. I saw them do it. It is not right, that."

True enough, Howard found a sticky stream of blood running down the back of the child's neck into his filthy clothes. He took his handkerchief and mopped at the wound.

Ronnie said, "He's coming with us, Mr. Howard. He can sit on the other end of Bert's kitbag by the 'lectric motor."

The old man said, "He belongs here. We can't take him with us."

"The woman said he has been here only two days," said Rose.

There was a hurried, heavy step behind them. "For God's sake," said the corporal.

Howard explained what had happened. "What'll we do?" he asked.

"Bring him along, mate, if you feel like it. I ain't worried over the amount of spying that he'll do. Anyway, we got to beat it."

The old man bent and spoke to the child. "Would you like to come with us?" he said in French.

The little boy said something in another language.

Howard said, "*Sprechen Sie deutsch?*" That was the limit of the German that he could recall at the moment, but it drew no response.

He straightened up, heavy with new responsibility. "We'll take him with us," he said quietly. "If we leave him here they'll probably end by killing him."

"If we don't get a move on," said the corporal, "the bloody Jerries will be here and kill the lot of us."

In the van, crouched down beside the lathe with the children huddled round him, the old man pulled out a sticky bundle of his chocolate. He broke off five pieces for the children; as soon as the German spy realized what it was he stretched out a filthy paw and said something unintelligible. He ate it ravenously, and stretched out his hand for more.

Rose scolded at him in French, "Is that the way to eat? A little pig would eat more delicately — yes, truly, I say — a little pig. You should thank monsieur, too, like this —" she swung round and bowed to Howard — "*je vous remercie, monsieur*."

Her words passed him by, but the pantomime was evident. He looked confused. "*Dank, mijnheer*," he said awkwardly. "*Dank u wel*."

Howard was perplexed. It was a northern language, but not German.

It might, he thought, be Flemish or Dutch. In any case it mattered very little; he himself knew no word of those languages.

They drove on at a good pace through the hot afternoon. The road was suspiciously clear. They passed only a very few refugees, and very occasionally a farm cart going on its ordinary business. The whole countryside seemed empty, dead.

Three miles from Angerville the corporal turned to Howard. "Getting near that next town now," he said. "We got to get some juice there, or we're done."

The old man said, "If you see anyone likely on the road I'll ask them where the military depot is."

"Okay."

Soon they came to a farm, and Howard went in to make inquiries. After a few minutes, he returned, his face grave.

"Not very good news, I'm afraid," he said. "The Germans are in Angerville. A whole regiment."

There was a pause. "Bloody 'ell," the corporal said at last. He said it very quietly, as if he were suddenly tired. "We can't go back without juice. This puts the lid on it."

The other two were silent.

"I wanted to get home with that big Herbert," the corporal said to Howard. "I wanted to get that through okay, as much as I ever wanted anything in all my life. Straight, I did. But I ain't going to." He got down from the cab onto the ground.

"What are you going to do?" asked Howard.

"I'll show you what I'm going to do." He led the old man to the side of the great lorry, about half way down its length. There was a little handle sticking out through the side chassis member, painted bright red. "I'm going to pull that 'andle and run like bloody 'ell."

"Demolition," said the driver, at his elbow. "Pull that, an' up she goes."

The corporal said, "Come on, now. Get them kids out of the back. I'm sorry we can't take you any farther, mate, but that's the way it is."

Howard said, "What will you do, yourselves?"

The corporal said, "Mugger off cross country to the south, an' hope to keep in front of the Jerries. You'll be all right," he added, a little awkwardly. "They won't do nothin' to you, with all them kids."

The old man said, "Don't worry about us. You've got to get back home, to fight again."

"We got to dodge the muckin' Jerries, first."

There was nothing then to wait for. Howard collected his few possessions and stowed them in the pram, took the corporal's address in England, and gave his own.

"So long, mate," said the corporal. "See you one day."

The old man said, "So long."

He gathered the children round him, and set off with them slowly down the road in the direction of

Angerville. From time to time he glanced back over his shoulder. He saw the driver start off across the field toward the south while the corporal bent to some task at the lorry. Then the corporal got up and began to run; when he had gone about 200 yards there was a sharp, crackling explosion. A sheet of flame shot outwards from the lorry. Parts of it sailed up into the air and fell upon the road and into the fields. A little tongue of fire appeared, and then it was in flames.

Ronnie said, "Coo, Mr. Howard. Did it blow up?"

"Yes," he said heavily, "that's what happened." He turned away. "Don't bother about it any more."

Two miles ahead were the roofs of Angerville. The net was closing upon him now. With a heavy heart he led the children toward the town.

THERE was nothing to be done but to walk straight into Angerville. It was hopeless for him, with the children, to attempt a dash across the country to the south as the Air Force men had done.

On the edge of the town they passed a train of very dirty lorries halted by the road, drawing in turn up to a garage and filling their tanks at the pump. The soldiers wore field-gray uniforms and had tired faces; they moved about their work like so many machines.

Sheila said, "Are those Swiss soldiers, Mr. Howard?"

"No," he said, "they're not Swiss."

He gathered the children around him. "Look," he said in French, "you mustn't be afraid. They are German, but they won't hurt you."

From a nearby group of soldiers an *Unterfeldwebel* came up to them; he wore long black boots and breeches stained with oil. "That is the proper spirit," he said in harsh, guttural French. "We Germans are your friends." The man smiled, a set, expressionless grin. "How far have you come?"

"From Pithiviers."

"Have you walked so far?"

"No. We got a lift in a lorry which broke down a few miles back."

The German said, "So. Then you will want supper. In the *Place* there is a soup kitchen where you may go."

Howard said, "*Je vous remercie.*" There was nothing else to say.

The man was pleased. He ran his eye over them, and frowned at the little boy in the smock. He stepped up and took him by the head, not ungently, and examined the wound upon his neck.

"So!" he said. "By the church there is a field hospital. Take him to the *Sanitätsunteroffizier*." He dismissed them curtly, and turned away.

In the town square in front of a row of tanks and armored cars a German military band was playing for an audience of the townspeople. The villagers stood gaping curiously at the intruders, peering at the tanks and furtively studying the uniforms and accoutrements of the men.

Ronnie said in English, "May we go and listen?"

The old man looked quickly round and led the children away from the crowd. "Try not to speak English while we're here," he said quietly to Ronnie.

Sheila piped up, "May I speak English, Mr. Howard?"

A passing Frenchwoman looked at them curiously. The old man beat down his irritation; they were only children. He said in French, "The Germans don't like to hear English. If you speak English I'll find a little frog to put into your mouth."

Rose said, "Oo — to hear what monsieur has said! A little frog! It would be horrible, that."

In mixed laughter and apprehension they went on talking in French.

The field hospital was on the far side of the square. It consisted of a large marquee extending from a lorry. At the entrance a lance-corporal of the medical service stood, idle and bored, picking his teeth.

Howard said to Rose, "Stay here, and keep the children with you." He led the little boy up to the tent, and said to the man in French, "The little boy is wounded. A little piece of plaster or a bandage, perhaps?"

The man glanced at the wound. "So!" he said. "*Kommen Sie — entrez.*"

Inside the tent was a doctor wearing a white overall. He examined the child deftly, without comment, turning the injured head to the light. Then he opened the child's soiled

clothes and looked at his chest. At last, rather ostentatiously, he rinsed his hands.

"You will come again," he said to Howard in thick French, "in one hour — six o'clock."

"*Bien compris,*" said the old man. He left the tent, wondering what dark trouble lay in store for him. It could not take an hour to put a dressing on a cut.

Still, there was nothing he could do. He did not dare even to enter into any longer conversation with the German; sooner or later his British accent must betray him. He went back to the children, and led them away from the tent.

Earlier in the day — how long it seemed! — Sheila had suffered a sartorial disaster in that she had lost her knickers. It had not worried her or any of the children, but it had weighed on Howard's mind. Now was the time to rectify that omission. To ease Ronnie's longings they went and had a look at the German tanks in the *Place*; then, ten minutes later, he led them to a draper's shop not far from the field hospital.

As he entered, he saw a German soldier at the counter, and recognized him as the orderly from the hospital. It was too late to draw back, so he stood aside, behind some bales, till the German had finished his purchases.

A little bundle of clothes lay upon the counter before the soldier: a yellow jersey, a brown pair of children's shorts, socks, and a vest.

"*Cinquante quatre, quatre vingt dix,*" said the woman at the counter.

The German did not understand her rapid way of speech. He pushed a little pad of paper toward her, and she wrote the sum upon the pad for him. He took it and studied it. Then he signed the paper, tore it off, and gave it to her.

"That is a requisition," he said in difficult French. "You will be paid later." He gathered up the garments.

She protested. "I cannot let you take away the clothes unless I have the money. My husband — he would be furious. Truly, monsieur — that is not possible at all."

The man said stolidly, "That is money, good German money. If you do not believe it, I will call the Military Police. As for your husband, he had better take our German money and be thankful. Perhaps he is a Jew? We have a way with Jews."

There was a momentary silence in the shop; then the hospital orderly gathered up his purchases and swaggered out. The woman remained staring after him, uncertainly fingering the piece of paper.

Howard went forward and distracted her. She roused herself and showed him children's pants. With much advice from Rose upon color and design, he chose a pair for Sheila, paid three francs fifty for them, and put them on her in the shop.

The woman stood fingering the money. "You are not German, monsieur?" she said heavily. She glanced down at the money in her hand.

He shook his head.

"I thought perhaps you were. Flemish?"

It would never do to admit his nationality, but at any moment one of the children might betray him. He moved toward the door. "Norwegian," he said at random. "My country also has suffered." And he hurried out.

At six o'clock he left the children beside a church and went alone to the hospital. The orderly saw him coming. "Wait here," he said. "I will tell the *Herr Oberstabsarzt*."

Soon there was a movement in the tent, and the doctor was there leading a child by the hand. It was a strange new child, sucking a sweet. It was spotlessly clean, with short cropped hair trimmed close to its head with clippers. It was a little boy. He wore a yellow jersey and a pair of brown shorts, and he smelt very strong of disinfectant. On his neck was a clean white dressing.

The doctor said, genially, "So! My orderly has given your boy a bath. That is better?"

The old man said, "It is wonderful, *Herr Doktor*. And the clothes, too. I do not know how to thank you."

The doctor swelled visibly. "It is not me that you must thank, my friend," he said with heavy geniality. "It is Germany! We Germans bring you peace, and cleanliness, and the ordered life that is true happiness. A new Order has begun."

There was rather an awkward si-

lence. Howard was about to say something suitable, but the yellow jersey caught his eye, and the image of the woman in the shop came into his mind. He stood hesitant for a moment. The doctor gave the child a little push toward him. "What Germany has done for this one little Dutchman she will do for all the children in the world," he said. "You are his father?"

Fear lent speed to the old man's thoughts. A half truth was best. "He is not mine," he said. "He was lost and quite alone in Pithiviers. I shall take him to the convent."

The man nodded, satisfied with that, and Howard led the boy out.

He found Rose standing more or less where he had left her, with Sheila and Pierre. But there was no sign of Ronnie.

Rose said, "I told him that you would be cross, m'sieur. But he ran off, to see the tanks." She pointed excitedly toward the parked tanks. "Look, m'sieur," she said, "there he is now, right inside the tank, there — with the German soldiers!"

A cold fear entered Howard's heart. He could see Ronnie's little head just sticking out of a steel hatch as he chattered eagerly to the German soldier with him. It was a pretty little picture of fraternization.

He knew that Ronnie would most probably be talking French; there would be nothing to impel him to break into English. But he knew also that if he himself called Ronnie, the boy would at once break out in

English to tell them all about the tank. The old man thought fast. He pointed to the soup kitchen a hundred yards down the *Place*. Very casually he said to Rose, "Go and fetch Ronnie; and bring him to us there. Are you hungry?"

"*Oui, m'sieur.*"

As he watched her run off through the crowd, her bare legs twinkling, the old man sent up an urgent prayer for the success of her unwitting errand. There was nothing now that he could do. Their future lay in the small hands of two children, and in the hands of God.

Outside the soup kitchen was a trestle table, with benches. He sat the children down and fetched the soup and bread for them.

He turned, and Rose was at his elbow with Ronnie. The little boy was still flushed and ecstatic. "They took me right inside!" he said in English.

The old man said gently in French, "If you tell us in French, Pierre can understand, too." He did not think anyone had noticed. But the town was terribly dangerous for them.

Ronnie said in French, "May I go for a ride with them tomorrow, m'sieur? They say I might."

The old man said, "We'll have to see about that. We may not be here tomorrow."

Rose said suddenly, "They are dirty Germans, who come here to murder people."

The old man coughed loudly. "Go on and eat your supper," he said,

"all of you. That's enough talking for the present."

At all costs he must get the children out of Angerville. It was getting late, but he must not spend the night here. He must move on.

The children were very slow eaters. The old man waited, with the patience of old age. It would do no good to hurry them. When they had finished he wiped their mouths, thanked the German cook politely, collected the pram, and led them out onto the road to Chartres.

But the children were too tired to go far, and at last he was forced to stop. He turned in at the next farm, and finding the door to the farmhouse locked and the place deserted, he led the children as on the previous night to the hayloft; in a short time they were all asleep.

Howard lay resting on the hay near them, tired to death. In the last hour he had taken some brandy for the weariness and weakness that he was enduring; now fatigue came soaking out of him in great waves. They were in a desperate position. There could be no hope now of getting through to England. The German front was far ahead of them; all France seemed overrun. The only hope of escaping detection would be to hide for a while in the house of some French citizen. But he knew no one in this part of France that he could go to.

He lay musing bitterly on the future, only half awake.

It was not quite correct to say

that he knew nobody. He did know, slightly, some people in Chartres — the family of that French girl, Nicole Rougeron, who had skied with John at Cidoton eighteen months before. Her father was a colonel in the army. He had seen a good deal of the father. They had played draughts together in the evening over a Pernod, and had pondered together whether war would come. The old man began to consider Rougeron seriously. If by some chance he should be in Chartres, there might yet be hope for them.

Chartres was not far away, not much more than 25 miles. With luck they might get there tomorrow. Probably Rougeron would be away, but — it was worth trying.

Presently he slept.

The next morning while he was helping the children wash their faces at the pump, there was a step behind him, and he turned to meet a formidable woman, who was the farmer's wife. She demanded crossly what he was doing there.

The old man explained.

She eyed him keenly. "You are English," she said.

He said, "If I were English, madame, what of that?"

"They are saying in Angerville that the English have betrayed us, that they have run away, from Dunk'rk."

He felt himself to be in peril. This woman was quite capable of giving them all up to the Germans.

He faced her boldly, and looked her in the eyes. "Do you believe that

England has abandoned France?" he asked. "Or do you think that is a German lie?"

She hesitated. "These filthy politics," she said at last. "I only know that this farm now is ruined." She was silent for a minute. Then she said, "You *are* English, aren't you?"

He nodded without speaking.

She said, "You had better go away, before anybody sees you."

He turned, and called the children to him, and walked over to the pram. Then, pushing it in front of him, he went toward the gate.

She called after him, "Where are you going to?"

He paused. "To Chartres."

She said, "By the tram?"

He repeated uncertainly, "The tram?"

"It passes at ten minutes to eight."

Hope of a lift to Chartres surged up in him. "But is it still running, madame?"

"Why not? These Germans say that they have brought us Peace. Well, then, the tram will run."

He thanked her, and walked out to a place where the track crossed the road; presently a small puff of steam announced the little narrow gauge train, the so-called tram.

Three hours later they walked out into the streets of Chartres, still pushing the pram. It was as easy as that; a completely uneventful journey.

CHARTRES, like Angerville, was full of Germans. They swarmed everywhere, particularly in the lux-

ury shops, buying with paper money silkstockings, underclothes, and all sorts of imported food.

In a telephone booth the old man found the name of Rougeron in the directory; they lived in an apartment in the Rue Vaugiraud. He did not ring up, feeling the matter to be a little difficult for the telephone. Instead, he asked the way, and walked round to the place, still pushing the pram, the children trailing after him.

He left the children on the landing while he found the apartment. It was the daughter Nicole who came to the door.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "I have come to see your father, Monsieur le Colonel. I do not know if you will remember me; we have met before. At Cidoton."

She did not answer for a moment. The old man blinked his eyes; in his fatigue it seemed to him that she was holding tight onto the door. He recognized her very well. She wore her hair in the same close-curved, French manner.

She said at last, "My father is away from home. I—I remember you very well, monsieur."

He said easily in French, "It is very charming of you to say so, mademoiselle. Will Monsieur le Colonel be back today?"

She said, "He has been gone for three months, Monsieur Howard. He was near Metz. That is the last we have heard."

He had expected as much, but the disappointment was no less keen.

He hesitated, and then drew back.

"I am so sorry," he said. "I had hoped to see Monsieur le Colonel, as I was in Chartres. You have my sympathy, mademoiselle. I will not intrude further upon your anxiety."

She said, "You are in difficulty, Monsieur Howard, and I . . . I am not a child. Will you not come in? We can talk of this together."

He turned and motioned to the children. Then he glanced at the girl, and caught an expression of surprise, bewilderment, upon her face. "There are rather a lot of us, I'm afraid," he said apologetically.

She said, "But I . . . I do not understand, Monsieur Howard. Are these your children?"

He smiled. "I'm looking after them. They aren't really mine." He hesitated, and then said, "It is true that I am in a position of some difficulty, mademoiselle."

She smiled also, and turned to call: "*Maman!* Come quickly; here is Monsieur Howard, from Cidoton!"

Madame Rougeron came bustling out; the old man greeted her ceremoniously. Then for a few minutes he stood with the children pressed close round him in the little salon of the flat, trying to make the two women understand his presence with them. It was not an easy task.

The mother gave it up. "Well, here they are," she said, content to let the why and wherefore pass. "Have they had *déjeuner*? Are they hungry?"

The children smiled shyly. How-

ard said, "Madame, they are always hungry. But do not derange yourself; we can get *déjeuner* in the town."

She said that was not to be thought of. "Nicole, stay with monsieur while I make arrangements." She bustled off to the kitchen.

The girl turned to the old man. "You seem very tired. Sit down. *Déjeuner* will be ready before long."

The old man looked down at his hands, grimed with dirt. He had not washed properly since leaving Dijon. "I am desolated that I should appear so dirty," he said. "Presently perhaps I could wash?"

She smiled again, and he found comfort in her smile. "It is not easy to keep clean in times like these," she said. "Tell me from the beginning, monsieur — how did you come to be in France at all?"

He lay back in the chair. It would be better to tell her the whole thing; indeed, he was aching to tell somebody, to talk over his position.

"You must understand, mademoiselle," he began, "that I was in great trouble early in the year. My only son was killed. He was in the Royal Air Force, you know. He was killed in a bombing raid."

She said, "I know, monsieur. I have the deepest sympathy for you."

He hesitated, not quite sure if he had understood her correctly. Some idiom had probably misled him. He plunged into his story. It took about a quarter of an hour to tell, in the slow, measured tones of an old man.

When he had told the strange tale

it was time for déjeuner. By padding out the midday meal with rice, Madame Rougeron had produced a risotto; they sat down to it round the table and had the first civilized meal Howard had eaten since Dijon.

Afterward, sitting at the littered table over coffee, while the children played in a corner, he discussed his future with the two women.

"If I could get to England," he said, "I could send Pierre and the little Dutch boy to America. My daughter has a big house on Long Island. She would make a home for them till the war ends."

Nicole said, "That would be your daughter Enid?"

He turned to her, faintly surprised. "Yes, that is her name. She has a little boy herself, about their age. She would be very good to them."

"I am sure of that, monsieur."

For a moment the difficulty of getting them to England escaped him. He said, "It's going to be practically impossible to find the little Dutchman's parents, I'm afraid. We don't even know his name."

Ronnie looked up. "We do," he said. "It's Willem Eybe."

Madame Rougeron said, "But if he can't speak any French or English, how did you find that out?"

The children stared at her, uncomprehending, a little impatient of adult density.

"He *told* us," they explained.

Howard said, "Did he tell you anything more about himself?" But there was a silence.

After a while the mother said, "It is clear that you are in a difficulty, monsieur. What is it that you want to do?"

"I want to get to England with these children, madame. Also," he said gently, "I do not wish to get my friends into trouble." He rose from his chair. "It has been most kind of you to give us déjeuner. I am indeed sorry to have missed seeing Monsieur le Colonel. I hope that when we meet again you will be reunited."

The girl sprang up. "You must not go," she said. "It is not possible at all, that." She swung round on her mother. "We must devise something."

The older woman shrugged her shoulders. "It is impossible. The Germans are everywhere."

The girl said, "If Father were here, he would devise something."

Howard said, "You must not put yourselves to inconvenience on our account. I assure you, we can get along very well."

The girl said, "But monsieur — your clothes alone — they are not in the French fashion." She turned to her mother. "We must lend him an old suit of Father's — the brown one."

Madame shook her head. "The gray is better. It is less conspicuous." She turned to the old man. "Sit down again," she said. "Nicole is right. We must devise something."

She insisted that he plan to spend the night, and he was too tired to protest very much. Presently she excused herself. Nicole proposed to

take the children for a walk, and Howard, worn out, settled down for a nap on the couch.

By the time he woke, the children had all been fed and put to bed, and Howard sat down with the two women to supper. Afterward he accepted a curious, thin, dry, black cigar from a box left by his absent host.

Nicole announced, "This afternoon, I have been thinking." She turned to her mother. "Jean Henri Guinevec," she said, and she ran the two Christian names together to pronounce them Jenri.

Madame said placidly, "Jean Henri may have gone already, *ma petite*."

Howard said, "Who is he?"

The girl said, "He is a fisherman, of Le Conquêt, near Brest. He has a very good boat. He is a great friend of my father, monsieur."

They told him about this man. For thirty years it had been the colonel's habit to go to Brittany each summer, taking his wife and daughter with him. They had come to know his fishermen friends through the years. "Jenri would help us to help Monsieur Howard," she said confidently. "He has a fine big boat that could cross easily to England."

The old man said, "It really is most kind of you to suggest this. If you would give me the address, then — I would try to go on by train tomorrow." He hesitated. "I must go soon," he said. "Later, the Germans may become more vigilant."

"That we can do," said Madame.

Then, as it was getting late, she

got up and went out of the room. After a few minutes the girl followed her; from the salon Howard could hear the mutter of their voices in the kitchen, talking in low tones.

When Nicole returned, she said, "Maman has gone to bed; she has asked me to wish you a very good night." She hesitated, and then went on a little awkwardly, "I have been talking with my mother. We both think that I should come with you to Brittany, Monsieur Howard."

There was a momentary silence; the old man was taken by surprise. "That is a very kind offer," he said. "Most generous of you, mademoiselle. But I cannot accept it. I may get into trouble with the Germans. I should not like to involve you in my difficulties."

She said, "I thought you might feel that, monsieur. But I have discussed the matter with Maman, and it is quite decided. Do not refuse me, Monsieur Howard, I want so very much to help you."

He was touched. "I was only thinking of your safety, mademoiselle," he said gently. "You have done a very great deal for me already. Why should you do more?"

She said, "Because of our old friendship."

He made one last effort to dissuade her. "But, mademoiselle," he said, "that friendship which I value was never more than a slight thing — a mere hotel acquaintance. You have already done more for me than I could have hoped for."

She said, "Perhaps you did not know, monsieur. Your son and I . . . John . . . we were good friends." There was an awkward pause.

"So it is quite decided," she said, turning away. "We are quite of one mind, my mother and I. Now, monsieur, I will show you your room."

After she had left, the old man put on the long linen nightgown of the colonel's they had laid out for him and got into bed. The soft mattress and the smooth sheets were infinitely soothing after two nights spent in haylofts.

It had been nice of Nicole to tell him in her queer, French way that she had been good friends with John; his heart warmed to her for that. Both she and her mother were being infinitely kind to him, and this proposal that Nicole should come with him to Brittany was so kind as to verge on the quixotic. He could not refuse the offer; already he had come near to giving pain by doing so. And to have her help might make the whole difference to his success in getting the children to England.

She had changed very much, that girl. Her whole expression was different. She looked ten years older; the dark shadows beneath her eyes matched the black scarf she wore about her neck. Quite suddenly the thought came into his mind that she looked like a widow. He wondered if she had lost a fiancé in the war. He must ask her mother, delicately, before he left the flat; it would be as well to know in order that he might

avoid any topic that was painful to her.

He slept all through the night, an unusual feat for a man of his age. He was still sleeping when she came in with his breakfast tray. She had brought him the gray suit of her father's, rather worn and shabby, and a pair of old brown canvas shoes, a horrible violet shirt, a celluloid collar rather yellow with age, and an unpleasant tie.

"These clothes are not very chic," she said apologetically. "But it will be better for you to wear them, Monsieur Howard, because then you will appear like one of the little bourgeoisie."

Three quarters of an hour later he was up and dressed, and standing in the salon while the girl viewed him critically. "You should not have shaved again so soon," she said. "It makes the wrong effect, that."

He said that he was sorry. Then he took note of her appearance. "You have made yourself shabby to come with me, mademoiselle," he said. "That is a very kind thing to do."

She said, "Marie, the servant, lent me this dress."

She wore a very plain black dress to her ankles, without adornment of any kind. Upon her feet she wore low-heeled, clumsy shoes and coarse black stockings.

Madame Rougeron came in, and put down her basket on the table. "There is a train at noon," she said unemotionally. "There is a German soldier at the ticket-window who

asks why you must travel, but they do not look at papers. They are very courteous and correct." She paused. "But there is another thing."

She took from the pocket of her gown a folded handbill. "A German soldier left this paper with the concierge this morning. There was one for each apartment."

They spread it out upon the table. It was in French, and it read,

CITIZENS OF THE REPUBLIC!

The treacherous English, who have forced this unnecessary war upon us, have been driven in disorderly flight from our country. Now is the time to rise, and root out these plutocratic warmongers wherever they may be hiding, before they have time to plot fresh trouble for France.

It is your duty if you know of an Englishman in hiding to tell the police, or the nearest German soldier.

Severe penalties await those who shield these rats.

Howard read it through quietly twice. Then he said, "It seems that I am one of the rats, madame. After this, I think it would be better that I go alone, with the children."

She said that it was not to be thought of. And then she said Nicole would never agree.

The girl said, "That is very true. It would be impossible for you to go alone, as things are now. I do not think you would get very far before the Germans found that you are not a Frenchman, even in those clothes." She slipped the paper with

disgust. "This is a German thing," she said. "You must not think that French people talk like this, Monsieur Howard."

"It is very nearly the truth," he said ruefully.

"It is an enormous lie," she said.

She went out of the room. The old man, grasping the opportunity, turned to her mother. "Your daughter has changed greatly since we were at Cidoton, madame," he said.

The woman looked at him. "She has suffered a great deal, monsieur." She hesitated for a minute. Then she said, "She was in love with a young man. We did not arrange the affair, and she tells me nothing."

Nicole came bustling into the room, a little fibre case in her hand. "This we will carry in your perambulator," she said. "Now, monsieur, I am ready to go."

There was no time for any more conversation with Madame Rougeron. Nicole was kissing her mother goodbye. The old woman stood trembling, suddenly aged. "*Prenez bien garde,*" she said tremulously. "These Germans — they are wicked, cruel people."

The girl said gently, "Be tranquil. I shall come to no harm." She turned to Howard. "*En route, donc,* Monsieur Howard," she said. "It is time for us to go."

They left the apartment and started down the street. Howard pushed the loaded pram and Nicole, shepherding the children, followed.

Presently she said, "Give me the

pram, monsieur. That is more fitting for a woman to push, in the class that we represent."

He surrendered it to her; they must play up to their disguise. "When we come to the station," she said, "say nothing at all. I will do all the talking. Do you think you could behave as a much older man?"

He said, "I would do my best."

She nodded. "We have come from Arras," she said. "You are my uncle, you understand? Our house in Arras was destroyed by the British. We are on our way to visit your brother, in Landerneau."

"Landerneau," he repeated. "Where is that, mademoiselle?"

"It is a little country town just this side of Brest, monsieur. I think they may allow us to go there, when it would be impossible for us to travel directly to the coast. Jenri's father-in-law has a farm there."

The approach to the station was crowded with German transport lorries; German officers and soldiers thronged around. Howard, mindful of his part, walked with a shambling gait; his mouth hung open a little, and his head shook rhythmically.

Nicole shot a glance at him. "It is good, then," she said. "Be careful you do not forget your role."

She pushed him ahead of her to the barrier. A German officer stood by the ticket puncher; the old man checked and turned back to the girl in senile bewilderment. She said something cross, and shoved him through.

"It is not five children that I have," she said bitterly to the ticket collector. "It is six." The man laughed, and the German smiled faintly. They were safely through.

Their train did not go all the way through to Landerneau; they had to stop off for the night at Rennes. At the station they were issued tickets to the refugee hostel, a converted cinema.

They gave up their cards at the entrance and pushed their pram inside. The seats had all been removed, and an old French woman issued them a palliasse and a blanket each and showed them a corner where they could make a little camp apart from the others. Free soup was given out at one end of the hall.

An hour later, the children were laid down to rest. Neither Howard nor Nicole were yet ready for sleep, and they sat for a while, their backs against the wall, talking in low tones about their journey.

Then quite suddenly the old man felt that he would like to talk to her about John. She would understand his sorrow because she had known John. They had been skiing companions — friends, she had said.

Still, it cost him an effort to speak. "I lost my son, you know," he said, staring straight ahead of him. "He was killed flying — he was a Squadron Leader, in our Royal Air Force. He was shot down by three Messerschmitts on his way back from a bombing raid. Over Heligoland."

There was a pause.

She turned toward him. "I know that," she said gently. "They wrote to me from the Squadron."

Howard glanced at the girl. "You knew my son so well, mademoiselle?" he said. "I did not know."

In turn, she felt the urge to talk. "We used to write," she said. "Ever since Cidoton we used to write, almost each week. And we met once, in Paris — just before the war. In June, that was." She paused, then added quietly, "Almost a year ago today."

The old man said, "My dear, I never knew anything about this."

"No," she said. "Nor did I tell my parents."

"May I ask one question?"

"But yes, Monsieur Howard."

He stared straight ahead, embarrassed. "Your mother told me that you had had trouble," he said. "That there had been a young man — no doubt that was somebody else?"

"There was nobody else," she said quietly. "Nobody but John."

She shook herself and got to her feet. "See," she said, "one must put down a palliase, or there will be no room left by the wall."

At last the old man said, "May I ask one more question?"

She faced him, "Yes, monsieur."

"You have been very good to me," he said quietly. "I think I understand now. That was because of John?"

There was a long silence. She stood looking out across the room, motionless. "No," she said at last.

"That was because of the children."

"One loses faith," she went on quietly. "One thinks that everything is false, and bad." He glanced at her, puzzled. "I did not think there could be anyone so kind and brave as John," she said. "But I was wrong, monsieur. There was another one. There was his father."

She turned away. "So," she said, "we must sleep." She spoke practically, almost coldly, but he did not resent that; he understood the reason for her curtness. He lay down on the palliase, his mind in a tumult over what he had learned.

BY EIGHT o'clock the next morning they were under way again. All day the train ground slowly on in the hot sun. It was not crowded, and they seldom had anybody in the carriage with them, which was a relief. The German troops traveling were confined strictly to their own part of the train. On all the large station platforms guards were much in evidence, but at the wayside halts they did not seem to worry about passengers leaving the station.

Nicole drew Howard's attention to this feature. "It is good, that," she said. "At Landerneau it may be possible to go through without questioning. But if we are stopped, we have still a good story to tell."

He said, "Where are we going to tonight, mademoiselle? I am entirely in your hands."

"To the Arvers farm," she said. "Aristide Arvers is Jenri's father-in-

law. They are in good circumstances, you understand. Aristide is a careful man, my father used to say. He breeds horses for our army."

It was four o'clock when the train pulled into the station of Landerneau, a sleepy little place on a tidal river. They tumbled out of the carriage with relief, and were able to leave the station unchallenged. Out on the road the air seemed fresh and sweet, suggesting that the sea was not so very far away. The children were not to be hurried, and it was nearly suppertime when they arrived at the Arvers farm. It seemed a well-kept and prosperous place.

Mr. Arvers, a small man of 55 or so, with sharp features and a shrewd look, was on his way back from the stables and greeted them as they turned in at the gate. He raised his eyebrows a little when Nicole introduced the Englishman, but bowed ceremoniously. Then he turned back to Nicole to inquire about her father, and led them into the farmhouse.

Seated in his little office, Nicole said, "I will come directly to the point, Monsieur Arvers. Monsieur Howard is a very old friend of my family. He is traveling with several children, and he is trying to return to England. My mother and I have talked about this, and it seemed to us that Jean Henri could help, perhaps, with his boat. There is money enough to pay for any services."

The man said nothing for a time. At last he said, "The Germans are not to be trifled with."

Howard said, "We appreciate that, monsieur." He told the whole story from the beginning, including his plan to send Willem and Pierre to his married daughter in America.

The man stared at him dubiously. "You will send them over the Atlantic to your daughter? Unknown, foreign children?"

The old man said, "My daughter is very fond of all children. They will be safe with her."

Arvers got up suddenly from his desk. "It is impossible," he said. "If Jean Henri should put his hand to this, the Germans would shoot him, beyond all doubt. You have no right to suggest such a thing." He paused, and then he said, "I have my daughter, Jean Henri's wife, to consider."

There was a long pause. At last Howard turned to Nicole. "That's the end of that," he said. He smiled at Arvers. "I understand perfectly. In your place, thinking of my daughter, I should say the same."

Arvers looked uncomfortable. He said awkwardly, "Would it help you to stay for the night? We do not have beds for so many, but something could be managed."

Nicole said warmly, "You are very kind, monsieur."

The horse dealer called his wife in from the kitchen, a stolid peasant woman. He spoke to her, told her that the party would stay with them for the night, introduced her formally to them. Nicole shepherded the children after her into the kitchen. Arvers turned to Howard.

"You will take a little glass of Pernod, perhaps?" he said.

A little glass of Pernod seemed to the old man to be a very good idea. They sat down and began to talk about horses and country matters.

Suddenly Arvers said, "Your daughter, Monsieur Howard. She will surely find so many foreign children an encumbrance? Are you so certain that they will be welcome in her home?"

The old man said, "They will be welcome, all right."

The Frenchman sat silent for a little time, staring into his glass.

"This is a bad time for children, this filthy war," he said at last. "There is one here — a hard case, if you like."

Howard looked at him inquiringly. The Frenchman poured him out another Pernod. "A friend in Paris asked me if I had work for a Pole," he said. "In December, that was — just at Christmas time. A Polish Jew who knew horses, who had escaped into Rumania and so by sea to Marseilles. Well, you understand, the war had taken five of my eight men, and it was very difficult."

Howard nodded. "You took him on?"

"Assuredly. Simon Estreicher was his name, and he arrived one day with his son, a boy of ten. There had been a wife, but I will not distress you with that story. She did not escape the Boches, you understand."

The old man nodded.

"Well, this man Estreicher worked

here till last week, and he worked well. He was quiet and gave no trouble, and the son worked in the stables too. Then last week the Germans came here, and took him away -- to Germany, to forced labor."

"Did they take the son as well?"

"They never asked for him, and he was in the paddock at the time, so I said nothing. One does not help the Germans in their work. But it was very hard on that young boy."

Howard agreed with him. "He is with you still, then?"

"Where else could he go? He is useful in the stables, too. But before long I suppose they will find out about him, and take him away also."

Nicole came to call them to the kitchen for supper. They all ate at a long table, together with two men from the farm and a black-haired, Jewish-looking boy whom Madame called Marjan, and who said nothing during the meal.

Afterward, Arvers escorted Nicole and Howard back to the salon; there he proposed a game of dominoes, and Howard settled down to it with him. The horse dealer played carelessly, his mind on other things.

Presently he returned to the subject that was on his mind. "Are many children going to America, monsieur? I cannot comprehend how you can be so positive that they will be welcomed. America is very far away. They do not bother about our difficulties here."

Howard shrugged his shoulders. "They are a generous people."

The horse dealer seemed incredulous. "It would cost a great deal of money to provide for a child, perhaps for years."

"It's just the sort of thing they *do* do," said Howard. "They pour out their money in a cause like that."

Arvers stared at him keenly and thoughtfully. "Would they provide for Marjan Estreicher?" he inquired at last. "No doubt they would not do that for a Jew."

"I don't think it would make the slightest difference. Certainly not to my daughter."

Nicole moved impulsively beside him. "Monsieur . . ." she said, but he stopped her with a gesture. She subsided into silence again, watchful.

Howard said steadily, "I would take him with me, if that is what you want. I would send him to the United States with the other children. But before that, I should want help to get them all away."

"Jean Henri?"

"Assuredly, monsieur."

The other got up, displacing the unheeded game of dominoes with his sleeve.

"The risk is enormous," he said stubbornly. "Think what it would mean to my daughter if you should be caught."

"Think what it would mean to that boy, if he should be caught," the old man said.

Arvers said, "I know that. That is what troubles me."

Nicole said suddenly, "Does Marjan want to go? You cannot make

him if he does not want to. He is old, that one."

"He is only ten," said Arvers.

"Nevertheless," she said, "he is quite grown up. We cannot take him if he does not want to go."

Arvers went out of the room; in a few minutes he returned, followed by the boy. He said to him, "This is the matter, Marjan. This monsieur here is going to England if he can escape the Germans, and from England the children with him are going to America. In America they will be safe. There are no Germans there. Would you like to go with them?"

The boy stood silent. They explained it to him again. At last he said, in almost unintelligible French, "In America, what should I work at?"

Howard said, "What do you want to do when you grow up?"

Without any hesitation the boy said, "I want to kill Germans."

There was a momentary silence. Arvers smiled, a little ruefully. "I am afraid he is not making a very good impression," he said.

Howard hesitated, irresolute. "Do you want to come with us?" he asked.

The boy nodded his black head.

"If you come with us, you will have to forget all this about the Germans," said the old man. "You will have to go to school and learn your lessons, and play baseball, and go fishing, like other boys."

The lad said gravely, "I could not kill a German for another two or

three years because I am not strong enough. Not unless I could catch one asleep and drive a pitchfork into his belly as he slept. But in America I could learn everything, and come back when I am 15 years old, and big and strong."

Howard said gently, "There are other things to learn in America besides that."

The boy said, "I know there is a great deal to learn, monsieur. One thing, you should always go for the young women — not the men. If you get the young women, then they cannot spawn, and before long there will be no more Germans."

"That is enough," said Arvers sharply. "Go back to the kitchen and stay there till I call you."

The boy left the room. The horse dealer turned to Nicole. "I am desolated that he should have said such things," he said.

The girl said, "He has suffered. And he is very young."

Arvers nodded. "I do not know what will become of him," he said morosely.

Howard said, gently, "That is in your hands, monsieur. He will never escape the Germans unless you help him."

There was a long, long silence in the falling dusk.

Arvers said at last, "I will see what I can do. Tomorrow I will drive mademoiselle to Le Conquêt and we will talk it over with Jean Henri. You must stay here, with the children, and keep out of sight."

HOWARD spent most of the next day sitting in the paddock in the sun, while the children played around him.

In the middle of the afternoon, suddenly, he was aroused by a series of heavy explosions over in the west. These mingled with the sharp crack of gunfire; the children stopped their games and stared in wonder.

Ronnie said wisely, "That was the Germans bombing someone, wasn't it, Mr. Howard?"

"I expect so," he replied. He held up the whistle he was making. "Come and hold this bark while I bind it." In the production of whistles the raid faded from their minds.

Later in the afternoon Nicole returned with Arvers. Both were very dirty, and the girl had a deep cut on the palm of one hand, roughly bandaged. Howard was shocked at her appearance.

"My dear," he said, "whatever happened? Was there an accident?"

She laughed, a little shrilly. "It was the British," she said. "It was an air raid. We were caught, in Brest — this afternoon. But it was the British, monsieur, that did this to me."

Madame Arvers came bustling up with a glass of brandy. Then she led the girl off into the kitchen. Howard was left in the paddock, staring out toward the west.

After a little while Nicole came out into the garden, white-faced and with her hand neatly bandaged. Madame hustled the children into the kitchen for their supper.

Howard asked after her hand.

"It is nothing," she said. "When a bomb falls, the glass in all the windows flies about. That is what did it."

"Did bombs fall near you?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "It was the German ships in the harbor, I think, that they were bombing. But several of the planes dropped their bombs in a long line, and these lines spread right into the town."

There was a little silence. "Were many people hurt?" he asked at last.

She said, "I think very many."

He was very much upset and she laid her hand upon his arm. "Many of the bombs fell into the Port Militaire," she said gently. "One or two went wide, but that was not intended. I think they may have hit the ships." She paused, and then she said, "I think John would have been very pleased."

"Yes," he said heavily, "I suppose he would have been."

She took his arm. "Come in the salon, and we will drink a Pernod together, and I will tell you about Jean Henri."

The plan of escape, she told him, had been worked out in detail. Jean Henri was not to appear himself, for the sake of his wife, but he had made an arrangement with a young De Gaullist friend named Simon Focquet, who was anxious to get out of France. He was to have a boat ready to sail from a little fishing wharf in L'Aber Wrach, a bit north of Brest, the next night at midnight. Howard

was to drive them to the village with a cartload of manure, which Arvers had arranged to have delivered to a friendly farmer there.

After dinner they discussed the matter further with Arvers. Nicole said, "When we get to L'Aber Wrach, how do we get in touch with Focquet?"

The horse dealer said, "Tomorrow night, Focquet will come at nine o'clock to the *estaminet* upon the quayside. He will appear to be slightly drunk, and he will ask for Pernod des Anges. In that way you will know him."

"You have done much for me, monsieur," Howard said. "I can at present make only a partial repayment of the cost of the boat; but I shall see to it that the balance is repaid in full after the war."

Next afternoon all was in readiness. Arvers had provided peasant clothes for Howard to wear: a coarse, stained flannel shirt, torn blue cotton trousers, a dirty canvas pullover, and a black, floppy Breton casque. Nicole had tied an old shawl over her head. The children, who had been playing at the duck pond, were sufficiently dirty to pass muster without any painting of the lily. Ronnie and Willem were scratching themselves a good deal, which added verisimilitude to the act.

Ronnie said, in English, "Are we going to ride on the boat now, Mr. Howard?"

"Not just yet," he said in French. "You must all be very careful to speak French only, all the time."

Sheila said, "Why must we speak French? I want to speak English, like we used to."

"We shall be among the Germans," Nicole replied. "They do not like people who speak English. You must be very careful to speak only in French."

Rose said suddenly, "Marjan says the Germans cut his mother's hands off."

Howard said gently, "No more talk about the Germans now. We are going to have a ride in a horse and cart."

The cart was waiting for them in one of the outbuildings. Willèm and Marjan swung themselves up into it at once; but the English children, with Pierre and Rose, hung back.

Rose said, "It is not correct to ride in a cart full of horse dung, made-moiselle. My aunt would be very cross with me if I did that."

Nicole said brightly, "Well, I'm going to. You can walk with monsieur and help lead the horse, if you like." She hustled the other children into the cart before her; it was only half full and there was room for all of them to stand in front of the load. Howard, feeling very odd in his dirty peasant clothes, untied the bridle of the old gray horse, and led him out into the road.

It was not until they reached the outskirts of the town that they were stopped by a German *Unteroffizier*.

He asked in very bad French, "Where are you taking this to?"

The old man raised his head and

put his hand to one ear: "Eh?"

The German repeated his question in a louder tone.

"The farm of Loudeac," the old man said.

The *Unteroffizier* looked at Nicole. "And madame goes too?"

Nicole smiled at him, and put her hand upon Pierre's shoulder. "It is the little one's birthday," she said. "It is not easy to make fête these days. But as the load is only half and therefore easy for the horse, we make this little journey for an outing for the children."

The *Unteroffizier* smiled. "Proceed," he said lazily. "Many happy returns of the day."

Howard jerked up the old horse, and they paced steadily on. Ahead, blue and hazy in a dip between two fields, the old man saw the sea. His heart leaped when he saw it. All his life he had taken pleasure from the sight and savour of the sea. England seemed very close. By tomorrow evening, perhaps, he would have crossed that blue expanse; he would be safe in England with the children.

A little farther along the road he recognized the farm on the hill where he was to leave the cart, and led the horse into the farmyard. From here they went on foot to the waterfront.

Lying beside the quay was a German E boat, apparently in trouble with her engines, for men in overalls were busy upon her. A few German soldiers lounged about, watching.

Ronnie said in French, "Is that a torpedo boat? May we go see it?"

"Not now," said Nicole. "We are going to have supper now."

When they entered the *estaminet*, a few fishermen standing by the bar looked at them narrowly; it seemed to Howard that they had divined his secret as soon as they set eyes on him. He led the children to a table in a far corner, a little away from the men. Nicole went through to the kitchen to speak to madame about supper for the children.

When the food came, they ate uneasily, conscious of the glances from the bar. The leaden time crept on, and still no one else entered the *estaminet*. Soon the children became uncontrollably restless. Ronnie said, wriggling in his chair, "May Sheila and I go out and look at the sea?"

It was better to have them out of the way than calling fresh attention to themselves. Howard said, "Go on. You can go just outside the door and lean over the harbor wall. Don't go any farther than that."

A few minutes later a big, broad-shouldered young man in fisherman's red poncho and sea boots rolled into the *estaminet*. One would have said that he had visited competitive establishments on the way, because he reeled a little at the bar. He took in all the occupants of the *estaminet* in one swift, revolving glance like a lighthouse.

"Ha!" he said, "Give me a Pernod des Anges, and to hell with the *sales Boches*."

The men at the bar said, "Quietly. There are Germans outside."

The girl behind the bar wrinkled her brows. "Pernod des Anges? It is a pleasantry, no doubt? Ordinary Pernod for m'sieur?"

The man said, "You have no Pernod des Anges?"

"No, m'sieur. I have never heard of it."

The man remained silent, holding to the bar with one hand, swaying a little. Howard got up and went to him.

"If you would like to join us in a glass of the rouge," he said.

"Assuredly." The young man crossed with him to the table.

Howard said quietly, "Let me introduce my daughter-in-law, Mademoiselle Nicole Rougeron."

The young man stared at him. "You must be more careful of your accent," he said softly out of the corner of his mouth. "Leave the talking to me."

He slumped down into a seat beside them and took a glass of the red wine. "Here is the matter," he said quietly. "My boat lies at the quay, but I cannot take you on board here, because of the Germans. You must wait here till I leave, and then take the footpath to the Phare des Vaches — that is an automatic light on the rocks, half a mile toward the sea, that is not now in use. I will meet you there with the boat."

Howard said, "That is clear enough. How do we get onto the footpath from here?"

Focquet proceeded to tell him. Howard was sitting with his back to

the *estaminet* door, facing Nicole. As he was listening to the directions his eye fell on the girl's startled face. "Monsieur . . ." she said, and stopped.

There was a heavy step behind him, and a few words spoken in German. He swung round in his chair; the young Frenchman by his side did the same. Advancing upon their table was a German soldier with a rifle. Beside him was one of the engineers from the E boat by the quay, in stained blue dungarees.

The moment remained etched upon the old man's memory. In the background the fishermen around the bar stood tense and motionless; the girl had paused, cloth in hand, in the act of wiping a glass.

The man in dungarees was staring down at them. He spoke in English with a German-American accent.

"Say," he said. "Which one of you is a Britisher?"

Howard was too astonished to answer. And just then another German soldier entered, leading in Ronnie and Sheila. Both were very much alarmed, Sheila in tears, and they ran straight to Howard.

"So that's how it is," said the German-American. "I guess these kids belong to you. They talk English pretty fine, finer'n anyone could learn it. You'll all have to go along for a talk with the *Feldwebel*."

Howard rose without a word, and gave a hand to each child. The man in dungarees stared oddly at him for a minute, then repeated his order in

very elementary French. Nicole rose and followed Howard with the other children. Focquet broke into a protesting torrent of words, but a soldier prodded him roughly in the back with the butt of his rifle, and he became suddenly silent. Together, under the guard of the soldiers, they left the *estaminet*.

Ronnie said, "I told Sheila you would be angry if she talked English, but she would do it."

"Never mind," said Howard. "You can talk English all you like now."

They had not gone far before they were marched into the house that was the guardroom. Behind a bare trestle table sat the *Feldwebel*.

He listened to the report of the soldier, and glanced them up and down scornfully. "So," he said at last. "*Cartes d'identité*."

Focquet and Nicole produced their French identity cards; the man studied them in silence. Then he looked up. Howard put down his British passport on the bare table, in the manner of a man who plays the last card of a losing hand.

The *Feldwebel* smiled faintly, and studied it with interest. "Sol!" he said. "*Engländer*. Winston Churchill."

He gave a few orders in German. The party were searched for weapons, and all they had was taken from them and placed on the table — papers, money, watches, even their handkerchiefs. Then a soldier escorted them to another room with a few palliasses laid out upon the floor, gave them a blanket each, and left.

Howard turned to Focquet. "I am very sorry this has happened."

The young man shrugged his shoulders philosophically. "It was a chance to travel and to see the world, with De Gaulle," he said. "Another chance will come." He threw himself down on one of the palliasses, pulled the blanket round him, and composed himself to sleep.

Howard and Nicole arranged other palliasses for the children, and got them settled down to sleep. Then they sat side by side on the floor, staring out of the barred window.

Nicole was the first to break the silence. "They will examine us in the morning. What shall we say?"

"Tell them the exact truth."

"What about Marjan? We must be careful not to bring in Arvers."

"I will say that I picked him up on the road."

She nodded. "On the road, before you came to Chartres. I will see that he understands that. He has become clever at deceit, that one."

They sat in silence for a long time after that. One of the children, probably Willem, stirred and whimpered uneasily in his sleep; outside a guard paced on the dusty road. After a while the old man heard the girl's breathing grow more regular, and he got up stiffly and threw a blanket over her. And then, much later, he himself fell into a restless sleep.

TEXT MORNING they were roused early, given a breakfast of bread and bitter coffee, and herded out

into a camouflaged motor lorry. After a drive of a few miles they were unloaded at a big house over which floated the swastika flag. Here they were left in a corridor between their guards, while the *Feldwebel* went into an office to report to his superior.

They waited for over half an hour. The children, apprehensive and docile at the first, became restless. Sheila said mutinously, "I want to go out in the sun and play."

Nicole stooped to her and said, "Do you remember Babar the Elephant?"

The little girl nodded.

"And Jacko the Monkey? What did he do?"

Laughter, as at a huge, secret joke.

"He climbed up Babar's tail, right up onto his back!"

The stolid German guards looked on mirthlessly, uncomprehending. It confused them that their prisoners should be so flippant as to play games with their children outside the very office of the Gestapo.

The door was flung open and the party were called to attention. The *Feldwebel* came to the door.

"*Folgen Sie mir! Halt! Rührt Euch!*" They found themselves in the office, facing a long table. Behind this sat a young officer in a black uniform and a beret, a *Rittmeister* of the Tank Corps, and an older man with a square, close-cropped head and a keen, truculent expression. He held himself very straight and stiff, and also wore a black uniform, but more smartly cut. This man, as

Howard subsequently learned, was Major Diessen of the Gestapo.

He stared at Howard, looking him up and down, noting the clothes he wore, the Breton casque upon his head, the stained poncho jacket.

"So," he said harshly, but in quite good English. "We still have English gentlemen traveling in France." He paused. "Nice and Monte Carlo," he said. "I hope that you have had a very pleasant time."

The old man was silent. There was no point in answering the taunts.

The officer turned to Nicole. "You are French," he said, fiercely and vehemently. "You have been helping this man in his secret work against your country. You are a traitor to the Armistice. I think you will be shot for this."

The girl stared at him, dumfounded. Howard said, "There is no need to frighten her. We are quite ready to tell you the truth."

"I know your English truth," the Gestapo officer replied. "I will find my own, even if I have to whip every inch of skin from her body and pull out every fingernail."

Howard said quietly, "What do you want to know?"

"I want to know what means you used to make her help in your work."

Howard said, "I will answer your question so far as I can. I have no work in France, but I was trying to get back to England with these children. As for this young lady, she was a great friend of my son, who is now dead."

Nicole said, "Monsieur Howard came to us in Chartres when all traveling to England had been stopped. I have known Focquet here since I was a little girl. We were trying to induce him to take monsieur and the children back to England in his boat, but he was unwilling on account of the regulations."

The old man stood silent, in admiration of the girl. If she got away with that one, it let Focquet out completely.

The officer's lips curled. "I have no doubt that Mister Howard wanted to return to England," he said drily. "It is getting quite hot here, for fellows of his sort." He went on suddenly, and sharply. "We captured Charenton. He is to be executed tomorrow, by shooting."

There was a momentary silence. The German watched the party narrowly, his keen eyes running from one to the other.

Howard said at last, "I am afraid I don't understand. I don't know anybody called Charenton."

"No," said the German. "And you do not know your Major Cochrane, nor Room 212 of your War Office in Whitehall."

The old man could feel the scrutiny of the officers upon him. "I used to know a Major Cochrane who had a house near Totnes, but he died in 1924. That is the only Cochrane that I ever knew."

The Gestapo officer smiled without mirth. "You expect me to believe that?"

"Yes, I do," the old man said. "Because it is the truth."

Nicole interposed, speaking in French. "May I say a word? There is a misunderstanding here, truly there is. Monsieur Howard has come here directly from the Jura, stopping only with us in Chartres. He will tell you himself."

Howard said, "That is so. Shall I explain how I came to be here?"

The German officer looked ostentatiously at his wrist watch and leaned back in his chair, insolently bored. "If you must," he said. "I will give you three minutes."

The old man paused to collect his thoughts. It was impossible for him to compress his story into three minutes; his mind moved too slowly.

"I came to France from England in the middle of April," he said. "You see, I had arranged to go to a place called Cidoton in the Jura, for a little fishing holiday."

The Gestapo officer sat up suddenly, galvanized into life. "What sort of fish?" he barked. "Answer me — quick!"

Howard stared at him. "Blue trout," he said.

"And what tackle to catch them with — quickly!"

"Well," said Howard, nonplussed, "you need a nine-foot cast, rather fine . . ."

"And what flies do you use?"

A faint pleasure came to the old man. "Well," he said with relish, "a Dark Olive gets them as well as anything, or a large Blue Dun. I got

one or two on a thing called a Jungl Cock, but —"

The German interrupted him. "Go on with your story," he said rudely. "I have no time to listen to your fishing exploits."

He plunged into his tale, compressing it as much as seemed possible to him. The two German officers listened with growing attention and with growing incredulity. In ten minutes or so the old man had reached the end.

The Gestapo officer, Major Diessen, looked at him scornfully. "And now," he inquired, "if you had been able to return to England, what would you have done with all these children?"

Howard said, "I meant to send them to my daughter in America."

"This is a waste of time," the German said. "You must think me a stupid fellow to be taken in with such a tale."

Nicole said, "Nevertheless, monsieur, it is quite true."

Diessen turned to her. "So," he sneered, "Mademoiselle comes in to support this story. But now for mademoiselle herself. We learn that mademoiselle was a friend of the old English gentleman's son. A very great friend. . . ." He barked at her suddenly, "His mistress, no doubt?"

She drew herself up. "You may say so if you like," she said quietly. "You can call a sunset by a filthy name, but you do not spoil its beauty."

The young Tank Corps officer, who had been taking notes, leaned across

and whispered a word or two to the Gestapo officer. Diessen nodded, and turned back to the old man.

"By the dates," he said, "you could have returned to England if you had traveled straight through Dijon. But you did not do so. That is the weak point of your story. That is where your lies begin in earnest."

Howard indicated Sheila. "The little girl fell ill in Dijon."

The German leaned across the table, white with anger. "Listen," he said. "I warn you for the last time. I am not to be trifled with. That sort of lie would not deceive a child. If you had wanted to return to England you would have gone."

"These children were in my care," the old man said. "I could not have done that."

The Gestapo officer said, "Lies . . . lies . . . lies." He was about to say something more, but checked himself. The young man by his side whispered deferentially to him again.

Major Diessen leaned back in his chair. "So," he said, "you refuse our kindness, and you will not talk. As you wish. Before the evening you will be talking freely, Mister Englishman, but by then you will be blind, and in horrible pain. It will be quite amusing for my men. Made-moiselle, too, shall be there to see, and the little children also."

There was a silence.

"We know, Mister Englishman, that you are a spy, and that this woman and these children are part of your disguise. We know that you

have been operating with Charenton; that you sent out information of the Führer's visit to Brest, and caused the air raid."

He paused. "But what we do not know is how the message was passed through to England. That is what you shall tell us this afternoon; and as soon as it is told the pain will stop. Remember that." He motioned to the *Feldwebel*. "Take them away."

They were thrust out of the room. Howard moved in a daze; it was incredible that this thing should be happening to him. It was what he had read of, but found difficulty in crediting. It was what they were supposed to do to Jews in concentration camps. It could not be — true.

Focquet was taken from them and hustled off on his own. Howard and Nicole, with the children, were bundled into a downstairs prison room with a heavily barred window and door, and left alone.

She turned to Howard. "This is very bad," she said. "We are involved in something terrible."

He nodded. "It seems to be that air raid on Brest. The one that you were in."

She said, "In the shops that day they were saying that Adolf Hitler was in Brest."

Howard stood looking out of the window at the little weedy garden outside. The situation became clear. In such a case the local officers of the Gestapo would have to make a show of energy. They would have to produce the spies who had been instru-

mental in the raid, or the mutilated bodies of people classed as spies.

About three o'clock, the *Feldwebel* appeared and marched the old man off alone to another house. He was thrust into a room on the ground floor, and the door was locked behind him. He looked around.

At a table in the middle of the room sat a dark-haired, pale-faced young man in civilian clothes. He glanced up as Howard entered.

"Who are you?" he asked in French.

The old man stood by the door, inwardly beating down his fears. "I am an Englishman," he said at last. "I was arrested yesterday."

The young man smiled without mirth. This time he spoke in English. "Well," he said, "you'd better come on and sit down. There's a pair of us. I'm English, too."

"But what are you doing here?"

"I'm waiting to be shot."

There was a stunned, horrible pause. At last Howard said, "Is your name Charenton?"

The young man nodded. "Yes," he said. "I'm Charenton. I see they told you about me." He sighed a little. "How did you come to be here?" he asked.

Howard rambled into his story. The young man listened quietly.

"You'll be all right," he said at last. "They've got no evidence against you — they can't have. Sooner or later you'll get back to England." His voice was tinged with sadness.

Howard said, "What about you?"

Charenton said, "Me? I'm for the high jump. They got the goods on me all right."

It seemed incredible to Howard. It was as if he had been listening to a play. Presently he said, "If I should get out of this and you should not, is there anything I can do? Any message you would like me to take?"

Charenton smiled ironically. "No messages," he said definitely.

"There is nothing I can do?"

The young man glanced at him. "Do you know the Trout Inn at Oxford?"

The old man nodded.

"Go there and drink a pint for me," the young man said, "sitting on the wall and looking at the fish in the pool, on a hot summer day."

Howard said, "If I get back to England, I will do that." He glanced around the shabby, garishly furnished room. "But is there no message I can take to anyone?"

Charenton shook his head. "No messages," he said. "If there were, I would not give them to you. There is almost certainly a microphone in this room, and Diessen listening to every word we say."

He raised his voice and said, speaking in German, "You are wasting your time, Major Diessen. This man knows nothing about my affairs." He paused, then continued, "But I will tell you this. One day the English and Americans will come, and you will be in their power. They will not be gentle as they were after the last war. If you kill this old man you

will be hung in public on a gallows, and your body will stay there rotting as a warning to all other murderers."

He turned to Howard. "That ought to fetch him," he said placidly.

The old man was troubled. "I am sorry you did that," he said. "It will not do you any good with him."

"Nor will anything else," the young man said. "I'm through."

There was a quiet finality about his tone that made Howard wince.

"Are you sorry?" he inquired.

"No, by God, I'm not," Charenton said, and he laughed boyishly. "We didn't succeed in getting Adolf, but we gave him the hell of a fright."

Behind them the door opened and the guard appeared to take Howard away. Charenton smiled as Howard got up. "I told you so," he said. "Good-bye. All the best of luck."

"Good-bye," said the old man. He was hustled out of the room before he had time to say more. As he passed down the corridor to the street he saw through an open door the black-uniformed Gestapo officer, his face dark with anger. With a sick heart Howard walked out into the sunlit square between his guards.

They took him back to Nicole and the children. Nicole greeted him anxiously. "They did nothing?" she inquired.

The old man shook his head.

"They used me to try to make a young man called Charenton talk," he said. He told her briefly what had happened.

"That is their way," she said. "I

have heard of that in Chartres. To gain their end they do not work upon the body, but upon the mind."

The old man had not heard the last of Charenton. Next day at dawn he was summoned roughly to Diessen's office. The Major was standing by the window. "Come," he said. "Look out. Nice garden, is it not?"

The old man approached the window. The garden was entirely surrounded by high old red brick walls covered with fruit trees. It was a well-kept, mature garden.

"Yes," he said. "It is nice." Instinctively he felt the presence of some trap.

The German said, "Unless you help him, in a few minutes your friend Mr. Charenton will die in it. He is to be shot as a spy. Look. They are bringing him out."

Down the garden path six German soldiers armed with rifles were escorting Charenton. A *Feldwebel* and an officer walked behind. Charenton walked slowly, his hands in his trousers pockets. He did not seem to be particularly distressed.

Howard turned to Diessen. "Why have you brought me to see this?" he asked.

"I have had you brought here," said the German, "to see if you would not help your friend, at a time when he needs help. If you will tell me how he got the information out of France and back to England, I will stop this execution."

The old man stared at him. "I cannot tell you," he replied. "Quite

truthfully, I do not know. I have not been concerned in his affairs at all."

"That is mere nonsense," Diessen said harshly. "You know sufficient to assist an agent of your country if he needs your help. All travelers in any foreign country know that much. Do you take me for a fool?"

Howard said, "That may be so with German travelers. In England, ordinary travelers know nothing of espionage. I tell you, I know literally nothing that could help this man."

Howard looked out into the garden. They had put the young man with his back against the wall and the *Feldwebel* was blindfolding him with a red cotton handkerchief.

The Gestapo officer suddenly thrust his face near to the old man's. "He gave you messages," he said fiercely. "The Trout Inn — beer — flowers — fish! Do you think I am a fool? What does all that mean?"

"Nothing but what he said," Howard replied. "It is a place that he is fond of. That is all."

The German drew back morosely. "I am not going to delay this matter any longer," he said. "Have you still nothing to say to save his life?"

The old man shook his head.

In the garden the officer glanced up to their window. Diessen lifted his hand and dropped it. The officer turned, drew himself up, and gave a sharp word of command. An irregular volley rang out. The old man saw the body by the plum tree crumple and fall, twitch for a little, and lie still.

He turned away, rather sick. Diessen moved over to the middle of the room. "I do not know whether I should believe your story or not," he said heavily at last. "If you are a spy, you are at least a clever one."

There was a silence. The German sat down at a table. "This story of yours about sending these children to your daughter in America," he said. "I do not believe a word of it."

The old man was very, very tired. He said indifferently, "I can't help that. That is what I meant to do."

"Where does your daughter live?"

"At a place called Coates Harbor, on Long Island."

"Long Island. That is where the wealthy live. Is your daughter wealthy?"

"Yes, she is quite well off."

The German said incredulously, "You still wish me to believe that a wealthy woman such as that would make a home in her own house for all those dirty little children?"

Howard said, "You do not understand. Over there, they want to help us."

The German eyed him curiously. "You have traveled in America?"

"A little."

"How far would Minnesota be from Long Island?"

"I should think about a thousand miles." This conversation was becoming very odd, Howard thought.

The German said, "Now about mademoiselle. Were you going to send her to America also?"

The old man shook his head. "I

tried to persuade her to come with us to England, but she did not want to leave France. You have nothing against her."

The other shrugged his shoulders. "That is a matter of opinion. She has been helping you in your work."

"I tell you over and over again, I have no work except to get the children to safety. I know that you do not believe me." He paused. "Let them go through to England," he said quietly. "Let Mademoiselle Rougeron go with them to take them to America. If you do that, I will confess to anything you like."

The Gestapo man glared at him angrily. "You are talking nonsense," he replied. "Do you take us for a pack of dirty Russians, to make bargains of that sort?"

He got up and walked over to the window. "I do not know what to make of you," he said at last. "I think that you must be a very brave man to talk as you have done."

Howard smiled faintly. "Not a brave man," he said. "Only a very old one. Nothing you can do can take much from me, because I've had it all."

The German did not answer him. He spoke in his own language to the sentry, and they took Howard back to his prison room.

THE NEXT DAY there was something different in their treatment, something strange and suspicious. Their meals were better and they were permitted to go into the

small garden behind the house. The children rushed out into it with a carillon of shrill cries; a day of close confinement had been a grave trial to them. Howard followed with Nicole, wondering. Lurking in his mind was a thought that this was a new trick to win him into some admission. They had failed with fear; now they would try persuasion.

His fears seemed to be confirmed that night when he was aroused from sleep at midnight and summarily taken to Major Diessen's office. The German sat at the desk with a large automatic in front of him.

"We are alone," he said. "I am not taking any chances, as you see."

The old man smiled faintly. "You have nothing to fear from me."

Diessen said, "Perhaps not. But you have much to fear from me."

There was a little silence. Presently he said, "Suppose I were to let you go to England after all? If I were to let you go to England with your children so that you could send them to America, would you do me a small service?"

Howard's heart leaped, then steadied again. It was probably a trap. "It depends what it was," he said.

The German flared. "Bargaining! Always the same, you English! One tries to help you, and you start chaffering! You are in no position to drive bargains, Mr. Englishman!"

His hand strayed to the black automatic on the desk before him, and began fingering it. "There is a certain person to be taken to Amer-

ica," he said deliberately. "It would be very suitable that she should travel with your party of children."

The gun was now in his hand, openly.

The old man faced him squarely across the table. "If you mean that you want to use my party as a cover for an agent going to America," he said, "I will not have it."

He saw the forefinger snap round the trigger. He raised his eyes to the German's face and saw it white with anger. For a full half minute they remained motionless.

The Gestapo officer was the first to relax. "Listen to me," he said, "and try to get this into your thick head. This is not an agent who is traveling to America. This is a little girl, the daughter of my brother Karl who has been killed in the war. Her name is Anna Diessen, and at present she is in Paris."

He hesitated for a minute. "You must understand," he said, "that there were three of us. My oldest brother Rupert fought in the World War, and then went to America. He now has a business, what you would call a grocery in Minnesota. He is an American citizen now."

"I see," said Howard.

"My brother Karl was *Oberleutnant* in a panzer division. He was married some years ago, but the marriage was not a success." He hesitated for a moment and then said quickly, "The girl was not wholly Aryan, and that never works. There was trouble, and she died.

And now Karl, too, has been killed."

He sat brooding for a minute. Howard said gently, "I am very sorry." And he was.

Diessen went on, "So there is Anna to be provided for. I think it will be better if she goes to live with Rupert in America. It would be suitable if she traveled with the children you are sending there."

The old man said, "She is very young?"

"Five and a half years old."

Howard said, "Well, I should be very glad to take her."

The German stared at him thoughtfully. "How quickly after you reach England will these children go?"

"I shall hope to send them within a week. That is, if you let us go."

The German nodded. "You must not wait longer. In six weeks we shall be in London."

There was a silence. "I do not want that you should think I am not confident about the outcome of this war," Diessen said. "We shall conquer England, as we have conquered France; you cannot stand against us. But for many years there will be war with your Dominions, and while that is going on there will not be much food for children, here or in Germany. It will be better that little Anna should be in a neutral country."

Howard nodded. The Gestapo officer eyed him narrowly. "There must be no trickery. Remember, we shall have Mademoiselle Rougeron. She may return to Chartres and live with her mother, but until I have a

cable from my brother Rupert that little Anna is safe with him, we shall have our eye on mademoiselle."

"As a hostage," said the old man quietly.

"As a hostage," the German repeated arrogantly. "And another thing. If any word of this appears, it is the concentration camp for your young lady. I will not have you spreading lies about me when you reach England. Remember that."

Howard thought quickly. "That has another side to it," he said. "If Mademoiselle Rougeron gets into trouble with the Gestapo and I should hear of it in England, this story shall be published in my country and quoted in the German news upon the radio, mentioning you by name."

The German stared at him for a long time. "So," he said at last. "You are clever, Mr. Englishman. You have gained all that you want."

"So have you," the old man said.

The German released the automatic and reached for a slip of paper. "What address have you in England? I shall send for you when we visit London in August."

They settled to the details of the arrangement. A quarter of an hour later, the German got up from the table. "No word of this to anyone," he repeated. "Tomorrow evening you will be moved from here."

Howard shook his head. "I shall not talk. But I would like you to know one thing. I should have been glad to take your little girl with me

in any case. It never entered my head to refuse to take her."

The German nodded. "That is good," he said. "If you had refused I should have shot you dead. You would have been too dangerous to leave this room alive."

He bowed stiffly. "*Auf Wiedersehen*," he said ironically. He pressed a button on his desk; the door opened and the sentry took Howard back through the quiet, moonlit streets to his prison.

Nicole was waiting up for him. He told her as much as he could. In the end, she said quietly, "I am very, very happy."

There was a long silence. Then she said, "Sitting here in the darkness while you were away, I have been thinking, monsieur." In the dim light he could see that she was looking away from him. "Ever since John was killed, monsieur, I have been desolate," she said quietly. "It seemed to me that there was no goodness in the world, that everything had gone mad and crazy and foul — that God had died or gone away, and left the world to Hitler."

There was a pause. The old man did not speak.

"It was not meant that John and I should be happy, save for a little while. But now I begin to see that it was intended that because of us, these children should escape from Europe to grow up in peace."

Her voice dropped. "This may have been what John and I were brought together for," she said. "In

thirty years the world may need one of these little ones." She paused. "It may be Ronnie or it may be Willem, or it may be little Pierre who does great things for the world," she said. "But when that happens, monsieur, it will be because I met your son in Cidoton, and we fell in love."

He leaned across and took her hand, and sat there in the dim light holding it for a long time.

AFTER NIGHTFALL the next evening they were all ordered into a van. It drove a few miles through the dark countryside, and unloaded them at a small fishing wharf to which a boat was moored.

Another car was awaiting them there. Major Diessen emerged from it, leading a little girl by the hand.

"Kom, Anna," he said. "*Hier ist Herr Howard, und mit ihm wirst du zu Onkel Ruprecht gehen.*"

The little girl peered through the darkness at the old man and his retinue of children. Then she stretched out a little skinny arm, and in a shrill voice exclaimed, "Heil Hitler!"

The old man said gravely, "*Guten Abend, Anna.*" He turned to the Gestapo officer, smiling faintly. "She will have to get out of that habit if she's going to America," he said.

Diessen nodded. "I will tell her." He explained something in German to the little girl. She asked a question, puzzled; Howard caught the word Hitler. Then she said something in a clear, decisive tone, and

Diessen replied in a voice that sounded rather embarrassed.

"What did she say?" asked Howard.

The German shrugged his shoulders. "I cannot understand the reasoning of children. She said that she is glad that she has not got to say 'Heil Hitler' any more, because the Führer wears a mustache."

Howard said with perfect gravity. "It is difficult to understand the mind of children."

The Major turned away quickly and walked down to the boat.

"In with you, now," he said. "I want to see you get away."

The man holding the boat to the quay was Focquet. Diessen said to him, in French: "You are not to start your engine till you are past Le Trepied; I do not want the countryside to be alarmed."

The young man nodded. "There is no need," he said in the soft Breton dialect. "There is sufficient wind to steer by; the ebb will take us out."

The seven children were passed, one by one, down into the boat.

"You now," the German said to Howard. "Remember to behave yourself in England. I shall send for you to London in September."

The old man turned to Nicole. "This is good-bye, my dear," he said. He hesitated. "I do not think this war will be over in September. I may be old when it is over, and not able to travel very well. You will come and visit me, Nicole? There is so much that I shall want to say to

you. So much that I wanted to talk over with you, if we had not been so hurried and so troubled in the last few days."

She said, "I will come as soon as we can travel. And you shall talk to me about John."

The German said, "You must go now, Mr. Englishman."

Howard kissed the girl; for a minute she clung to him. Then he got down into the boat among the children.

Pierre said, "Is this the boat that's going to take us to America?"

The old man shook his head. "Not this boat," he said with mechanical patience. "That will be a bigger boat than this."

"How much bigger?" asked Ronnie. "Twice as big?"

Focquet was thrusting vigorously with an oar against the quay side. The stretch of dark water that separated them from France grew to a yard, to five yards wide. The old man stood motionless, stricken with grief, with longing to be back upon the quay, with the bitter loneliness of old age.

He could make out the figure of the girl standing with Major Diessen by the water's edge, watching them as they slid away. The ebb caught the boat and hurried it quietly out into the stream; Focquet was heaving on a halliard forward and the heavy nut-brown sail crept slowly up the mast. For a time Howard could still see Nicole, standing motionless. Then the gloom shrouded her figure,

and all that he could see was the faint outline of the hill against the starry sky.

THEY nosed into Plymouth Sound late the next afternoon. Ahead of them lay Plymouth on its hills, gray and peaceful by its harbor in the evening sunlight. Howard stared at it, and sighed a little. He thought of Nicole, and loneliness swept over him again. It seemed to him that he had been happier in France than he would be in his own land.

Plymouth was a receiving center for all European refugees, and another large boat was before them at the quay. They had to lay off for a quarter of an hour, waiting their turn, before they could get to the steps, while the gulls screamed around them and stolid men in blue jerseys looked down upon them, and holiday girls in summer cotton frocks moved about, taking photographs of the scene.

But at last they were all stumbling up the steps to join the other refugees in the fish market. Howard was still in the clothes of a Breton laborer, unshaven, and very, very tired. The children, hungry and exhausted, clustered round him.

A masterful woman, trim and neat in the uniform of the W.V.S., shepherded them to a bench. "*Asseyez vous là,*" she said in very bad French, "*jusqu'on peut vous attendre.*"

Howard collapsed onto the seat and sat there half in coma, utterly exhausted. Half an hour later a

young girl brought them cups of tea, which they took gratefully.

Refreshed, the old man took more interest in his surroundings. He heard a cultured Englishwoman's voice saying, "There's that lot over there, Mrs. Dyson. All those children with the two men."

"What nationality are they?"

"They seem to be a mixed lot. There's rather an attractive little girl there who speaks German."

"Poor little thing! She must be Austrian."

Another voice said, "Some of those children are English."

There was an exclamation of concern. "I had no idea! But they're in such a *state*! Have you seen their poor little heads? My dear, they're *glorious*, every one of them." There was a shocked pause. "That horrible old man — I wonder how he came to be in charge of them?"

The old man closed his eyes, smiling a little. This was the England that he knew and understood. This was peace.

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WENTY-FIRST YEAR

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II Naval fliers day and night patrol
the sea lanes for enemy subs

The Boys Who Keep 'Em Down

Condensed from The New Republic

W. L. White

SORRY," said Bill, grinning but shaking his head firmly. "We can't take you on a patrol light. Orders from Washington. There's a war on out there." He jerked a thumb toward the Atlantic, glistening through the window of the big hangar. "On patrol we might run onto something — men swimming in the water. We could save one more if you aren't aboard."

"However" — he was watching my face — "no harm in a little training hop to inspect equipment and help the fellows here at the base keep their hands in. Come back at 12:30 tomorrow. I'm taking No. 8. We'll be up about an hour."

AT THE appointed time we went down to the Martin poised at the water's edge — its hull a giant flat-bottomed whale, its wings slightly

bent like those of a gull. The undersides of her hull and wings, which a submarine might see, were sky-blue. The tops, on which an enemy fighter might look down, were the ocean's deeper blue.

Climbing the ladder into her hull, we walked along a corridor past tiny Pullman-like compartments, each with bunks slung from aluminum poles. Then through the ship's galley, and up an aluminum ladder into the control room. Up front, Bill sits down with his co-pilot. Back of them is the radioman, wearing ear-phones over his white sailor's cap; across from him is the navigator's work table on which is spread a huge map of the middle Atlantic coast, with Cape Hatteras in its center. They beckon me to a narrow bench back of the pilot's seat.

Now the motors are roaring and a

sailor is passing around cotton to stuff in our ears.

We taxi into the harbor, go out almost to the anti-submarine net which guards the entrance, then turn. Bill rises in his seat, reaches for a rag, and carefully swabs the outside of his windshield.

"Stations for takeoff!" he orders. It's passed on down the hatch by the petty officer, and the crew go to their posts, evenly distributing their weight about the hull.

As we pick up speed our fragile hull seems to be bumping over the backs of a herd of submerged elephants; the last of them gives her a vicious kick and we're in the air. Right ahead of us is an anchored destroyer — but somehow we manage to clear her.

Now we're in a wide turn over the hangars and landing fields of one of America's greatest naval air bases. Those little mosquitoes, parked in orderly rows, are the navy's Grumman fighters. Beyond are dive bombers, torpedo bombers, scout planes; these go to sea on aircraft carriers or on ships from which they can be catapulted. At the harbor entrance a fat little tug, having let in a freighter, is closing the gate of the anti-submarine net — like a fussy old lady closing the door of her chicken yard to keep the cats out.

We head out over the coast. Soon Bill points down at a greasy undulating streak on the sea.

"An old oil slick," says the second

pilot. "They got a ship there two weeks ago. Sometimes oil bubbles up for a month. We get to know the old slicks — use 'em for markers."

"What territory does your squadron cover?"

"These big brutes look at a lot of water. Last year we patrolled out of Newfoundland and Iceland. Now we patrol from here, watching for submarines along this coast, and from Bermuda, where we keep an eye on part of the Caribbean. Now and then they send some of us back to Newfoundland to help with a big convoy.

"Most excitement we ever had up there was the time we took out after the *Bismarck*, when we heard she'd sunk the *Hood*. About dark we ran into fog and flew through it all night. Next morning we were near Iceland, more than half way to Europe, but still nothing but fog covering everything. No *Bismarck*. Then we had to go back.

"I was pretty sure about my navigation, almost certain we had got back to our base, so I set her down. Couldn't see a damn thing until I heard a wave slap her hull.

"Some of the other fellows flew all over that end of Canada looking for a crack in the fog. One got iced up over Prince Edward Island and noticed his air speed indicator was at 270. He knew the plane would do only 210 — the extra speed was vertical drop. But he managed to get down okay. Another came down in Labrador; the sea was so rough that

when they hit the water a man was thrown out of the bow compartment and a propeller tore his pants as he shot by. It was a crazy night, and for the next three days we were picking our squadron out of bays all over that part of the North Atlantic. But we didn't lose a plane or a man.

"Another time I was patrolling one of our eastbound convoys, flying big circles around it, often going pretty far out ahead. One night I saw a whopping big convoy, westbound and dead ahead of my convoy.

"Was I scared! With my blinker I tried to dot-dash to one of their destroyers. Couldn't get an answer, so I went back to our ships and told them this convoy was just two miles ahead. Lights began coming on all over the sea but by that time the westbound convoy was right on them. Was *that* a mess! Everything all doodled up from hell to breakfast, ships bumping in the dark and fellows on the bridges cussing each other. But our ships were backing full speed astern, so no plates were ripped — just a little paint scraped off.

"Usually, though, it's just routine anti-submarine patrol."

"What's the routine?"

"Well, on day patrol we weave across the shipping lanes, looking for suspicious craft. When we find one we drop low and ask it on the blinker to identify itself."

"What is a suspicious ship?"

"Anything that's out of the shipping lanes, not on a course to some

recognized port. Some ships used to be a little nasty about identifying themselves. Once a tramp freighter wouldn't answer until I came down and fired a few .50-caliber shots across her bow; then she hoisted her call in a hurry. But now we're at war the crews come out on deck and wave their shirts to make sure you see 'em.

"Sometimes we get a call from some little tub that's scared to death — she's busted her rudder or something, and while she sits there wallowing in the rollers she's an easy target for a submarine. So we fly circles above her while she gets it fixed; as long as we're in sight she's safe."

"Do you often see submarines?"

"Almost never. The point of patrolling is that they see us first and have to stay away under where they can't attack ships. Our job, you see, is to *keep 'em down deep*. Often we think we see one diving on the horizon, fly over to cut loose with a depth bomb, and find a school of porpoises laughing at us. Or what looks like a periscope feather turns out to be a whale blowing his nose.

"On patrol we fly low. If we were 5000 feet up we probably couldn't see a periscope, but they'd spot us coming over the horizon and have plenty of time to dive. The theory is that if we're only a few hundred feet above the water we see them as soon as they see us, and can be on them before they dive. Yet I'll bet 20 see us for every one we get sight of."

"Can't you see their outline under the water?"

"In the clearest water, off Bermuda, you can see them only about 50 feet down, and they can dive 150 or more."

"Can't you wait around till they have to come up?"

"We try to. But a submarine can stay down 48 hours — longer than we can hang around without refueling. And she can get away from there at nine knots submerged. Also you come down, make a pass at her with depth bombs, then circle; and by the time you've turned around it all looks alike — and it's a mighty big ocean. You can mark the spot with a smoke flare, but it doesn't last long."

"On night patrol we leave about six o'clock. Maybe we've been told to watch a particularly valuable ship — say one of those big oil tankers with fighter planes in crates piled high on her decks. When it's time to tuck her in for the night we scout ahead to make sure nothing is waiting for her in the twilight. More important, we scout her wake, because a submarine will often skulk along behind, waiting for darkness. At dusk it puts on speed — they can make 20 knots on the surface — and closes in."

"The rest of the night we patrol our area. If there's a moon we fly up and down the moon's path looking out for ships. On a good night you can see up-moon 20 miles; things look black against the silver waves. Sometimes we intercept a call; if the

ship's sunk by the time we get there we look for lifeboats.

"About two in the morning the boys in the galley may make fudge and send a plate up to us. Then at dawn — the dangerous time — we go back again to the valuable ship we are guarding, scouting all around to be sure nothing has seen her silhouette and is creeping up on her. We hang around for an hour until the sun is up and she can look after herself, then we head back to base and breakfast."

"It's about the same off Bermuda," said the second pilot. "Mostly we just fly back and forth over the sea lanes, keeping 'em down. Sometimes we're patrolling closer to Dakar than to Bermuda."

The radio operator's little portable began to clatter. He tore off the paper and handed it to Bill.

"Hm-m," Bill said. "Number 7 reports four lifeboats about 60 miles from here. We'd better have a look."

The navigator took the message. For a minute he was busy over the chart, then handed a paper to Bill, who nodded, and banked the big plane steeply onto its new course.

"We can't waste much time hunting," said Bill. "Only figured on an hour's hop and might get low on gas. Ordinarily we'd go to what we think the position is, and fly circles around it, each a mile farther out than the one before. Sometimes work up to an 80-mile leg. You're dead sure of picking them up that way. Hey, look there —"

Below was a slate-gray American destroyer.

"She's got on every pound of steam," commented Bill. "Zigzagging, too." The bow wave was enormous — the ship seemed to be pushing a huge white V-for-victory over the sea with its gray mouse-nose. Bill swooped lower, motioned to the second pilot to take the controls, and picked up the blinker. Presently answering flashes came from the destroyer's bridge.

"She intercepted the same message we did," Bill said. "She ought to be pulling them in in a couple of hours — if she can locate 'em. Can't see far from a destroyer's bridge."

We flew on in silence, both pilots scanning the tarnished-pewter sea which, at its horizon, melted almost imperceptibly into a tarnished-silver sky. The second pilot picked up the binoculars and pointed. In the far distance, wheeling in stately circles, were two Martins. Below them on the sea were four black bars which might have been bits of a charred match.

Bill turned the big patrol boat's nose downward, and the little black bars became boats with men in them — men with red faces, blue trousers and white shirts, looking up at us as we flashed over, their oars trailing.

"Guess the others have everything under control and we'd better be getting back," said Bill.

"You won't stop and pick them up?"

He shook his head. "They look pretty fresh to me. You can tell by the way they sit straight in the boat. And how red their faces are. And landing at sea is risky business. No matter how glassy it looks there's always some swell, and you're setting 23 tons of metal and gas and bombs and human meat down on an aluminum hull skin only one sixteenth of an inch thick. If those men looked like they'd been rowing a couple of weeks, and were 300 miles out, with no other ship within a day's sail, we'd take a chance and haul them aboard.

"But that destroyer'll be here before sunset, and the other planes will stand by until she picks up the men — just in case the sub is hanging around to pot the destroyer. We've got to get back to base or this little one-hour flight may end splash in the Atlantic."

Presently the destroyer came into view again, still pushing her white V-for-victory. As we passed we dropped down a little and wagged our big wings in salute.



Of Bernard Shaw, Israel Zangwill wrote:

☛ THE WAY Shaw believes in himself is very refreshing in these atheistic days when so many believe in no God at all.

The Amazing Mr. Cripps

Condensed from Collier's
with supplementary material by the author

Patricia Strauss



THE SUDDEN inclusion of Sir Stafford Cripps in the British War Cabinet is the most important event in British politics since Winston Churchill became Prime Minister. Just as public opinion forced Churchill into office after the German attack on Norway, so the British people, shocked by the fall of Singapore, pushed Cripps forward into second place in the government.

Cripps's official position is Lord Privy Seal—a meaningless-sounding title, the origin of which is buried deep in British history. In effect he is Vice-Premier, concerned with shaping broad issues of policy and unhampered by departmental duties. As Leader of the House of Commons he speaks for the government, explaining the policies he is now helping to form.

With no great oratorical gifts or flair for publicity, Cripps's popularity rests on proved integrity and stubborn adherence to principle. He is not tied to the past. He is a man of the present, determined to defeat Germany and Japan, not to save the British Empire, but to safeguard the well-being of ordinary folk. The

"people" of Britain have turned to him. He is their man.

Throughout his public life he has stood boldly against the great inequalities of income and opportunity which British Conservatives regard as normal. He has consistently urged closer coöperation with Russia, freedom for India, real help for China, boycott of Japan, and stern unbending opposition to Nazism. Today these things sound obvious. But it was not always thus.

His compulsion to say what he thinks is right has kept him in hot water since he first entered the House of Commons in 1929. His chiefs in the Labor Party were delighted when lean, austere Cripps stood up in the House and with unvarying courtesy made devastating attacks on the Conservative government. But they were disconcerted when he subjected the Labor Party to equally trenchant criticism. Labor chiefs urged him to be "loyal." "I am loyal to my principles," he re-

plied, "not to any party machine." The result was his expulsion from the Labor Party, an event which caused the Conservative press to comment that the Labor Party had "blown its brains out."

Conservatives have always regarded Cripps with a mixture of vexation and admiration. By birth, background and bank balance he should have been a "natural" for their party. He is a well-tailored, well-poised, well-traveled aristocrat, the youngest son of the wealthy Lord Parmoor and a product of exclusive Winchester College.

Cripps inherited from his father the old tradition that wealth carries with it responsibilities of public service. Lord Parmoor, a leading lawyer and Conservative M.P., who later joined the Labor Party, was an eminent churchman. He made great efforts to live his life as a "practical Christian," and inculcated the ideal into his children. Young Cripps responded. Now when he makes public statements which earn him the epithet "red," or "dangerous revolutionary," he is merely translating into contemporary terms his Christian principles. He sums up his economic beliefs by stating that "human life and not property must be the first consideration of any wise legislature." And he continues with severity: "I am sure no one would dare refute that elementary Christian proposition. But if that proposition is accepted as a basis for Sunday worship, it must also be accepted as

a basis for weekday practice." Utterances like this caused one of his friends to comment, "Oh, he's a charming fellow but politically a complete fool."

Conservatives' vexation that Cripps sits on the "wrong side" of the House is accentuated by their admiration for the finest legal mind in Britain. An expert on corporation and patent law, he is reputed to have earned £50,000 annually for years. Judges consider Cripps an intellectual treat.

Cripps started life as a scientist. He won the Science Scholarship to New College, Oxford, but did not go there. The great chemist Sir William Ramsay was so impressed by his papers that he invited young Cripps to work in his own laboratory. Cripps did brilliantly.

Against everyone's advice he left the laboratory for law. Before he really began his new career, the 1914-18 war started. For the first year he drove a truck in France. Then the government, belatedly discovering his scientific ability, recalled him to manage the vast explosive factory at Queen's Ferry.

Not until the war ended, when he was nearly 30, could he settle down to a law career. In two years he was "recognized." When still only 38 he "took silk" and became a king's counsel. In 1930, at 41, he was named Solicitor-General in the Labor government and knighted by the king.

Twenty years at the bar have not

enhanced his opinion of the "ruling class." "They pay me fantastic sums to get them out of their difficulties," he once remarked, "but I have no hesitation in saying that the working class of this country are more capable of ruling than they are."

Cripps is the only man in England who can talk to a working-class audience about the "common people." If anyone else tried it the audience would be insulted. He makes it sound like the Magna Charta. Working people know he is a "gentleman," they know he is wealthy. But they trust his political integrity.

The miners hold Cripps in especial esteem. In 1934 there was an explosion in the Gresford Colliery. The death roll was 265. A month later the government inquiry opened, with Sir Stafford Cripps, K.C., representing the miners' federation. With Cripps conducting the case, a routine inquiry became a revelation of mining conditions that had far-reaching results. The mine manager was imprisoned, with salutary effect on the entire industry. A royal commission was set up to inquire into the question of safety in the mines. Although few people knew it, Cripps had given his services free.

Publicly Sir Stafford, with his habitual dark clothes, his thin figure and academic air, seems a rather somber figure. A friend once said, "He looks as if he were in permanent mourning for a lost cause."

Privately he is amusing, friendly,

informal. He has kept his personal life so separate that most of his colleagues do not really know him at all. They would be amazed to see him at home in an open-neck shirt romping on the lawn with his children and dogs.

International affairs have long been Cripps's primary interest. In 1933 "Cassandra" Cripps was already warning that "war is inevitable," and in 1934 that "the grave danger of fascism is that it might precipitate a world war." He was denounced as a pessimistic scare-monger. The *Time* referred to his "view assumptions" as "nightmares."

Even after the Nazi-Soviet pact and the declaration of war, Cripps went on pleading with the Chamberlain government to establish more cordial relations with Russia. He left London in November 1939 to spend the winter of "phony war" on a political tour of the world. He was reported calling on Nehru, an old friend, in India; having "most friendly" chats with Chiang Kai-shek; flying from China to Moscow to talk with Molotov, and flying back 36 hours later; seeing Foreign Minister Arita in Tokyo; arriving by Clipper in San Francisco and spending ten days in the United States, always urging that the Nazi-Soviet pact could be broken if England and America would resume economic relations with Russia. In England six weeks later Churchill — who had just succeeded Chamberlain as Prime Minister — asked Cripps to

go to Moscow and attempt the course he had advocated.

Cripps went, though at considerable personal sacrifice. It meant leaving the most highly paid law practice in England for the unpaid job of Ambassador. He has never saved any money. When the living expenses of the family were paid, the remainder of his income was given away to various causes.

The appointment surprised him. He said to a friend soon after arriving in Moscow, "The occupation of Ambassador is one I never thought I would follow. When anyone here addresses me as 'Your Excellency' I involuntarily glance over my shoulder to see if some excellency is standing behind me."

The world heard little of his activities in Moscow. He remained there just one year. Then early in June 1941, amid a storm of rumors that German troops were massing against Russia, he turned up in London. Ten days later Germany attacked the Soviet Union. Almost immediately Churchill was at the microphone with a carefully prepared speech which strongly indicated that Britain's Prime Minister was not surprised.

On July 12, back in Moscow, Cripps signed the Anglo-Soviet pact he had so long advocated. Six months later he resigned the ambassadorship and returned to England. The people and the press welcomed him with an enthusiasm previously accorded only to Churchill.

When he made his first public statement after his return, people from Scotland to Cornwall, in homes, restaurants, public houses, listened to their radios. Would it be the same Cripps, afraid of no man, strong in his convictions, daring to say what other men only think? It was.

He told the British people they "lacked urgency," that their war effort was far from "all out." Sections of the press attacked him for daring to criticize the Churchill government. But the millions in Britain who are convinced that the country is capable of greater effort responded eagerly. Cripps became the rallying point for all who are dissatisfied with aspects of the Churchill government's policy. People who disagreed with him in the past realize now that policies he advocated are necessary to avert defeat.

On March 23 Cripps arrived in India. He was the only man who could go, the only man the Indian leaders would trust. He has not suddenly decided that Indian independence is necessary in the face of the military threat. He has always stood for Indian freedom.

Cripps is only 53, which, compared with the average age in the House of Commons, makes him a parliamentary fledgling. But 12 years ago, shortly after the aristocratic Cripps first appeared in the House as the Member from the Bristol slums, Stanley Baldwin was heard to say, "Here comes a future Prime Minister of England."

Sympathy Is What You Make It

Condensed from "Our Minor Freedoms"

Gelett Burgess

Author of "The Educated Heart," one of the most popular articles of our generation

WHEN I was in the hospital with a broken hip that might have crippled me for life, a friend came to see me. He was a rough chap, and he scowled as if he were going to strike me. He said, "By God, Gelett, it makes me so mad I could eat tacks."

I laughed, but he didn't. And he went on, swearing my pain and fear away. He bewailed my ill luck and the stupidity of the accident; he deplored eloquently the fate that had made this thing happen to me — of all people!

Because he so accurately voiced my unhappiness, I forgot for a moment my distress and felt that here at last was a person who really understood my feelings. He could speak the language of pain. He was at home in the climate of sympathy.

Other friends came to see me. They probably felt just as sorry for me. But somehow they didn't know, as this fellow did, how much more sympathy is than a friendly gesture or a kindly disposition. It is the miracle of exchanging places, of putting something of yourself and your own real feelings into your relations with other people.

Sympathy requires wit and intelligence and imagination; it can be

acquired, as any skill is — touch typing or playing the piano — by a desire to master it, a definite plan of study and practice. Many of us get the wrong cue from the word itself. Through misuse, sympathy has taken a gloomy sickroom meaning and come to be synonymous in our minds with pity. Instead of sympathizing, we commiserate. The Spanish word *simpático* has far more the connotation we need to follow. *Simpático* suggests a quality that is congenial, winsome, pleasant.

"Sympathy with pain is not the highest form of sympathy," wrote Oscar Wilde. "Anyone can sympathize with the sufferings of a friend, but it requires a very fine nature to sympathize with a friend's success."

The kind of sympathy we need to cultivate is the kind which shows a man, in the words of Sir Francis Bacon, "that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but part of a vast continent."

Out of fear or suspicion or pride, or most often out of sheer laziness, we lock our minds from one another. But for every locked mental door, do believe it, there is a key. And if you spend the time to search, you can find it.

In conversation you don't say,

Mr. Burgess's forthcoming book, "Our Minor Freedoms," is a collection of his most recent essays dealing with the application of common sense and understanding to daily problems.

"How ridiculous!" You say, "I'm sorry, but I don't understand." You don't say, "It isn't so." You ask, "In just what way?" You don't have a chip on your shoulder; you have an outstretched hand.

All of us think and act on different planes, not only materially but mentally. We have different scruples and different values. How difficult for a hungry bum to apprehend the aims and interests of a millionaire, or for the latter in turn to realize the effect on one's morals of being half-starved.

To understand the climate of sympathy one must take these different mental planes into account. Often the most diverse characters may meet on the same plane of interest and demonstrate how the miracle of sympathy is accomplished most unexpectedly in daily life. At a ball game you get into enthusiastic conversation with some old codger you'd never think of speaking to outside the park. A mutual interest in postage stamps or model railroads can bring a bank president and a small boy together on the same plane of fellowship. Often even a pet aversion shared may bring you in touch with someone whose plane you could not reach otherwise.

But in practicing the art of sympathy it is not enough to leave these occasions to chance.

Turn to the actor for a lesson. The actor recreates himself temporarily and becomes the character he represents. And what is that but sym-

pathy? Why can't we practice the same understanding sympathy in our contacts with others? If you look closely at us — your fellow men — you will see that we are just as interesting and peculiar and exciting as any character who ever thrilled you on the stage. If you try to understand us as the actor does the characters he plays, as every author has to understand the characters he takes from life, you will go a long way toward Grade-A sympathy.

Many people care profoundly for others yet fail to live in a true climate of sympathy. In their distress they may seem even brutal. But when a wife scolds her husband for falling ill, it is often only her anger that misfortune should overtake him that she voices. Her pity may be heartfelt, but her reproaches appear callous and unkind only because she doesn't know how to express her feeling in any other way. For sympathy is a very fine art. It cannot be practiced with mere words and gestures.

E. V. Lucas tells of a school in England where sympathy is taught. In the course of a term every child has one blind day, one lame day, one deaf day, one day when he cannot speak. The night before the blind day his eyes are bandaged. He awakes blind. He needs help and other children lead him about. Through this method he gets a grasp on what it is really like to be blind. And those who help, having been "blind" themselves, are able to guide and direct the blind with

understanding. This method accomplishes what all of us need — daily training in how we can establish a sense of real fellowship with others.

Genuine sympathy is expressed not only by your words but by your eyes, your lighted face. You have to *show* that you care. You must give not a cool sliver of yourself but all.

Archibald Rutledge tells of being ferried across a southern river one day by a poor colored boatman who, on the way over, told Rutledge and his Negro companion, Prince, that his cabin had burned down the night before.

"I lost everything," the boatman said. He did not complain, he merely stated a fact.

"Just before we landed," says Rutledge, "I saw Prince searching his ragged clothes, from which he extracted, finally, a nickel, the entire extent of his worldly wealth. He handed it to the boatman.

"This will help you start a new house," Prince said simply."

The gift was a royal one, Rutledge concludes, for with it went Prince's heart.

If a friend is telling about his accident, show genuine interest in his experience. How many exclaim immediately, "My brother had an accident just like that," (ever see one puppy snatch a bone from another and run off with it?) and turn the talk into their own channels.

We need sympathy often in the common problems of the home —

in the discipline of children, for example. It's absurd to hold adult standards for children's conduct. We strive to make them come up to our point of view. It isn't merely that we forget our own childhood: we forget theirs as well.

Likewise we need the climate of sympathy in our day-to-day contacts with business associates and casual acquaintances. We remain strange and aloof to those with whom we work. This increases what William James calls our ancestral blindness to each other.

The gift of sympathy enriches and benefits the life of the person who bestows it quite as much as it does the person who receives it. Do you think the Good Samaritan wasn't in some subtle way repaid for his oil and wine and friendly ministrations? Suppose you give a pint of your blood to another or tire yourself in behalf of a friend. Do you doubt that, although you may be slightly weakened physically, in some higher, subtler way you have gained strength?

Sympathy pays in happiness — in a fuller sense of living and in an increased realization of brotherhood. By participating in the experience of others, our own experience is amplified and we get a higher understanding. By that higher understanding we can give a fuller sympathy, and so achieve a higher understanding still. It is only by this spiritual progress upward, ever sharing, ever learning, that we can hope to learn what life really means.

Detroit: Million Man Arsenal

Condensed from Forbes

Marc A. Rose

DETROIT meant automobiles. Now it means arms.

The automobile has been the outstanding symbol of the American way of life. Nothing else so strikingly illustrates the wealth of the United States as the single fact that we possess enough automobiles to carry all 130,000,000 of us simultaneously. Nothing more strikingly proves our democracy than the fact that "everybody" owns one. Everybody doesn't, literally, but nowhere else in the world do factories have to provide vast parking lots for the use of their workmen.

Nothing more suddenly destroyed the illusion of America's remoteness from war than the abrupt reminder that all this wealth was dependent on rubber — for which we should have to fight. And whether we win this war depends in large measure on Detroit. If our proudest peacetime industry cannot quickly become the world's greatest armament industry, we are sunk.

Detroit tackled its staggering assignment with characteristic drive. In a few weeks it ruthlessly wrecked beyond repair the achievement of two generations. It tossed costly machinery out into the snow, cut miles of intricate installations to shapeless chunks with acetylene

*T*he automobile industry's "Great Conversion" from peace to war production is the most stupendous feat of the machine age.

torches. There are men who will not walk through their old plants just now; it hurts too much to see the wreckers smash their inventions — for the wrecking still goes on, to make more and more room for war work.

The Great Conversion is a tremendous job. There is little similarity between motorcars and armaments. They aren't made on the same machines or in the same ways, often not even of the same materials.

To do this job, Detroit had as physical assets some roofs and walls (though most automobile plants have ceilings too low for many of the war jobs). It had some machines, but many of them had to be rebuilt.

Detroit's important assets are management and men — the greatest pool of experienced mass production machine operators in all the world. The management has a tradition of constant grappling with new problems, constant struggle for more speed and higher quality.

Management and men have been told their goal. They must produce

11 billion dollars' worth of war implements within a year — and their output of automobiles was worth less than five billion in the best year they ever had. This is the way quotas were set: the government did not regard a plant as undertaking its share until it had agreed to turn out, each month during 1942, twice as much as its best 1941 month. When subcontracting is possible, the base month is multiplied by three or four instead of two. The automobile industry employed 500,000 men in the Detroit district; when armament production is in full swing it will employ a million.

Nothing in the history of the machine age is comparable in scale to this vast undertaking save the industrialization of Russia — and that took a series of five-year plans.

Visible evidence of Detroit at war is everywhere. Thousands of shiny new automobiles with nice new tires are massed in open fields without protection from weather — more new cars than anyone ever saw at one time. Formerly every car Detroit made was already ordered, and as it left the line it was whisked away to a dealer. The freezing order stopped this flow. Partly finished cars went on to completion and out into parking fields. Slowly they will be absorbed under rationing regulations.

In sight of one of the main highways, a procession of grim tanks charges at high speed through mud wallows, around concrete tracks, up

and down steep grades. Bigger than you had imagined them, even from the movies; more guns; swifter, and much quieter. As each tank is completed in the Chrysler arsenal, it emerges on this field for a test run. There are a lot of them. Cows at pasture across the road are so used to them they don't even look up.

You see rows of immensely costly machines, once used for making motorcars, out in the weather. All are covered with thick grease, but it's not likely they can ever be used again.

These are things that catch the eye. The more important aspects of the Great Conversion lie deeper.

ACCORDING to a beautiful plan production of automobiles was to taper off and gradual war production was to start around April 1941. The two processes were to balance each other, keeping employment on an even keel.

The plan was working out fairly well. Automobile men, touchy over the criticism that they stuck too long to "business as usual," make the sound point that during 1941 they turned out a billion dollars' worth of planes, tanks, guns and other war products.

Pearl Harbor scrapped the orderly plan. Automobile manufacture was stopped short on February 10. The change-over, union officials estimated, would throw 360,000 men out of work in the Detroit district alone, a peak which would start 10

diminish in July. Actually the peak was only 150,000, and it began to diminish by spring. Since production figures are a military secret, this is the best measure of how far ahead of its war program Detroit has raced.

Detroit already is in big production — on airplane motors; military vehicles from little jeeps to six-wheel armored mastodons; tanks; guns, from light machine guns up through automatic anti-aircraft cannon; marine motors, those that drive the new 60-mile-an-hour mosquito boats and the 25-ton kind that drive submarines; and a vast miscellany of smaller stuff from shells by the million to gas masks and tin hats.

It is not yet in big production on completely assembled planes, but will be, sooner than promised. Already it is making a great stream of parts and subassemblies for other plane manufacturers.

The pace is feverish. New plants begin to turn out work at one end while construction gangs still are pouring concrete at the other. Planning the change-over, the 50 managers and engineers of one plant worked from 9 a.m. until midnight seven days a week for a month. "After that," a tool engineer remarked wryly, "the boss softened up. He began to give us a day off each week. I mean he let us go home at 8 o'clock Sunday nights."

Production begins as best it can with whatever machines are available. Eventually, without interrupting work, the machines are shifted

into better sequence. The assembly line which most engineers thought was the best in Detroit now turns out anti-aircraft guns. The gun has 125 parts; only 33 can be made on automobile machinery. Machines for the other parts had to be bought, built or improvised. Nevertheless, six months ahead of promised date, production began in an old warehouse. Came time to set up a better line. The workman at the head of the row went to the washroom one Friday night. When he returned, he looked around, dazed, then excitedly streaked to the foreman.

"Somebody's taken my machine!" he protested. "It was right there, and I was working on it."

"You'll find it in Plant A," he was told. "Follow it over and get going again."

The automobile industry has hundreds of suppliers who made one part or fitting — door handles, say. Of these, 152 plants employed 500 or more men each. They are counted on to subcontract 40 percent of the industry's war production, and are well on their way to that goal.

Six such suppliers are linked in a smooth-working production line 125 miles long to make fuse plugs for shells. Each morning a truck picks up 20,000 castings at a small foundry, takes them across town to another plant which anneals them, there picks up 20,000 annealed pieces and takes them 55 miles to be screw-threaded, takes the previous day's output of threaded parts 30 miles to

a cadmium plating works. A fifth plant makes the screw-thread protectors, a sixth assembles the whole into the shell.

But Detroit still isn't satisfied with its output. Labor leaders exhort, management pleads, but production is short of what it could be if every man did his best day's work.

Here is a composite appraisal by two master mechanics in different plants:

"Some of the inefficiency is because the work is new. Even suppose a man was a production machine man before the layoff, he still has to be taught to work on a wholly different piece and probably a different machine.

"As to spirit: nearly all the men want to do a good day's work. But a few shirkers can slow up operations. With some it's just a game of trying to beat the boss. With others it is a philosophy, 'Why should we work our hearts out to make big money for the stockholders?' Most of us don't believe stockholders are going to get fat out of this war — not when they get through paying taxes — but agitators help keep the idea alive.

"Things will improve. We'll get used to the new products, slackers will get spotted. We can't fire men for unprovable slowing down. But the man who doesn't get production out of his milling machine, where he is paid \$1.25 an hour, suddenly finds himself on a job that pays 90 cents."

DETROIT has become the most gigantic vocational education center in the world. Public and private facilities are taxed to the utmost, and both are dwarfed by the training programs of the manufacturers. Ford's schools alone train 12,000 workers at a clip; General Motors and Chrysler operate on a comparable scale. It takes an average of one month to retrain an experienced automobile worker for war production; six months to retrain a foreman.

Mass production techniques were never before applied to the making of military matériel — not even in Germany's airplane factories. The German plants are big and make a lot of planes, but that isn't what Detroit means by mass production.

The automobile mechanics are always fighting for short cuts and economies. "Does it *have* to be made this way?" is their persistent query. "Each one of the 60 oval holes in this gun cooler calls for three operations. Make 'em round, and we can punch 10 at a time." The army agreed they didn't have to be oval.

Detroit usually finds the army and navy ready to listen to suggestions. The automobile men evolved a new foundry process in which molten steel is poured into a mold whirling at high speed. The centrifugal force compresses the metal until it has the strength that used to be obtained only under the forge hammer; in fact the method is now called "liquid forging." After exhaustive tests, the army and navy

accepted the new process for such vital pieces as gun barrels and propeller hubs on planes — jobs that used to take hours now done in minutes.

The best medium-caliber anti-aircraft gun is a foreign model. Two sets of plans, differing in important details, reached this country by secret routes; the army got one, the navy another. Both placed orders. Detroit obediently began manufacture. Abroad, the gun is practically handmade, with parts individually filed to fit. The automobile men have made the parts interchangeable, have persuaded the army and navy to agree on one set of specifications, and have speeded up processes until assembly, which used to take 400 man hours, now takes 15 minutes.

OF COURSE Detroit has much to learn. Automobiles were designed to give economical service for years. Tanks and planes are designed to deliver their utmost in a crisis; original cost and upkeep are of no importance if they give super-performance in battle. The automobile men took a little time to get this military point of view.

Not only aims but techniques are unfamiliar. The first 11 airplane motors built in a new Detroit plant developed trouble when tested. The automobile men yelled for help, and more experienced manufacturers came running. They inspected the motors — beautiful thousand-horsepower jobs — and the bright new

plant. They watched the men at work.

"You are making every part as well as we do, sometimes better," they said. "But you handle them as you handled automobile parts. You can't drop airplane motor parts into a bin, or stack them on a truck and push them over bumpy floors. You can't hang them on a conveyor hook."

Individual parts are now wrapped in oiled tissue and moved from one operation to the next, gently, like eggs. There's been no more trouble.

The difference between making automobiles and aircraft is epitomized in this little statistic: it takes 12 minutes' labor to make a connecting rod for America's most expensive motorcar. It takes 11 man hours to make a connecting rod for General Motors' Allison airplane engine.

DETROIT looks ahead to a shortage of labor. War production will absorb men forced out of other lines — not only factory workers, but salesmen with nothing to sell, mechanics who set up little independent garages and filling stations, old men, men with minor disabilities. And women. The war cannot be won without hundreds of thousands of women in the war factories.

But when the last available man and woman in Detroit has been recruited, it is estimated the war plants will still need 190,000 more. That means 500,000 added population, for not only will men bring families, but there must be people

to serve them — laundrymen, salespeople, and the like.

The problems entailed in absorbing into the Detroit area within a year a 25 percent increase in population are full of headaches. Housing is first. Detroit already is overcrowded. Its poor, in particular its Negroes, live in shameful slums. There are miles of shacks, colonies of trailers.

As a first move, 15,000 houses are to be built with public funds and 30,000 are to be built by private investors, with the FHA guaranteeing the mortgages. Linked with housing is transportation. Most ambitious attack on this problem is the "Michigan plan," now being demonstrated in Pontiac with the hope that it will be adopted in other cities.

Factories, stores and offices start work at staggered intervals. The effect is to abolish traffic peaks, enable the limited number of buses to cope with the load. "Car clubs" are also fostered — four or five men going to work in one car.

IN THE FACE of all the difficulties with materials, machines, men and transportation, the work progresses.

A plant manager was reciting his unending troubles.

"You can certainly get discouraged," he remarked. "But when I do I stop work for a few minutes and walk over and watch the stuff coming off the end of the line. It is coming off faster and better than anybody believed possible. And that's what counts."



A Willing Spirit

❧ "WILL all you crap-shooters please come forward," said Judge Walter L. Kimmel in calling a gambling case in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Six men walked to the bench. Only five men had been charged.

"What are you doing here?" the judge asked the other.

"I can shoot craps," said the man.

— *Tulsa Tribune*

❧ IN MINNEAPOLIS a man who was tapped on the shoulder by a policeman during a roundup of drunks got into the patrol wagon and went to jail. In court he learned that the cop had just wanted to ask him to move out of the way.

— *Time*

Church of the Penitent Thief

Condensed from The Baltimore Sunday Sun

William F. McDermott

EVERYTHING about the Church of St. Dismas sounds improbable. It is a church which stands inside the walls of a prison — Clinton Prison at Dannemora, New York. It is a house of worship dedicated to a thief. It is a monument to righteousness built by "public enemies." Its congregation is made up of felons. Its rich sculpture, paintings and stained glass were done by men who had seldom before lifted an honest tool. The bishop calls it the largest and handsomest church in his diocese — its spire rises 100 feet and it seats 1200 — yet it is built of haphazard materials — hardware from a junk yard, stones from old cells. But the most inspiring thing about it is the fact that it exists at all.

In 1937 the new Catholic chaplain, Father Ambrose R. Hyland, was being shown through the prison.

"— and this is where you'll say Mass, Father," said a guard, throwing open a door.

The new chaplain winced. It was not a chapel at all; it was just a noisy, prison-gray room. Father Hyland believed passionately that a place of worship should be a place apart, a place of peace and beauty. Particularly should this be so in a prison, where life at best was ugly. He resolved that his "lads," as he



soon began to call them, were to have a church of their own.

The obstacles seemed insurmountable. The state did not erect religious buildings; getting permission to build with private funds — supposing funds could be raised — was doubtful. A contractor would be prohibitively expensive. If the prisoners were willing to do the work, who would provide their tools, train them in the thousand needed skills?

The priest tackled these obstacles one at a time. He induced the state to allow any prison chaplain — Protestant, Hebrew or Catholic — to build a church on prison property with private funds.

The six-foot, young-looking priest then launched a drive for cash, building materials, technical help, church furnishings, castoffs — anything that could go into a church. "I bummed and chiseled and begged," he relates happily.

The late Cardinal Hayes gave the

first and largest gift. An outstanding architect donated a set of plans; a Washington woman promised an altar, somebody else two carloads of lumber.

When newspapers picked up the story, help arrived from unexpected places. Two Jews promised a \$25,000 organ that had been removed from a Brooklyn movie house. Congregational and Episcopal churches invited Father Hyland to come and tell his story, and then gave money. Baptists, Lutherans and Masonic lodges helped. An invalid girl subscribed her life savings; one of the stained-glass windows is to be her memorial, for she died a few months ago. Four women in an Australian home for the aged pooled their mites and donated an altar candlestick. The mother of a convict who died in the prison gave the lighted cross at the top of the spire.

Father Hyland took stock. He had a little cash and some stone from a demolished prison wall. He had a set of plans and the promise of other building materials. But the big question remained — labor.

Clinton Prison is called "Siberia" by the underworld. The saying is that when a convict is too tough for any place else, he goes to Clinton. Would such men volunteer to build a church?

Father Hyland soon got his answer. Ground was broken less than a year after he conceived the idea. In all corners of the prison Father Hyland unearthed buried talents,

revived forgotten skills. One convict bossed the job of stonecutting. Another cast the concrete trim so skillfully that it looks like cut limestone. One man who had been a glazier got busy on the stained-glass windows. Another knew something of drafting, and supplied countless detail sketches. Furniture and wrought-iron work were undertaken in the prison shops. A convict painted pictures for the walls. Another created the cast-stone evangelists and gargoyles, and the figures of Christ and Dismas.

As the work progressed, carpenters and plasterers bloomed where formerly yeggs and heist guys sprouted. Men who had not been to church in years prided themselves on building one.

An agile chap was needed to climb a high scaffolding and tie ropes about flying beams to guide them into place. A second-story burglar did the job.

One inveterate stick-up man who had been in every big prison in New York worked long hours on his knees laying tile. Infection set in. The pain was intense, but he concealed his condition until he had completed the job. Then he had to go to the hospital for many weeks. Later he was received into the Church.

An unusual camaraderie sprang up between priest and prisoners. The priest, sensitive and cultured, could hold his own with the toughest and quickest-thinking of them. He was compassionate and merciful, yet he

was as "stir wise" as the oldest convict, and they knew it.

Father Hyland had worked with his father, a contractor. As the church went up, he was everywhere, advising, supervising, running errands. Bells for the tower? There's one in a nearby abandoned factory, and a Methodist Church has offered us another it has discarded. Hinges, fittings? I think I know of a junk yard. "Rubies" for the rose window? Why not use ten-cent automobile tail-light lenses?

He hoarded his precious supply of cash against emergencies when prison-improvised methods wouldn't do. You're stumped on those designs for the main windows? Well, I guess we'd better hire an expert. Installing the organ? Too tricky; we'll get a professional.

Time and again the priest had to make new sorties into the world outside when material ran short. He based his appeals on two arguments. The church was a religious undertaking that was setting wayward footsteps back on the road of God; and it was a unique venture in prison welfare, engaging idle hands in con-

structive work and teaching them useful, honest trades.

The facts bear out his contentions. Two hundred church-building convicts labored four years without breaking a prison rule; that takes 100 years off their sentences, for good behavior. And of the men whose terms have been completed, one now has a fine job with a statuary firm; another is employed as a master plumber; another is an electrician; another a glazier; another makes blueprints for architects and engineers. All these men learned their skills while building the church.

In August 1941, in the presence of scores of dignitaries from "outside," the completed church was formally dedicated to St. Dismas, the Penitent Thief who was crucified at the side of Christ. It would have cost a quarter of a million to build outside. Every Sunday the prison yard is filled with music by the Black Sheep Choir of 40 voices, directed by a convict who once forged a check but is a fine musician. And long lines of men in gray file in to worship at the shrine of the patron saint of imprisoned men.



Quotable Quotes

❖ A MAN who won't lie to a woman has very little consideration for her feelings.

— Olin Miller

❖ WHAT IS more enchanting than the voices of young people — when you can't hear what they say.

— Logan Pearsall Smith

❖ NO MAN is lonely while eating spaghetti — it requires so much attention.

— Christopher Morley

Germany, Italy and Japan think our overconfidence will help them beat us. Are they right?

Shall It Be We — Or They?

Condensed from *The Nation*

John T. Whitaker

TO WIN this war we must take the measure of ourselves as a people and of our foes. How good are we? How good are they? For in this struggle, as Mussolini has said, it is "we or they." Some sentimentalists may still imagine that in modern times "nobody wins a war"; but they should know by now that the Czechs, the Poles, the French and others have learned that you can lose a war. And somebody is going to lose this war.

Coming back to this country after ten years abroad — much of it spent in Berlin and Rome — an observer is struck forcibly by the comfortable optimism of the American people. It is a major and incredible phenom-

✓ ✓ ✓ ✓ ✓ ✓ ✓ ✓

JOHN WHITAKER, as a roving foreign correspondent, covered the story of fascist aggression from its beginning. He watched the Axis dress rehearsals for war in Ethiopia and Spain, and warned of the approaching attack on the democracies. When the war started he was chief of the Rome bureau of the *Chicago Daily News*; constantly in hot water with Mussolini's government, he was finally requested to leave last year. Mr. Whitaker recently insisted on undergoing an operation which involved breaking his back: he hopes thereby to eliminate the effects of an old injury, so he can join the armed forces.

non. Learning nothing from the fall of France or from Dunkirk, we have carried our complacency, like a priceless piece of bric-a-brac, through the bombing of Pearl Harbor and the loss of Singapore and the East Indies.

Do we think the Japanese, the Italians and the Germans made war on us because they think we can beat them? Of course not. The Axis partners are confident of victory won for them by our own overconfidence.

It was not in the spirit of harakiri that Major General Kenryo Sato assured a committee of the Japanese Diet that the fall of Gibraltar, Suez, India and Australia is "only a matter of time." In both diplomacy and military strategy, he added, the Anglo-American camp "has been the victim of gross miscalculation the like of which has seldom been witnessed."

Italian leaders believe that America's military effort will be contemptible. Before I was expelled from Rome one of Mussolini's lieutenants told me: "You Americans like your luxuries too much. You are incapable of the sacrifices and discipline

required to wage a modern war. When the Axis rules America I will see to it that you are in a concentration camp."

Count Ciano, Mussolini's son-in-law and foreign minister, was no less explicit. When I said to him, "Time is on the side of the democracies," he shot back: "Yes—if there is time enough!"

German military men told me they felt sure that in this war they had too big a jump on us for us to catch up. This spring we have 2,000,000 men under arms; the Germans have 9,000,000—a proper percentage of them seasoned veterans—with more being called up regularly. The German general staff believes, moreover, that Germany has been producing more arms than America and Great Britain combined. The only arms factories not operating in the occupied countries of Europe are those which fail to measure up to German standards of efficiency. France alone has supplied Germany with more than America has sent to Great Britain—an estimate given me by three German sources and confirmed by William L. Batt, of our War Production Board. The Germans, basing their calculations upon espionage reports, see no danger from American arms production before the end of 1943.

German officers with whom I talked believe that during the next two years America will have neither the trained armored divisions nor the arms nor the shipping tonnage

to mass military superiority against the Axis on any front. In that period they believe that Germany can drive through southern Russia and effect a junction with the Japanese in India—with its fabulous resources. Aided by Italian manpower they expect to conquer Suez, Gibraltar, Morocco and the west coast of Africa. The next step is to gain footholds in South America from which to close the Panama Canal and bomb American factories.

Back of all these dreams of conquest is the insulting conviction that once the going is really rough, or if Britain is successfully invaded, America will have no stomach for war. Even should America fail to capitulate, the Nazis say, Germany would be secure against attack. Vastly richer in raw materials, with the resources of the Dutch Indies, India, the Middle East and Africa to exploit, the Axis can then build a huge invasion fleet, while American morale deteriorates under the necessity of sacrifices.

I have ground my teeth in futile rage many times as these plans were propounded to me by German and Italian cabinet ministers, generals and secret police agents, each calmly assuming we could be written off as nothing but wrangling materialists, divided by racial differences and class greed, rendered impotent by comforts. None of the German officers foresaw the selflessness and heroism American boys would show in "the foxholes of

Bataan." "Americans lack the military tradition," they used to say.

If German hopes fail it will be largely because of 100 percent effort by the American people, by industry and labor, the farmer and the white-collar worker. Can the American people put aside their assumption of easy victory and come up fighting? How good are we?

The German thinks we have got to be a lot better than we are on our record. Our slowness in abandoning the production of automobiles and other luxury goods reflects a gross underestimate of our opponents' power. In many places one encounters a glib optimism as foolish as it is dangerous. As Mr. Batt said recently, "If one were to believe the headlines, one might suppose that MacArthur had almost driven the Japs back to Tokyo."

Our failure to see the peril that confronts us is rooted in three fallacies of judgment shared from coast to coast — fallacies which confound an observer familiar with Berlin and Rome, London and Moscow. The American public (1) seriously underestimates the eight years' head-start in militarization which enables Germany to keep the initiative; (2) it blinks at the essential weakness of Great Britain, as a result of the collapse of France; and (3) in sheer delight it exaggerates Russian successes beyond all reason. To these three major fallacies might be added a fourth — the notion that occupied Europe will rise almost any day now

in revolt, an idea held by those who forget that the most courageous man, if denied arms and hope alike, falls silent before the chattering eloquence of the machine gun.

In 1935 Germany was spending five times as much on arms as Great Britain. In 1938 the proportion was still nearly four to one. With this lead, Germany has been able to concentrate a superiority of guns, tanks and planes against her enemies at any given moment on any given front — and Germany, not her foes, could choose the moment. There is no reason to assume that German generals will lose this advantage until American aircraft in overwhelming numbers smash German factories and communications.

Through recent months Americans have demanded, "Why doesn't Britain invade the Continent?" Britain has never had the arms or the men to take the offensive. The defeat of France lost her the use of vital naval and air bases. Consequently to put a shell or a bomb against the Germans has called forth roughly three times the effort in money, material and men required by a similar German blow. The discrepancy was balanced somewhat by seapower, which still outstays its critics; by the superior training and personnel of the RAF together with quality aircraft engineering, and finally by the dogged heroism of a people which "never knows when it is beaten." But the desperate military predicament of Britain has been registered

at Dunkirk, in Greece and Crete, and at Hong Kong and Singapore. There was only one reason for these defeats: want of manpower and equipment.

As Americans we must comprehend Britain's peril and appreciate her efforts — efforts which have included a greater production of war-planes than that of our own vaunted aircraft industry, efforts which include the loss in one day of 52 bombers when we were able to ship the British only 40 heavy bombers in a month. As Americans at war we play into German hands if we ignore the difficulties which our ally still faces and yet take comfort from the words, "There'll always be an England."

It is true that the German timetable in Russia went all wrong. The Germans knew that Stalin's brutal denial of consumer goods to the people had made his popularity a hollow thing. They were confident that Russian morale would crack under sledgehammer blows from the panzers and the Stukas. But they forgot that nationalism is a greater force in modern Russia than communism; that when the foreign toe treads on Russian soil the Stalinite, the Trotskyite and the White Russian alike cry out in anguish and passion.

The thrill of headlines which proclaimed the defeat of Hitler's troops, however, has made millions of Americans lightheaded. The German

armies have retreated, but in no instance have they been routed. Their withdrawals were orderly, their rear-guard actions stubborn, and they left virtually no booty to the Russians.

We must not underestimate the dangers of a renewed German offensive. The Russian has not yet proved that in weather conditions favorable to the Germans he can meet the panzer divisions in pitched battle and best them. It is no service to our Russian ally to exaggerate his prowess or forget his need of American aid. What Stalin is able and willing to do from Vladivostok against Japan will depend upon our production of tanks and aircraft, the capacity of our merchant tonnage to take these arms wherever they are needed.

As a people we are living still in a peacetime psychology, studying the headlines as if we were spectators. It is time we realized that we cannot win this war on potentialities alone, that to win will require the active effort of every citizen. It is time we stopped political bickering, stopped whispering campaigns against American minorities and against our allies. It is time we showed our enemies that they are dead wrong in thinking us incapable of unity and sacrifice, a lesser breed of men than our forefathers. For the sands are running out in this most titanic of all wars and we or they — not both — will survive.



¶ This young couple didn't wait to be told what to do to help

It's Our War — Pitch In

Condensed from The American Legion Magazine

Franc M. Luther

FOR MONTHS my wife and I believed we were doing all we could for our country in the present emergency. Glenn had been working every third day as a volunteer in the army's aircraft interceptor service. A physical handicap prevents me from joining the armed forces, but I had been serving as an air-raid warden. We had set aside a fair share of our income for defense bonds and had given as heavily as we could to the Red Cross. We had been doing our bit as millions of others were doing theirs — the easy way; our regular life had been little interrupted, and we had continued to enjoy the pleasures of peace, thinking smugly that we were thereby "keeping up morale."

We awoke a month ago. First came a realization that our friends were not taking the war seriously. A discussion of their attitude brought a scrutiny of our own. Since then our personal quotas of aid in the war effort have been set at *our full capacity*. When peace comes again we shall go back to our normal lives. If we fail to fill our quotas now, we may have no normal lives to which to return.

Each of us Americans must realize

that this is *his* war. We must not say, "This is the government's job; let the government tell me what to do and I will do my part." Our total war effort is the sum of the efforts of all of us. If one falls short, no one else can make up for it. It's your war and mine.

The first thing Glenn and I did was sell our car. This was a hard decision to make, for the car was our chief pleasure. However, we believe the time may come when the rubber and gasoline consumed this year by private motorists will be bitterly regretted. We want no part of that regret.

The sale of the car paid an unexpected dividend: we rediscovered our feet. We walk two miles to and from our offices. On our days off we take a streetcar to the edge of town and spend hours tramping along the beaches or through the woods, a pleasure we never knew before. Our sleep and appetites are better; we feel like new people.

The car brought us more money than we had expected, and we debated what to do with it. The obvious thing was to stock up on goods that would become scarce or

expensive. An economist friend settled that question for us. "Think what would happen," he said, "if everyone bought today a thousand dollars' worth of things he didn't need. Stocks would be depleted at a time when most of our factories have turned to war production. The thing to do is to consume as little as possible; put your old things in condition; take care of what you have and make it last. Then you'll be helping your country."

So we put the money into defense bonds. After the war has been won we'll buy things. The nation will need our purchasing power then. Today it needs our producing power.

We have had our worn shoes repaired; Glenn mends our clothing, and we're fashionable with chamois elbow patches on our old tweed coats. She feels just as smart in lisle hose as she did in silk. In our tea we use honey, more healthful than refined sugar, and Glenn uses corn syrup whenever possible in cooking. She never buys canned vegetables when fresh ones are available, and thus we're helping to conserve tin.

Glenn looked around for more that she could do and was surprised what a lot of jobs are available. The Office of Civilian Defense had listed 208 jobs that must be done. Women can act as air-raid wardens, ambulance drivers, auxiliary fire-fighters, home nurses, dietitians, or organize nursery schools for children whose mothers work in defense plants. Some can fill technical posts in the

army and navy. The need is unlimited.

Soon Glenn found that army officers in the interceptor center needed clerical help. Now she works 40 hours a week without pay as secretary to the unit's commanding officer. With this work, and her Red Cross knitting at home, Glenn is filling her quota.

A number of our New York and Chicago friends are now junior officers or draftees stationed in this area. Knowing few people in San Francisco, they were lonely. Glenn visited Stanford and the University of California and talked to undergraduate members of her college sorority; I spoke to the girls in my office. Within a week we were running a date bureau, and today every service boy we know is acquainted with two or three attractive girls whom he can call when off duty. Our score so far is three engagements.

Merely working doesn't seem sufficient when other men are dying, and Glenn and I were glad when we found another service we could perform. Each of us has given a pint of blood, and we plan to give more. We hope it may save the life of a man in the firing line.

I still faced my biggest problem. I wanted to do something concrete toward the war effort. I work on a newspaper; it's a job that can be considered useful, and I don't want to quit. At last I found a solution. Today I attend a welding school and in seven weeks I shall go on the night

shift in a shipyard. My newspaper boss has agreed that I am young and strong enough to carry both loads. I shall be filling my quota, which is my full capacity for work.

Some of our friends tell us we are foolish. "No marriage can stand the strain imposed upon two people worn and tired from overwork," they say. "You must have fun. Live while you can."

We aren't worried about that. We still have time for sleep, and on our days off we can go to the country for rest and restoration. And we always

have the knowledge that we are doing what we believe is right. Our fathers made this country, but not on an eight-hour day. When there was work to be done they did it. We shall work now and rest later. Sacrificing our leisure for a few years is better than sacrificing our liberty.

There is little we can do individually; but there are a hundred and thirty millions of us. Our total capacity, each with his shoulder to the wheel, is tremendous. That capacity shall be our quota. We shall fill it. And we shall win.



Magic Moments

❁ I FIRST SAW star shadows when I was a boy, tramping down a lonely country road after a new snowfall. It was cold and still and brilliantly clear. The stars swung like great lamps in the sky and snapped when I looked at them. A great star burned in the west, and suddenly as I passed a row of tall maples lining the

west side of the road, I detected on the snow ahead some faint yet distinct bars of shadow. Each bar came from the base of a maple tree — they were shadows cast by the light of that star! To this day I can recall the strange thrill that went over me then.

— Walter Prichard Eaton, *New England Vistas* (Wilde)

❁ MY FIRST CROSSING of the equator was at 8000 feet above the Andes. Instinctively I looked down as if to behold some demarcation on the rim of the world, like those on library globes. Instead I saw the black shadow of our plane flying in the center of a full-circled rainbow, like a blackbird in a ring of varicolored flames. It was fantastically beautiful. I had never seen a completed rainbow before, nor one lying parallel with the earth. I shall always remember my first crossing of the equator by that symbolic circle of heavenly light curled like a vast halo around the plane's shadow.

— Hudson Strobe, *South by Thunder Bird* (Random House)

Gramicidin — the amazing new
weapon in medicine's growing arsenal

Germ-Killers from the Earth

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

John Pfeiffer

A NEW DRUG called gramicidin is the most promising germ-killing discovery since sulfanilamide. Almost unbelievably potent, as little as seven billionths of an ounce is sufficient to kill a billion pneumococci or virulent streptococci in two hours. It is effective against skin diseases, stubborn cases of pleurisy, and pus-ridden wounds. Even more dramatic than gramicidin's chemical effects are the steps which led to its discovery by Dr. René J. Dubos at the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research.

Gramicidin was found in the soil. Dr. Dubos extracted it by chemical methods from the tiny cells of microbes that live beneath the city's pavements and the plowed fields of the open countryside. Shrewd observations by the great Pasteur furnished the basis for a new and far-reaching attack on disease of which Dr. Dubos' work is a part.

During the latter part of the 19th century the men who studied microbes suspected the ground beneath their feet as a source of the great epidemics that had killed countless human beings. Millions of dead bodies teeming with the germs of bu-

bonic plague, cholera, typhus, pneumonia and other deadly diseases had been laid to rest in the earth. What could be more natural than that these death-dealing bacteria should multiply between the clods of rich, moist soil? But the scientists, examining samples of earth, found that the germs did not long survive there. Apparently they were devoured by multitudes of ravenous but harmless-to-man microbes. Pasteur in 1877 reported that certain soil-dwelling bacteria could destroy the anthrax germ; he suggested that such knowledge might be applied in the treatment of human beings.

By the 1920's, soil microbes had been discovered which killed diphtheria, typhoid and cholera organisms in the laboratory. But the chemists' solutions containing the germ-killing microbes included other bacteria and various impurities. They were, therefore, too weak and variable in action to merit trial on human beings.

Then Dr. Dubos started work to concentrate the germ-killing substances. He knew that crops cannot live on plant and animal debris in its unmodified state, and the break-

ing up of useless litter into available plant food — known as decomposition — is a job that falls largely to the soil bacteria. He realized that the earth's microbes are not microscopic "goats" which can digest everything from animal matter to waste paper. They are specialists. For example, microbes that attack the cellulose in wood will not work on glucose, a fruit sugar of similar chemical structure. If the members of the microscopic world were so specialized, Dr. Dubos reasoned that there might be an undiscovered type of microbe that would destroy the tough capsules which surround and protect virulent pneumonia germs. He placed a bit of New Jersey peat in a solution containing the coatings of the deadly Type III pneumococci. Most of the microbes were unable to stomach the strange diet and lapsed into stubborn dormancy, but a few managed to change their habits sufficiently to form adaptive enzymes — substances able to break down the germ-armor into a simpler chemical form which they could use for food.

These enzymes, injected into mice, protected them against a dose of Type III pneumonia germs powerful enough to kill one million untreated animals. Through the microscope Dr. Dubos watched the capsules dissolve away, leaving naked germs which the animals' own first-line defenders promptly devoured. The experiment was a success, but the experimenter was not satisfied. These soil bacteria attacked the

coatings of Type III pneumonia germs only. Dr. Dubos wanted to develop a strain of bacteria which would kill a great variety of disease-producing organisms.

Five years ago he started to create a new breed of versatile microscopic creatures. Soil samples from the Rockefeller Institute greenhouses were kept under carefully controlled conditions of temperature and humidity until the microbes had devoured practically all the available food: leaves, stalks and other waste material. When the billions of bacteria were near starvation, Dr. Dubos added fluids containing streptococci, pneumococci, and other germs — a "germ cocktail." This time the germs, unlike the pneumococci coatings used before, were alive. Yet results were just as favorable. Again most of the earth-dwellers, unused to a diet of living bacteria, refused to try it. But again a few rose to the occasion, adjusted themselves, and survived in the artificial struggle for existence. For two years Dr. Dubos added mixtures of germs to the soil until he was convinced that the resulting microbe population — each member of which was about .00008 of an inch long — had formed a gluttonous and cannibalistic appetite for other tiny creatures that produced disease among men.

To isolate the germ-killing bacteria he put a pinch of the treated soil in a test tube containing a solution of germs and let the surviving soil microbes multiply. By diluting

the bit of soil from tube to tube, he finally obtained a relatively pure culture. Under the microscope these rod-shaped microbes seemed to exert some unexplained chemical attraction on the streptococci, staphylococci and other germs. The germs floated straight for the sides of the soil microbes, stuck there like iron filings to a magnet, and then gradually lost their spherical shapes and dissolved into watery blobs.

Thus the first stage in a process of laboratory-guided "synthetic evolution" had been completed with the discovery of a wonderfully germivorous race of microbes.

The next step was to extract from the bacteria the chemical substances that did the destroying. The soil bacteria were put in a solution containing hydrochloric acid and whirled in the scientific cream-separator known as a centrifuge. Resultant solid matter was immersed in alcohol which dissolved a part of the substance. This fraction was found to be the material which destroyed germs. It was named tyrothrycin. Further investigation revealed that it actually consisted of two substances, tyrocidine and gramicidin. Animal tests showed that tyrocidine, a germ-killer in the test tube, is a Caspar Milquetoast in living tissues. But gramicidin is another story.

Infinitesimal quantities injected into the peritoneal cavities of mice protected them against 10,000 fatal doses of pneumococci or streptococci. In the spring of 1940 Dr. Dubos

tried gramicidin on higher animals. The Walker-Gordon Laboratory in Plainsboro, New Jersey, found that 16 prize cows had contracted mastitis, an inflammation of the udders caused in this instance by a type of streptococcus. Sulfanilamide failed to curb the ailment, and the veterinarians turned to Dr. Dubos for aid. Injections of gramicidin into the infected udders cured the disease in a dozen of the ailing animals.

Inevitably medical researchers became interested in the possible applications of gramicidin to human beings. Drs. Charles H. Rammelkamp and Chester S. Keefer, of the Boston University School of Medicine and the Evans Memorial and Massachusetts Memorial Hospitals, are among the pioneer workers in this field. To date they have used gramicidin successfully with over 100 patients who had failed to respond to other forms of treatment. Among the most successful cures were desperate leg-ulcer cases. One person had lived with a foul and painful open sore for 15 years, a wide variety of treatments having done little good. Three weeks of locally applied gramicidin healed it. Recovery from similar ulcers was announced for two children who had suffered for weeks. Many staphylococci-infested wounds were cleared up within 24 hours.

News is already coming in from other medical centers to confirm and extend these findings. Drs. Wallace E. Herrell and Dorothy Heilman of the Mayo Clinic have found

gramicidin extremely promising for the relief of sinusitis; in some patients the responsible bacteria were cleared up within two days. A week was sufficient to curb several extremely severe bladder infections. Johns Hopkins doctors also have used gramicidin on sinus and other patients. Army physicians are experimenting with the drug as a throat spray to protect against sore throats and colds. The list of successful trials is increasing monthly.

Gramicidin is no cure-all. In fact it may cause death if it gets into the bloodstream; for the chemical extract from soil microbes destroys

vital red blood cells. The substance can be administered only locally in body cavities and in unbleeding wounds. But even with such restrictions the future of gramicidin in man's war against bacteria is bright.

Meanwhile, Dr. Dubos continues to work quietly in his laboratory. He doesn't yet know the detailed molecular structure of the powerful weapon he has developed, nor exactly how it accomplishes its germ-killing. If he succeeds in finding the answers to these riddles, science will take a long step toward the goal of designing specific substances to destroy each of the bacteria killers.

The Perfect Tribute

ERIC GILL, the British sculptor, wrote in his autobiography: "I had a dream in which I was walking in heaven with my wife, Mary, and our children. We met Our Lord and I said to Him, 'This is Betty, and this is Petra, and this Joanna, and this is Gordian.' And He shook hands with them all. And then I said, 'And this is Mary.' And He said, 'Oh, Mary and I are old friends.'"

— Eric Gill, *Autobiography* (Jonathan Cape)

ON THE EVE of the opening of a new play Sarah Bernhardt and her company sat silently in the green-room. Marshal François Canrobert, a French hero of the Crimean War, entered and commented on their depression.

"We are on the eve of a great battle," Bernhardt explained. "We are afraid."

"Afraid?" echoed the Marshal.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Monsieur," said Bernhardt. "I quite forgot." And summoning an usher she said, "Picard, please bring a dictionary for Monsieur."

— *The Christian Science Monitor*

Fooling Enemy Airmen

Condensed from *Air Facts*

Don Wharton

TODAY'S air war has developed a bagful of new military ruses. A constant battle of wits is being fought side by side with the battle of bombs and bullets.

When the Germans began using radio beams to guide their aircraft to targets in England, British scientists found a neat answer. Two German beams, originating at widely separated points on the Continent, were aimed at the target so that Nazi night bombers, following one beam, could unload at the intersection. British wireless experts created a false intersection with a beam of their own — and the German bombers wasted their bombs on country fields. As a refinement, the British, using beams of the same wave length as the Germans, deflected the enemy beams. After that, Nazi pilots not only dropped their bombs in the wrong places but sometimes, homeward-bound, followed a British beam and ended up in the open sea when their gas ran out.

A favorite ruse of a pilot in a tight fix is to pretend his plane has been hit and is falling out of control. The Germans have equipped some planes with chemicals which create clouds of smoke, giving the impression the plane is on fire. This trick has a

parallel in submarine warfare. A fake oil slick — and even phony debris — can be released, to make it appear that the craft has been shattered.

LAST SUMMER an American, walking along a road near Berlin, stumbled upon one of the most elaborate ruses of the war. What caught his eye was a network of wires over an open field. He looked around cautiously. The wires started from a dugout, and spread fanlike to small buildings a quarter of a mile apart. The buildings had no roofs or windowpanes, and the floors were piled with brush and wood shavings. The flick of a switch in the dugout could ignite the shavings, and at night the flames would flare through the windows and roofless tops like serious fires, hoodwinking Britain's night bombers.

My informant had discovered part of the dummy city of Berlin. Other cautious trips led to the discovery of miles of false streets, factories and railways. The phony streets are lined with large packing crates, each crate containing an electric light. From the air they look like a section of Berlin incompletely blacked out. For extra realism the dummy city is given lots of anti-aircraft protection. Experts say

it's difficult for bomber crews not to be taken in, even though they are familiar with this trick.

The Germans have built other decoy cities, including a second "Cologne," placed where a stream bends strikingly like the Rhine's bend at the real Cologne. Before attacking Russia they are reported to have constructed an imitation of Ploesti, the Rumanian oil center — copying the big refineries and putting up canvas "oil tanks" which send up clouds of black chemical smoke if they are bombed.

In England, where a single factory may be the objective of German raiders, an inexpensive building is erected some distance away. The real factory is perfectly blacked out, while blackout regulations seem to be slightly violated by the decoy building. The result is a prodigious waste of expensive bombs.

TRICKS of camouflage have been amazingly refined. English factory areas have been painted to resemble apartment houses, and military installations disguised as innocuous filling stations. Fake runways made of lime or white dust crisscross dummy airfields, while fake highways bisect real fields. An American observer back from Britain estimates that in certain sections a third of the "airfields" are dummies. One real airfield, bounded by a housing development, concealed the hangars by painting them to look like more housing, with doors,

windows and flower boxes to match those of the real development.

The Germans have transformed the airface of Berlin almost beyond recognition. Roofs have blossomed with foliage, the outlines of ponds have been altered by rafts covered with sod, and small lakes completely concealed by nets stretched from shore to shore. The broad Unterden-Linden, normally an unmistakable landmark, has been reduced to half its true width by means of scaffolding and netting.

At Hamburg the Germans were cursed with the Alster Basin, a bull's-eye in the heart of the city. With rafts and scaffolding they made the basin appear crisscrossed with streets and buildings; they built a fake bridge, created a false basin farther out in the bay, camouflaged nearby railroad tracks and painted streets across the station. British cameras finally uncovered the ruse, but not until after it had worked for weeks.

A ruse is expected to be detected eventually and is considered successful if it causes delay, waste and uncertainty. Last year the Germans outwitted the British for several nights by putting a few "landing lights" on a dummy airfield — and lighting up the real field like a Christmas tree. The British got their revenge in Egypt when 18 Axis bombers escorted by 30 fighters bombed an array of imitation tanks camouflaged just badly enough to be detected by the enemy.

In many cases camouflage is suc-

cessful if it simply blurs the target from the bomber's oblique view. Traveling five miles a minute at 20,000 feet, he has to see the target ten miles away, get set at five, drop his bombs at three. If the camouflaged target is recognizable only from directly above, it is difficult to hit.

Nature often betrays the camoufleur. One German airfield adjoined a farm clearly marked by irrigation ditches; the Nazis carried these across the airfield with paint which looked genuine in British photographs — until the real water in the ditches froze. Then the painted water on the field stood out like a neon sign. In foliage screens, artificial leaves must be changed as the season advances. Natural leaves have to be changed daily, for the deterioration of chlorophyll is so rapid that the difference soon shows in photos.

The camera is the main reliance of the air observer in uncovering the deceptions of the camoufleur. Paint may look genuine in a single photograph. But if pictures of the same spot are taken both morning and afternoon the very similarity will often be a giveaway: the sun has changed, the painted shadows haven't; therefore they are fakes. British stereoscopic cameras have

pierced many German ruses. They take two aerial photos at the same time; examined together through a stereoscope these have a third-dimensional quality which shows the painted object's lack of depth.

The notion that the Germans and Japanese have a corner on military ingenuity is poppycock. Our air corps has gone far with infrared photographs which, for example, detect paint and the difference between natural and artificial leaves. It has been a pioneer in night photography and in the use of color films which produce the picture as seen by the human eye.

Our camouflage engineers are experts in protective deception. The cottage you see in New England, the bungalow you admire in Florida, may hide one of our secret underground stores of aviation gasoline. One of our bases is being made to resemble a farm community — with a false graveyard, a parachute tower that looks like a church steeple, and sections of the field sowed with different grasses to suggest farming plots. Our vital coastal industrial areas are being equipped with means of making artificial fog.

Yankee ingenuity is not dead today, and American brains and inventiveness will play a big part in military events to come.

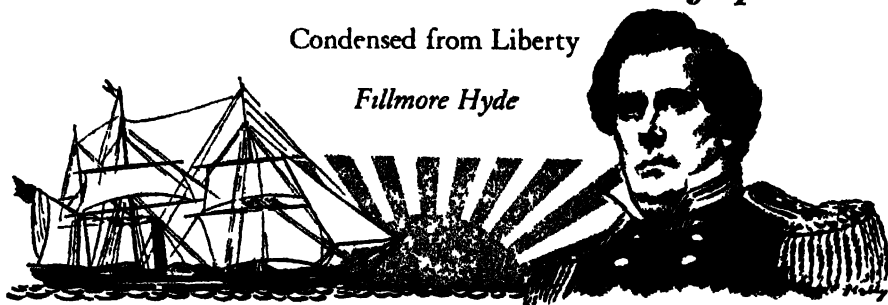


Not ONLY does beauty fade, but it leaves a record upon the face as to what became of it. — Elbert Hubbard

The Commodore Knew His Japs

Condensed from *Liberty*

Fillmore Hyde



I — We discover the Japanese

COMMODORE Matthew Calbraith Perry, U.S.N., "the man who gave Japan to the world" in 1853, was never deceived by the Japanese. He charged his country to "observe once and for all that spying and deceit pervade their entire policy."

Perry was selected to go to Japan not because of his tact and diplomacy but because he stood for the fearless, timely use of force. Heavy, grim-faced, he was a professional fighting man, as gruff and uncompromising an old sea dog as the navy could muster. Japan was already known as a black sheep among nations. For two centuries the Japanese islands had been a terror to seafaring men. Sailors in distress were often maltreated, thrown into prison or slain, their ships and cargoes seized.

In 1831 a shipload of half-starved Japanese fishermen were stranded at the mouth of the Columbia

River. Americans cared for them and fitted out a vessel to take them home. To show its peaceful purpose the ship was unarmed. On arrival in Yeddo (Tokyo) Bay, officials came aboard, discovered that the vessel had no guns, went back ashore and opened up with their batteries.

In 1848 Commodore Biddle had visited Japan with two American warships, seeking by friendly gestures to reach an understanding, but the mission was rebuffed.

Perry had definite theories as to how he would handle the matter. He persuaded President Fillmore to let him have four ships — a squadron to reckon with in its day. The flotilla bore a letter from the President to the Japanese Emperor requesting "friendship, commerce, supplies for vessels, and protection of shipwrecked people."

Perry told his men they were to expect the Japanese to smile, bow,

say one thing, do another. Every man was to be constantly on guard against treachery. Guns were to be manned at all times. No Japanese was to be allowed on board without the Commodore's permission. Thus Perry's expedition sailed into Yeddo Bay on July 8, 1853.

A shore battery tossed them a few warning shots. Ignoring them, Perry took up a position from which he could instantly let go a broadside. His anchors were scarcely wet before swarms of small boats shot out from land, filled with armed men. An officer in the leading boat, waving his sword, attempted to board Perry's ship — and looked square into the muzzle of a loaded musket. All along the line of ships, Japs soon were trying to swarm aboard. Everywhere they faced gun muzzles.

They backed away, then drew near again to inquire what was wanted. The officer "was given to understand," relates an eyewitness, "that he was too small pigeon for our Commodore to see, and must go and send their first chop mandarin." The vice-governor of the district was then produced, but one of Perry's lieutenants made it clear that the American ships would not budge until the governor himself appeared. These negotiations were carried on in Dutch, for the one contact the Japanese maintained with the West was through a Dutch trading post on an island offshore.

Next day the governor came aboard, and demanded that the ships

leave. He was told that if no proper functionary were appointed to receive the President's letter, the ships would sail upstream and deliver it to the Emperor in person. The governor, alarmed, then conceded that he might be able to get a ruling in four days. Perry allowed him three — and sent the *U.S.S. Mississippi* up the bay to make soundings. The effect was magical. Almost immediately the governor returned with word that two princes of the Empire would receive the letter.

On the appointed day, Perry went ashore with a large escort of armed men. The letter was delivered with due ceremony, and the Commodore sailed away, promising to come back the following spring for his answer.

In February, Perry returned — with ten ships. At first the Japanese refused to negotiate, but they reconsidered when he promptly moved his entire squadron into the inner bay. The Americans went ashore and set up a display of President Fillmore's presents to the Emperor: rifles, pistols, a small gauge steam railway, and a telegraph system with a mile of wire. The Japanese examined everything carefully, including the persons of the Americans. The buttons on their coats were counted, the length of their strides was measured. Spies followed their every movement. Perry's requests for a cessation of this nuisance were met with smiles and bows.

The Commodore was surprised at how clearly the Japanese understood

York militiamen cheered on the quay, and the city's entire police force of 1100 men struggled to hold back the crowds.

All shops were closed for the day, and American and Japanese flags draped the buildings along the parade route. Window seats with a good view rented for as much as \$7; nimble young men perched on the masts and spars of sailing vessels tied up along South Street.

The Japanese had brought with them a box containing a copy of Commodore Perry's treaty, as evidence of the spiritual union between the two nations. This box was mounted on an express wagon which had been turned into a float festooned with flowers and roofed over with the aldermanic conception of a Japanese pagoda. Also on the float was a Japanese youth, Tateishi Fujiro Noriyuki, nicknamed Tommy, who, although only four feet high, all teeth and not much to look at, had been built up by the press as quite a playboy to give the delegation a necessary romantic touch. "There's Tommy!" women shrilled, as they threw kisses and waved handkerchiefs at the uncomprehending but amiable fellow.

The parade took three hours to reach Union Square, where the militia was reviewed. By this time heat and champagne had affected Japanese and aldermen alike. It was with some difficulty that they all got back into their carriages to go to the Metropolitan Hotel.

Three thousand American and Japanese flags, with as many Venetian lanterns glowing between them draped the hotel. Over its main entrance, in letters three feet high and illuminated by gas jets, was the word "Welcome." Paintings of Japanese scenes, done entirely from imagination, covered the lobby walls. In each bedroom provided for the delegation the spreads and pillow were of richly colored Chinese silk. The Japanese would have been happier with less luxury. Yanagawa Masakiyo, whose diary of the trip was translated many years later, noted wistfully that neither he nor his colleagues were accustomed to silk bed things. "One of my friends," he wrote, "found a clean white jacket under the bed. He used this as a pillow and was very happy. As it was hard, he slept well."

After a snooze, the Japanese and aldermen sat down to dinner and more champagne. Ten pianists and the inevitable Dodworth's band now of 100 pieces, played throughout the meal. In the street, crowds jammed traffic and at intervals gave three cheers for the Japanese.

The next day, Sunday, a few lesser Japanese officials roamed the cool open area of Niblo's Garden, famous music hall. This was a great relief to its manager, who had advertised that "the Japanese will promenade in the gardens at 2 hours. Only place to see them as they are." He charged 50 cents a look.

Enterprising theaters and shops

worked the Japanese into their advertising, and street hawkers sold what they described as Japanese cough candy, Japanese fans, Japanese cigars and Japanese toothache drops. The Academy of Music advertised a Japanese Gala Matinee with a Special Grand Japanese March. Bowery saloons advertised Japanese beer.

The high commissioners stayed in their suites most of the week, receiving such visitors as Samuel Morse and Cyrus Field, who, through interpreters, told them about their respective accomplishments — the telegraph and the Atlantic cable. The minor Japanese officials bought jewelry in Tiffany's and all sorts of firearms in gunsmith's shops, while the delegation's artists busily sketched details of guns and fortifications on Governors Island.

The Japanese Ball in the Metropolitan on the night of Monday, June 25, was probably the most elaborate and expensive party given in the United States up to that time.

Dinner was served to 10,000 persons; prominent citizens from every state were invited. Five bands played until daybreak.

After the ball New York seemed to lose interest in the gentlemen of Japan. Someone gave them a wooden leg for the Tycoon, though contemporary records do not indicate that he needed it. Walt Whitman did a poem about them, *The Errand Bearers*. But when they put off down the Bay on June 30, aboard the U.S.S. *Niagara*, few of the newspapers bothered to mention the fact.

The *Times*, however, noticed their departure in a darkly prophetic paragraph. "The Japanese," it observed, "take back complete models of our best howitzers and Dahlgren guns, with full instructions as to their manufacture and use. That they will profit by this excessive liberality on our part we may all rest assured. We can only hope that we may not find ourselves among the earliest victims of our overzealous and mistaken benevolence."



Begetting an Income

THE NAZIS pay such big subsidies for children that it is actually possible for a man to "earn" more by begetting babies than by working. Millions of Germans earn less than 120 marks a month, but a man with 11 children (not a top number in the New Germany) is eligible for child subsidies totaling 160 marks a month, and he has also probably received a lump-sum payment of at least 350 marks.

— Wallace R. Deuel, *People Under Hitler* (Harcourt, Brace)

How Far Will Our Rubber Stretch?

Condensed from The Kiwanis Magazine

Webb Waldron

THERE are many confusing stories about rubber. That we won't have any new tires for years; that ample synthetic substitutes will soon be available; that there is plenty of wild rubber in South America if somebody would only gather it; that the guayule bush in Mexico is a promising source of rubber; that we could extract rubber from dozens of other plants.

Here are the facts, as accurately and concisely as they can be set down.

Ninety-seven percent of our rubber has been coming from British Malaya, the Netherlands Indies, Ceylon and Borneo. We had not been entirely blind to the possibility of losing that source of supply. Rubber has been on the Army and Navy Munitions Board's list of strategic materials for several years, but it was not until June 28, 1940, that authority was given to the RFC to create a stock pile of rubber. The same day the Rubber Reserve Company was set up, and purchase contracts were entered into.

By the end of March 1942, the Reserve Company had bought 673,000 tons of rubber. After the first year it became by law the sole buyer, and the rubber industry got its supplies from the RRC.

The RRC bought all the rubber could lay its hands on and most of what it bought is here, in the stock pile or in use as manufactured goods. In late March rubber ships were still slipping out of Sumatran ports not yet seized by the Japanese. Some of these ships — taking circuitous routes — may not arrive until June if they arrive at all.

Ceylon is the only important Far Eastern source of rubber still free. It produces 100,000 tons a year, but ships from there, too, must dodge enemy submarines and warships.

This spring the government and the rubber companies had 700,000 tons of rubber — the biggest stock pile in U. S. history. And there are 750,000 tires (and tubes) in the hands of manufacturers.

We have been normally using about 600,000 tons of new rubber a year. Last year, with our defense program not yet in full swing, consumption jumped to 760,000 tons. This year, military use is vastly expanded, but civilian consumption has been cut so drastically that we shall use only 400,000 tons in all.

Probably one fourth of our rubber is going to our Allies, most of it for equipment — in planes, trucks, tanks, medical supplies and replacement tires. Also we must ship some of our

crude rubber to Allied countries which have no stock pile.

The needs of our own armed forces for rubber are astounding. The 12.00 x 20 "run flat" tires on combat cars — with extra rubber inside so that the vehicle can get out of difficulty even when the tires have been shot full of holes — take 152 pounds of rubber. (The ordinary passenger car tire has about 12 pounds.) The eight tires on the 4.7 inch motorized anti-aircraft gun use 2242 pounds of crude rubber, enough for 45 passenger cars.

Next to tires, the greatest amount of rubber goes for insulated wire. A battleship uses miles of it. Fighting planes use rubber for leakproof gas tanks. Gas masks have about a pound and a half of rubber each. Tanks have been using so much rubber (one and one half tons in the treads of a medium tank, plus sponge rubber padding inside, and insulation for a lot of wiring) that recently the War Production Board asked the designers to try to substitute some other material. The medical corps is using 250,000 pounds a year for adhesive tape alone. So it piles up. Or, rather, so the stock pile is dragged down.

What does the curtailment of civilian consumption amount to?

Seventy-five percent of the rubber that civilians used went annually for 40,000,000 new tires and for recapping 5,000,000 more. That's out.

Aside from tires, civilian consumption will be cut to one sixth what it was. Rubber will be supplied only for really indispensable purposes —

but the list of those is amazing. To cite a few: factory belting, fire hose, miners' boots, X-ray sheets, hot-water bags, surgeons' gloves, mine safety-lamps, dental dams, power-line insulation, medicine droppers, printing machinery, airplane de-icers.

Is any relief from the shortage in sight?

We can reclaim more rubber. That will help, and promptly, but it is no complete solution. We have been reclaiming about 200,000 tons a year. We probably can step this up to 500,000 tons, but additional reclaiming mills must be built. Reclaimed rubber mixed with fresh is satisfactory in tire sidewalls but doesn't wear well in treads. In many products where elasticity and resistance to abrasion are not vital, reclaimed rubber serves very well. But its quality deteriorates with each reclaiming process.

From Brazil, this year, we may get, at an optimistic estimate, 50,000 tons of new rubber. Forty years ago the wild trees of the Amazon forests produced about 20,000 tons a year, which was about all the world needed in those days. Far Eastern plantation rubber came into the market in 1912. Brazil was undercut in price and its output dropped. In 1941 Brazil produced only 15,000 tons. Now it is a question of inducing the natives with the offer of higher prices to go out into the tangled forest, find the isolated trees, and begin tapping again on a larger scale than ever.

The Rubber Reserve Company is

also dealing with other Central and South American countries for their output of rubber. There are vast schemes afoot for the U. S. and Brazil to cooperate in producing plantation rubber — as distinct from wild rubber — along the Amazon. They involve moving many thousands of workmen 2000 miles up into the forests, for rubber growing requires an enormous amount of labor. These plans don't help now, for a rubber tree must be six or seven years old before it can be profitably tapped.

There already is one rubber plantation on the Amazon — Henry Ford's, which this year may yield 500 tons; next year, 1000 tons; in 1948, 6000 tons. In Liberia there is the Firestone plantation, which this year may yield 10,000 tons.

One other natural source of rubber, potentially important, is guayule, a desert shrub somewhat resembling sagebrush, native to northern Mexico and the Texas Big Bend country. Pound a guayule shrub, dump the fragments in water and little coils of rubber float to the surface. Intercontinental Rubber Company has been producing not more than 5000 tons of guayule rubber annually at three factories in Mexico, selling it mostly to U. S. manufacturers. We may get 7000 tons this year, if Mexico will let out that much.

The government has appropriated money for plantation growing of guayule, but an adequate supply of seed must be built up. Even then,

results will not be immediate. Experiments at Intercontinental's farm at Salinas, California, show that the rubber content of a cultivated guayule bush at one year of age is only 1 percent. The grower must wait four years for a profitable 15 percent. Five years yield 18.4 percent. Intercontinental has guayule seed sufficient to plant 50,000 acres, and planting has started this spring. Seed from this 1942 crop will go into more acreage. Intercontinental properties have recently been taken over by the government, and its guayule expert, Dr. W. B. McCallum, is now an employee of the Forest Service. Dr. McCallum figures that 1,000,000 acres, 200,000 harvested and replanted each year, would supply 20 percent of our normal rubber needs.

It is true that rubber is found in many other shrubs and plants. Thomas A. Edison experimented with goldenrod and dandelion. A witness before the House Agricultural Committee claimed that the koksagyz plant, a kind of dandelion, is now supplying the bulk of Russia's rubber, that it is superior to guayule and will grow almost anywhere in the U. S. The State Department has asked the Russian government for a supply of seed.

Synthetic rubber is our best hope. For ten years various synthetic rubbers have been made here on a small scale — 12,000 tons last year. It is better than natural rubber where resistance to oil, chemicals, heat or excessive sunlight is required. So far,

it has cost almost three times as much as plantation rubber. Mass production will bring costs down — but even in Germany synthetic is supposed to cost about 40 cents a pound.

In June 1940, leading rubber manufacturers urged that the government finance synthetic rubber plants. Goodrich had a plan for two or more plants with an output of 36,000 tons a year. In the fall of 1940, Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., of the National Defense Council, urged the building of federal-financed plants to make 100,000 tons of synthetic a year. The President approved a more moderate program, and early in '41 the Rubber Reserve Company started construction of four plants of 10,000 tons capacity each, to make the so-called Buna-S, from petroleum. These plants are to be operated

by U. S. Rubber, Goodyear, Goodrich and Firestone. The first will be in production in June, the last in October.

Right after Pearl Harbor, this synthetic program was jumped tenfold, to 400,000 tons a year; early in '42 further raised to 700,000. Howard J. Klossner, president of Rubber Reserve, says that we'll be turning out synthetic at the rate of 90,000 tons a year sometime in '42, and more than 600,000 tons toward the end of '43. This is the equivalent of our normal needs, but by the end of '43 most of our stock pile of plantation rubber will probably be gone, our military needs may have so increased that the whole 700,000 tons will have to go to the armed forces and to essential civilian needs — not tires for you and me.



Wartime Newsreel

¶ AS A PLAYFUL precaution against bombing, an Ohio suburbanite painted this sign on his roof: Any Resemblance Between This Roof and That of the Wright Aeronautical Plant Is Purely Coincidental.

¶ AN INVENTOR has produced phosphorescent diaper tabs, to be used instead of pins, for quick changes during blackouts. — *Hartford Courant*

¶ A DACHSHUND pup in a Rockefeller Center beauty salon in New York does his bit by moving around with a magnet attached to his collar — salvaging hairpins for reclamation. — *George Tucker*

¶ THE LEADING matrimonial bureau in The Bronx, New York City, raised the price of husbands: fees went up from \$10 to \$15 for registration, and from \$50 to \$100 if a girl gets her man. The bureau advised the ladies to hurry.
— *Chicago Sun*

A Working Cure for Athlete's Foot

By

Paul de Kruif

IN Mobile, Alabama, one day in 1907, a young U. S. Public Health Service death-fighter named Edward Francis was testing out fumigants to use against the mosquitoes that carry yellow fever. Checking a new insecticide — a half-and-half mixture of pure phenol (carbolic acid) and camphor — Francis accidentally spilled the mixture over his hands.

Even a five percent solution of phenol will take the hide right off you, if you don't use it with care, and Francis thoroughly expected to receive immediate and severe burns. Yet nothing happened. Francis stared at his hands, not believing his eyes. Instead of being blistered and red and raw, they were as if he had wet them in water. Evidently the camphor had gentled the corrosive phenol.

By chance Francis was at this time bothered by a large ringworm on his arm. He daubed it with the phenol-camphor — an act, he now says, that was a sign of eight-year-old mentality. Logically the camphor-tamed phenol should have lost any curative power it might have had. But the offending sore vanished with incredible swiftness.

Edward Francis thought no more of the matter for many years. He was engaged in a series of investigations that required his every thought

A famous microbe hunter discovers by accident a working cure for one of mankind's most annoying afflictions.

and effort. Yet this curious little accident 35 years ago finally resulted in his recent announcement of the discovery of a working cure for the annoying and sometimes disabling disease known as "athlete's foot."

The cause of this widespread ailment is a little fungus which rejoices in the big name of epidermophyton. It is transmitted from infected feet to healthy ones, by way of bath mats, locker-room floors, showers, and the common bath slippers and towels of gymnasiums, golf clubs and swimming pools.

For many thousands of people athlete's foot is torture. It spreads from between their toes to blow up big blisters and dig deep, painful cracks on the bottoms of their feet. It may even attack the hands and fingernails. An allergy to the fungus can break out on the legs in a fierce rash imitating erysipelas, or mimic an oozing eczema on the face. While the foot infection remains unconquered, the victim is likely to go on suffering the itching, unsightly allergy.

Until Dr. Francis announced his

discovery, there was no generally acknowledged cure for serious cases of athlete's foot. A bewildering array of 26 different salves, unguents and lotions had been tried by skin doctors. Almost any one of them could cure *mild* cases. But the tough ones were likely to defy every treatment. X rays sometimes dried up the condition for a few days but then, like as not, the itching would return, the painful cracks reopen. The X ray, used again, began to burn. For it took 50 times more X ray to kill the parasite than it took to hurt human skin.

Thus far had science got toward treatment of severe athlete's foot in 1932. That year Edward Francis was working at the National Institute of Health in Washington, D. C. Itchy-footed America was not his headache. During the 25 years since 1907 he had become one of the world's great bacteriologists. He had proved that rabbit fever — tularemia — was a widely prevalent disease of man, and received the American Medical Association's gold medal for his contributions to knowledge of the disease. He had become Medical Director of the U. S. Public Health Service (a post from which he recently retired).

One morning Nurse Rose Parrott, in charge of the Institute's treatment room, came to Dr. Francis. Alice Evans, another renowned microbe hunter who had first pointed out the connection between contagious abortion of cattle and undulant

fever, was suffering from a ringworm on her neck. Nurse Parrott knew nothing whatever of Francis's lone ringworm cure in Mobile back in 1907. But her request for advice reminded the doctor of it. He called for pure camphor and pure phenol, prepared a 50-50 mixture. And Alice Evans's ringworm vanished as had his own.

Again Francis forgot his magic — he was deep in the study of the Texas relapsing fever carried by ticks. So a year went by, and it was 1933, in the high summer Washington heat when athlete's foot makes its sufferers most miserable. In the laboratory next door to Miss Parrott's room there was a continuous, thunderous stomping of feet, so violent that it upset her at the blood tests she was making.

She called in this disturber of the peace, a lab boy named Hildred. "I can't help it, Miss Parrott, my feet itch so," he protested. Then he displayed a pair of cracked and blistered feet that would have been the despair of the most eminent skin doctor.

Nurse Parrott reached for the little bottle marked "Phenol-Camphor — 50-50." She didn't consider the possible subtle differences between the fungi that cause ringworm and the fungus that causes athlete's foot. She simply applied the mixture to Hildred's agonized feet. As if she had waved a wand, the itching vanished. Hildred put on his shoes, went back to work, and stomped no longer. In

two days, with little daubs of phenol-camphor three times a day, the blisters and raw cracks were well on the way to healing. Cure came by the end of the week. At Francis's direction, Miss Parrott put a new label on the historic little bottle: "Phenol-Camphor, 50-50, for Athlete's Foot."

Now, Dr. Francis is of all living microbe hunters most famous for trying to prove himself wrong until certain he is right. Just as he'd worked at pellagra, tularemia, undulant fever and relapsing fever, he went at the proof of this comparatively minor cure in a long, slow cycle of experiment — ten years before he published a word about it. He studied the chemistry of the mixture, its effect on mice, the possibility of its harming human skin. At the same time he began to try it on victims of athlete's foot. Through the years he found a dozen "incurable" cases. In every instance the phenol-camphor treatment was successful. All the victims were enthusiastic.

Then, on December 6, 1941, Francis published the precise though simple details of his cure in *The Journal of the American Medical Association*. The directions are easy. Your doctor or druggist has only to melt a little phenol and measure 3 cubic centimeters of it into a mortar. Then 3 grams of camphor are added, and the

mass rubbed up until liquid. The liquid is put in a bottle, with a stopper suitable for use as a dauber, and there you are.

"Two or three applications a day for a week will do the trick," says Francis. And the phenol-camphor does not irritate surrounding skin, corrode or discolor clothing.

Of course the bottle should be marked "Poison — Do Not Take Internally!" It is not recommended for any other skin condition. There is only one other precaution, says Francis. *The mixture should not be applied to the wet skin*, and raw oozing surfaces should first be gently dried, for water breaks down the magic mixture and releases the caustic phenol.

Pharmacists may be shocked when you ask for phenol-camphor, 50-50. Fifty percent phenol? Impossible! Deadly dangerous! It's wise, therefore, to consult your physician, who has read the record in the *AM Journal*.

With typical caution, Francis calls his discovery a "working cure." A permanent cure for athlete's foot, he says, has never been found. The disease may recur when you expose yourself to the fungus again. But now, if the little epidermophyte should plague you, that working cure is easy.



If your morals make you dreary, depend on it they are wrong.

— Robert Louis Stevenson

She Sounded Forth the Trumpet

Condensed from St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Alexander Woollcott

ON JULY 4th of the year just passed, music rang through the echoing crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, still miraculously standing after London all about it had been battered to rubble. The occasion was the unveiling of a memorial tablet to Billy Fiske, the first American to give his life in this war. The singers were the lieutenants from his own squadron and certain other young American volunteers. Standing together in the candle-lit dusk, this symbolic group of Anglo-American courage sang Billy Fiske to his rest with the words:

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored . . .

Fragments of the hymn came back to correspondent Quentin Reynolds when he was describing that service in an overseas broadcast addressed rather pointedly to Dr. Goebbels in Berlin.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat:

Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him!

Be jubilant, my feet!

Those words are part of the national wealth, words which will last as long as America does. Perhaps longer. They were written by Julia Ward Howe and she sent them to

The Atlantic Monthly.

The editor affixed the title "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" and published them in February 1862.

Just as Samuel Francis Smith did when he wrote "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and Francis Scott Key when he wrote

"The Star-Spangled Banner," Mrs. Howe set her words to a tune already familiar. It happened in this fashion. She was married to Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe of Boston, a pathfinder in the healing and education of the blind. When, wretchedly equipped and incompetently led, the raw young Army of the Potomac was taking shape, Dr. Howe's neighbor, the Governor, sent him to Washington to look into the health of Massachusetts troops. Mrs. Howe went along and so did their parson, James Freeman Clarke. From her room at Willard's Hotel, Mrs. Howe could see the watchfires of a hundred circling camps. All day and all night recruits, from the north and west



poured into Washington, and the scuff-scuff of their feet on the march provided the lullaby to which she went to sleep. Always they sang the same song, "John Brown's Body," sang it to an old camp-meeting tune which the bandmaster of the 12th Massachusetts had adapted to marching. It was Dr. Clarke who suggested one day that Mrs. Howe might find new words for that tune. "I have often prayed that I might," she said.

That night her prayer was answered. In the hour before sunup, when the dawn showed gray at her window, she awoke with the verses forming themselves in her mind. Now such composition is the stuff that dreams are made of, and can vanish like the dew before the rising sun. But this time something moved her to catch at the words before they fled. Without pausing to dress, and without waiting for daylight, she fumbled in the desk for a pen and for a bit of the stationery of the Sanitary Commission to which Dr. Howe was attached. You will find the resulting manuscript in the Library of Congress — unless, like the Declaration of Independence, it has already been removed to a place of safekeeping for the duration of the war.

Of the many who learned the new words to the old tune was a man named McCabe — fighting chaplain of the 122nd Ohio. He was taken prisoner at Winchester, and that she

had wrought some magic Mrs. Howe may have realized for the first time when, after his release, Chaplain McCabe described to a huge audience in Washington his adventures in Libby Prison. In particular, he told of the night when a Negro smuggled in the news of Gettysburg, and all the jubilant prisoners sang the Battle Hymn. On the platform in Washington McCabe cut loose with the song once more. As Mrs. Howe's daughters told the story years later, "the effect was magical: people shouted, wept and sang, all together; and when the song was ended, above the tumult of applause was heard the voice of Abraham Lincoln, exclaiming, while the tears rolled down his cheeks, 'Sing it again!'"

As a fledgling reporter on the *New York Times*, I saw Mrs. Howe when she took part in some ceremony in New York in September 1919. She had been 90 in May of that year, and only recently I heard of a message she sent on that birthday to a friend of hers. It was a jaunty message of only seven words, and I can't get them out of my head: "I march to the brave music still." Thus the author of the Battle Hymn when she was 90. Today that message of hers must stir a question in many an anxious American heart. She marched to the brave music still. Do *we*? Do *we*?

This year — and next — will provide the answer.



From A to Zyzzogeton

Condensed from The Saturday Review of Literature

J. Bryan, III

HAILE SELASSIE thinks it is such a good book that he bought six copies. The Siamese navy often consulted it. The English biologist Julian Huxley called it "undoubtedly the most wonderful single volume in existence." The whole English-speaking world is in debt to the man who wrote it.

Its author — who died 99 years ago — was a versatile Connecticut Yankee. Lawyer, gardener, scientist, he advocated unemployment insurance, city planning and forest conservation. He wrote pamphlets on almost everything from the rights of neutral nations to the decomposition of white lead.

If you *still* don't recognize him, you needn't be ashamed. The United States' least-known best-known man is Noah Webster, of *Webster's Dictionary*.

Noah was 17 when the Declaration of Independence was signed. An ardent patriot, he believed our separation from England should be cultural as well as political. English spelling, for instance, was too ornate. Useless *u's* cluttered *honour, labour, colour*. The *k's* in *critick* and *musick* were decorative parasites. Why should we continue the English imitation of French in *theatre, centre, cheque?*

So in 1783 young Noah, five years out of Yale, published his *American Spelling Book* "to facilitate the acquisition of our vernacular tongue and for correcting pronunciation." It was an immediate success. Storekeepers stocked it as a staple, along with rum and molasses, needles and cheese. By 1861 — 18 years after Noah's death — his "blue-backed speller" was selling a million copies a year. By 1890 the total was more than 70,000,000 — the best seller of all time, with the lone exception of the Bible.

When the royalties from his speller leveled off to an annual \$5000, Noah was able to announce a more ambitious project: a dictionary which Americans could understand and trust. The best current English dictionary was Dr. Samuel Johnson's, inaccurate and incomplete. Johnson's definitions were sometimes impenetrably pedantic — "*network*: anything reticulated or decussated at equal intervals, with interstices between the intersections"; and sometimes frankly prejudiced — "*oats*: a grain, which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people."

At the end of a year's work, Webster estimated that his dictionary would "require the incessant

labor" of five years more. It required 18. Clad always in academic black, he toiled around his huge circular desk, ransacking the grammars and dictionaries of 20 languages. Finally, in 1828, *An American Dictionary of the English Language* was published. It contained 70,000 entries, 12,000 more than the latest revision of Johnson. Its mistakes were few, and only rarely had Noah wet his pen with bile instead of ink — "dandy: a male of the human species, who dresses himself like a doll, and carries his character on his back."

The book was what its title promised: American in spelling, pronunciation and citation — one reason why sales were disappointing. The public considered many of his simplified spellings eccentric. Besides, \$20 was a high price. Many of the 5500 original sets were still unsold in 1840, when Noah brought out a revised edition at \$15. This went badly too. In 1843 the "schoolmaster to a nation" was dead, leaving his magnum opus "stranded like Robinson Crusoe's boat, a vessel too big for the builder to launch."

The men who so described it helped launch it. George and Charles Merriam had a small job-printing business in Springfield, Massachusetts, with toothbrushes and wallpaper as sidelines. They procured Webster's copyrights from his heirs on a royalty basis and began a new revision of the dictionary.

Its publication in 1847 — one volume, \$6 — was an immediate

success. The book sold so fast that when, in 1857, G. & C. Merriam bought the copyrights outright they were glad to pay \$250,000.

The first printing of the current edition was in 1934. Although its title is *Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition*, it is actually the ninth revision of Noah's original. Its editor in chief, William Allan Neilson, formerly president of Smith College, was assisted by 207 special editors, expert in such diverse fields as astrophysics, locksmithing and archery. There are 550,000 entries in the vocabulary, 12,000 illustrations, more than 13,500 names in the biographical section, more than 30,000 localities in the gazetteer. Many consider it the most complete general dictionary* — a monument that should endure unchanged, you might think.

But don't say so in the presence of Merriam's staff. The *Webster* is a fluid, changing publication. A whole edition, which may total 1,000,000 copies, is published in printings of 10,000 each. Between printings there is an interval permitting revision. For example, the department of new words is continually being enlarged. *Panzer* and *blitzkrieg* are already listed. So is *quisling*, a term not born until April 1940.

*Of course there are other excellent dictionaries of the English language. The 13-volume *Oxford English Dictionary* is a monument of scholarship; it is historical and linguistic rather than "general." In this country there are several thorough works, notably the *New Century Dictionary* and Funk & Wagnall's *New Standard Dictionary*.

The *Webster* has 122,000 more entries than any other dictionary, but mere bulk is not necessarily significant. The editors could easily heap up a vocabulary of 3,000,000 by pitchforking in technical, obsolete and disreputable words. Chemistry could supply the names of 100,000 carbon compounds alone. Usefulness is the editors' criterion. An exception to this rule is the name of a rare lung disease: *pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanokoniosis* (in the New Words section of the 1934 edition). The editors admit that it hardly qualifies as "useful"; they keep it chiefly to satisfy people who want to see the longest word in any dictionary.

A word must be introduced properly before the editors will recognize it. Any word used by a "standard" author — such as Marlowe, Longfellow, Dickens — is admitted almost automatically. A second source is technical publications; a third, current usage.

A corps of general readers, vigilant for the debut of a new term, sift not only newspapers, magazines and modern novels but cookbooks, advertisements and dairy-lunch menus. They know that the verb *set* already has 115 uses — you set a trap, a table, a hen, a slam bid — but the 116th may make its bow in a mail-order catalogue.

New meanings are quite as important as new words. In 1936, a writer described a certain merchant as a "sharpshooter," intending only that

he was, metaphorically, a good marksman. When the article appeared he was threatened with a libel suit — based on the just-published new *Webster*, in which *sharpshooter* had been assigned a secondary meaning: "One who tries to beat down prices by false price quotation. *Slang*."

The editors pay a slang word little attention until it has shown durability. *Bronx cheer*, *behind the eight ball*, *jive*, *on the lam* have won places in the New Words section of the 1934 edition, but no one knows how long they will survive. The durability rule also applies to personal coinages. Lewis Carroll's *Jabberwocky*; Gelett Burgess's *Goop* and *blurb*; Arthur Roberts's *spoof* — *Webster* has recognized them all, but they had to prove their vigor first.

The process of electing a term to *Webster* is slow but simple. Take *Melba toast*, a fairly new member. The first general reader to encounter it — maybe on a menu, maybe in a cookbook — listed the term and context on a filing card. A few years later *Melba toast* had found its way into fiction, where another reader spied it. Eventually enough citations accumulated to prove popular usage, so *Melba toast* was put on the editorial assembly line. Here it was given a pronunciation, derivation and definition.

Pronunciation is fashion's slave, not scholarship's. Dryden and Pope rhymed *tea* with *away* and *joys* with *rise*. For a great many words there is no such thing as a single correct

pronunciation. For words like *banal*, *pianist*, *tomato*, *pajamas*, the editors poll consultants throughout the English-speaking world and cite the majority's choice first, the minority's second.

With derivations, lexicography becomes a science again. Noah Webster traced roots in 20 languages. The current staff etymologists can ask questions in East Frisian and answer them in Nahuatl. Their researches make absorbing reading. *Nasturtium*, for instance, literally means "nose twister" — from the Latin words *nasus* and *torquere*, because its pungency makes one's nose wrinkle. And you might look up, for further amusement and instruction, the derivations of *amethyst*, *pedigree*, *poplin*, *sarcophagus*.

In spite of the editors' care, a few mistakes manage to creep into every edition. One was first exposed by an indignant letter from a man who, on Webster's authority, had bet \$5 that Easter always fell on the first Sunday after the full moon next *after* the vernal equinox. His opponent bet that if the full moon came *on* the vernal equinox, Easter was the next Sunday, and when they appealed to church scholars, the opponent was sustained. The editors replaced the plate of that page forthwith.

But not much escapes the editors, and in wartime they are doubly

watchful — both for new words being mobilized and for a possible recurrence of that exciting afternoon in April 1898, when a cable was delivered to the office, \$67 collect. I was from Bridgetown, Barbados, and was signed "Stanley," a name which meant nothing to them. The message meant little more:

PAGE 1543 THIRD COLUMN COUNT DOWN 22
PAGE 1377 THIRD COLUMN COUNT FOUR
BARBADOS PAGE 1501 THIRD COLUMN COUNT
FOUR PAGE 911 COLUMN THREE COUNT 12
PAGE 637 COUNT 31 THIRD COLUMN PAGE
982 COUNT 17 FIRST COLUMN PAGE 761
FIRST COLUMN COUNT 15.

Plainly the dictionary was the key. But the 1890 edition yielded gibberish. So did the '84 and the '79. Not until the editors had tested the code on the '64 did it run clear: *Trooper — Spanish — Barbados — thousand — men — gone — north — inform*.

They forwarded it to Washington at once. Weeks later came the State Department's check for \$67 and letter saying that the information had proved correct. When the war was over, Merriam requested the West Indian representative to look up "Stanley" and thank him. No such name was known in Bridgetown. But they always suspected retired British naval officer, who has been heard to observe, to no one in particular, "Britain is neutral, but blood is thicker than water."



Biddle — Praying Colonel of the Marines

Condensed from The American Mercury

J. P. McEvoy

IF YOU should go to the big Marine training base at Quantico, Virginia, you are likely to see Colonel Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, a courtly gentleman of 67, personally throttling hundreds of young huskies and being throttled by them, standing by the hour in the dust and the sun as lusty leathernecks come at him with bayonets and knives which he skillfully parries though himself unarmed. Then you might watch him demonstrate the murderous technique of bayonet fencing and knife fighting.

Colonel Biddle has studied the refinements of rough-and-tumble fighting all over the world. Though a great-grandfather, he is erect and soldierly, with more snap and endurance than many of his burly young recruits, scores of whom he overpowers in daily hand-to-hand training bouts.

The name Drexel Biddle combines two of the oldest and starchiest Philadelphia families, but there has never been anything stuffed-shirt about Tony. As a child on the island



of Madeira, he was fascinated by Portuguese playmates who were proficient in handling knives. Later he went to school in Switzerland and Germany, and came back to Philadelphia to attend St. Luke's private school, where his Old World manners were misunderstood by his American schoolmates. "I was too polite," says Colonel Biddle, "so I had to learn to fight."

He learned so well that he finally became amateur heavyweight champion of the country. Though weighing less than 175 pounds he held his own in sparring contests with all the professional champions from John L. Sullivan to Gene Tunney.

Young Biddle scandalized Philadelphia society by building a prize ring behind his house, where he boxed professional fighters just for the hell of it. He even seconded Philadelphia Jack O'Brien in a famous fight with Stanley Ketchel. He further startled the blue bloods by a public exhibition of strength in which he would drive a two-foot broomstick into the earth, leave a

few inches exposed and then yank the stick out with his teeth. "The Gentleman with the Iron Jaw," they called him.

In 1895 he met and married 17-year-old Cordelia Rundell Bradley, daughter of a Pittsburgh coal magnate. They have lived happily together for 47 years, and have three children. Tony Biddle, Jr., also a famous athlete, was our ambassador to Poland at the time of the German invasion, and is now doing a delicate job in London as ambassador to the exiled governments of Nazi-conquered countries.

After shocking Philadelphia by consorting with prize fighters, Tony, Sr., baffled everybody by starting a Bible class in Holy Trinity Episcopal Church on Rittenhouse Square. Here he preached what he called Athletic Christianity. He used athletics on week nights to draw the young men, but then allowed only good Bible students on the teams. In the first World War he organized Bible classes back of the lines. "One of my best students," he boasts, "was a quiet little 138-pound Cockney who never said anything worse than 'gracious,' but he was the champion bayonet killer of the British army."

Started nearly 40 years ago, Colonel Biddle's Bible class still meets every Sunday in the parish house in Philadelphia. The Colonel faithfully takes time out each week from teaching Marines how to kill to lead his flock in prayers and hymns and give

them Bible lessons which are picturesque, to say the least.

The night I attended I sat in a row of little old ladies. Their eyes shone with excitement and their cheeks glowed like winter apples as Colonel Biddle retold the story of the great general Joshua and then slid into a gory exposition of how fighters today are trained to cut and stab, kick, gouge and bite, and otherwise make themselves obnoxious to the enemy.

Biddle also told the little old ladies and gentlemen about the famous Colonel Bowie, who on his deathbed was attacked by Indians with tomahawks. Bowie reached under the pillow for his knife, and killed seven of the Indians before he was overcome.

The class shivered with excitement as he warmed to his subject. "I went out west to the Bowie country and studied the Bowie knife. Previously I had studied the Spanish knife and every other kind of overhand and underhand knife fighting — but none of the knife fighters of other countries ever learned the hand cut. I teach a Marine how to slash the knife hand and his opponent's throat with one continuous movement, like this," and Biddle graphically illustrated the deadly stroke with a hymnbook.

It was easy to see why the Biddle Bible class had a unique charm. The Colonel now dipped into the New Testament and retold the story of Christ driving the money changer out of the temple. "Our Savior wa

a fighter," he said proudly but reverently. "He didn't call for the guards, he rolled up his sleeves and did the job himself. Personal combat!" And the Colonel was back with the Marines, explaining the subtle refinements of bayonet fighting to his students. The old lady beside me nodded admiringly. What Colonel Biddle said must be so, for where else could you find such a combination of piety and soldierly ability?

Biddle had a hard time making up his mind about a vocation. At various times he tried being a scientist, an explorer, a concert singer, a poet. He played tennis of tournament caliber, was president of the Philadelphia Fencing Club, organized the Drexel Biddle Social Workers, and was the first president of the Baby Welfare Association. In his spare time he was publisher for his friend Bob Fitzsimmons, who wrote *Physical Culture and Self-Defense*. Later Biddle himself wrote and published such unsung masterpieces as *The Froggy Fairy Book*, *The Flowers of Life* and *Shanty Town Sketches*.

At the outbreak of the 1914 war, Biddle organized the Philadelphia Military Training Corps, credited with training 5000 young men for military service in camps which later became the model for Plattsburg. Early in 1917 he enlisted in the Marines as a private and went overseas. He soon won his captaincy, was later promoted to major, and retired in 1919. In 1926 the Marines recalled him to train exhibition per-

sonal combat teams to perform at the Philadelphia Sesquicentennial.

Then Philadelphia's chief of police asked Biddle to teach his men some of the Marine tricks of self-defense. "One policeman a week is being killed in this town," he said. Biddle taught 8000 policemen how to take a knife or a gun from a thug, and the essential subduing tricks. The death rate of Philadelphia cops fell appreciably. The FBI also became interested, and Biddle still teaches G-men all he knows about handling desperate characters, which is plenty, for Biddle has studied methods used by the cleverest police of all nations.

"I spent a month going around the Apache quarters of Paris with one detective," he says. "This fellow carried no arms. All he needed to capture the toughest knife-wielding Apache was a piece of string."

When I looked incredulous, the dignified Colonel rose from the table in the dining room of the staid Bellevue-Stratford Hotel and said, "Come at me with a knife."

"You mean here?"

"Why not?" said Colonel Biddle.

Why not indeed? I picked up a table knife and went for him. Quick as a cat he was behind me, his napkin tightly twisted around my throat. "That's what I mean," he murmured as my face turned a delicate black.

Later, in the lobby, he said, "Here is a way of defending yourself even if you are on your back and the

other fellow is standing over you with a bayonet." Colonel Biddle dropped on the floor and stretched out.

"Come," he invited. "You've got a bayonet. Stick me and grunt."

I didn't grunt. I groaned, for the Colonel hooked one foot behind my left heel and at the same time kicked my left knee viciously. He could easily have broken my leg.

Biddle has always scorned the use of scabbards and insisted that his Marine students come at him with bare knives. His arms are a mass of scars and his fingers are gnarled and crooked where they have been broken. But it is hardly to be expected that the Colonel, at 67, can always get away from bayonets and bare knives in the hands of enthusiastic young Marines. A few weeks ago he was stabbed in the groin and laid up for a week. Now the authorities insist that he use scabbards, which annoys the old boy no end.

His officially endorsed manual of instructions for the Marines is called *Do or Die*, and is subtitled "Showing Advanced Science in Bayonet, Knife, Jujitsu, Savate and Boxing for Those Whose Duties May Lead Them into a Tight Spot." Tucked away under the polite-sounding heading of "Defendu" there are cute little tricks called "Eyes Out" and "Break the Windpipe" as well as certain savate exercises with the foot and knee better imagined than described.

"Remember," he purrs in comforting tones on page 67, "you are never defenseless."

You might think there is small use in modern warfare for intensive training in personal combat, but, curiously enough, as modern war becomes more mechanized and impersonal it also becomes more concentrated, more individualistic. In actual combat the battalion breaks up into companies over which there is no immediate control, and these companies can quickly disintegrate into a melee of desperate individuals. The Marines concede that the man who has done most to teach them how to take care of themselves in such a situation, how to kill with bayonet, knife or bare hands, is Colonel Anthony J. Drexel Biddle.

History has an intriguing way of making a full circle. The father of the Marine Corps, Major Samuel Nicholas, was a fighting Quaker, "full of piety blended with fiery Old Testament love of battle." Back in 1775 he instructed recruiting officers to accept no candidates for the Marines except those "of dependable and religious nature, combined with proper robustness of body."

One hundred and sixty-seven years later a pious Episcopalian Bible class teacher and a fighting Philadelphia blue blood is a Colonel on active duty with the Marines—teaching them how to be the most efficient killers in World War II.



¶ The mass migration of Chinese students:
an epic in the history of education

Classes as Usual

Condensed from *The Intercollegian*

Paul Moritz

As told to Genevieve Schneider

IN CHINA there is only one college student for every 10,000 citizens; with a similar ratio United States colleges would have a total enrollment of but 13,000. Realizing how precious this reservoir of leadership is to China's future, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek early in the war ordered college faculties and students to continue their classwork rather than enter the army.

The Japanese promptly bombed colleges as "military objectives." Now some 75 of China's 108 prewar colleges are closed. But faculty and students salvaged what equipment they could and hiked inland. Many tramped 1500 miles across trackless mountains and malarial plains — a three months' trip. A comparable situation would be the evacuation — on foot — of Smith, Princeton and Columbia to Cheyenne, Wyoming.*

Typical of their zeal is the saga of the professor and the cow. The cow was a new type, the result of long experimental breeding at the Central University in Nanking. When the

university was evacuated, the professor considered the cow too valuable to be left behind. He secured a wheelbarrow to carry feed, tied the animal to it and trudged 1000 miles to the university's new campus in Chungking.

The day I arrived at Chungking University, the science hall, set high on a hillside, glinted white in the morning sun. Suddenly my ears caught the dull drone of planes. I saw bombs slip from glistening silver bellies. With a great crash, the science building dissolved into a cloud of dust and smoke. The recreation building, gift of American students, was blown to bits.

In the ruins rescue squads dug frantically. The final count was 19 students dead. But from the shambles of the science building, a professor calmly announced, "Classes tomorrow, as usual."

In Kweiyang I met Mr. Chou, leader of a group of 60 students who had moved their college six times. He was now 1200 miles from home — and was about to move again. His brother, a soldier, had been killed.

* See "China Moves Inland," *The Reader's Digest*, May, '39.

The enemy had broken into his sister's school and she had leaped to death from a window.

Together we visited the boys' dormitory, formerly a barracks. In the big, drafty structure of mud and bamboo, the students slept in rough wooden double-deckers. There was little bedding. Flickering vegetable oil lamps gave the only light. It was midwinter, but there was no heat.

Tacked on the wall was a map showing the effects of the recent air-raid on the Ishan campus. Dormitories, classroom buildings, the trench dugout — all were carefully drawn. And there were marks — 122 of them — to show where the bombs had hit. The map had been a science class assignment: to compute the height, speed and direction of the attacking planes.

I had dinner with the students that night, under a thatched roof, open on all sides to the winter air. Soup, two vegetables, semipolished rice; that was all. The boys and girls stood up to eat. Benches cost money. To buy their meager food the students pay what they can into a common fund and share meals equally.

The first student migration began in August 1937. Some schools settled in old temples or private homes. A few dug into hillsides and are carrying on in caves. When the National Central University of Nanking settled near Chungking, students and professors built temporary shacks of old packing cases and sun-burned clay bricks. The professors

had few books and had to teach largely from memory. In all these universities, part of every clear day is spent in air-raid shelters.

Health is a grave problem. The students are undernourished, exhausted. The few available doctors must care for them without equipment and with only a few drugs.

In southwestern China I attended an engineering class in an old temple. Fearsome idols glared down from the walls. Worshipers continued the hubbub of their ritual, undisturbed. In a far corner, the crisp voice of the professor rose above the worshiping chorus. Both students and worshipers have got used to it.

"How can you teach railroad engineering here?" I asked.

"When we teach our students to build railroads," the professor replied, "we go out and build them."

In northern China I visited a refugee university of 600 students. The classroom had paper-covered windows and no heat. Laboratories made with the utmost ingenuity had pitifully inadequate equipment. But in the president's office hung pictures of two beautiful campuses.

"That on the left," he explained "is our old campus, now in Japanese hands. The other is the architect's drawing of our new campus. We plan to build here."

"But when the war is over and you return to the old campus, what then?" I asked.

"Then we will have two campuses. This region needs a university too."

¶ However ludicrous or fantastic they may be, dreams perform a useful service

Guardians of Sleep

Condensed from Your Life

Lois Mattox Miller

DREAMS ARE among the most fascinating experiences of our lives. They have been woven into the literature of all languages and into every racial history. "Dream books," purporting to interpret the meaning of dreams, sell by the millions every year.

Just what *are* the visions, often apparently senseless, that race through our minds while we're asleep? Are they meaningless leftovers of an active mind, or do they serve some useful purpose?

I put these questions, and others, to leading psychiatrists. Every major investigator of the human mind has devoted intensive research to the dream problem. Today scientists can provide a few explanations to dispel our confusion.

Dreams, they say, have nothing to do with the future; they are products of the past and present. Despite their topsy-turvy appearance, they follow well-ordered patterns and there are several types common to all mankind. They are a normal function of the mind and serve a useful purpose. Dreams are the guardians of your sleep.

This concept may surprise most

laymen, who are inclined to regard dreams as *disturbers* of sleep. Introduced over 40 years ago by Dr. Sigmund Freud, the guardianship theory was slow to win wide acceptance. Today most doctors agree that it makes sound medical sense.

Sleep is as necessary to the healthy human body as food and drink. While you sleep, the body cells work at storing up energy to take you through another day. This process would be impossible were not your conscious mind — practical, impatient, full of hopes and worries — asleep also.

But consciousness is only part of the human mind. The rest is the *unconscious* mind, repository of the "forgotten" experiences of a lifetime. These vague, hidden memories may stimulate reactions as imperatively as the concerns of the busy day just ended. If they were allowed free access to the mind, they would frequently wake us up. So nature provides a safeguard: a dream mechanism which deliberately disguises this raw material of the unconscious, making the dream-contents as undisturbing to sleep as possible. In your waking recollection these dreams

often seem ludicrous or fantastic.

Psychology recognizes three kinds of sleep-disturbing impulses that may produce dreams. First, stimuli that reach your sleeping senses from outside your mind — something in the room, or some bodily disturbance. Second, "day remnants" — recent thoughts or worries that linger in your mind after you're asleep. Third, those forgotten experiences and desires that rise up out of the unconscious mind.

Dreams caused by outside stimuli clearly illustrate the sleep-protecting nature of dreams. The "thirst dream," very common among desert travelers, is likely to occur to almost anyone. Go without water for some time before retiring, eat something salty, and you will become so thirsty while asleep that your slumber is threatened. Thereupon you may dream of drinking enormous drafts of water. The dream is saying, "Thirsty? Nonsense! How can anyone be thirsty with all this water at hand?" So you sleep peacefully on, unless the thirst becomes so intense that the dream can no longer protect you from it.

In the common "alarm clock dream" the jangling of the alarm is cleverly worked into a soothing dream-story. That isn't the alarm clock telling you to get up. Oh, no: you are in a churchyard and bells are tolling, or you are visiting an office where a telephone is ringing. Given the stimulus, the dream writes the scenario, furnishes the props and

actors out of the accumulated experience of your lifetime. At last, in most cases, you awake — the dream couldn't save your slumber, but it did its best. Even then you may drop back to sleep and dream you're already at your place of business.

The French investigator, Dr. Alfred Maury, recorded a large number of artificially stimulated dreams. Night after night, an assistant applied various sensory stimuli while he slept. On awakening, before being told what the stimulus was, Maury reported his dreams. A twanging sound near his ear made him dream of ringing bells. Fumes from a sulphur match made him dream of a fire. A colored light waved before his eyes took him through a lightning storm. But all those nights he went right on sleeping — the dreams had done their job!

"Day-remnant" dreams usually refer to happenings of the preceding day which have left us frustrated. A little girl, for example, was taken for a boat ride in a park; when it came time to go home she objected — she wanted to keep on sailing. That night she did, in a dream. The wish to go on having fun was still so strong that it might have wakened her had not the dream taken care of it.

Similarly an active man, confined in a hospital, had been chafing all day under his enforced idleness. He wanted to be up and about. That night, asleep, he *still* wanted to. So his dream gave him a long, pleasant

stroll — miles up and down the river, exploring interesting bypaths along the way.

Today the pompous new auditor in your office raised a fuss over your accounts. Tonight you are still so annoyed with him that your rest is endangered. So in a dream you go back to the office. The auditor is there, too — but he's wearing a dunce cap and a little boy's sailor suit, and is pedaling about on a child's velocipede. "Why, this fellow is nothing but a stupid, childish buffoon," your dream is telling you. "Why worry about what *he* says — go on sleeping!"

Dreams in which the sleep-disturbing impulse rises from the unconscious go deep into the forgotten corners of the mind. Do you recall a "flying dream"? You drifted over the heads of the crowd, skimmed over housetops and hillsides, went on your way happy and unobstructed. You were expressing our common wish to be capable of surmounting all difficulties and handicaps.

Even unpleasant dreams, doctors have found, often fill the same sleep-protecting role as the happier ones. Almost everyone knows the "examination dream": you're back in school or college again; an examination is in progress, in a subject you feel you ought to know, yet you can't think of any of the answers. This dream is provoked by anxiety over some problem to be faced; it is the mind's way of taking you back

to another memorable difficulty which was solved successfully. "That one came out all right," the dream assures you, "and so will this one. Don't worry!"

The sense of falling, in a dream, may be stimulated emotionally or physically. Many psychologists believe that a remembered fear of falling from our station in society plays a part in such dreams. Or our delicate cranial apparatus may have registered an off-balance position in bed.

Haven't you dreamed of being in a public place naked or half-dressed? You may be overwhelmingly embarrassed by your plight but no one else seems to notice it. Some investigators have found that tossing off the bedclothes may inspire this dream. Others attribute it to an almost universal wish to be unhampered by convention.

Psychologists explain as coincidence some of the "prophetic" dreams that are related by people of unquestioned veracity. Others are explainable as a trick of the unconscious. A doctor, who had once made a hobby of collecting birds' eggs, dreamed that while walking along a familiar road he stopped by a certain bush and discovered a nest filled with beautifully colored eggs. Next morning he investigated. There in the bush were the eggs! The doctor did not take this as a "dream prophecy." Instead he explains: "I had never noticed that nest before; my mind was always occupied with other mat-

ters. But the unconscious part of my mind *had* noticed it, and I was informed at the first opportunity."

Dr. Maury contended that an elaborate dream may really last only a few seconds. Other investigators say it depends upon the dreamer. Says Dr. A. S. Playfair, psychiatrist at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London: "If yours is a rapid, vivid imagination, the dream will occupy a relatively short time. If you are a slow, methodical thinker, the time will be longer."

We have absolutely no mental control over what we dream, says the psychologist. If you doubt it, try impressing on your mind the things you intend to dream, and resolve to wake up if the dreams don't follow your suggestions. You're doomed to disappointment on both counts.

Consequently we are in no way responsible for what we dream. Pure-minded people, worried by the degree to which sex matters and "sinful" acts figure in their dreams, should remember that even St. Augustine, a holy man, thanked God he was not held responsible for what he did in his dreams. Every human being is heir to passions and impulses which must be curbed. Shut out of our waking minds, they furtively reappear in dreams. Doctors refer us to Plato's remark that the virtuous man contents himself with dreaming what the wicked man does.

When the sleep-disturbing factor

is stronger than the dream mechanism, the dream may become violent, alarming; the dreamer awakens in a cold sweat, his heart pounding. Doctors dislike to utter generalities about the cause of such nightmares. They may result from digestive disturbances, emotional disorders, even a poor sleeping habit. Sleeping on one's back, for example, with heavy bedcovers weighing on the chest, may cause a nightmare.

Medical books do little to satisfy popular curiosity about dreams, and people ask, "Why do doctors make such a mystery of dream analysis?" For the reason that scientific dream study is extremely complicated and a matter for an expert. What interests the doctor is not the interpretation of the dream but the thoughts which lie back of it. Most modern psychiatrists use the dreams of the mentally ill to find their way back through buried memories to the original cause of the illness.

For the average person dreams are normal activities, like eating, breathing, sleeping. Says one doctor: "Whatever you dreamed, and whatever your waking reaction to it, ask yourself this one question: 'Did I sleep reasonably well?' If you did, the dream has served its purpose, so forget it." Medical psychology tempers the traditional night-time parting, "Pleasant dreams." "Successful dreams," good enough for healthful sleeping, are all we need.



PICTURESQUE *speech* AND PATTERN

Wind starched the bright flags
(William Fay) . . . The trees had their
petticoats blown over their heads.

(Samuel Butler)

Chimneys smoking their morning
pipes (Vicki Baum) . . . The shy rustle
of spring slipping into something cool
at night. (Walter Winchell)

She sat down like a giant dirigible
coming to anchor (Hildegard Dolson)
. . . She babbled incessantly as if she
had sprung a leak (Arthur Meeker, Jr.)
. . . His eyebrows whistled as she
passed. (R. Frederick Berndt)

She's worth her weight in rubber.
(Sandy Taliaferro)

Our friends have taken a place in
the country this summer — our place
(Jack Goodman and Alan Green) . . . He
was scared — looked as if he'd seen a
guest! (Walter Winchell)

Radio Quips: I've only met her
twice, but we dislike each other as if
we'd been friends for years (The Great
Gildersleeve) . . . *Invitation to gossip:*
Pull up a back fence and lean over
(Charlie McCarthy) . . . She's gone to see
a smuggler about a hot water bottle
(Fibber McGee) . . . I'm torn between
vice and versa (Charlie McCarthy) . . . My
wife and I had words — but I never
got to use mine. (Fibber McGee)

He didn't exactly come from a good
family — he was sent. (Walter Winchell)

Two men, ignoring each other im-
portantly (Alexander Laing) . . . You
have been sitting there with an opin-

ion on your face (Richard B. Johnson) . . .
His sharp words left silences — stony
spots where no further words could
grow. (Elisabeth Neilson)

Trying to get the children back to
bed was like threading beads on a
string with no knot at the end. (B. Hay)

The cat yawned with her back
(Easley S. Jones) . . . A yellow caterpil-
lar approaching in furry waves (Mazo
De La Roche) . . . A little dog sniffing
himself home from corner to corner.
(Ludwig Bemelmans)

There were bruises of fatigue under
her eyes (Libbie Block) . . . The quilted
softness of a grandmother's cheek
(Marian Sims) . . . A blind man,
questioning the ground with his cane.
(The Four Friends broadcast)

He kept up a moanalogue. . . .
Vacation menace: saboteurs.

In that town there's nothing doing
every minute. (Nancy Killman)

Time tells on a man — especially a
good time (Mary Pettibone Poole) . . .
She spends her life in solitary refine-
ment (Robert E. Proctor, Jr.) . . . She
climbed the social ladder, lad by lad
(Herb Caen) . . . He left the bar and
made a Z-line for the door.

(Louise Dowdney)

The morning was still wan with
sleep (Helen S. Kusia) . . . At dusk the
crickets wind their watches (Erla
Baughman) . . . The stars leaned close,
and some lost their hold and fell.

(E. B. White)

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A Call for Young Workers on the Land

— I —

The Patriotism of Work

Condensed from Survey Graphic

Dorothy Thompson



FOUR YEARS before the last war, the American philosopher William James warned that, when nations forsake the life of toil and strenuous living for pleasure and leisure, certain essential virtues disappear and those nations fall a prey to other harder though perhaps more barbaric societies.

While James was no apologist for war, he believed that it was useful in reviving a nation's sense of discipline and sacrifice. But couldn't there be found, in time of peace, a "moral equivalent for war"? So he recommended that all youth be called upon to do for their country such dirty and dangerous work as road building, forestry, mining.

Similar ideas were brewing in Europe. After the war, Pierre Ceresole,

a Swiss, organized idealistic young volunteers to help reconstruct lands devastated by war, earthquakes or floods. The Scandinavian countries organized camps for unemployed ten years ago. Work, food and shelter, they discovered, were not enough; education and training must be added.

Hitler's Work Service was no Nazi invention but dates back to 1925 and sprang from students and teachers — the most democratic forces in German life. If the German Republic had been more interested in its young people and their attempt to combine work and fellowship Hitler's Pied Piper tune would perhaps never have been heard. But the German Republic did not begin to help the Voluntary Work Camps until 1931 — in time to hand them over to Hitler, who forged them into powerful instruments of Nazism.

Our own CCC camps, though they did much good, were far from the idea of William James. Their work was not intimately related to the lives and needs of the people in the communities where they were encamped. And there was in them no suggestion of the idea of *universa*

DOROTHY THOMPSON, nationally known writer, lecturer and radio commentator, has worked for many years on the problems and opportunities of young people. This call to action on the farms of America comes from the heart; she has seen, in the Vermont hills where her own farm is located, how valuable the work is, both to the farmers and to the volunteers. Miss Thompson's newspaper column, "On the Record," is syndicated in 180 papers with some 10,000,000 readers.

service by youth to the nation. They at once became class organizations, a form of relief. Only lately were their ranks open to college youth, or to those who wished to serve, not because they needed board and room and \$30 a month but because they loved America. Never was the CCC uniform worn proudly by rich and poor alike.

In England the war has brought a reawakening of the soul of the nation, a much more austere view of the Good Life, a heroic willingness to undertake the most menial tasks. Emergency has created the spirit of universal service — work armies in which the mistress peels potatoes in a communal kitchen while her maid goes to a munition factory; in which castle gardens are planted to cabbages by the owners, by youths and by adults recruited from unessential occupations.

The value of work must today be measured by its necessity to the salvation of the nation. And so there enters into work the spirit of sacrifice, of the free gift. This element of giving is the essence of Freedom. It is what the artist knows — or the physician, minister, inventor, engineer, for whom money is only a by-product of effort, not its compelling motive; for whom the deepest satisfaction is realization of the contribution that he makes.

Democracy is a hollow phrase without sharing — the sharing of rights; the sharing of duties; the sharing of one's little self with the

great whole. Sharing through taxation is not enough. What is needed are people willing to invest themselves in the community. This investment of oneself occurs when anyone does more than he is paid to do in any form of work for the common good.

One group of young Americans has attempted to make this investment. It has found what the young people not serving in our armed forces can do in this war: *The necessary work that no one else wants to do.* The work that is hardest and pays least. For, they argue, no youth outside the army can give as much as the one who is in it. Yet the army rejects thousands of military age and does not take hardy younger boys who wish to serve.

These young people have decided to serve according to *need*. They call themselves the Volunteer Land Corps, for where they are most needed is on the land. All over the nation a drastic shortage of agricultural labor is developing, as farmers' sons are inducted into the army or leave home to work in munition factories.

The Volunteer Land Corps was formed by a few young men with experience behind them and the ideal of William James in their hearts. It has not rushed to a government office. It has merely ascertained that there is a job to be done, and set about doing it thoroughly in one small area — part of Vermont and an adjoining section of New Hampshire,

where 25,000 family farms, producing the foods most desired by the Department of Agriculture — milk, eggs and vegetables — face a 30 or 40 percent labor shortage this year.

And under the slogan "Privilege obliges" these young men are sending out a call, particularly to the unrecruited college and secondary school youth, to begin their service to the nation by volunteering as hired men — and hired girls — for the summer.

No easy holiday is held out to recruits. A hired man's work means rising at dawn, working all day under the farmer's direction, using all one's wits to learn quickly the farmhand's varied work and all one's muscles to carry it out.

The Volunteer Land Corps workers will receive board and lodging plus whatever cash wage they are worth to the farmers, who of course realize that these city-bred young people are not a substitute for experienced farm labor. The ranks are open to all boys of 16 and all girls of 18, and over, who can produce a physician's certificate of robust health and are willing to enlist for the whole season or longer.

This movement is more than a necessary war measure. These young people accept the idea of a period of universal service to the nation as part of the education of all American youth. From their lips fall often

such phrases as "We must learn by *doing*." They are a little impatient with education for democracy through words only. Looking ahead to the time when all Americans will be increasingly secure against sickness, unemployment and old age, they ask, "What shall we have given in exchange?" And they answer, "A definite period of our life work — to the farmers who struggle to build the soil; to the forests and rivers, roads, parks and game preserves of our homeland — an apprenticeship to America."

"A democracy that works means a *working* democracy," says Arthur Root, Dartmouth '40, valedictorian of his class, now executive officer of the Land Corps.

"We need some help from adults; advice so we don't make mistakes; money for our workers and organizers. Most of all we want recruits. The kind who want to get to work the minute they leave school or college. Tell them to apply for registration at the Volunteer Land Corps, 8 West 40th Street, New York.

"And tell their parents that the Farm Agencies of Vermont will make sure they get into decent families. But we don't promise bathrooms."

So the idea of William James, who sought to find the antidote to war, comes home to America in 1942 by a long, circuitous route.

In the article which follows, Stuart Chase tells the story of a work camp in action.

II — Young Men in Tunbridge

Condensed from Survey Graphic

Stuart Chase

IN THE HIGH hills of Vermont lies the town of Tunbridge, with its dairy farms, red barns and silos. Steep dirt roads run up to more farms on the ridges above. A century ago 2000 people lived in Tunbridge; now there are less than half as many. For those who stayed there is plenty of work to do: shipping milk to Boston, growing potatoes, gardening, haying, lumbering, boiling down maple sap in the spring, when plumes of sweet smoke rise from every sugarhouse up and down the valley.

Two miles north of Tunbridge is Camp William James, headquarters for the pioneers of a volunteer land army of young people who have been working in and around the village, helping the farmers with their chores, cleaning up hurricane damage, checking erosion, doing what the community wanted done.

The story of this unique experiment begins with a young man named Frank Davidson, Harvard '39, who became deeply interested in the problem of American young people and was disturbed by the cleavage in their ranks: well-to-do college boys moved in one direction, poor boys in another. To get them together he proposed a mass youth movement along the general lines of William James's land army.

Davidson went to see Professor Eugen Rosenstock-Huessy of Dartmouth, who had been one of the founders of work camps for young people in Europe. Professor Huessy pointed out that it was foolish to start a new movement when the CCC camps were already a going concern. But the CCC was, paradoxically, too exclusive. Its requirements made every member declare himself in effect a pauper.

Frank Davidson enlisted incognito in a CCC camp in Maryland. On the basis of his experience he forwarded an elaborate report to headquarters in Washington, suggesting a number of reforms. One was adopted. The "means test" was removed, and any boy who wanted a job was allowed to enter the CCC. Several of Davidson's Harvard friends promptly enrolled.

Meanwhile five Dartmouth graduates, class of 1940, plus one sophomore, went to Tunbridge — an hour's drive west of Dartmouth — to work with farmers on the land for the summer.

Now happened something I have never heard quite the like of in America. A college boy presents himself at a farmer's door and says he would like to help with the chores.

"Do you know anything about farming?"

"No, I want to learn."

"What wages are you asking?"

"None. Just my board and keep."

"Well, of all the crazy notions! But step in. It's not an easy life, young man—very different than reading books at Dartmouth. We'll break you or we'll break you in!"

None of the six young men in Tunbridge was broken. In due course they were all broken in. They got up in the dark, ran the milking machine, learned to strip the last milk from the udders by hand, pitched hay, swung a scythe, cultivated corn, took care of horses and harness, sprayed apple trees, dug potatoes, split wood, loaded wagons, drove tractors, repaired fences and cleaned out manure pits. Their hands were clumsy but their heads were clear, and they learned fast. From being skeptical the farmers came to appreciate their help.

I asked one how he liked the boys. His face lit up. "They were nice boys. As hired men they weren't quite up to par, but they never stopped trying. They had the right spirit. They were good for the town, and I reckon the town was good for them. I'd like to see more of it."

The work of these volunteers did not end with their farm chores. Tunbridge—like most towns in rural New England—needed improved roads, a thorough cleanup of the woods following the great hurricane of 1938, extensive repairs

to fences, barns and buildings, control of erosion and floods, a lot of white paint. The CCC boys had done a little of this, but they were not allowed to make any real contact with the community in which their camps were located. The young men of Tunbridge helped do what the community wanted done.

They did not work all the time. They washed up and went to square dances, picnics, grange meetings, chicken pie church suppers; they sang in the choir and took part in village theatricals. Gradually they came to know the ripe philosophy of Vermont farmers, and in exchange they offered lively information about the outside world. By the end of that summer of 1940 they were joined by other volunteers, including some of Davidson's Harvard group back from their "learning by doing" in various CCC camps throughout the country. The two streams merged. Out of their fusion came the idea of Camp William James. The idea was simple: to combine the CCC organization with the Tunbridge plan: to set up a regular CCC camp which would become a part of the community.

The CCC camp in nearby Sharon, Vermont, had closed that spring. The Tunbridge boys proposed that it be reopened and dedicated to the work-service idea. It should undertake projects "needed and suggested by the community," jobs which the community lacked time or money to do, but failing which the commu-

nity would continue its long slow slide downward. All over rural New England the effects of that slide are tragically visible in abandoned farms, pastures going to brush, old people bent with rheumatism doing the heavy work that strong new generations should do.

A sponsoring committee was organized; Dorothy Thompson, who lives at Barnard, close by, was conscripted to help. A rally held in the Tunbridge Town Hall was attended by 600 people from all over the state. A petition was sent to President Roosevelt. Vermont, it read, had sent many pioneers to the West. "Now we feel that opportunity for pioneering may be discovered right here." The President was impressed, and referred the petition to a special committee, which reported favorably.

On January 1, 1941, Camp William James was opened as a self-governing camp under government auspices. Soon about 50 boys were duly sworn in — 15 college men, some 35 noncollege boys from poor families in 14 different states, some of them boys from other CCC camps, picked as potential leaders by the Harvard group. An ideal united them as they worked together in 20-below-zero weather to make the flimsy camp buildings habitable. Friendships grew and basic differences were forgotten in the common desire to see the camp succeed.

Then, in February, there was an uproar in Congress over "public money being squandered on rich col-

lege boys," and Washington abruptly declared the experiment at an end. The camp must return to the orthodox CCC type.

The sudden blow left the boys in a tragic situation. Many of them had given up scholarships or good jobs on behalf of their principles. Laugh if you like. You were young once. These boys believed they were starting a movement to serve their country in peace and war, working in fellowship together, doing tasks that nobody else would do, without money and without price. Yes, laugh if you like, but is there any other spirit which can save America? Will business as usual do it? Will pressure group politics do it? Will dedication to making one's pile, at the cost of whom it may concern, do it?

The boys held a meeting and voted to stick to their fellowship and their principles. Faith remained, but direction had been lost. They had no permanent home, no assured projects, almost no money. Some of the boys, now completely without resources, had to leave. No help came from Washington. But help came from the farmers of Tunbridge, who had hoped great things from this camp; from friends elsewhere, who gave the 24 remaining boys a farm.

To this farm the boys transferred the old name, Camp William James. Despite the demands of their own farm work, there was time left over to assist neighbors with lumbering operations and flood control. Any farmer in the

region who needed help in an emergency could apply to the Camp, and presently a levy of young men would climb into the truck and go roaring to his assistance.

The word had got abroad and in May new recruits began to arrive. By the time colleges had closed, nearly 50 young people were again working in Tunbridge. Six of them were young women who found places on farms, helping housewives with cooking, dishwashing, gardening, canning, caring for children. The summer's work fell into three main divisions: labor on the home farm, squads to help the neighbors, and living-out on nearby farms as hired men and girls. Members kept in touch with each other by meetings at the camp.

One farmer told me there are plenty of tasks to keep the land army busy throughout the year, from repairing buildings in early spring through plowing, planting and harvesting months, to fall plowing and winter woodcutting. "Help," he said, "even if inexperienced, would double my production. I have plenty of farm machinery, but there is still much work that has to be done by my own two hands."

Farmers in Tunbridge, farmers in Vermont, farmers all over the country are going to be in bitter need of help this summer. The young men of Tunbridge have shown that the idea of universal service on the land,

THE Department of Agriculture warns that we face the most serious farm labor shortage in our history. A number of local plans are aimed at meeting this shortage. In Oregon, 200,000 women 18 and over have been registered to do voluntary work wherever men must be replaced. In Goodhue, Minnesota, and other communities, businessmen and high school students have been enrolled, and farmers are already picking likely candidates from the list. Berkshire County, Massachusetts, is planning to put uniforms on 500 high school boys and send them out in school buses to short-handed farmers. The Junior Victory Army, sponsored by Hearst newspapers from coast to coast, is signing up boys and girls, from 10 to 18, for volunteer work on the land. The U. S. Employment Service is organizing to place labor—including young people—on farms where it is needed. *Those who wish to help by enrolling for such work should inquire of the nearest U. S. Employment Service office or, in rural areas, of their County Farm Agent.*

when developed with and through the community, can be effective. So long as the war lasts, young women, boys too young for the army, young men not eligible for the draft, can make a vital contribution to the war effort by putting on overalls and swinging in behind the farmers of the nation. And when peace comes, this movement can continue as universal service on the land for all boys and girls as part of their education.

Nothing But the Tooth

Condensed from "Inside Benchley"

Robert Benchley

PEOPLE never tire of talking about their teeth. They hugely enjoy explaining to each other their worst experiences in the dentist's chair.

But as a matter of fact the actual time in the chair is only a fraction of the gross suffering connected with the affair. Much worse is the preliminary period, dating from the discovery of the wayward tooth to the moment when the dentist places his foot on the automatic hoist which jacks you up into range. Giving gas for tooth extraction is all very humane, but the time for anesthetics is when the patient first decides he must go to the dentist.

There is probably no moment

AS AUTHOR, actor and radio broadcaster, Robert Benchley has proved himself one of America's most versatile humorists. Soon after graduating from Harvard in 1912, he began contributing articles on the foibles of humanity to the New York *Tribune's* Sunday magazine. Later he became dramatic critic for the old *Life* and then for *The New Yorker*, winning a wide following with his pungent reviews. During the past several years he has been in Hollywood, writing, acting and directing — and becoming famous from coast to coast for the 30-odd "shorts" in which he has discussed such matters as *The Love Life of the Polyp* and *How to Sleep*. Among Mr. Benchley's numerous books are *My Ten Years in a Quandary* and *After 1903 — What?*

more appalling than that in which the tongue, running idly over the teeth in a moment of carefree play, comes suddenly upon the ragged edge of a space from which a filling has disappeared. The world stops and you look meditatively at the ceiling. Then quickly you draw your tongue away and try to laugh the affair off, saying to yourself:

"Nonsense, my good fellow! There is nothing the matter. Your nerves are upset after a hard day's work, that's all."

And slyly, with a poor attempt at casualness, you slide your tongue back along the teeth to check again.

But there it is! There can be no doubt about it this time. The tooth simply has got to be filled. You might as well call a dentist and make an appointment.

Let us say this resolve is made on Tuesday. That afternoon you look up the dentist's number in the telephone book. A wave of relief sweeps over you when you discover it isn't there. How can you be expected to make an appointment with a man who hasn't a phone? The thing is impossible!

On Wednesday there is a more insistent twinge. You decide you must get in touch with that dentist. But you know how those things are.

First one thing and then another comes up, and by the time you have a minute to yourself it's five o'clock. And, anyway, the tooth doesn't bother you now. You wouldn't be surprised if you could get along until the end of the week, when you will have more time. A man has to think of his business, after all.

By Saturday you are fairly reconciled to going ahead, but it is only a half day and probably the dentist has no appointments left. Monday is really the time. After all, Monday is the logical day to start going to the dentist.

Bright and early Monday morning you make another try at the telephone book and find, to your horror, that some time between now and last Tuesday the dentist's name and number have been inserted. Fortunately the line is busy, which allows you to put it over until Tuesday. But on Tuesday luck is against you and you get a clear connection with the doctor himself. An appointment is arranged for Thursday afternoon at 3:30.

Thursday afternoon, and here it is only Tuesday morning! Almost anything may happen between now and then. But Wednesday goes by, and Thursday morning, and nothing does happen. The only thing left is for you to call him up and say you have just killed a man and are being arrested and can't possibly keep your appointment. But any dentist would see through that. No excuse you could possibly invent would deceive

him. No, you might as well see the thing through now. Perhaps all he intends to do this time is to look at it, anyway. You might even suggest that. You could very easily come in again soon and have him do the actual work.

Three-thirty draws near. A horrible time of day, just when a man's vitality is lowest. As you enter the dentist's building you take one look at the happy people scurrying by in the street. Carefree children they are! What do they know of Life? Probably that man in the silly-looking hat never had trouble with so much as his baby teeth.

Into the elevator. The last hope is gone as the door clangs, shutting you in. Of course there is always the chance that the elevator will fall, but that is too much to hope for. You feel a glow of heroic pride when you tell the operator the right floor number; you might as easily have told him a floor too high or too low, and caused delay.

Dentists' waiting rooms are all alike. The antiseptic smell, the ominous hum from the operating room, the ancient magazines, and the sullen group of waiting patients. As you sit looking, with unseeing eyes, through a large book entitled *The War in Pictures*, you would gladly change places with the most lowly of God's creatures. It is inconceivable that there should be anyone worse off than you, unless perhaps it is some of the poor wretches who are waiting with you.

That one over in the armchair,

nervously tearing to shreds a copy of *The Dental Review and Practical Inlay Worker*. She may have something frightful the trouble with her. She couldn't possibly look more worried. Perhaps it is very, very painful. This thought cheers you up considerably. What cowards women are!

And then the nurse appears, and looks inquiringly at each one in the room. Each one evades her glance in one last, futile attempt to escape. But she spots you and nods pleasantly. God, how pleasantly she nods! There ought to be a law against people being as pleasant as that.

"The doctor will see you now," she says.

Smiling feebly, you totter into the delivery room, where amid a ghastly array of death masks of teeth, blue flames waving eerily from Bunsen burners, and the sound of perpetually running water, you sink into the chair and close your eyes.

BUT NOW let us consider the spiritual exaltation that comes when you are at last turned loose. It is all

over, and what did it amount to? Why, nothing at all. A-ha-ha-ha-ha! Nothing at all. You suddenly develop a particular friendship for the dentist. A splendid fellow, really. You ask him about his instruments. What does he use this thing for? Well, well, to think a little thing like that could make all that trouble. A-ha-ha-ha! And the dentist's family, how are they? Isn't that fine! Gaily you shake hands with him and straighten your tie.

As you pass out through the waiting room, you leer at the others unpleasantly. The poor fishes! Why can't they take their medicine like grown people and not sit there moping as if they were going to be shot?

When you step out into the bright, cheery street — a wonderful street, all full of nice people — you feel that life is sweet, after all. Forgotten is the fact that you have another appointment for Monday. There is no such thing as Monday. You are through for today, and all's right with the world.



So That's How It Started! — 24 —

❁ I LEARNED how the term "hitch-hiker" originated from an old man I met in Ohio in 1890. When two men, with only one horse between them, went on a journey, one man would mount and ride an allotted distance, dismount and hitch the horse to a tree or fence and proceed on foot. The other man would walk until he came to the horse, then ride on until he caught up with the hiker.

— Oscar Ameringer, *If You Don't Weaken* (Holt)

Goggles Guilbert

Condensed from National Safety News

Edith M. Stern

LAST YEAR 2,500,000 man hours — enough work-time to make 150 fighter planes — were lost through industrial eye accidents. These official figures do not take into account those permanently blinded who never came back to work at all.

One crusader, however, has proved that industrial blindness is unnecessary. He is fiery, blue-eyed, bald-headed little Harry Guilbert, director of safety for the Pullman Company. For ten years, thanks to his inexorable rule that *everyone* working in *any part* of the nine Pullman plants must wear goggles, not one of the company's 25,000 employees has lost an eye.

When I visited the Pullman shop at Wilmington, Delaware, it was weird to see goggles on everybody. Bert Collingwood, Guilbert's safety supervisor in that shop, fitted me with a pair. (Once, when he worked in a steel plant, Guilbert kept records of visitors who had eye accidents. He stopped at 17.)

Collingwood explained that the goggles were made of glass hardened so that it would stand thousands of blows by a small steel ball dropped from a height of three feet, and that they were sterilized. They had wire mesh sides as a further protection against flying particles.

A safety engineer with a mission — a simple plan to prevent human blackouts and save many thousand man hours of production.

Collingwood put on his own goggles and escorted me through buildings where 550 mechanics, welders, plumbers, upholsterers and painters — all in goggles — repair Pullman cars.

"Flying matter causes nearly all eye accidents," Guilbert later told me, "and hardened-lens goggles are the only sure protection. Hundreds of goggles have been shattered in our shops; dozens have been splashed by molten metal. Yet not an eye has ever needed first aid."

Guilbert scoffs at the idea that eye protection is necessary only in "occupations hazardous to the eyes." A National Safety Council survey proves that 70 percent of all eye injuries occur in occupations considered nonhazardous to the eyes. Ohio records show that such accidents constantly occur among cooks, bottlers, farmers, clerks, workers in the building trades, and truckmen.

Proud as he is of his own company's eye safety championship, Guilbert bestirs himself to match it

everywhere. *The Eyes Have It*, a goggles-propaganda film which he produced for Pullman employes, is widely distributed by the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness. During the past ten years Guilbert has visited 1000 factories to act as consultant, without charge. He attends conferences of ophthalmologists, optometrists and safety engineers, and speaks before laboratory technicians, farmers, vocational school teachers. He overlooks no opportunity to spread the gospel. More than once, when he has stopped at a wayside garage for repairs, he has presented the mechanic with goggles.

"Thanks to Harry Guilbert," says Verne A. Zimmer, director of the Division of Labor Standards, U. S. Department of Labor, "at least a million workers are now wearing goggles. Several million more ought to be!"

Wearing goggles seems a simple, easy precaution to take against the potential misery of blindness, the annual \$100,000,000 cost of eye accidents to employers, and another \$100,000,000 expense to injured workers. But a thoroughgoing goggles program like the Pullman Company's isn't so simple as it seems. Everyone in safety work agrees that goggles are desirable, yet no one except Guilbert has fully enforced their use.

When employers ask him how to make men keep on their goggles, Guilbert counters, "How do you make them come to work at eight or

obey any other necessary rule?" At Pullman, an employe caught working without his goggles is laid off for a few days as a lesson; upon second offense he is fired. In addition, every inducement to comply with the rule is offered. Pullman gives each man his own specially fitted pair free. If prescription lenses are necessary, they're included, also without cost. Workers may have their choice of earpieces or headbands. "If their goggles aren't comfortable, they wear them on their foreheads or in their pockets," Guilbert says.

Each man's pair is as personal as his toothbrush, because goggles used in common, as in many plants, are as dangerous as the common towel. Recently an epidemic of red, weepy eyes among welders in a West Coast shipyard was traced to the indiscriminate use of unsterilized goggles.

It wasn't easy to get Pullman employes to protect their eyes. Old-timers considered goggles "sissy." Men complained that the goggles fogged. "Rub them with a bit of soap," Guilbert told them. Many growled that they were uncomfortable. "So's a pair of new shoes," he retorted. Some said that they were heavy. "No heavier than your cap," he proved, with a scale.

Today Pullman's old hands accept goggles so completely that many take them home after work, to wear while chopping wood or doing similar chores. Often a man leaving for a job elsewhere asks to buy his goggles. Guilbert has nagged the

firm's executives to set an example. Now they never step inside a shop without wearing goggles; and they invariably take them along when they visit plants of other companies.

New employees are given a general safety talk, warned of specific hazards on their jobs, and shown the eye safety film; at its conclusion they are asked to shut their eyes for 20 seconds and imagine that condition as lifelong. Every time a pair of goggles is shattered, it is hung on a bulletin board, together with the object that hit it and a description of the accident.

Harry Guilbert was born in England, 57 years ago. He came to this country as a young man and got a job in the "safety department" of a plant in Chicago. In his first year there he was appalled to see 48 workers killed, 300 hurt; appalled, too, by the nature of his "safety" job, which consisted of taking photographs when an accident occurred, so that the company's legal staff would have evidence with which to fight claims.

The compensation law of 1911 resulted in safety departments more

worthy of the name. Guilbert threw himself into his work. At a time when other safety experts were occupied solely with injuries to arms, legs and bodies, Guilbert began his fight for eye safety. He got a job with a foundry, handed out goggles, and eliminated eye injuries within two years. Then he joined the Pullman staff.

Employers aren't callous — they're careless, Guilbert says. Some firms hang goggles beside the worker's station and let it go at that; others, with false economy, depend on workers to provide their own. In two years the \$116,000 spent by Pullman on its goggles program saved an estimated \$250,000 in compensation costs.

During 1941 more man hours in industry were lost through eye injuries than through strikes. You can't get production out of men in hospitals, and you can't replace skilled workmen overnight. So Guilbert exhorts, pleads and demonstrates that goggles are a sure-fire preventive of needlessly blacked-out lives and curtailed production.



A SMALL BOY returned home from school and told his father that he was second in his class. Top place was held by a girl.

"Surely, John," said the father, "you're not going to be beaten by a mere girl!"

"Well, you see, Father," explained John, "girls are not nearly so mere as they used to be."

— *Independent Forester*

That's How They Got Nucky Johnson

By

Jack Alexander

WHEN agents of the U. S. Bureau of Internal Revenue concluded their amazing five-year investigation of rackets in Atlantic City, they summarized their findings in a detailed report to Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau and Commissioner of Internal Revenue Helvering.

Through Elmer L. Irey, Chief of the Treasury Department's Intelligence Unit, this confidential report was made available to *The Reader's Digest*, and supplied the facts for an inside story of graft and political corruption which otherwise could not have been told.

IN 1936, Enoch L. Johnson was sitting pretty. He had been Republican boss of southern New Jersey for decades and his constituents, some admiringly, some despairingly, said nobody would ever "get" Nucky; he was too powerful.

Atlantic City was the jewel of his domain. Visitors on holiday are its chief means of livelihood, and even its staid citizens agreed that any taint of puritanism would painfully shrivel the crowds on the Boardwalk. And so Nucky ran the place wide open. There were two big businesses in America's most famous resort — the hotels and the rackets. The rackets were the bigger. The Boardwalk hotels were in the red and 10 of 14 banks had failed, but gambling, the red light district and minor rackets grossed \$10,000,000 a year.

Of this, \$250,000 a year went to Nucky. Every cop held his job through Johnson. He personally picked the county board and the judges. The sheriff who supervised

the choosing of jury panels was his brother Al. Enoch L. Johnson Booster Clubs in every precinct delivered half the county's votes; in a pinch, he could always swing an election with floaters.

It was a perfect setup.

No public road or building contract could be let without first seeing that Nucky was taken care of. Not a horse-race betting room, brothel, gambling casino, numbers banker or petty racketeer could operate without "cutting in" the boss. In magnitude these rackets, daily shaking down tens of thousands of citizens and visitors to the famous seashore resort, compared favorably with those of Al Capone in his prime.

Technically, the Atlantic City system was a beautiful thing to behold. There were none of the bloodstains that blotch most racket landscapes. Racketeers shoot only when outsiders try to "muscle in," or when they get into competition with each other. In Atlantic City,

if a New York or Chicago racketeer set up a casino or bordello, the local lads merely complained to the police vice squad, which drove the interlopers out of town. And there was no unseemly competition. When the numbers men started an undignified cut-rate war in 1935, Johnson quickly cracked down. He made them set up a coöperative syndicate with a central office in the Little Belmont Hotel. Each numbers banker put his daily "take" into the pool; profits were equally divided at the end of the week. Each contributed \$150 a week for "ice." Every Monday a "bagman" delivered the ice, \$1200 in cash, to Johnson.

Another bagman delivered \$2880 from the horse-betting rooms. A third brought in the ice from eight houses of prostitution — \$50 a week from each madam in winter and \$100 in summer, when trade was brisker. The bagman for the bordellos was Undersheriff Raymond R. Born, a subordinate of Nucky's brother.

For 25 years Nucky's ostensible income was \$6000 a year as County Treasurer. Yet he lived with riotous extravagance. He was drunk four nights out of five and slept regularly until four in the afternoon. The tall, bald, fiftyish man was a conspicuous figure in the cabarets of Atlantic City and New York, drinking only champagne and 18-year-old brandy, and flinging \$100 tips around.

Johnson lived in a beach-front villa and a suite in the adjoining Ritz-Carlton Hotel — rental, \$5200.

He kept four 16-cylinder automobiles, a large staff of servants including a valet-bodyguard, and a succession of flashy mistresses. For the occasional use of his No. 1 blonde he leased a Central Park South apartment in New York, at \$2200 a year.

For a long time the Treasury had been receiving complaints that income tax evasion was rife among the resort's underworld barons. Now Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau, Jr., had given personal orders to clean up the situation. So in November 1936, at the direction of their Chief, Elmer L. Irey, Intelligence Unit Agents William E. Frank and Edward A. Hill went to Atlantic City and began quietly poking around.

The government income tax investigators, seasoned by a series of prosecutions that had landed scores of big-time racketeers and crooked politicians in jail, were accustomed to tough cases. But this one, they soon learned, was unique. They found Atlantic City wide open. Nobody suspected their identity. They frequented horse rooms and played the numbers. They trailed Johnson on his binges, and they identified by their auto license plates the cops and racketeers who visited his villa.

THE agents thought they could clean up the case in a year. Actually, it took them five years. Ledgers and canceled checks had been the basis for most income tax prosecutions; there weren't any in

Atlantic City. The immense racket industry was operated on word-of-mouth basis, with all transactions in cash. Neither Johnson nor his satellites had bank or brokerage accounts. Numbers game bankers burned their slips at the end of each day's business. The horse rooms did the same. So it was through all the rackets — mountains of graft and corruption, but not a pebble of roof.

Even worse, there was a community-wide conspiracy to shield Nucky. Time and again, racket underlings went to jail rather than reveal the simplest fact about the boss. They knew that if Nucky fell their easy-money days would be ended. Perjury, deceit, jury-fixing, lack of coöperation even from reputable citizens were the rule. Adverse court decisions wiped out the work of months. It seemed at times that the prosecution of this lambouyant grafter must fail.

But the Intelligence Unit agents plugged on, with relentless thoroughness. There were never more than eight of them. More often there were only three, and a stenographer or two. They labored 12 to 18 hours a day, with no vacations.

Agent-in-charge William E. Frank decided to base his case on proving graft in four major directions — (1) public contracts, (2) the vice racket, (3) the numbers racket and (4) the horse-room racket. The agents thought that indictments and jail sentences

RACKETS similar to those uncovered in Atlantic City are still permitted to exist, in some degree, in many communities where citizens are not alert to their civic duties.

Such rackets, which divert a shocking proportion of a community's income into the hands of racketeers, are an intolerable drain upon the financial lifeblood of the nation's gigantic war effort.

For that reason the inside story of this case — one of the most notable investigations in the history of the Bureau of Internal Revenue — has unusual significance at this time.

Henry Morgenthau Jr.
Secretary of the Treasury

might loosen the racketeers' tongues, persuading them to testify about their graft payments to Johnson, the agents' real quarry.

After five months of staying under cover, the federal men began calling in underlings for interrogation. That same day, a nervous little man rang the doorbell at Johnson's villa. Ushered into the boss's presence, the visitor said: "Listen, Boss, that man who comes around once a year on March 15, that man with the whiskers —" "Well?" Johnson growled. "They are in town," said the man, and put on his hat and went out.

Johnson assigned police detectives to shadow the agents, and stationed a detective near the entrance to the federal grand jury room to let government witnesses know they were recognized when they came in to testify.

UNLIKE the racketeers, the contractors who did public jobs had to keep books and use banks. A checking job in the stifling basements of two closed banks showed that Morrell B. Tomlin, a favored road builder, had deposited \$1,654,590 in seven years. Yet he had never filed an income tax return. His father, John Tomlin, a county freeholder, had banked \$561,560 in three years, reporting only a nominal net income.

When the Tomlins refused to admit paying part of their profits to Johnson, their prosecution for tax evasion was recommended and they were granted a hearing in Washington before final action on their case was taken. Father and son came in threadbare clothing and pleaded poverty. The agents produced a newspaper photograph which showed the elder Tomlin, clad in evening clothes, at a political banquet a few nights before. They also proved that he owned 30-odd parcels of good Atlantic City real estate and \$30,000 worth of securities. The Tomlins were indicted, but they refused to talk about graft.

Three partners who had the city garbage removal contract were more talkative. All had cheated on their income taxes and two admitted having paid \$10,000 a year to Johnson.

The only large construction job in Atlantic City for years had been a \$2,400,000 railroad terminal. The books of Anthony P. Miller, Inc., the builders, disclosed they had paid

a \$60,000 "legal fee" to one Joseph A. Corio in 1935. And Corio, in his 1935 tax return, had listed his gross income at only \$20,800. He was a Common Pleas judge and a creature of Nucky's. The agents called on him and asked about that \$60,000 "fee." Corio said he had spent \$40,000 on "business expenses" — office rent, electricity, clerk hire.

When requested to itemize the expenses, Corio flew into a first-class judicial rage and roundly scored the agents' "impudence." This only intensified their interest in Corio's affairs. And now they got their first "break." The bank he dealt with was the only one in Atlantic City which kept a photographic record of all checks. In a few days they confronted Corio with evidence that he had spent nowhere near \$40,000 in 1935. The judge changed his tune; he wanted to "settle the thing," and "get it off his mind." But the agents refused; either he would fully explain his expenditures, or charges would be filed. Corio was indicted, and straightway went to a sanitarium, suffering from a convenient nervous breakdown.

Months after he came out he admitted that \$28,000 of the money had been paid to Johnson as graft. But Johnson, who had made some unwise realty investments in Boardwalk property, was able to report a bona fide net loss of \$56,000 in his 1935 return; the proved garbage removal and terminal graft payments totaled only \$48,000; therefore they

did not, in themselves, establish a tax evasion case against him.

THE AGENTS next took up the vice racket. Few of the madams had bothered to file tax returns. How to prove their income without benefit of records? The Treasury men devised a homely bookkeeping system of their own.

At the laundry which the bordellos patronized, the agents carefully checked on the weekly poundage of linen. By accurately weighing a single towel and doing some division, they were able to tell how many units were used up in each establishment. Each unit stood for a visit from a customer and the prostitute's standard honorarium was \$1, of which she retained 50 cents. The rest was simply multiplication, followed by subtraction for operating expenses.

"Well, you've got the straight figures, all right," one of the bewildered madams conceded. She confessed to cheating on her income tax and, equally mystified, the others followed suit. But the sublime confidence that Nucky would take care of everything remained unshaken; despite the threat of a stiff prison term, the madams kept on swearing they had not paid any graft.

LIKE a prizefighter who lands his Sunday punch repeatedly only to see his opponent stand there grinning, the Treasury's little deputation next jabbed at the horse-room racket. In the back rooms of cigar

stores and bars on the main streets, bets were accepted for tracks in the United States, Canada, Mexico and Cuba. Downstairs, the 50-cent and dollar betters were accommodated; upstairs were rooms for women and for the \$2-\$10 players. The joints held from 100 to 750 players. Some of the tonier ones served tea and coffee at 4 o'clock, on the house.

The agents knew that business was booming, and the horse-room proprietors — Doc Cootch, Wallpaper Willie and the rest — reflected their prosperity in flashy clothes and expensive cars. All were reporting incomes of from \$3000 to \$5000, obviously faking, yet no assets could be found recorded in their names.

The agents offered the horse-room operators informal hearings on their income tax liabilities, hoping to gain damaging admissions. The gamblers accepted. The information they gave on their businesses tallied with government estimates — up to a point. Then the gamblers balked, making vague claims of unusual conditions which cut into their profits. The agents were unable to prosecute for tax evasion because few juries would be likely to convict on mere estimates, no matter how well reasoned.

INVESTIGATION next turned to the numbers game. Despite its obvious prosperity, the operators had paid trivial income taxes, or none at all. The numbers lottery is supported almost entirely by the poor. It is the meanest game of all.

The investigators decided their best chance was to start at the bottom, with the vendors of the tickets — the “writers.” There are 1500 retail stores in Atlantic City; 800 of them were selling numbers tickets. Bets were dimes, nickels, pennies. For instance, customers would buy a 12-cent loaf of bread and take the change in the form of a numbers slip. There was no concealment; the agents, from the window of their apartment, used to watch a collector call at the cigar store across the street, emerge with a sheaf of tickets in his hand and pause for a chat with the cop on the beat.

The storekeepers, it turned out, were mostly sick of the racket. Many of them said they had to write numbers or see their customers trade elsewhere. The job of interviewing 839 writers almost wore the agents' legs out. The Negro district saw Agent John C. Cheasty so regularly that the inhabitants good-naturedly began calling him “Mayor of the North Side,” and 222, the number of the agents' office in the Post Office Building, became a favorite bet.

But it was worth the trouble. Scores of writers gladly gave affidavits which supplied an accurate picture of the “bankers'” gross take. Two more items were needed: the banks' expenses — rent and payroll — and the money paid out to winners. The bankers were called in and gave reasonable estimates of their overhead expenses. On hits, they estimated paying out anywhere from

50 to 60 percent of their take. The agents wondered. At headquarters night after night, with plenty of sharpened pencils and coffee, they covered reams of paper with calculations based on mathematical formulas of chance and probability. If they could prove that not nearly this amount was paid out, their tax-evasion cases became far stronger.

The agents submitted their final figures to an eminent mathematician in Camden and to a government statistician. The experts placed the probable percentage paid out at 46.4 — instead of 50 to 60. But a detailed study of hits actually paid out over more than three years indicated that the true laws of chance were not allowed to operate, that some form of fixing was employed. The actual amount paid out had been only 35 percent. Obviously the numbers men were making far greater profits than they reported, and the government had ample proof of tax evasion.

In two and a half years of tedious jigsaw-puzzle work, the agents had questioned more than 2000 persons and had had scores indicted. Yet none of those had cracked, and there was no legal proof of large graft payments to Johnson. Something had to be done to shake the mob's almost religious belief in the Boss's magic ability to thwart the law.

AT CAMDEN, in May 1939, the government opened a court campaign to convict the racketeers on income tax evasion charges and

force them, with stiff jail sentences as the alternative, to admit paying Johnson graft. This difficult court battle was undertaken by a special prosecutor, Joseph W. Burns, a brilliant young assistant in the Attorney General's office. From now on, in an impressive demonstration of cooperation between government departments, Burns was to handle 21 trials and 18 contempt hearings. He was the government's swing man for the rest of the investigation.

The first numbers banker to go on trial was convicted on June 7. He was fined \$2000 and sentenced to three years. The verdict demonstrated that Johnson's underlings could actually be convicted; and the government, in making an income tax case stick without benefit of records, had set a legal precedent. Two other bankers were soon behind the bars. But, confident that Johnson's influence would win early paroles for them, they went willingly to jail rather than come clean about Nucky.

Attorney Burns and the Intelligence Unit agents next resorted to the grand jury inquiry and use of the potent contempt-of-court weapon. As usual, the horse-room racketeers, the numbers men and the bordello madams all refused to talk about graft payments, even when cited for contempt.

The government soon found out why. Two bookies had quietly pleaded guilty. They were serving four months' sentences in the Mays Landing jail, where friendly Sheriff

Al Johnson let them run their horse rooms by remote control and order their meals from their favorite restaurants. When Undersheriff Born, bagman for the bordellos, was convicted, he got only a year-and-a-day sentence. In underworld jargon, he could do it "standing on his head." He grinned derisively at the government prosecutors and didn't even appeal.

The grand jury achieved nothing except seven citations for contempt and five indictments for perjury. Perjury on a wholesale, organized scale was wrecking the investigation. Yet on technical grounds, two of the perjury indictments were quashed. The government was in the agonizing position of being right, but unsuccessful because a district judge had made an incorrect legal ruling — later reversed by the Supreme Court.

A Negro numbers banker, Leroy B. Williams, went on trial, represented by a Negro attorney, Isaac Nutter. Throughout the trial Nutter clutched a rabbit's foot in his pocket and once he "hexed" Prosecutor Burns by dropping a pinch of salt behind him. It must have been a powerful hex, for Williams was acquitted.

Then came a break. Williams didn't pay Nutter's fee. Nutter, thoroughly sore, became an ally of the government. He furnished valuable inside information.

And sex unexpectedly came to the government's aid. On a plea of guilty to a charge of income tax evasion

another Negro numbers banker had gone to prison in 1939. His pretty high-yaller wife, who had been an entertainer in a night club he owned, started running around with a numbers banker named Joseph Friedman. Friedman, a fragrant character whose own wife was an Atlantic City madam, not only stole the high-yaller gal but also her husband's bank. Nutter told the husband and, in revenge, the convict went before the grand jury and spilled the whole numbers syndicate story, graft and all. Then a second Negro banker talked.

The stories these two told about graft payments went straight to the point, but no jury would believe their assertions if all the other numbers bankers contradicted them. Another conference in Washington resulted in a decision to pound away at the bankers as a group. Finally 14 numbers operators were indicted on a charge of conspiring to commit perjury before the grand jury. They went on trial at Camden in April 1940.

THE EVIDENCE against them was overwhelming—but the jury disagreed. At a retrial the second jury voted for outright acquittal! Prosecutor Burns was suspicious. Sure enough, an investigation by the Intelligence Unit agents confirmed tips about jury tampering. The government convicted the jury tamperers but, ironically, was unable to retry the 14 perjury conspirators because of the constitutional guarantee against double jeopardy.

The jury fixing was strong indication that Nucky Johnson was becoming frantic. The investigation had swept an Atlantic City reform group into office and the new mayor, Thomas D. Taggart, Jr., was raiding the joints. The numbers syndicate ceased operation entirely, the bordello and horse-room trade dropped off to a whisper. While sources of graft thus were drying up, fines and defense counsel fees were mounting. Many of the boys were grumbling.

Among the grumblers was Austin Clark, who had gone to prison relying upon Johnson's assurance that he would soon be paroled and that his business would be waiting intact when he came out. The parole hadn't arrived and Clark's numbers bank had been hijacked by loving colleagues. Outraged, Clark joined the ranks of bankers who spilled; and so did still another. That made four converts out of 14.

Then Friedman was convicted of income tax evasion, and sentenced to 10 years. Evidently the jury-fixing game was up. Immediately the attorney for another banker, Jack Southern, offered to plead his client guilty on three indictments in exchange for a one-year sentence. The government turned down the bargain. That night Southern visited Johnson at the villa for a showdown. The boss laid his cards on the table. Southern, he agreed, faced "a lot of time," but he, the once all-powerful boss, could do nothing for him.

It was a staggering admission from

the invulnerable boss. Nucky could no longer protect his own. The racketeers had lost their trump card.

SOUTHERN pleaded guilty and took his chances. He got five years and a \$3000 fine. Singly and in groups, the holdouts straggled in, pleaded guilty and talked freely about graft payments—the numbers men, the bookies and the madams. Now it would be Johnson's word against that of his whole army—if he chose to deny getting the "ice." The trial of Johnson, the final chapter in an investigation now coming to the end of its fifth year, was set for July 14, 1941.

The government's proof of graft was so convincing that Johnson was forced to admit having received it, in order to lend the slightest credibility to his phony defense that he had spent much of it for political and charitable purposes and was entitled to large deductions. It took a jury only five hours to bring in a verdict of guilty. On August 1, Circuit Judge Albert B. Maris sentenced Johnson to serve 10 years in Lewisburg Penitentiary and pay a fine of \$20,000. As a final, gay fillip Nucky Johnson married his No. 1 blonde, Flossie Osbeck, and celebrated with

a champagne party on the night before he was sentenced.

All told, the amazingly dogged investigation, in the face of baffling difficulties, resulted in the conviction of 47 persons. The government is suing to recover \$1,000,000 in additional taxes and fraud penalties. The investigation cost \$200,000.

During all the years the agents had been in town, Nucky Johnson had refused ever to see them. But the educational effect of the Intelligence Unit's work was not lost upon him. When Louie Kissell, Johnson's valet-bodyguard, was implicated in jury fixing he was arrested at the villa by Agent Snyder and a deputy U. S. marshal. While being taken to an automobile, Kissell broke away and ran back to the yard, shouting, "Boss! Boss!"

A pair of French doors on the second floor opened and Johnson stepped out on a balcony.

"Boss," cried Kissell, raising his handcuffed arms in outraged protest, "they can't do this to us! Tell 'em, Boss, they can't do this!"

Johnson somberly looked down.

"Louie," he said sadly, "the government can do anything," and walked back through the French doors.



Ike: Where've you been?

Mike: In a phone booth talking to my girl, but someone wanted to use the phone, so we had to get out. — *Columbia Jester*



The Terrible Midget

Condensed from The New Yorker

Robert Lewis Taylor

LOUIS PAGLIARO, ping-pong champion of the United States, suffers intense pain when anybody calls him a ping-pong player. "It sounds sissy," he says. "Ping-pong pong-ping ping-pong pong-ping — what kind of a game is that? I play different myself." He prefers to call the game table tennis.

Five feet tall and weighing 118 pounds, Pagliaro thinks his arrested development is an asset. Not long ago he was engaged in a match with Cal Skinner, who is six feet three. Skinner was under a constant strain; he had difficulty locating his small opponent, who plays ping-pong on a dead run and sometimes seems to vanish under the table. Once Skinner was unnerved by the discovery that Pagliaro was behind him, hav-

ing got up such a head of steam chasing a ball near the net that he thought it expedient to circle the table.

Most table-tennis players confine their activity to a radius of two or three feet at their end of the table. Pagliaro not only retreats as far as 20 feet behind the table but drives his opponent back a corresponding distance. Holding his paddle with a grip like a tennis player's, he flails the ball with full arm swings; he chops, lobs, drives, and runs around like a man possessed.

Table-tennis folk are exasperated whenever they hear an outsider say, "I suppose a *real* tennis player, like Donald Budge, could give you fellows an awful beating at this game, couldn't he?" Someone arranged a match between Pagliaro and Frank Shields, the tennis star, who fancies himself a ping-pong player. For a time Shields was unable to hit the ball at all. Then Pagliaro volunteered to play sitting in an armchair. Things went a little better for Shields then, but Pagliaro still won all the games.

In the 1941 national tournament in New York, Pagliaro was sensational. In his final match with Edward Pinner he backed 40 feet away

ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR is a better-than-average table-tennis player himself, but he reports that his games with stars like Pagliaro have permanently deflated his ego. Mr. Taylor graduated from the University of Illinois in 1933 and spent a year traveling over the globe, winding up in Tahiti. There he lingered another year, writing short stories; then on to Honolulu, where he became a free-lance newspaper writer. In 1936 he returned to the United States and joined the St. Louis *Past Dispatch*. He has been on the editorial staff of *The New Yorker* since 1938.

from the table, retreating before Pinner's overhand drives until the wall prevented him from going any farther. At a crucial point he stooped to return a ball that was only three inches from the floor. The ball soared up among the lights, came down on top of the net, and dropped off on Pinner's side of the table. Pinner wasn't the same after that. Pagliaro won with ease.

Pagliaro is always the crowd's favorite. The chief reason for this, aside from his interesting size and perpetual-motion style of play, is his extreme modesty, which borders on the pathological. He is convinced almost anybody can beat him, and approaches every match with gloomy resignation. Perhaps this is helpful. He is so sure he is going to lose he never worries about it, and hence is perfectly free of tension. Confident of defeat, he goes about disposing of players with a humble and detached ferocity, taking chances that would never occur to a nervous player.

His demeanor is always spectacularly genteel. After hitting a ball so hard that his opponent just stands and blinks at it, he places one hand in front of his mouth and coughs apologetically, indicating that the shot was an accident. When he wins his match, as he usually does, he leaves the court, shaking his head with astonishment that he could have been so wrong.

Pagliaro's expression is impish, his movements birdlike. His muscular reaction is one of the fastest in the his-

tory of sports. He has an abnormally quick eye, and can read all the writing on a revolving phonograph record, including the microscopic intelligence about patents pending.

Nearing 23, Pagliaro fears he has passed his prime. "My game's in my legs," he says. "I sure hope they hold out." His legs got off to an exceptionally good start. He grew up on New York's lower East Side, where, being uncommonly short, he was considered fair game by a group of neighborhood bullies. Upon sighting a raiding party, young Pagliaro would set out for other territory. He became very fast on his feet. Occasionally he was able to run around the block at lightning speed and, with a handful of rocks, open fire on the pack from the rear.

When he was eight, Pagliaro joined a boys' club and spent all his spare time at the ping-pong table. He would get up around dawn and put in a couple of hours' practice before school; in the evening he played for five hours continuously. At 13 he became a member of the club's junior team; at 16, and four feet high, he won the club championship. A couple of years later on Broadway, where the experts hang out, he ran across Sol Schiff, then national champion. "We played a match and he busted me right over the head," says Pagliaro. "I swung like I was beating a rug. I found out I didn't have no defense, and naturally my offense wouldn't work without I could hit the ball."

As a result Pagliaro went into seclusion. At home he practiced against a wall, smashing the ball so hard it buzzed through the air like a hornet. He broke a lot of balls, but within a few months he could hit any ball, no matter at what speed or angle it approached him. He developed a vicious forehand chop that would skim over the net on a level and then suddenly drop to the table and skid. "It was kind of hard to return," Pagliaro says. Then he went back to Broadway and started beating everybody.

Pagliaro discovered that winning was habit-forming. He began to win all over the East. In 1940 "Dynamite Louie," or "The Terrible Midget" as sportswriters dubbed him, won the national championship in Indianapolis, beating Schiff, his old Nemesis, in the finals.

As champion, Pagliaro's way of life is not radically altered. The game's financial returns are low. In a good week Pagliaro cleans up as much as \$5 from exhibitions. Out of this comes overhead, such as polo shirts and shoes. He wears out a pair of shoes every two weeks. "I rub them on the floor like an eraser. I play a few games and then I look down and what have I got? A pair of spats."

Pagliaro depends for his income on his job with the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company, manufacturers of sporting equipment, where he repairs pool tables. The Brunswick officials and many of his colleagues seem to be quite unaware that he is ping-pong champion. He still lives

on the East Side in a flat with his wife and baby. Mrs. Pagliaro has never learned how to play table tennis. "I tried to teach her," says the champion, "but it was too nervous a proposition."

Before leaving home for an important match, Pagliaro takes a very hot bath and his wife gives him a rub-down. This constitutes all his preparation. He eats whatever he pleases and whenever the notion strikes him. For good luck he wears his wife's wedding ring. The only paddle he owns is one a friend made for him, and he often plays with any paddle he finds lying around.

At his job Pagliaro is no more glamorous than any other billiard mechanic. But on Friday night, when he enters the happier precincts of the Broadway Table Tennis Courts, he comes into his own. Cinderella's metamorphosis could not have been more complete. He is a celebrity. People nudge their neighbors and whisper, "There's the champ!" The proprietor announces in grave tones the pairings for the night's play. Then a cluster of bright lights goes on over the tournament table. Suddenly Pagliaro steps out onto the floor, looking solemn. The announcer's voice booms out over the loudspeaker: "The national champion, ladies and gentlemen. Shall we give him a hand?"

It is when Pagliaro hears the applause which follows that he thinks life and ping-pong have been very good to him.

Come Hell or High Water

Condensed from The Nautical Gazette

Meyer Berger

THE LARGE, bare seamen's hiring hall in New York is crowded with some 200 men waiting to ship out. Most of them seem middle-aged and a little on the shabby side; they look like unheroic street sweepers or porters. They stow their gab abruptly as you approach, pointedly fencing themselves off with their newspapers. Their talk, your seaman guide tells you, is of wartime ship movements. He introduces you. "This fellow's okay," he assures them.

The job dispatcher's voice breaks through the conversational hubbub. "I got a call for five ordinary seamen. I got one job for a chief electrician."

Men move toward the dispatcher's wicket. His assistant studies their seamen's tickets. Men with the oldest cards get first crack at the jobs. The chosen six, clumping out, wave lightly to old shipmates. No telling when they'll meet again, if ever, but their gestures are un-theatrical.

The unsuccessful job bidders resume their talk. Fred Cook, a grave-eyed man in his forties, is telling about the voyage from which he has just made port. He is thin and

gaunt, still in his tan cotton work garb. Cook is a tanker stiff, a seaman who ships only on tankers. His talk is about U-boats: "We seen two of them recharging on the surface at one time, around half-past two in the mornin', under a big moon. Our old man swings for these subs. He's for rammin' them, but they spot us and submerge."

Cook explains that you're not in much danger if you come at a U-boat head on, because that way you don't give them much to aim at. "They like to get you broadside," he says. Two minutes after the U-boats dipped out of sight a navy bomber hovered over the spot. What happened after that he couldn't say. His ship didn't hang around.

Tankers are the subs' chief targets, but there is no difficulty getting crews. "The way we figure," Cook explains, "is like this: if your ship's number is up, the subs'll get her. If her number ain't up, they won't. Even if her number is up, maybe yours isn't. Maybe you get clear and get picked up." This attitude is general among seamen. On a tanker, though, you face one extra danger. If her cargo is high-test gasoline and it spreads on the sea

after she's hit, the crew doesn't stand much chance of getting clear, even in the lifeboats. U-boat skippers seem to delight in setting fire to the oil and catching wrecked crews in great patches of flame.

Tanker crews get only brief shore leave because their ships usually take on or discharge cargo in 16 hours. The stiffs seldom have more than a full day ashore unless their vessel needs repair.

They resent loose talk about their taking tanker jobs only because there's extra pay in it — about \$8 a week. "We ain't out there just for the money," one seaman told me. "We're out to help the country. If we hit the high spots when we get time ashore, that don't make no difference. When our ship's ready to sail we're all there."

No tanker, transport or supply ship has been idle because of lack of crew. The stiffs think of the submarine as just one new hazard in a calling that has more than its share.

The National Maritime Union has around 50,000 salt water men on its rolls, another 7000 shipping on lake and river craft. Three quarters of these men hail from inland towns, perhaps because boys growing up in the farm and mountain country seek adventure on the sea when they reach the restless age.

Each crew today is a union unit, and the seamen take their union activities gravely. There are regular meetings at sea and the minutes are

forwarded to headquarters. Typical entries throw light on the sober conduct of sailors on American convoys: "Aboard S.S. C——, January 28, 1942. There was much discussion about the way officers walked around the deck smoking when the ship was blacked out. MSC (moved, seconded and carried) that any member of the NMU found smoking on deck after dark be fined \$5, the money to be turned over to the Medical Aid Fund." On the S.S. *Mexico*: "Red Cross contributions totaled \$132.50, considerably more than last year. The Captain expressed his thanks."

The NMU is stern about seamen doing their full share in the war. No seaman can stay idle on the beach while there is war cargo to be shipped or troops to be transported. A man in from a trip that took one to two months can have no more than two weeks ashore. A voyage of from two months to a year gives him a maximum layoff of only three weeks. Seamen who violate this rule come up for punitive action by the union.

No American seaman has been disciplined for refusal to ship out within the time set. Most of the men are off again a few days after returning from a voyage. An A.B. (able-bodied seaman) in the hiring hall explains that a man can't be a slacker and show his face on the beach. Former shipmates won't drink with him, much less do they want him to ship with them.

THE DISPATCHER'S voice breaks hoarsely into the hiring hall babble at intervals. Men go up to the grille, slap down their cards and move on. Tonight their ships will stand out to sea, headed for dangerous waters.

A scrubby little man in a stocking cap takes a green-stemmed pipe from between blackened teeth. He has seen the gulls riding dead seamen's chests off Hatteras in recent months, but this hasn't lessened his zeal for going to sea. It has angered him.

"We got a better idea of what we're fightin' for, son, than you have," he says. "You've only read about it. We've been in Axis ports and seen what they do to people. Talk to the guys who were in Norway and France and Belgium. What they seen ain't nice. We know we *got* to win this war."

At sea the men of the convoys sleep in their clothes with shoes under their pillows or laced to one wrist — there is no telling how long they may be adrift in open boats. "We figure," a veteran says, "that we got more chance of dying from exposure than being killed by torpedoes."

The unromantic language of a log kept by the crew of the *Lahaina*, a freighter sunk by a Japanese submarine, shows the fiber of the men of American convoys. The *Lahaina*'s crew was adrift in the Pacific ten days, 34 men in a lifeboat built for half that number. The log, condensed:

Dec. 11, 1941, 11:40. Submarine broke surface on starboard quarter 500 yards distant. Lee boat shot away. All hands in No. 2 lifeboat. Lowered under continuous fire by submarine.

11:45. Clear of ship. Shell splinters falling all about boat but none hitting. *Lahaina* afire. Submarine departed in northeasterly direction. All hands in good spirits.

Dec. 12. Smooth sea, no wind. Heavy sheet of flame from midships of *Lahaina* assumed to be explosion of fuel tanks. Lifeboat returned with intent of salvaging vessel but salvage impossible.

For ten days the men rowed. Water was doled out in sips. Captain Mathiesen set a course for Hawaii.

"Men in fine spirits," the log would report, or, "All hands wet and cold. No complaints."

Then the seas kicked up. Several of the crew, suffering from exposure, began to rave. The lifeboat shipped water.

Dec. 19. Hilliard Moore died from exposure. Committed to deep with appropriate ceremony. Herman Freedman, A.B., collapsed. Dinner: 1 biscuit, one-half lemon (last of lemons), one-half cup water. Crew bailed continuously.

Dec. 20. Two men drank salt water. Became ill. Boat took two heavy combers, nearly capized. Albert Lundquist, A.B., overboard. Rescue impossible because of combers.

Dec. 21. Concezio del Tinto, oiler, overboard. Rescue attempted, unsuccessful. Herman Freedman died. At daybreak made landing through hole in breakers at Maui on Island of Hawaii. Thirty men survived. Four men dead.

Douglas McMurtry, Third Mate.

Ten days later every man surviving was at sea again.

The seamen calmly discuss ship

sinkings and the deaths of shipmates as they appear in the newspapers each day. This melancholy news does not alter their quiet determination to "Keep 'Em Sailing." No one, for example, paid much attention to a little group of weathered seamen who walked into the hiring hall, fresh from the sinking of the freighter *Brazos*, off Hatteras. The crew had reboarded the freighter and stuffed the wounds in her hull with bags of sugar from her cargo in a hopeless

attempt to keep out the sea. When the syrupy water had risen to their chins, they went back to the lifeboat.

Frank Soto, an undersized member of the crew, seemed astonished that anyone should wonder whether he would return to sea. "I'm here, ain't I?" he said. "We're all shipping right out again." A ship, he explained patiently, is home to a sailor. "If you lose your home," he said, "you move to another house. That's the way it is." His mates nodded.



Classroom

Strategy

¶ ONE MORNING Professor John Berdan of Yale read to an English composition class a particularly inept theme and, as usual, called for comments. The students panned it unmercifully.

"Interesting," commented Berdan, "because I wrote the theme myself." As the critics began to blush, he continued: "You are quite right. This theme is incredibly bad. I spent two hours of painstaking effort last night to make sure I had not omitted a single feature of poor writing, and I believe I succeeded."

The professor paused for dramatic effect.

"What astounds me," he resumed, "is how you men can dash these things off day after day *in ten minutes*." — Contributed by Beirne Lay, Jr.



Illustrative Anecdotes —56—

¶ SENATOR TOM CONNALLY, commenting on the need for preparedness during the debate on the Selective Service Act, cited the experience of Georgia's Civil War statesman, General Robert Toombs.

Toombs once promised: "We'll be able to beat the Yankees with cornstalks."

After the war Toombs was running for office again and was challenged: "I thought you said we'd be able to beat the Yankees with cornstalks."

"So I did," replied Toombs, "but they wouldn't fight with cornstalks."

— Carlisle Barger on in *This Week Magazine*

Uncle Sam's Prettiest Battalion

Condensed from The Christian Science Monitor

Marjorie Barstow Greenbie

RECENTLY a puzzled English naval officer appeared in Washington on a strange mission. His ship had come into a nearby port for repairs; on it were several hundred men who, after strenuous weeks of sea duty and battle, found time heavy on their hands.

It would boost morale if the ship could hold a dance. But dances mean girls; not the chippies who frequent the Navy Yard districts, but wholesome girls who would bring companionship and relief from boredom to men thousands of miles away from their homes. Could Washington solve such a problem?

Washington could. On the night arranged, a group of buses, each supervised by a chaperone and two Red Cross nurses, carried 100 of Washington's most personable girls to the rescue of Britain's marooned sailors. For a few hours war was forgotten while men and girls danced to the music of the ship's band. At the evening's close, three rousing British cheers roared approval of these members of Uncle Sam's most unusual, and prettiest, battalion — The Woman's Battalion of the District of Columbia Defense Recreation Services. The Woman's Battalion is a volunteer organization whose members serve as dance partners for men in

the army camps near Washington. There are 50 companies of 200 each — 10,000 all told — with their own captains and a commanding officer.

The Battalion was organized in March 1941, when a group of women federal employees decided to do something about Washington's chief social problem — the concentration within the city of girls, and around it of young men. When a government girl leaves her office, she frequently has no place to go for relaxation. In recreation centers, hotel lounges and motion-picture theaters, there is likely to be standing room only — if that. For the young soldier who gets leave from camp the situation is similar. But now, night after night, hundreds of girls of the Battalion go out from the overcrowded city to dance at nearby army camps — Fort Belvoir, Fort Meade, Quantico, Bolling Field and others.

To join the Battalion a girl must be 18 and employed by the government or by various agencies of our allies. For each candidate three blanks are filled out. On the first the girl gives her name, height, weight, age, and her own estimate of her dancing ability, which she generally rates modestly as "fair." The second is filled out by an interviewer, who rates her personality and appearance

as "attractive," "good," or "fair." On the third blank the candidate's employer rates her honesty, character, and loyalty to the United States.

A girl whose records are acceptable receives a temporary guest card for army dances. If at the end of 30 days she proves satisfactory, she is enrolled as a member of the Battalion and given a badge. So careful is this checkup that to date there has not been a single dubious incident.

The Battalion works through a central office headed by Mrs. Eva Steimer, a gray-haired, kindly woman who has an enthusiastic interest in young people. Suppose Fort Meade gives a dance. It applies to Mrs. Steimer for, say, 200 girls. She calls up 20 captains and asks for 10 girls each. Each captain in turn calls up two lieutenants and asks for five girls each. The girls receive seat assignments in the buses (paid for by the soldiers) which will take them to and from the dance. At the camp the girls report to the hostess and the morale officer. Dances usually last from 8 until 11:30 or 12.

The girls also give dances for soldiers on leave in Washington. In one recent week there was a dance for 600 couples at the Bureau of Printing and Engraving, and another in the Inter-Departmental Auditorium.

The government girl has a special claim on a soldier's chivalry. Like him, she is far from home and per-

forming an essential service to her country. Last Christmas the soldiers joined with the Woman's Battalion to give 1200 lonely girls, who otherwise would have eaten Christmas dinner in cafeterias or drugstores, the time of their lives. There was a Christmas dinner with the Marines at Quantico, a tea dance at Fort Myer, and parties at other camps.

The value of the Battalion to girls and soldiers alike can hardly be overestimated. Mrs. Steimer suggests that other centers near army camps might well adopt a similar plan. "It could be sponsored," she points out, "by any community organization, such as the YWCA, the PTA or the local recreation services. We provide chaperones, but our plan helps to relieve us from the need of close supervision. Our Battalion officers earn their rank by service and character. Thus we put the responsibility on the girls and enable them to develop their own trained leadership."

The Battalion has, of course, been the target of newspaper comment. Its headquarters was reported to have a "date machine," with levers marked blonde, brunette, tall, short, etc., which the soldier only had to press to get a "date" with his heart's desire. That is pure myth. The only machine is a well-organized social mechanism doing a very good job, in the vital center of the nation's war effort.



Industrial Strife — Or Production for Victory?

By

William Hard

THE MOST spectacular and controversial issue between management and labor in the United States today is "the closed shop." Bitterness about the closed shop, and the many other sorts of "shops," is threatening our war production effort. Scores of bills have been introduced in the Congress to deal with the problem. Let us try to get to the bottom of it.

The problem has two aspects. One is ultimate principle. The other is the immediate needs of the war.

In ultimate principle, most managements want the "open shop." Theoretically the open shop is a shop in which union men and non-union men work side by side without discrimination. Today such a shop often exists. However, for 100 years before the passage of the National Labor Relations Act of 1935, the open shop was generally an anti-union shop in which anyone who joined a union or agitated for a union was fired. In many instances it still is.

Organized labor's answer to the open shop was the closed shop. This goes to the other extreme. In a

closed shop you cannot get a job unless you are already a member of the union. The employer has to take his men from the union.

It is a waste of breath to call the closed shop "un-American." We have had closed shops in America for 100 years. Several million Americans were working in closed shops when the present war broke out.

But many managements, with much force, say: "We should be allowed to choose our own employes, not have to take them from the unions. We are responsible for the success or failure of the business. We want to pick the best men available, whether they belong to the union or not."

As a concession to these employers there is another kind of shop, the "union shop." In a union shop the employer can hire anybody, union member or not, but once hired the man must join the union. In the "union shop," the union cannot become a "labor monopoly."

The closed shop is particularly prevalent in the American Federation of Labor. The union shop is widely favored by the CIO. John L.

Lewis, former head of the CIO, is as strongly opposed to the closed shop as any employer; he favors the union shop.

Against the union shop many managements have another argument. They say: "It is true that under a union shop contract we can hire anybody; but afterwards, unless he joins the union, we are obliged to fire him. That is wrong. A man should be free to join a union, or not to join a union, as he pleases. The nonunion man has a right to work."

There we have management's favorite slogan: "The right to work." It is a strong and appealing slogan.

But organized labor retorts: "Who is this noble nonunion man? He is a man who accepts hours and wages secured for him by the union and then refuses to pay dues to help support the union. He is a hitchhiker who won't buy his share of the gas. He has a *duty* to join."

So there we have organized labor's ultimate slogan: "The duty to join."

Such are the sincere convictions of the two contending parties. Behind each there is great and genuine moral fervor. Behind each is a whole philosophy of life.

But I do not think we can stop in the midst of this war to settle the combat between these two philosophies. I think we have to take existing institutions and do the best we can with them. To pass legislation at this time outlawing the closed shop or union shop or open shop would

throw management and organized labor into an economic civil war which would almost stop our military war against our foreign enemies.

There are just two points to be considered in this emergency: First, we can and do get splendid war production out of any kind of shop where managements and unions coöperate as fellow Americans. Second, it follows that our unions and managements should be willing at this time to compromise their claims and obey every decision, whatever it may be, of the National War Labor Board, which represents labor, management and the general public. Are they fighting each other or are they fighting Hitler? They'd have neither open shop nor closed shop if Hitler wins; they'd have Hitler shop.

All shipyards on the Pacific Coast are operated on a closed-shop basis. What is the outcome in production? Excellent.

Take the Oregon Shipbuilding Corporation. It started building shipways on a mud flat in February of last year. Just seven months later, it launched a ship. It is now launching a ship every five days. The navy has awarded it an "E" pennant for high performance.

On the day of the award the company drew the names of three workers from a bowl of names. The wives of those three workmen will christen three new ships. Out of that sort of spirit, you get production.

"The unions have promised that during the war there will be no limi-

tation on output," says Henry F. Morton, speaking for the company. "They are keeping that promise. We are working 24 hours around the clock seven days a week. We *prefer* the closed shop to the open shop. We think we get more efficiency and more output when the men through their unions have responsible representation and leadership."

And Paul R. Porter, of the War Production Board, tells me: "We get quicker results on the Pacific Coast where the closed shop is in full force than on the Atlantic Coast where it is not."

There is a bill in Congress which says that hereafter on government work there shall be no closed shops. Wouldn't it be silly — and worse than silly — to throw all our productive Pacific Coast shipyards into confusion?

But let us look also at a sort of open shop, the American Rolling Mill Company of Middletown, Ohio. It has no outside union, either AFL or CIO, but it has the right spirit between managers and men.

For years this company has told its employees all its production problems. For years it has listened to all the production ideas of its employees. For years accordingly it has been world-famous for its production achievements. And now in war it is surpassing those achievements. Week after week it is breaking its own miraculous production records.

On a Sunday not long ago its employees who were off duty poured

from their homes and their places of amusement to spend the night loading a long freight train with supplies to be rushed to an ocean port to repair a United States warship just back from battle. Such a patriotic task elated them. They like their country and they like their company.

Now wouldn't it be silly — and worse than silly — for an outside union to go at this time into Middletown and throw it into turmoil by trying to organize those men into a closed shop or a union shop?

Let's be practical. Some closed shops are a hindrance to production. Some are a help. Some open shops are a hindrance to production. Some are a help. It depends on the circumstances existing between management and labor. We have the National War Labor Board to say what the circumstances are and what those circumstances demand.

The board contains four industrialists, four labor leaders and four members representing the public. Those last four have the balance of power. All have had prolonged experience in judging disputes between managements and unions.

Those four men are professional umpires. They have been chosen by the government of the people of the United States of America. I say that any player on the management team or on the labor team who refuses to accept their decisions should be retired to the bench and not be allowed to play again till we have licked the Axis.

In March the board made a momentous decision. Most industrialists have steadfastly denied that the board has the power to recommend the closed shop, union shop or any such shop. The board decided that it does have that power. And the four industrialist members, against the preferences of most of their fellow industrialists throughout the country, agreed. They stopped representing a group among us and began representing all of us in our governmental duty to settle every problem of this crisis. These industrialists were Walter Teagle, chairman of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey; Roger Lapham, chairman of the American Hawaiian Steamship Company; George H. Mead, president of the Mead Corporation, Dayton, Ohio; and Albert W. Hawkes, president of the Congoleum Nairn Company and of the United States Chamber of Commerce.

I hope the labor members of the board will have occasion to display an equal talent for patriotism.

Let us beware, at this time, of unyielding principle. Let us remember Benjamin Franklin, the greatest of American sages. He was a member of our Constitutional Convention of 1787. He brought forward many ideas which the Convention rejected. He hated many of the ideas which the Constitution finally contained. Nevertheless he signed it. And signing it, he said: "I wish that every man in this room would doubt a little of his own infallibility."

It was not unyielding principle, it was fraternal and patriotic compromise, that gave us our Constitution and our country. We shall need compromise to see our country through the present storm.

There are plenty of compromises possible between the extremes of what management wants and what organized labor wants. There is, for example, the "maintenance-of-membership shop." In this shop you do not have to join the union, but if you do join you have to stay joined. There is the "preferential shop," in which the management gives the preference in employment to union men if the union can supply men who are efficient. There is also the "union security shop," which has many varieties, "strong" and "weak." The weakest is when the union merely asks that the management post notice on the bulletin board saying more or less: "We do not get sore if our employees join the union."

The National War Labor Board, think, ought to recommend any of these compromise shops when necessary. And unions and management ought to accept them.

The National War Labor Board has recently denied the union shop to several unions. Perhaps it will deny it in the next case. Perhaps it will grant it. Perhaps it will decree compromise. Whatever it does, bright and early the next morning, as the first shift comes on, the American people will want the union and the managements to say to each other

"We know, as practical men, that any kind of shop can produce wonders, if only management and labor will *coöperate*. We will resume our disputes on theory and principle after the war. Right now, in whatever kind of shop the board has given us, we *jointly*, the union and the managements, will break all the production records ever made."

The important word is "jointly." The unions and the managements should stop being foreigners to each other and should decide to join the

same country. While we are engaged in a fight for life, let us postpone argument and concentrate on production.

For highly informative discussions of current union developments the reader should consult:

A book just published by Harper & Brothers on *The Dynamics of Industrial Democracy*, by Clinton S. Golden and Harold J. Rattenberg of the CIO.

A book on *How Collective Bargaining Works*, by the Twentieth Century Fund of New York City.



Techniques of Perfection

◀ ELEANORA DUSE acted from within so unswervingly that she literally lent her flesh and blood to a role. In *Magda*, she had a difficult scene in which she met a lover who had deserted her. Duse played the first few minutes of the meeting with seeming composure. Then, at the correct psychological moment — when the first tension was over and the heroine thought she might take the situation easily — Duse began to blush. The blush deepened and deepened, until at last Duse buried her face in her hands. The actress used no makeup; her flush was not a trick of cosmetics surreptitiously applied, but a remarkable feat of the acting imagination.

— Adapted from Helen Ormshee's *Backstage With Actors* (Crowell)

◀ AS THE aged queen in *Victoria Regina*, Helen Hayes' imitation of an old woman's laugh was a masterpiece of accuracy. Miss Hayes knew that laughter in the very old is a strong surge of merriment in a body too frail to express it, but she was dissatisfied with her version of Victoria's laugh at 70. The second night of the play's run she noticed an old lady having a fine time in the first row. Her laughter came in short, hard chuckles from the deep folds of her black silk, and after each spasm she gasped, wiped her eyes with her handkerchief, and settled back in her seat, sighing pleasurably. Miss Hayes made a careful study of this laugh. From then on, Victoria's laugh was that of the elderly playgoer and as such was perfectly true to life.

— Margaret Case Harriman in *The New Yorker*

"Time Brings All Things"

Excerpts from the Miscellany department of Time

Surprise

¶ IN St. Louis a man stripped for a physician, bared an abdominal tattoo reading: "Hello, Doctor."

Diet

¶ IN Fort Collins, Colo., Colorado State College experimenters slowly killed a pack of white rabbits by feeding them a coed's diet.

Handle

¶ IN Chicago, Butcher Louis Harris found his Greek customers could never remember his name, changed it back to Elias Haralampopoulos.

Proof

¶ IN Philadelphia, Magistrate Elias Myers demanded proof that a burlesque queen's dress was too flimsy. The proof: a detective folded the costume, squeezed it into a matchbox.

Leaks

¶ IN Paris, police were suspicious of ten gas-pipe leaks in the same apartment within a few weeks. A maid, arrested, confessed she had caused nine of the leaks because she fell in love with the plumber who repaired the first one.

Particular

¶ IN Zanesville, Ohio, a woman complained to police that a thief not only stole milk from her doorstep but left orders for whipping cream.

Protest

¶ IN Thurston, Maryland, Farmer L. I. Gregg's car became mired in a road he and neighbors had long complained about. Unable to extricate his car even with the help of a sympathetic crowd, Gregg dynamited it as a protest.

Sweeper

¶ IN Chicago, a man held for larceny picked up a broom, swept busily past the guards, down the hall, out the door of the county jail to freedom.

Bite

¶ IN Van Nuys, Calif., a couple who wanted to move answered an attractive house-for-sale ad, discovered it was their own.

Checkup

¶ IN Nashville, Tenn., an army officer whose quitting time was 4 p.m. found a note from his commander: "I came into your office at 4 o'clock yesterday and felt your chair. It wasn't even warm."

Kibitzer

¶ IN Milan, Italy, Paolo Motta and his bride retired on their wedding night. Water began to drip on Paolo's neck. He traced the water to a tiny hole in the ceiling, rushed upstairs, in the room above found a disgruntled suitor standing over the hole with a pitcher of water.

Service

¶ IN Salt Lake City, the city commissioners paid a firm of experts \$2500 to recommend improvements in the city government. The experts recommended that the commissioners' jobs be abolished.

System

¶ IN Fairview, Oklahoma, Farmer Ben Sorge explained why he had worn his shoes on the wrong feet every other day for the past ten years. Said he: "It wears the heels and soles down even all the way around."

Jungle Doctor

Condensed from Opportunity, Journal of Negro Life

Linton Wells

TEN THOUSAND miles southeast of New York, in the steaming African wilderness, a Negro dressed in well-fitting American clothes knelt in the dust of a native kraal and worked against death. Around him huddled a crowd of half-baked blackamoors, marveling as his long, graceful fingers sewed up gashes in a stalwart Bantu huntsman who had been clawed by a leopard. Obivious of his audience, the doctor paused only to wipe sweat from his face and glasses.

Suddenly pandemonium broke loose. Glancing around, the doctor

noted that an army of driver ants had invaded the kraal. While the natives tried to divert the fierce, strong-jawed insects he worked with swift assurance to reshape flaps of flesh into an arm. Driver scouts were soon swarming over him, biting savagely. Ignoring the pain, the doctor went on with his stitching — and another lowly Bantu lived to hunt again.

This remarkable man was Aaron Manasses McMillan, an American doctor who 13 years ago enjoyed a lucrative practice in Omaha, Nebraska. Today he is the leading practitioner in Angola, a primitive Portuguese West Africa colony equal in size to Texas, New Mexico and Arizona combined.

Every year he treats about 10,000 blacks and many white patients. He also trains natives at his hospital and writes medical treatises. His reward is the joy of doing a tough job well, and \$102.16 a month, plus a modest allowance for two sons attending school in Omaha.

McMillan was born at Cotton Plant, Arkansas, in 1895, the son of a Baptist preacher. He decided early in life to become a doctor — a surgeon if possible. By working summers as a dining-car waiter he put



SINCE 1911 Linton Wells has traveled around the globe 13 times, including one airplane trip in 1926 in which he established a world's record of 28 days, 14 hours, 36 minutes. As a foreign correspondent, he has covered 20 wars and revolutions. Studying people, he says, has been the most absorbing part of his adventurous career, and his friends range from primitive natives to such luminaries as Gandhi, the late King Alexander of Yugoslavia, the Duke of Windsor and Winston Churchill. On his recent trip through Africa, from which this article resulted, he covered 26,000 miles in six months. Fascinated by the landscape and people of that mysterious continent, he purchased 50 acres in the southern highlands of Tanganyika, 75 miles from a railroad, to which he hopes to retire with his wife when there are no more worlds to explore.

himself through Bishop College, a Negro school at Marshall, Texas, and Nashville's Meharry Medical College.

After serving his internship he opened an office in Omaha, where his practice grew rapidly. His patients included a number of whites, and when some of them urged him to run for the legislature in 1928 he accepted. His opponent was white. McMillan won.

It was this background of hard-earned success that McMillan gave up in 1929, when the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions asked him to become supervisor of a hospital to be established in far-away Angola.

"I'd never been interested in mission work," McMillan told me, "but here was an opportunity to do something worth while for my race." So he resigned from the legislature and sailed for Lisbon with his wife, Willema.

McMillan spent 18 difficult months in Portugal. He did not know a word of Portuguese when he arrived, yet was faced with the necessity of securing a Portuguese medical license. He studied 16 hours a day, completing a tough post-graduate medical course with examinations in Portuguese and finishing with honors.

The Galangue Mission at Bundja is in a poverty-stricken region where the veld is "sour" and farming is extremely difficult. The temperature ranges from 30 at night to 110 during the day. McMillan was dismayed to

find his hospital only a thatched mud hut, his medical supplies less than adequate, his staff nonexistent, and his prospective patients numerous and requiring immediate attention.

The first day he removed an exophthalmic goiter, an eye cataract and a gangrenous finger, and opened up a mastoid. His only assistant was Mrs. McMillan, who had never witnessed an operation. "I was pretty nervous, and the sight of Willema fighting off fainting spells didn't help any," McMillan chuckles reminiscently, "but we got through all right, and she's been my chief assistant ever since."

Trek through Angola, as I did, and you will hear countless stories about the medical deeds of this slender, energetic, 47-year-old Negro, with twinkling eyes and a ready laugh, who dresses in a dark business suit and wears gray suede gloves to protect his skillful hands. You will hear about a missionary's child who was brought 500 miles for a successful double mastoid operation; about McMillan saving a Portuguese youngster's fractured arm after another doctor had ordered amputation; about his beating pneumonia, bilharziasis and dysentery epidemics, to which the natives are especially susceptible.

McMillan's treatment of 80,000 patients, of whom more than 3000 required major surgery, has been so successful that even jealous native medicine men no longer resent his encroachment upon their sacred pre-

serves. His tact helps, too. When he visits a village he gravely consults the local medicaster, then carries out his own treatment. "I can't wipe out the superstitions of centuries," he said, "so I play ball when I have to."

The doctor came home on his one sabbatical leave in 1935. He was worried. Financial support had dwindled and it seemed that the mission would have to close. Then he met Willis F. Pierce, a retired white doctor of Clarinda, Iowa, who was so impressed by the work at Bundja that he donated money to build a better hospital.

McMillan is training natives to carry on an expanding medical field service. He starts by teaching them how to give hypodermic injections, bandage wounds, take temperatures. Then they attend illustrated lectures in anatomy, physiology, bacteriology, parasitology. "Teaching them self-reliance is my hardest job," McMillan told me, adding with a laugh that his next hardest was to discourage their enthusiasm for operations. "They all like to carve."

Today there are two native surgical assistants. Besides these the staff includes a black who does biological laboratory tests, a pharmacist who can be trusted to fill prescriptions accurately, a dozen maternity workers, and a group which treats some 9000 patients a year for venereal and tropical parasitic diseases. Fifteen reliable "dispensers" have been sent to distant villages and a nurse makes a monthly circuit of outlying kraals.

Because his time is limited, McMillan turns over most obstetrical cases to the natives he has trained. Mrs. McMillan supervises a weekly baby clinic; her instruction in child care has cut in half an infant mortality rate that formerly was around 60 percent.

McMillan is proud of his assistant, João Cornelio, who once was a witch doctor's apprentice. Ultimately João would himself have become an *ocimbanda*, sitting in a miserable hut, his body smeared with ashes and his face covered with a gaudy wooden mask. Instead he is, according to McMillan, "outstanding in scientific medical work, particularly pathology, bacteriology and parasitology."

The immaculate Willis F. Pierce Memorial Hospital is a modern, two-story structure of native brick. McMillan proudly led me into a large room containing an operating table, a cabinet filled with instruments, and a shiny new sterilizer, which he patted affectionately.

"My first sterilizer I made of gasoline drums," he told me. "Its pressure indicator was an automobile tire gauge and we always expected the thing to explode. After starting it over a wood fire, I'd make everybody move back and wait. When nothing happened, we'd start work. This new one is far easier on the nerves."

In the dispensary I saw six bottles marked aspirin, but the tablets in one were red, in another blue, in still others yellow, green, pink and the customary white.

"What's the idea?" I asked.

McMillan laughed. "Natives are simple souls. Perhaps once they were given a colored pill and it made them feel better. As long as they live they'll have faith in that color. When they've got a cold or fever we duplicate that color in our prescription and off they go, already half convinced they are well."

The Galangue Mission at Bundja is always short of essentials. So far there has been only enough money to install 30 of the proposed 70 beds, and when I was there patients were lying on floor mats. Also needed are an X-ray machine and an electric lighting plant to replace the kerosene lamps and candles by which the doctor operates at night. About \$1500 a year comes from America and McMillan supplements this with fees he gets for practice among Europeans in the colony.

An unusual method enables natives to share in the upkeep of the hospital. Generally relatives or friends accompany a patient to the hospital and work a few hours each day, till-

ing fields of corn and potatoes, tending cattle, storing produce and firewood. These services represent an eight-cent-a-day contribution to cover each day of hospitalization. Medical missionaries in Angola are prevented by law from charging fees. If a patient comes unattended he is asked to work out his obligation at the rate of four cents a day after regaining his health. While these small sums do not cover costs, they do discourage the more shiftless blacks from moving in on the hospital for an indefinite, comfortable stay.

The doctor says that some day he would like to come home and train other men and women of his race for medical service among the Africans. For the present, however, he is content to remain at Bundja. His job is absorbing and satisfying. "I'm trying to give these people sound bodies," he says, "so that they can make a start toward bettering their lives. Whenever I get discouraged I just look around and think to myself, 'There but for the grace of God go I' — and carry on."

Street Scene

GRIM delegation of pickets arrived at a drugstore in the East Fifties, unlimbered their signs, and proceeded to picket the place. One of the pickets was a young man who, though earnest and energetic, was evidently new to the work. At least, that's the only conclusion we can draw from the fact that, when he ran out of cigarettes, he went into the drugstore and bought more. His colleagues gave him quite a talking-to.

— *The New Yorker*

Paradoxical Peru

Condensed from "Inside Latin America"

John Gunther

FIRST you must try to visualize the country. There are really three Perus. West to east, they are the narrow strip along the Pacific coast, the stupendous chain of the Andes, and the burning Amazon lowlands beyond. Together they form an area about twice as big as prewar Germany.

The coastal strip contains Lima, the capital city, and other towns that sprout hardily in the transverse valleys, but it is mostly ochre-colored desert. Flying down the coast you do not see a single road, house or human being for hundreds of miles; nothing but desolate emptiness. It is like flying over some monstrous rusty moon.

The automobile trip from Lima into the Andes — "up the hill," as the Peruvians put it — is hair-raisingly dramatic. Your ribbon of asphalt climbs through tunnels and chasms of savage rock, in all the hues from amber to magenta, rising from sea level to 16,000 feet in 85 miles. At the top you crawl from your car, try to walk a step, and collapse with a crimson roaring in your eyes and an exploding blackness in your ears from the suddenly realized assault of that incredible tropical altitude.

There are staggering contrasts in Peru. The 85-mile ride up the hill takes only two and one-half hours. But from Lima to Iquitos on the Amazon, roughly 650 miles, takes two weeks unless you fly. In Lima you may see the Torre Tagle Palace, a filigree-fine survival of purest 17th-century Spanish architecture; at the Cerro de Pasco mines you find copper-extracting machinery as contemporary as an electric refrigerator. San Marcos University, founded in 1551, 85 years before Harvard, is the cloistered heart of South American intellectual refinement. Yet up the hill you see Indians whose blanched and isolated primitiveness, three days from New York by air, makes darkest Africa urban by comparison.

One of the tragedies of Peru is the Indian. Before the Spanish conquest in 1533 the Incas had a remarkable civilization. They were skillful builders and engineers, craftsmen in pottery, textiles and gold; they were adept at agriculture and their social organization was of a high order. Poverty was unknown.

Today about two thirds of the land is owned by the church or big landowners. The Indians, illiterate peons, work three to five days each

There are about 3000 Germans in Peru and 7000 Italians, both colonies strongly entrenched in local finance and industry. The Japanese probably number 32,000. They tend to cluster in seaports — for instance at Chimbote, a good harbor that might some day make a naval base. Japanese farmers have properties — oddly enough! — near airports in several parts of Peru, particularly Lima. And they are frequently servants in officers' clubs and barracks. The Japanese are closely organized under their ambassador and consuls; one story is that the colony once told a former president it could furnish him 5000 armed men to help put down any "communist" rebellion.

Peru has taken drastic steps against fifth columnism. In April 1941 the government forbade operations by Transocean, the German news service; withdrew diplomatic immunity from Axis mail pouches; canceled the German Lufthansa concession and confiscated its planes.

The United States has great interest in Peru; the huge Talara oilfields

are within 1000 miles of the Canal Zone. So are six airfields in the extreme north. Enemy bombers might take off from such fields for a surprise attack on the Panama Canal.

For several years an Italian aviation mission guided Peruvian military flying. It has been succeeded by a U. S. Marine Corps mission, headed by Colonel James T. Moore, who was appointed chief of the Peruvian air corps with Peruvian rank and complete authority. The Peruvian navy has been trained by a United States mission since 1922, and recently Captain William M. Quigley was appointed its chief of staff. Thus both Peru's air force and navy are commanded by United States officers.

Peruvians welcome military and naval advice. But they call the cultural and literary missions that the United States sends to South America the "sixth column." They are inclined to think that we overdo the "good will" business. So, not unnaturally, do many other South Americans.



Ailing Fath

AFTER painstaking research in the medical history of George Washington, Dr. Frederick A. Willius and Librarian Thomas E. Keys of the Mayo Clinic revealed that, in the course of his 67-year life, Washington suffered from measles, diphtheria, smallpox, an "infectious disease of uncertain nature," dysentery, malaria, rheumatism, pneumonia, a carbuncle, influenza, conjunctivitis, recurrent headaches, bad eyesight, a tremor of the hands, decaying teeth.

— *Time*

The Peril That Confronts Us

Condensed from New York World-Telegram

THIS editorial, originally called "Wake Up, America — It's Late!" and written by editor Edward T. Leech of the *Pittsburgh Press*, first appeared in the Scripps-Howard newspapers of March 5, 1942, and quickly became the most-discussed newspaper editorial of the year. Widely reprinted, its circulation soon ran into the millions. Mr. Leech's incisive prose carries a message for every American.

THE NATION needs to awaken to the full gravity of the peril that confronts it. It needs to appreciate how badly we have been defeated so far. It needs to understand that the United Nations can lose this war and suffer the fate of France — and that this possibility may become a probability if the present tide does not change. It needs to get away, once and for all, from the comforting feeling that while we may lose at the start we are bound to win in the end.

Production Director Donald Nelson appeals for vastly increased industrial production, on a 24-hour, seven-day basis. Maximum production, in short. Can we get it?

Not on the present basis — not under the psychology of recent years.

Not until we quit thinking in terms of less work for more money.

Not while there is greater concern about overtime pay than overtime production.

Not while farmer politicians are more interested in higher prices than raising more essentials.

Not while government bureaus — created to meet a depression emergency that is ended — continue to grab for themselves money needed for armaments.

Not while an army of federal press agents clamors to promote and perpetuate activities that have no present need or value.

Not while Congressmen clamor for factories and contracts as if war were a great gravy train.

Not while strikes hamper war production, despite a solemn promise that they would stop.

Not while the life-and-death need for uninterrupted production is used as a weapon to put over the closed shop.

Not while a man can't be employed on an army project or in a war plant until he pays off to a labor racketeer.

Not while the grim job of preparing our home communities against air raids and sabotage is gummed up with boondoggling.

We will not get maximum production, in short, unless, first, we fully realize our awful peril; and, second, get over the gimmes of recent years.

Gimme shorter hours, gimme higher wages, gimme bigger profits, gimme more overtime, gimme less work, gimme more pensions, gimme greater crop benefits, gimme more appropriations and patronage, gimme plants for my Congressional district, gimme fees and dues to work for Uncle Sam, gimme \$30 every Thursday.

France had the gimmes, too — had them till the Germans were close to Paris. Then everybody went frantically to work, too late.

France has no gimmes today — except gimme food for my baby, gimme a place to lay my head, gimme death.



Distinctions

¶ A TAXI DRIVER whose fixed fee is 20 cents for the trip from the Mayflower Hotel in Washington to the Navy Building received just that amount from a prosperous-looking customer.

"That's correct, isn't it?" the man asked as the cabby stared at the two dimes.

"It's correct," answered the cabby cryptically, "but it ain't right."

— *This Week Magazine*

¶ TWO NEGROES were discussing the war. "Is you really to go?" one asked.

"No," said the other, "I ain't ready, but I'se willin' to go, unready."

— *Atlanta Constitution*

¶ AN OLD Negro farmer of South Georgia, asked what time he went to work in the morning, replied: "Boss, Ah doan go to work in the mawnin'. Ah's surrounded with it when Ah git up."

— Porter W. Carwell

¶ They put faith in the borrower's character,
and the losses are negligible

Three Million Amateur Bankers

Condensed from The Rotarian

William F. McDermott, with Forrest Crissey

THREE MILLION modest-income Americans have found that money for emergencies needn't come from loan sharks, finance corporations, or unwilling friends. They have learned how to help each other. Enrolled in 10,000 credit unions, these amateur bankers lend themselves \$350,000,000 annually to pay for babies, furniture, insurance, taxes, hospitalization and education. Their numbers are increasing, too, by 1000 new members a day.

A credit union is a group of people maintaining a sort of joint savings account from which any member can borrow at a low interest rate, limited by law to one percent a month on unpaid balances. (Some large ones charge only one half of one percent.) In contrast, even the best finance corporations charge two and a half percent a month on unsecured loans up to \$100, two percent on amounts above that sum. If you borrow \$100 for six months from a credit union at its maximum interest rate, you pay back \$103.50; to pay back the same amount borrowed from the very lowest-rate finance corporation takes \$108.90.

Credit unions are chartered by the

state or federal government. All states but five — Delaware, New Mexico, Nevada, South Dakota and Wyoming — grant charters, and a federal charter is good anywhere in the United States. Any reputable group can secure a charter — as few as six or seven people can run a credit union, although efficient operation is easier if there are 50 or more participants. Most credit unions are formed by groups of employes, fellow church or lodge members, neighbors or tradesmen — reliable folks with a common interest or binding tie.

Members pay a small entrance fee, perhaps 25 cents, and subscribe for at least one share of stock, ordinarily about \$5, payable at 25 or 50 cents a week and returning about five percent in dividends. Officers and directors are elected, and usually serve without pay.

For thousands of people, credit unions have divested finance of the aura of mystery thrown about it by medicine-men economists. Often hidden ability in financial administration is uncovered. Educators, traditionally unbusinesslike, are notoriously easy marks for loan sharks. But one high school teacher in a Midwestern city

was convinced that with his fellow teachers he could run a credit union. He started one with 13 members and \$100 capital, partitioning an "office" in the basement of his home. Here he developed the union into a million-dollar business. He took over the entire first floor, moving his family upstairs. Without missing a single class, this teacher-banker now has a \$2,800,000 banking business, with 6500 members.

Business and industrial managers in increasing numbers are recommending the movement. A large oil company reports that "by relieving employes of emergency financial problems, credit unions help them do a better job." Adolph Zukor, chairman of the board of Paramount Pictures, and Thomas J. Carney, president of Sears, Roebuck & Co., are but two of many who endorse credit unions for the benefits they confer in improved labor relations.

Many firms, skeptical at first, now welcome the credit union as a safeguard against "weights" (garnishee proceedings) being hung on employes' pay checks. In one railroad such garnishments dropped from 100 to two or three a week with the formation of credit unions. A leading packing concern found its money troubles with workers and collectors almost wiped out as credit unions won members by the thousands, and over a period of years provided them with \$38,000,000 in needed loans. Incidentally, employes of about 30 large banks have credit unions, for

by law in most states employes can't borrow from the banks for which they work.

Credit union officers take a personal interest in the problems of the members. For instance, a federal employe was on the verge of losing his job because his effectiveness had been destroyed by debts of more than \$2000 to loan companies, installment houses and in alimony. The credit union manager — a volunteer worker — staved off his discharge, secured an alimony reduction, persuaded the loan companies to cut their demands, and got discounts from the installment houses by promise of immediate payment. Then he obtained for the debtor a credit union loan sufficient to pay off all the creditors, saving him \$500 and his job.

The credit union movement has convincingly demonstrated the honesty of the common man. Losses are amazingly low — by far the lowest in the whole banking field, averaging not more than a dime on a \$100 loan, or one tenth of one percent. In Arkansas, federal credit unions had a loss of only \$11 in one year on \$146,470 in loans, or one cent on \$133. In California, collections on \$6,300,000 in loans averaged 99.95 percent.

The usual credit union loan is made on the basis of what a man *is* rather than what he *has*. It's a matter of character rather than resources, and a man's associates can judge his character far better than can any investigator for an outside lending

agency. Also, a credit union loan enhances a man's integrity; it must be for a purpose which will improve the status of the borrower and limited to an amount that he can repay without jeopardizing his job or his family's welfare.

How is a "prospect" sized up? Take the credit union to which I belong. A person must have been on the payroll of my company for six months before he is admitted to membership. By that time his job is assumed to be permanent and his personality, habits, stability and honesty can be pretty well gauged. If an applicant is known as a gambler or one too frequently in his cups, if he lives beyond his means or otherwise indicates he is reckless with finances, it's thumbs down. If a doubt arises as to the purpose of a loan, the check is made payable jointly to the borrower and the hospital, store or other creditor.

America's first credit union started in 1900, among the French Canadians at Levis, Quebec, with the deposit of a dime. In that Province there are now 493 unions, with 100,000 members and assets of \$21,000,000. In the United States the moving spirit behind the credit union movement was the late Edward A. Filene, famed Boston merchant. In 1921 he began a vast educational campaign, poured \$1,000,000 into it, and brought about the formation of 3500 unions.

In this pioneering venture he was assisted by Roy F. Bergengren, a

lawyer and former commissioner of finance of Lynn, Massachusetts. Bergengren, now 62, is managing director of the Credit Union National Association, composed of the 43 state credit union leagues, to which belong more than 80 percent of all credit unions, state and federal.

Roy Bergengren tells numberless stories illustrating the fact that almost any group can have a credit union. He cites the Negro sharecroppers of North Carolina, who have several credit unions. Their usual loan is a dollar, repayable in monthly installments of 10 cents; "tops" is a credit of \$10 to buy a mule. One of these unions has accumulated resources of \$600, although the cash income of its members averages less than \$100 a year each. Bergengren also tells of the successful union run by Skidegate Indians on the Queen Charlotte Islands off the coast of British Columbia; and of another operated by Mexican laborers in Colorado under the guidance of an Irish priest.

A prize story concerns some fishermen in Canada, on a dole of \$1.50 a month each. They couldn't fish because they had no nets. So they cut ice, sold it to more fortunate fishermen for icing their catches, and started a little credit union with the proceeds. Before long there was money enough to buy one net; a member borrowed the money, purchased a net and went off relief. He began to pay back, the others continued to cut ice. Presently there

was money enough for another net — one more man was able to go on his own. In a few months all had nets and jobs, all were self-supporting, and the credit union had several hundred dollars in its treasury.

The largest credit union in the world is composed of 28,287 municipal employes of New York City. Started 24 years ago with 19 members and \$570, it now has resources of \$5,700,000. It has financed 160,000 loans, totaling \$40,000,000, and has paid more than \$1,500,000 in dividends. Other large unions are the East Hartford Aircraft at East Hartford, Connecticut, and Western Electric at Chicago.

Literature and the aid of expert organizers are available without

charge throughout America, provided by the Credit Union National Association headquarters at Madison, Wisconsin. CUNA serves all the 10,000 credit unions in the United States and also coöperates in Canada. The Credit Union Section of the Farm Credit Administration at Washington, D. C., supplies additional services to approximately 4000 unions organized under federal law.

The credit union movement has shown how to reach down to the man in the lowest economic pit, to help with the strong arm of coöperative credit. It has demonstrated that idealism and sentiment can go along with good business, and eradicated the foolish notion that it is humiliating to borrow money.

Forty years ago Mr. Dooley said:

¶ I'VE STOPPED laughin' at Japanese jokes. You have to feel superior to laugh an' I'm gettin' over that feelin'. Nothin' makes a man so mad as whin somethin' he looked down on as inferior turns on him. A big man knows he don't have to fight, but whin a man is little an' knows he's little and feels that ivrybody else is thinkin' he's little, look out for him.

— Finley Peter Dunne, *Mr. Dooley at His Best* (Scribner)

¶ YE HEAR of all the soldiers fightin' in the war; but d'ye hear of Martin Dooley, the man behind the guns, miles behind thim, an' willin' to be further? I'm what they call one of the mute, inglorious heroes of the war; an' not so mute, ayther. Some day whin the story of a great battle is written, they'll print the kilt, the wounded, the missin', an' the seriously disturbed. An' thim that have bore themselves well an' bravely an' paid the taxes an' faced the deadly newspapers without flinchin' will be advanced six points and given a chance to turn jack for the game.

— Finley Peter Dunne, *Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War* (Small, Maynard)



Aunt Chloe's Reward

From The Saturday Review of Literature

Edward C. Aswell

THE ORIGIN of this story has long been a mystery to me. Some years ago, when I was assistant editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, the tale turned up over and over again among the manuscripts submitted for publication. The details varied, but it was always essentially the same. And the most puzzling thing about it was that every person who sent it in represented it as a true story of something that had happened in his own family.

AUNT CHLOE was the kind of devoted Negro servant whose breed was, alas, become almost extinct. Black as midnight and of an age that seemed timeless, her jovial nature shone in the polished ebony of her fat and gleaming face; and when she was moved to laughter, as she was on the slightest provocation, her heavy frame would rock with gargantuan tremors.

But she was a stern disciplinarian, never hesitating to call any member of the family to account for his transgressions, and she had brought up three generations of the Carter family in wholesome respect for her temper and tongue. To all the Carters she was a member of the family. But to Aunt Chloe it was the other

way around — they were *her* family.

Aunt Chloe was well paid for her services, but what she did with her money nobody knew. She had no known relatives, she rarely went out, and all her simple needs were provided for within the Carter household.

One morning young Mrs. Carter, visiting the attic on some errand, paused before Aunt Chloe's door and out of mild curiosity opened it. It was Aunt Chloe's sanctum, and by tacit consent the family had always kept out of it. So the sight of its bareness, its ugliness, its poverty and its discomfort filled young Mrs. Carter with a sense of guilt.

The room was under the sloping eaves, and the pitch of the ceiling made it seem smaller than it actually was. The unpainted plaster walls had cracked away to the laths, and the holes were stuffed with newspapers. The floor was bare. Over the ancient bureau with a cracked marble top hung a mirror so mottled that it had ceased to serve any practical purpose. There was a decrepit straightbacked chair, and in the corner leaned a bed; its rusty springs had long since given up the unequal struggle with Aunt Chloe's massive bulk and sagged in the middle till

they almost touched the floor. The mattress was of straw that crackled loudly at the slightest touch, and full of lumps and ridges; in the center it was hollowed out like a bathtub, and bore in reverse a faithful replica of Aunt Chloe's plump contours.

There were no other furnishings. The little that the room contained was obviously junk, but since Aunt Chloe had never complained, had never asked for anything for herself, no one had ever done anything about it. Well, it was high time to do something now, thought young Mrs. Carter.

After considerable coaxing Aunt Chloe was persuaded to take a brief vacation. As soon as she was out of the house the junkman came to take away the derelict furniture; some of it was useless even to him, so it was carried out to the back yard and burned. Then the painters came and did a thorough job on the room. A gaily flowered carpet was put down; bright chintz curtains were hung; new furniture arrived. There was a spacious dresser with a broad mirror, a large easy chair, and beside it a table with a reading lamp

and a radio. Best of all was the new bed, equipped with the finest box springs and mattress.

At last all was in readiness for Aunt Chloe's return. Young Mrs. Carter welcomed her with the news that they had a big surprise for her, and the whole family trooped upstairs. Aunt Chloe, her face beaming, opened the door and started to go in, but when she saw the transformation she stopped short. Her face went blank.

Then suddenly she uttered a scream and dashed to the new bed yanking back the covers. For a moment she stood transfixed, then began to moan softly to herself. Finally she turned on young Mrs. Carter and with blazing eyes demanded to have her old bed back again.

Mrs. Carter thought the old woman had become momentarily unbalanced by the unexpected change in the room she had lived in so long, and tried to soothe her. But it was no good. Then the truth came out.

The old straw mattress, which had been burned, was the hiding place for Aunt Chloe's life savings.



Waste Effort

ONE DIFFICULTY that government offices in Washington have in saving wastepaper for the war effort is the danger that it will fall into the hands of spies. One bureau has neatly solved the problem. Every day a functionary with a burlap bag makes the rounds of the desks, inquiring softly, "Any secret trash for the confidential junkman?"

— *The New Yorker*

Science indicts the housewife for destroying essential food values

The Case of the Murdered Vegetable



CONDENSED FROM
THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE

Bruce Bliven

VEGETABLES rank low among the things Americans esteem. The child who won't eat spinach, for instance, is something of a national hero. If libel of good food were the only wrong done, we might let it go at that. But the charge is cold-blooded murder, committed not by anti-spinach youth groups but by some of vegetables' most ardent admirers. The accused is the American housewife. Her lethal weapon is the kitchen range.

As they come from the garden, vegetables contain everything needed to support human life in vigorous health. Thousands of people live on vegetables and nothing else. Whatever else you like in your diet, if you are an average person your health will benefit if you eat more vegetables.

Many housewives buy and serve plenty of vegetables — *and still have undernourished families!* Millions of Americans able to afford an abundance of good food are actually on a deficient diet and therefore constantly below par. Some wealthy

IN The Reader's Digest last month, Paul de Kruif discussed America's bad eating habits, outlined a diet recommended by health authorities, and gave certain rules for the preparation of food. Here Bruce Bliven gives the surprising why's and wherefore's for those rules, and demonstrates the futility of buying the right food if you cook it wrong.

homes provide a diet less satisfactory in terms of bodily vigor than that of a Chinese coolie. *Why?*

Scientists say one reason is that in nearly every household the food is prepared and cooked in a way that removes 70 to 80 percent of its essential minerals and vitamins.

Take, for example, the sweet potato. The average housewife peels it, cuts it up, covers it with water, boils it, then mashes it. Let us see what this process does. Peeling a below-ground vegetable throws away most of its mineral salts. Boiling removes nearly half of its usable calcium and

phosphorus, which are necessary in building sound bones and teeth, and a third of its iron, which is essential in building red blood and warding off anemia. Mashing the potato exposes its pulp to the air, thus oxidizing a large part of the vitamins not already lost by peeling and boiling. The family might almost as well be served a dish of library paste.

Food *can* be cooked without serious loss of vitamins and minerals. And rightly cooked food is not only more nourishing but more tasty, because the mineral salts and vegetable sugars are retained. You will have less trouble with the member of your family that "doesn't like vegetables." It may not be possible for every family always to provide an ideal menu, but it *is* possible to extract maximum nourishment from whatever you *do* provide.

Much of our knowledge of how improper cooking destroys minerals and vitamins is derived from experiments made a few years ago by W. H. Peterson and C. A. Hoppert at the University of Wisconsin. These scientists mixed 30 pounds of each vegetable, to equalize variations in individual plants. Several portions were boiled, some with just enough water to cover their surface, others with twice as much water. Another set of samples was steamed. Still another set was prepared in a pressure cooker. Then the scientists analyzed each result for chemical content and compared it with that of the raw vegetable.

The greatest damage to nutritive elements, it was discovered, is caused by boiling. Most minerals useful to the human body are soluble in water; boiling water thus removes them. The longer the boiling, and the more water used, the worse the results. The same is largely true of vitamins; these chemicals are destroyed by heat. No wonder nutrition experts say that if you boil your vegetables you would do better to throw the vegetables away and drink the water they were cooked in!

The experiments proved that on the average about half of the iron, some 45 percent of the phosphorus and magnesium, and more than 30 percent of the calcium are lost in boiling. Some vegetables lose more than that; cabbage, for instance, drops around 70 percent of its magnesium and calcium, and 60 percent of its phosphorus.

Especially subject to damage are thiamin chloride (Vitamin B₁), the appetite and nerve-control vitamin; riboflavin (Vitamin B₂ or G), essential to growth and bodily vigor; nicotinic acid (now called niacin), the antipellagra vitamin; and ascorbic acid (Vitamin C), which builds bones and teeth and prevents scurvy.

Of the four methods that were tested — stewing, boiling, steaming and pressure-cooking — the last two are best. They require less water and a lower temperature; and, because they are more rapid processes, they do less damage to the perishable essentials.

Here's how to get the most out of the food you serve:

1. Use no more heat than is necessary to make the food palatable. Do not cook any food too long. It is better to have food slightly underdone than overdone.

2. Use little water, bring it quickly to a boil, and turn off the heat as soon as the food is "done." With a thick-walled pot and a low flame, some vegetables can be cooked without any water at all. The metal absorbs and distributes the heat, and the pot never gets hot enough at any one point to scorch the food. If you can't get a thick-walled pot, put a little water in the bottom of a saucepan and cook by the steam generated from it. This requires vigilance, to see that the water doesn't boil away and let your vegetables burn, but it is worth the trouble. Wise cooks save the water in which food has been steamed or boiled, and use it for soups or gravies.

3. Whenever possible, avoid peeling fruits and vegetables. If you

must peel them, do it *after* cooking.

4. Oxygen destroys some nutritive elements. Therefore avoid stirring air into cooking food; prepare chopped fruit and vegetable salads at the last moment, using the chopping-knife sparingly; don't leave lettuce long exposed to the air.

5. Don't use soda in cooking green vegetables. It increases the harmful effect of air on some of the vitamins.

6. Don't let milk stand in the sun; its vitamins deteriorate.

7. When using canned foods, never throw away the liquids. Quick-frozen foods deteriorate rapidly when thawed; put them into the pot while still frozen.

8. In cooking meats, the less heat you can use, and the shorter the cooking time, the better. Rare meat is more nourishing than well-done meat. Pork, an exception, should always be thoroughly cooked. Be as sparing as possible in the use of water.

If every home would follow these simple rules, the health of the nation would be incalculably improved.



Turnabout Tale

“A CABMAN who once took me to a hotel in Paris gazed at me fixedly and said, “Dr. Doyle, I perceive that you have recently been in Constantinople and Buda, and I perceive some indication that you were not far from Milan.”

“Wonderful!” I cried. “Five francs for the secret.”

“I looked at the labels on your trunk,” replied the astute cabby.

— Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, *Memories and Adventures* (Longmans Green)

From John Doe to the Russian Front

By

Lois Mattox Miller

THROUGH the long winter of 1941-42, the Russian icebreakers forced the frozen channels; in their wake came the ships from America bearing precious cargoes to the Arctic ports of Murmansk and Archangel. Thence the goods were rushed southward to Leningrad, Moscow, and the 1500-mile front where millions of Russians were wiping out, with their blood, the legend of Nazi invincibility.

War supplies these were — but the kind that renew the hope of life in the face of death: sulfa-drugs, antiseptics, bandages, surgical instruments, sterilizers, X-ray machines. To Soviet medical officers, and to a million and a half wounded men, the help was invaluable. Stenciled on the packing cases were words that focused their gratitude: "From Russian War Relief, U. S. A."

Today Russian War Relief, less than a year old, has traveled a long way, seen many trials, accomplished tremendous things. From Leningrad south to the Caucasus, Red fighters, patched and healed by its medical aid, are back in the fighting. Behind the lines, peasants are tending the beets, cabbages, carrots and chard sprouting from RWR seeds planted in the "scorched earth" reclaimed from the retreating German armies.

This Russian relief might well have been "too little too late." When

Hitler invaded Russia in June 1941 the American people were bewildered. The average U. S. citizen asked his neighbor: "How can Russian Communists be our allies?"

But there were a few who took the view that whoever fought Hitler helped us and earned our backing. The Russian did was cast and Germany many faced a formidable enemy. The question now was: What can we do to help Russia? Private citizens could not send arms; but they could send medical supplies.

With C. C. Burlingham, former president of the New York City Bar Association, serving as temporary chairman, a group of business and professional men — among them F. W. Gehle, vice-president of the Chase National Bank; Thomas I. Thacher, former Solicitor General of the U. S.; Edward C. Carter, secretary-general of the Institute of Pacific Relations and now president of RWR; Allen Wardwell, New York corporation lawyer; and Karl Bickel, retired president of the United Press — organized the "American Committee for Medical Aid to Russia," which a month later — in September 1941 — became Russian War Relief.

Russian War Relief had to face the doubters who confidently expected the Nazis to crush Russia before the next Relief ship could reach

Soviet port. When the Harriman Mission returned from Russia late in October, however, it reported the Russians would not only hold out but would probably counterattack; they were reasonably well off for most military supplies, food, clothing; but they did need other things: medicines, drugs, surgical equipment.

Allen Wardwell, who was chairman of the Red Cross delegation and served with the Harriman Mission, was impressed with the good use the Russians had made of the supplies sent them. "The Russian doctors are boasting that they rescue 90 percent of their wounded from the field, and that 75 to 80 percent of the wounded are restored to service," Mr. Wardwell reported. Thus, humanitarianism aside, medical aid is the cheapest and quickest way to put a soldier in the field against Hitler.

RWR began to load medical supplies in Russian ships, to be transported at Russian expense to the Russian Red Cross and the Red Crescent Society. The seventh shipment left the U. S. late in February, and included, in addition to medicals and surgical instruments, 3000 field-type kerosene stoves for front-line hospitals, 37,200 cans of condensed milk and 10 tons of saccharine — things the Russians officially asked for, purchased only after consultation with Lease-Lend and American Red Cross authorities.

From New York headquarters the work spread out through committees in 35 major cities and sub-

committees in smaller towns. Contributions come from Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, Greek and Russian Orthodox churches and societies; from business and industrial groups, labor unions, and fraternal organizations.

Most of the donations are small, individual gifts from the American people to the Russian people. Recently 1,000,000 small banks were distributed through local committees. They are already beginning to come back, filled with nickels, dimes, quarters, and occasionally a bit of "folding money." A proud mother reported that her bank, attached to the baby carriage, had been filled by strangers who stopped to admire her twins. A Midwest businessman had stuck his bank on the dash of his car and collected a token fare from each person to whom he gave a lift. A woman in California carried hers in her purse. Whenever the conversation turned to Russia she pulled it out — and it was filled in ten days.

Last March former Governor Alfred E. Smith, outstanding Catholic layman, joined the board of directors of Russian War Relief. "No American can fail to recognize that aid for our allies is the quickest and cheapest means available for striking at Hitler," he said. "The Russian army and people are serving magnificently as the spearhead of our fight and I have joined RWR to do what I can to aid them."

RWR had already issued an appeal for the \$3,000,000 needed to

purchase emergency pharmaceuticals and surgical supplies to be used in front-line operations during the spring fighting alone. The immediate response in cash, checks, pledges showed that the American public was awake to Russia's needs. RWR has now asked for an additional \$3,000,000 before the end of the year.

To those who argue that we are now a nation at war ourselves and ought to be looking to our own "war relief," RWR has a ready answer. Britain is at war, too. She has been on slim rations for nearly three

years. Yet Mrs. Winston Churchill as chairman of British Aid to Russia raised \$5,000,000 in less than eight weeks' time. The American Red Cross is also doing its part.

Fortunately John Doe doesn't pinch his pennies when it comes to such matters. Hard-pinched himself he is conscious of but one desire: he wants to win this war. What the Russians have done against Hitler's hordes seems to him more than any amount of money can ever pay for John Doe's pennies, dimes, and quarters are helping to fight Hitler right now along the Russian front



Fire Freaks

❖ **EARLY** one morning volunteer firemen in Lohrville, Iowa, rushed several miles eastward on their pumper, guided by a glow in the sky. It turned out to be the sunrise.

❖ **WHEN** a salesman in Flushing, N. Y., rang a doorbell, the house blew up. The bell spark had set off accumulated gas in the kitchen.

❖ **LIGHTNING** struck a furniture factory in Grand Rapids, Mich., and started a fire. A second bolt, one minute later, hit a fire alarm box, set off the alarm, called four engine companies.

❖ **WHENEVER** an alarm sounded in Madisonville, Texas, the whole town rushed out and followed the engines to the fire, clogging traffic and generally getting in the firemen's way. Chief Whitten neatly solved the problem by ordering the first truck out to go in the wrong direction. The populace followed it and the firemen got to the fire without difficulty.

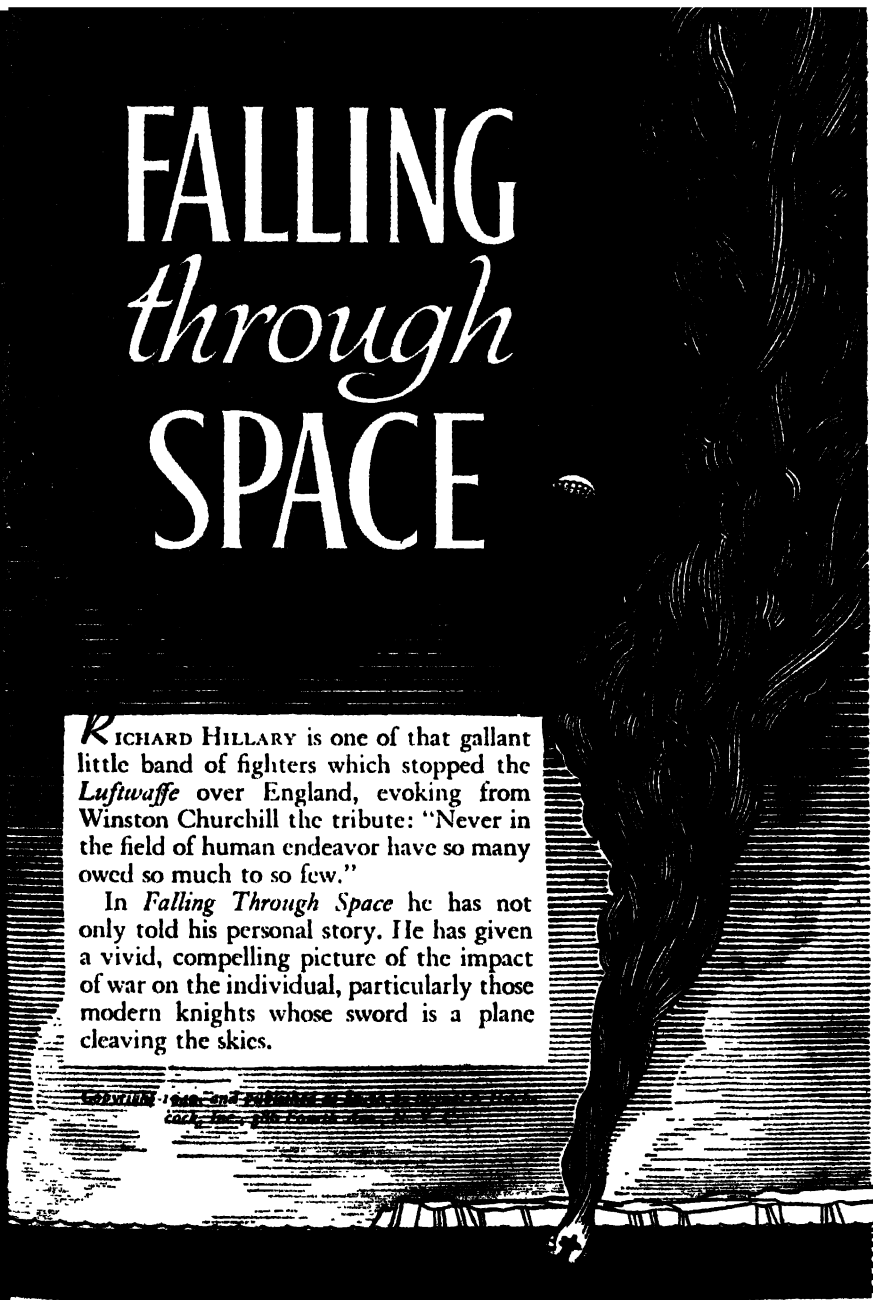
— *Fire Engineering Magazine*

FALLING *through* SPACE

RICHARD HILLARY is one of that gallant little band of fighters which stopped the *Luftwaffe* over England, evoking from Winston Churchill the tribute: "Never in the field of human endeavor have so many owed so much to so few."

In *Falling Through Space* he has not only told his personal story. He has given a vivid, compelling picture of the impact of war on the individual, particularly those modern knights whose sword is a plane cleaving the skies.

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FALLING through SPACE



Prewar Oxford

I HAD BEEN at Oxford for two years — rowing a great deal, flying a little and reading somewhat — and was not yet 21 when the war broke out. While it would be false to suggest that the university was blissfully unaware of the impending disaster, it was certainly true that outside events had little effect on our easy-going way of life.

My college, Trinity, was a good cross-section of Oxford opinion and sentiment. Most of us had come up from the so-called better public schools and were comfortably enough off. Trinity was, in fact, a typical incubator of the English ruling classes. We were held together by a common taste in friends, sport, literature and idle amusement, by a deep-rooted distrust of all organized emotion and standardized patriotism, and by a somewhat self-conscious satisfaction in our ability to succeed without apparent effort.

Our attitude may strike the reader as snobbish, but I believe it was more a suspicion of anything radical than a feeling of class distinction. A man from any walk of life, were he an athlete and a decent sort of fellow,

and not too radically thoughtful was accepted at once.

But snobbish or not, it was essentially English. We were cliquey, extremely limited in our horizon, quite conscious of the fact, and in no way dissatisfied about it. We knew the war was imminent. But there was nothing we could do about it, and we merely hoped that when war came it might be fought with a maximum of individuality and a minimum discipline.

I had utilized every vacation to visit the Continent. On one of the trips, shortly before the war, I went to Germany. A friend of mine felt the same urge, and we worked out the cheapest way of going. At the time I had been stroking one of the crews. Though I was a "week-end pilot" in the University Air Squadron, rowing was the only accomplishment in which I could get credit for being slightly better than average. We wrote to the German government expressing a wish to row in one of their regattas. They replied that they would be delighted, and offered to pay our expenses. We wrote back with appropriate gratification and having collected eight others, on July 3, 1938, we set forth.

We were to row against one of General Göring's Prize Fours. We arrived at Bad Ems two days before the race, without a boat, and had to use a borrowed craft. The elegantly turned-out German crews, who came with carloads of supporters and set, stern faces, regarded us with contemptuous amusement. Shortly before the race a member of a German crew harangued me about our cockadaisical attitude and our decadent race. The German people would learn, he said, from our defeat. I suggested that he might wait until after the race before shooting off his mouth, but he was not listening.

Looking back, this race was a surprisingly accurate pointer to the course of the war. We were out of training, lacked any form of organization, and were quite hopelessly usual. We got off to such a clumsy start that we were several lengths behind at the beginning of the race. As we came to the bridge which was the halfway mark we must have been five lengths behind; but somebody spat on us. It was a tactical error. We covered the rest of the course as though pursued by fiends, and won the race. To the sullen repentment of our adversaries, General Göring had to surrender his cup; it disgraced our rooms in Oxford for nearly a year until we sent it back.

THE Oxford Generation which went to war in 1939 was self-satisfied, disillusioned and spoiled. We had no Holy Grail in search of which

we could lose ourselves. The war provided it, and gave us the opportunity to prove that our effete veneer was not as deep as our dislike of interference, and to demonstrate that, undisciplined though we might be, we were a match for Hitler's dogma-fed youth.

September 3, 1939, fell during the long vacation, and our University Air Squadron reported that day to the Volunteer Reserve Center at Oxford. That night there was a loud banging on the door of my room, and I started up. Outside stood a policeman. I knew him well.

"Good evening, Rogers," I said. "Surely no complaints? Term hasn't begun yet."

"No, but the war has. Take a look at your window."

A brilliant shaft of light was illuminating the blacked-out street for 50 yards on either side of the house. Not a very auspicious start to a war career.

The "Phony War"

THE WAR solved the problem of my career. As a fighter pilot I hoped for a concentration of amusement, fear and exaltation which it would be impossible to experience in any other form of existence.

I was not disappointed.

We were drafted to an Initial Training Wing, where I found myself in command of a platoon. My fellow sergeants were certainly tough: they were farmers, bank clerks, estate agents, representatives of

every class and calling, and just about the nicest bunch of men it has ever been my lot to meet. Then I was commissioned on the score of my experience in the University Air Squadron, and moved to another wing. Here I found myself among many old Oxford friends.

This was the pre-Dunkirk "phony-war" period, and we were inclined to regard regulations as a nuisance. We never saw an airplane and never attended a lecture. We rented a hotel room and idled away six weeks, drinking and playing cards. That our behavior was uncoöperative did not occur to us. We had joined the Air Force to fly, and not to parade around like boy scouts. We didn't consider, then, that elementary training might be essential, or that a certain confusion was inevitable at the beginning of the war.

But when we were sent to a flying training school on the northeast coast of Scotland, we buckled down to a routine life of flying and lectures.

Thanks to a patient instructor, I gradually developed from a mediocre performer to a quite moderate pilot. For weeks my instructor, a likeable little Scot with a dour sense of humor, sat in the cockpit behind me muttering, just loud enough for me to hear, about the bad luck of getting such a bum for a pupil. Then one day he called down, "Man, you can fly at last."

The pilots on our Course ranged from schoolboys of 18 to men of 26

— raw material out of which must be welded officers for the Fighter Bomber and Coastal Commands. There as the months went by, one could watch the gradual assimilation of these men, so diverse in their lives and habits, into something bigger than themselves, into the composite figure that is the Air Force Pilot.

From time to time a squadron of long-range bombers would come dropping out of the sky. For a week or so they would make our station their headquarters for raids on Norway. One day nine set out and four returned. I watched closely the pilots in the Mess that night, but their faces were expressionless: they played bridge as usual and discussed the next day's raid.

Then one day a Spitfire Squadron dropped in. It was my first glimpse of the machines I hoped eventually to fly. The trim deceptive frailty of their lines was fascinating; I spent much of my spare time climbing onto their wings and inspecting the controls.

At the end of the course, I was slated for Army Coöperation, which entailed further training at Old Sarum before we should graduate to Lysanders, machines which were gloomily termed "flying coffins."

Old Sarum was close by Salisbury and the towering steeple of the cathedral was a good landmark for the airdrome. A few minutes' flying to the south was the sea, and across was France, peaceful in the quiet of the evening. Within a few weeks

Britain's army was to be struggling desperately to get back across that narrow stretch of water, and the France we knew was to be no more.

In the midst of our training, the war news grew bad. Every night the Mess was crowded with Air Force officers, parked round the radio with silent expressionless faces, listening to the extermination of France and the desperate retreat of the British Expeditionary Force.

Privately we learned that Lysanders were hopping across the Channel two or three times daily to drop supplies to the besieged garrison in Calais, sometimes with a solitary one-gunned Hector for fighter support. As the Lysander was supposed to operate always under a covering layer of fighters, we could imagine how desperate the situation must be.

Dunkirk

THEN came Dunkirk: tired, ragged men who had once been an army, returning now without their equipment. After days on the beaches without sight of British planes, these men were bitter, and not unnaturally. They could not know that had the RAF not gained air superiority behind them, over Flanders, they would never have left Dunkirk alive.

For us the evacuation was a newspaper story, until three of us got the day off, motored to Brighton, and saw for ourselves. The beaches, streets and pubs were a crawling mass of soldiers, British, French and Belgian. They had no money but were

being royally welcomed by the locals. They were very tired and very patient. It had been so long. What could a few more hours matter? The most frequent request was for somewhere to bathe their feet. We collected two French soldiers and a Belgian dispatch rider, and took them off for a drink. The bar we chose was full of soldiers, and we were soon involved in half a dozen arguments over the whereabouts of our aircraft over Dunkirk. Knowing personally several pilots who had been killed, and with some knowledge of the true facts, we found it hard to keep our tempers.

The French soldiers were less bitter: while they had seen few British aircraft, they had seen no French. But our Belgian endorsed everything we said.

"How could we expect to see many British planes?" he asked. "There was a heavy fog over the beaches and they were up above."

One fight however he had seen — a lone Spitfire among four Junkers. For him, he said, it had been symbolic. If that Spitfire came out on top, they would be rescued. He prayed, and his prayer was answered. It shot down two Germans, crippled a third, and the fourth made off.

We talked and drank well into the night. The returned soldiers were tired and relaxed, content to sit back, their troubles for the moment over. We were taut and expectant, braced by our first real contact with the war. Finally, through an alco-

holic haze, we made our farewells and set off for Old Sarum. We were late and drove fast. There was no moon. Coming out of a bend, our car skidded, hung for a moment on two wheels, then turned over, once, twice. After extricating ourselves, we found that we hadn't even a scratch. "It looks," said one of my companions, "as though Fate doesn't want us to go out this way."

A FEW weeks later, all leave was canceled, no one was allowed farther than half an hour's call from the air-drome, and the invasion scare was on.

The government's appeal to the people to stay put and not to evacuate roused England to the imminence of disaster. It could actually happen. England's green and pleasant land might at any moment wake to the noise of thundering tanks, to the sight of an army dropping from the skies, and to the realization that it was too late. The civilian population woke up. It was their war. From 17 to 70 they came forward for the Home Guard. If they had no arms — and usually they hadn't — they drilled with brooms. The spirit was there.

Spitfires

OWING to the sudden collapse of France and our own consequent vulnerability the Air Ministry had ordered 15 of us to be transferred to Fighter Squadrons. Each looked at his neighbor as though he were suddenly an enemy. There were 20 of

us; the five who would stay behind were to be drawn from a hat. It was my worst moment of the war, and I speak for all the others.

After the drawing — I was lucky — we left for Gloucestershire for fortnight's training. We learned many things then new, though perhaps no longer true, so swiftly that fighter tactics change. We learned of the German habit of stepping up their fighter escorts in layers all around their bombers, their excellence in carrying out a prearranged maneuver, and their confusion once their plan was disturbed.

We learned of the advantage of height, and of attacking from out of the sun; of the Germans' disinclination to mix it on unfavorable terms of the Messerschmitt's almost standardized method of evasion — a half roll followed by a vertical dive. We learned of the necessity to work as a squadron, and to understand thoroughly every command of the squadron leader whether given by radio or gesture. We learned to appreciate the contribution of our ground crew to a successful day's fighting. We learned that we should never follow a plane down after hitting it. That point was driven home by the example of five planes over Dunkirk all of which followed each other down. Only the top machine survived.

And we learned, finally, to fly the Spitfire.

Though I suffered some trepidation before my first flight, I soon got the "feel" of the new machine enough

try it out in aerobatics. I put it through every maneuver I knew, and it responded beautifully. After that, I felt an exhilarating confidence. I could fly a Spitfire; it remained to be seen whether I could fight in one.

We also had to put in an oxygen climb to 28,000 feet, an air-firing exercise, formation attacks and numerous dog fights. The oxygen climb was uneventful, but lengthy. Helmet, goggles and oxygen mask gave me a feeling of restriction, and from then on I always flew with goggles up. The results of this were to be far-reaching.

During the air-firing exercise, all eight guns roared out from a quick pressure on the fire button on the control stick. The noise through the enclosed cabin was muffled, but the tremendous recoil caused a drop in speed of 40 miles per hour.

When we were sent up for a practice dog fight, two of us would go off and try to "shoot" each other down. On one occasion I went up with an instructor named Kilpatrick. We climbed to 10,000 feet, and he indicated that he would get on my tail. He succeeded. In frenzied eagerness I hurled my machine about the sky. Never, I felt, had such things been done to a plane; they must inevitably dislodge him. But my mirror showed that he was quietly behind me like a patient nursemaid following a too boisterous charge.

Then he signaled to me to get on his tail and stay there. I carried out

the first part of my orders and started to pursue him round in ever-tightening circles. I attempted to get him in my sights, but could never quite succeed. I kept expecting to catch him, but these circles were making me dizzy. Then I glanced in my mirror: he had turned the tables and was now following me, his guns in position to shoot me down. I was "dead" long ago.

On landing, Kilpatrick told me of the slight use of aerobatics in combat. A loop or a slow roll presented a target your opponent could easily keep in his sights. The best maneuvers for evasion were a half roll and a controlled spin — especially if you had been hit, for it gave an impression of being out of control. For the rest it was a question of turning inside your opponent, thinking quickly and clearly, and breaking away quickly.

Our training ended, and it was announced that 603 City of Edinburgh Squadron had three vacancies. Three of us who had been together at Oxford, Peter Pease, Colin Pinckney and I, put our names down and were sent to join Flight "B" which was operating near Montrose.

For the most part, life at Montrose was very agreeable. The air-drome lay just beyond the town, parallel to the sea, one edge of the landing field merging into the dunes. The Squadron was comparatively inactive, though we knew that at no very distant date the war would be upon us.

Two pilots with whom I flew, Stapme Stapleton and Bubble Waterson, let me in on the secret of how they employed their time off. It would have surprised an outsider to whom they must have seemed a typical pair of easy-going pilots who might be expected to spend their leaves in a too fast car with a too loud blonde. In point of fact they played hide-and-seek with a dozen Scots children evacuated for the summer to Tarfside, a tiny hamlet near Invernark.

How Stapme and Bubble discovered them I never found out, but from the moment I saw those children I too was under their spell. Ranging in age from six to 16, kilted, and tanned by the sun, they were so essentially *right* against that background of heather, burns and pine. In the general confusion of introductions, one little fellow, the smallest, was left out. He approached me slowly with a grave face. "I'm Rat-face," he said.

"How are you, Rat-face?" I asked.

"Quite well, thank you. You can pick me up if you like."

I gave him a pick-a-back, and all day we played rounders, hide-and-seek, or picnicked, and as evening drew on we climbed up into the old hay-loft and told stories, Stapme, Bubble and I striving to outdo one another.

The legend of the children spread through the Squadron, and no three machines would return from a practice flight without first sweeping in tight formation low along the bed

of the valley where the children grouped by the road, would wave and shout and dance in ecstasy.

ONE DAY Peter Pease and I were sent by train to Edinburgh to fly a couple of new Spitfires. Peter had never had much to say about the war, and on the train I felt an urge to get behind his natural polite reserve. So I asked him straight out his reasons for fighting. He evaded the question at first, but I pressed him, and he looked at me with that slow smile of his. "I don't know that I can answer to your satisfaction," he said, "but I'll try. I would say that I was fighting the war to rid the world of fear — of the fear of fear is perhaps what I mean. If the Germans win this war, nobody except little Hitlers will dare do anything. A courage will die out of the world — the courage to love, to create, to take risks, whether physical or intellectual or moral. Thus all spontaneity will die out of the world. The oxygen breathed by the soul, so to speak, will vanish and mankind will wither."

"That's all negative," I said. "Isn't there something positive you want?"

"Confound you, Richard! Of course there is. What I want is to see a better world."

"What do you mean by better?" I challenged him. "Christian, I suppose."

"Yes, Christian, of course. It isn't only that I am Christian by faith. I don't know of any other way of life worth fighting for. Christianity

means to me, on the social plane, freedom, man's humanity to man. I believe that we should all make our contribution to the betterment of humanity. Of course, you don't agree. I can see that."

"You're quite right," I said, "I don't. I think your Christianity clouds the issue. To be brutal about it, I say I am fighting this war because I believe that in war one can wifely develop all one's faculties to a degree it would normally take half a lifetime to achieve. That's why I am in the Air Force. For in a Spitfire we're back to war as it ought to be. Back to individual combat, to self-reliance, total responsibility for one's own fate. One either kills or is killed; and it's damned exciting. The mass of mankind leaves me cold."

"You're a fraud, Richard," Peter said cheerfully. "What about those children at Tarfside?"

"Those children gave me much more pleasure than I gave them. I was taking, not giving."

Peter groaned. "I can see that neither of us is going to convince the other," he said. "And I don't mind admitting that I am sure you will change your tune. Something bigger than you or me is coming out of this; something that will make you forget yourself."

"I doubt it," I said; and at that we left it.

WHEN we got back to Montrose, we were greeted with exciting news. "We're on our way!" The whole

Squadron was moving south to Hornchurch, an airdrome 12 miles east of London on the Thames Estuary. For us the war had begun.

Our relief Squadron was already coming in, and in a few minutes we roared across the airdrome, dipped once over the Mess, and headed south. Before settling on our course we swung over to Tarfside. The children had heard the news, and as we went into line astern and dived one by one in salute over the valley, they stood close together, their hands raised in silent farewell. With white boulders they had spelled out on the road the two words: "Good Luck."

Twenty-four of us flew south that 10th day of August, 1940: of those 24, eight were to fly back.

"You Don't Have to Look for Them"

AT HORNCURCH planes were already in action. One flight started coming in about half an hour after we landed, smoke stains along the leading edges of the wings showing that all the guns had been fired. "You don't have to look for Jerries," we were told. "You have to look for a way out."

At this time the Germans were making a determined attempt to wipe out our Fighter Force. From dawn till dusk the sky was filled with Messerschmitt fighters; there were comparatively few bombers. The first attack usually came over about breakfast time and from then until eight o'clock at night we were almost

continuously in the air. We ate when we could.

On the morning after our arrival, the voice of the controller came unhurried over the loudspeaker, telling us to take off. I climbed into the cockpit and felt an empty sensation in the pit of my stomach. That morning, I knew, I was to kill for the first time. That I might be killed or injured did not occur to me. I wondered idly what he was like, this man I would kill. Was he young, was he fat, would he die with the Führer's name on his lips, or would he die alone, in that last moment conscious of himself as a man? I would never know. Then I was being strapped in, my mind automatically checking the controls, and we were off.

We ran into them at 18,000 feet, 20 yellow-nosed Messerschmitts, about 500 feet above us. Our Squadron strength was eight, and as they came down we went into line astern and turned head on to them. I could almost feel the leading Nazi pilot push forward on his stick to bring his guns to bear on our leading machine. At the same moment our section leader quickly nosed up and led us over them in a steep climbing turn. In two vital seconds they lost their advantage. I saw our leader let go a burst of fire at the leading plane, saw the Nazi put his machine into a half roll, and knew that he was mine. I kicked the rudder to the left to get him at right angles, turned the gun button to "Fire," and let go in a four-second burst. He came right

through my sights and I saw the tracers from all eight guns thud home. For a second he seemed to hang motionless; then a jet of red flame shot upwards and he spun to the ground.

For the next few minutes I was too busy to think of anything, but when after a short while, they made of over the Channel, my mind began to work again.

It had happened.

My first emotion was one of satisfaction, at a job adequately done, at the final logical conclusion of months of specialized training. And then I had a feeling of the essential rightness of it. He was dead and I was alive; it could so easily have been the other way round. I realized in that moment just how lucky among soldiers a fighter pilot is. His emotions are those of the duelist — cool, precise, impersonal. He is privileged to kill well.

After the first two days, we determined not to let ourselves be caught from above. We would fly on the reciprocal of the course given us by the controller until we got to 15,000 feet, and then fly back again, climbing all the time. Thus we kept the Huns below us, and were in position to deliver a squadron attack. If caught at a disadvantage, they always turned back for the Channel.

During that August and September we were always outnumbered. After a few seconds we always broke up our Squadron attacks, and the sky was a smoke trail of individual

ing fights. The Squadron then came one individually. After an hour, there would be a check-up on who was missing. Often a telephone call would tell of some pilot who had made a forced landing in another field. One sergeant pilot was shot down four times, but always turned up unhurt. But the telephone wasn't always so welcome. It might be a rescue squad announcing the number of a crashed machine; then another name would be crossed off the list. At that time, the losing of lots was somehow impersonal; nobody, I think, felt any great emotion — there simply wasn't time.

The Invaders

ABOUT seven o'clock one evening came the voice of the controller: "603 Squadron take off; further instructions in the air."

We made a dash for our machines and within two minutes were off the ground. In a few minutes we reached 5,000 feet. We then turned about and flew in an all-out climb, thus coming out of the sun.

Over the radio came the voice of the controller, with instructions. We were to intercept about 20 enemy fighters at 25,000 feet. Then quite early I heard the Germans excitedly calling each other over the radio. I switched my set to "send" and called out "*Haltis Maul!*" and all the German invective I could remember. To my delight I heard one of them answer, "You feeble Englishmen, we will teach you how to speak to a

German." These radio mixups were not infrequent.

I looked down. It was a completely cloudless sky. Way below lay the English countryside, stretching lazily into the distance, a quite extraordinary picture of green and purple in the setting sun. I glanced at my altimeter. We were at 28,000 feet. At that moment I heard a "Tallyho" and our leader dropped down in a slow dive in the direction of the approaching planes.

"O.K. Line astern."

They were about 2000 feet below us, but must have spotted us at the same moment, for they were forming a protective circle, one behind the other, which is a defense formation hard to break.

"Going down!"

One after the other we peeled off in a power dive. In a few seconds the sky was a bedlam of machines; I got in a four-second burst on one. Several others were knocked down. Then suddenly there was silence and not a plane to be seen. I noticed then that I was very tired and hot. The sweat was running down my face in rivulets.

Flying around the sky on one's own was not healthy. I still had some ammunition left, and, wanting to use it to good purpose, I looked around the sky for friendly fighters with whom I might join. About a mile away I saw a formation of some 40 Hurricanes, and set off in their direction. About 200 yards from the rear machine, I looked down; 5000

feet below was another formation of 50 machines flying in the same direction.

Then I suddenly woke up. There were far more machines flying together than we could ever muster over one spot. I looked closely at my "Hurricanes"; sure enough, there were swastikas on their tails. They seemed oblivious of my presence; I had the sun behind me and a glorious opportunity. I let go a three-second burst into the rear machine. It flicked onto its back and spun out of sight. Feeling like an irresponsible schoolboy who must inevitably be found out, I glanced round me. Still nobody seemed disturbed. I suppose I could have repeated the performance on the next machine, but I felt it inadvisable to tempt Providence too far. I made off home.

AUGUST drew to a close with no slackening of pressure in the enemy offensive. I personally was content. This was what I had waited for, for nearly a year. If I felt anything, it was a sensation of relief. We had little time to think, and each day brought new action. No one thought of the future: at night one switched off one's mind like an electric light.

Not long after that, I fell through space into the North Sea.

Falling Through Space

SEPTEMBER 3 dawned dark and overcast. We came out onto the tarmac at about eight o'clock. I was worried. My plane had been fitted

with a new cockpit hood, which would not slide open, so I couldn't bail out quickly if I had to. The corporal-fitter and I set upon it with a heavy file, furiously filing and oiling. At last the hood began to move but at 10 o'clock it was still sticking firmly halfway. At 10:15, what I had feared happened. Down the loud-speaker came the controller's emotionless voice: "603 Squadron take off; further orders in the air. 603 Squadron take off. Quickly, please."

As I pressed the starter and the engine roared into life, the corporal stepped back and crossed his fingers significantly. The leading section took off in a cloud of dust; my Squadron leader looked across and put up his thumbs. I nodded and opened up, to take off for the last time from Horn church.

At about 12,000 feet we came up through the clouds: I looked down and saw them spread out below me like layers of whipped cream. I peered anxiously ahead, for the sun made it difficult to see, and we had been warned of at least 50 enemy fighters. They must have been 1000 feet above us when we sighted them coming straight on like a swarm of locusts. I remember cursing and going automatically into line astern then we were in among them and it was each man for himself.

The next ten minutes was a blur of twisting machines and tracer bullets. One Messerschmitt went down in a sheet of flame on my right, and a Spitfire hurtled past in a half roll

Then, just below and to my left, I saw what I had been praying for — a Messerschmitt climbing and away from the sun. I closed in and gave him a two-second burst: fabric ripped off the wing and black smoke poured from the engine, but he did not go down. Like a fool, I did not break away, but put in another three-second burst. Red flames shot upwards and he spiraled out of sight.

At the same moment a terrific explosion knocked the control stick from my hand and the whole machine quivered like a stricken animal; in a second, the cockpit was a mass of flames. I reached up to open the hood. It would not move. I tore off my straps and managed to force it back; but this took time, and when I dropped back into the seat and reached for the stick to turn the plane on its back, the heat was so intense that I felt myself going. I remember a second of sharp agony, remember thinking, "So this is it!" and putting both hands up to my eyes. Then I passed out.

When I regained consciousness I was free of the machine and falling rapidly. I pulled the rip cord of my parachute and checked my descent with a jerk. Looking down, I saw that my trouser leg was burned off, that I was over the sea, and that the English coast was far away. I flopped into the sea with my parachute billowing round me. I was told later that the machine went into a spin at about 25,000 feet and that at 10,000 feet I fell out.

The water was not too cold and my life jacket, my "Mae West," kept me afloat. I noticed that the skin of my hands was dead-white down to my wrists: I felt faintly sick from the smell of burned flesh. By closing one eye, I could see my lips, jutting out like motor tires.

After about half an hour my teeth started chattering, and to quiet them I kept up a tuneless chant, varying it from time to time with futile calls for help. The water now seemed much colder and I noticed with surprise that the sun had gone in. I looked down at my hands and, not seeing them, realized that I had gone blind.

It was unlikely, I concluded, that I should be picked up. So I was going to die. It came to me like that — I was going to die and I was not afraid. The manner of my approaching death appalled me, but I felt only a profound curiosity and a sense of satisfaction that within a few minutes or a few hours I was to learn the great answer. I decided that it should be within a few minutes and, reaching up, managed to unscrew the valve of my Mae West. The air escaped in a rush and my head went under. I swallowed a large quantity of water, came up and tried again, to find that I was so enmeshed in my parachute that I could not keep my face under. I lay back and laughed. By this time I was probably not entirely normal, but there was something irresistibly comical in my grand gesture of suicide being so simply thwarted.

It is said that a dying man relives his whole life in one rapid kaleidoscope. I merely thought gloomily of the Squadron returning, of my mother at home, and of the few people who would miss me. I began to feel a terrible loneliness, and knew that delirium was approaching. Finally, as in a dream, I heard somebody shout: it seemed far away and quite unconnected with me. . . . Then willing arms were dragging me over the side; my parachute was taken off; a voice said, "O.K., Joe, it's one of ours and still kicking"; I was safe.

Watchers on the coast had seen me come down, and after three hours' search the Margate lifeboat found me 15 miles out in the North Sea. While in the water I had been numb and had felt little pain. Now I was quite conscious and, as I began to thaw out, the agony was such that I could have cried out. It seemed to take an eternity to reach shore. I was put into an ambulance and driven rapidly to the hospital. They cut off my uniform and I gave the nurse the requisite information about my next of kin. Then, to my infinite relief, I felt a hypodermic syringe pushed into my arm and lost consciousness.

The Beauty Shop

I SEEMED to be falling slowly through a dark pit. I was hot now, on fire and screaming soundlessly. The sickly smell of death was in my nostrils and a confused roar of sound. Then all was quiet.

Someone was holding my arms.

"Quiet now, you're going to be all right."

"Is that you, nurse? What have they done to me?"

"They've put something on your face and hands to stop them hurting and you won't be able to see for a while. You mustn't talk."

I can recollect no moments of acute agony in the four days I spent in that hospital; only a great sea of pain in which I floated almost with comfort. My face and hands had been sprayed with tannic acid which had formed into a hard black cement. My arms were propped up in front of me, the fingers extended like witches' claws, and my body was hung loosely on straps just clear of the bed. My eyes were coated with a thick layer of gentian violet. Every three hours I was injected with morphia, so I was for the most part in a semistupor.

The memory of it remains a confused blur. An appalling thirst, and hundreds of bottles of ginger beer. Being blind, and not feeling strong enough to care. The smell of ether. Matron once doing my dressing with three orderlies holding my arms; a nurse weeping quietly at the head of the bed. A sensation of time slowing down, and an over-riding apathy. My parents coming down to see me, and their wonderful self-control. For the sake of decorum my face had been covered with white gauze. We spoke little; my only coherent remark being that I had no wish to go on living if I were to look like

Alice, a former maid of ours who had been burned and disfigured.

Finally I was moved to a London hospital, arriving so exhausted that I fainted. The house surgeon took the opportunity to give me an anesthetic and remove the tannic acid from my left hand. I must have been under for 15 minutes and in that time I saw Peter Pease killed.

He was after another machine, leaning forward with a smile at the corner of his mouth. Suddenly from nowhere a Messerschmitt was on his tail. At the top of my voice I shouted: "Peter, for God's sake, look out behind!" I saw the Messerschmitt open up and a burst of fire hit Peter's machine, which turned slowly on its back and dived to the ground. I came to, screaming his name, with two nurses and a doctor holding me down.

Two days later I had a short letter from Colin, hoping I was getting better and telling me that Peter was dead.

Slowly I came back to life. My morphia injections were less frequent and my mind began to clear. At first my dressing had to be changed every two hours during the day, and as this took over an hour my nurses had practically no time off. It was entirely due to them that both my hands were not amputated.

Then one day I found that I could see. My nurse was bending over me doing my dressings, and she seemed to me very beautiful. I stared at her for a long time, grateful

that my first glimpse of the world should be of anything so perfect. Finally I said: "Sue, you never told me that your eyes were so blue."

For a moment she stared at me. Then, "Oh, Dick, how wonderful!" and she dashed out to bring in the other nurses. I felt absurdly elated.

The district was blitzed regularly. Night after night we heard the scream and crump of falling bombs. The Germans always seemed to choose a moment when my eyes were being irrigated and my poor nurse was poised above me with a glass undine in her hand. One night I had the unpleasant sensation of hearing a stick of bombs gradually approaching, the first some way off, the next closer and the third shaking the building. My nurse threw herself across my bed. But the fourth bomb never fell, and she got up quickly, looking embarrassed.

After two months I was sufficiently recovered for operation. The Air Force plastic surgeon, A. H. McDermott, regarded me speculatively with a pair of tired, friendly eyes. "Made a thorough job of it, didn't you?" he said. He took a scalpel and tapped lightly on something white showing through the red granulating knuckle of my right forefinger. "Bone," he remarked laconically. He looked at the eyelids and pursed his lips. "Four new eyelids, I'm afraid."

An eye specialist came in to look at me. "Can't close your eyes at all, can you?" he asked.

"No, sir," I said.

"Well, we'll have to get some covering over that left eye or you'll never use it again. You'll go to the Plastic Hospital tomorrow."

When my turn at the operating table came I was not uncomfortable; apart from a slight pricking of the eyes I had no pain. There was the operation, then five boring days without reading; then McIndoe took the dressing from my eyes and I saw again. "A couple of real horse blinkers you've got there," he said; and for a day or so that is what they felt like. In order to see in front of me I had to turn my face up to the ceiling. They molded in very rapidly, however, and soon I could raise and lower them at will. It was a remarkable piece of surgery, an operation in which McIndoe had never scored a failure.

After a fortnight at a nearby convalescent home I went back to the hospital for two lower lids. This time when the dressings were taken down I looked exactly like an orangoutang. McIndoe had pinched out two semi-circular ledges of skin to allow for contraction of the new lids; what was not absorbed was to be sliced off when I came in for my new upper lip. The relief, however, was enormous, for now I could close my eyes almost completely and did not sleep with them rolled up with the whites showing.

Once again I retired to the convalescent home. It was January of 1941 when I returned to the hospital. I was not cheered by the discovery

that the only available bed was in the ward which housed some of the worst cases. Opposite me was Squadron Leader Gleave with a flap graft on his nose and an exposed nerve on his forehead; the nurse could not drug him enough to stop the pain. On my left was Mark Moundsman who had trained with me in Scotland and was awaiting an operation on his eyelids. Beyond him was a blind man, blown up and burned at Dunkirk, with a complete new face and no hands.

I reached the operating theatre feeling quite emotionless, rather like a businessman arriving at his office. When I came round, I was bandaged from forehead to lip and unable to breathe through my nose. Next evening a doctor took the bandages off my eyes; there were two sets of semi-circular stitches under them and I noticed that my left eyebrow had been lifted to pair it with the other. Eight days after the operation the dressing was taken from my lip and the stitches cut from under my eye: to the accompaniment of appreciative purrs from the doctor's satellites. I asked for a mirror and gazed at the result. In point of fact it was a surgical masterpiece, but it was a blow to my vanity: the new lip was dead-white and thinner than its predecessor. I fear I was not very gracious.

About this time Edmonds, the worst-burned pilot in the Air Force, was readmitted to the hospital and placed in the bed next mine. When

e had first been brought to McIndoe he was unrecognizable and had lain for months in a bath of his own suppuration. McIndoe performed two emergency operations, and then left it to time and careful dressings to heal him enough for more. It would take five years to build him a new face. Never once had Edmonds complained. He was completely cheerful, and such was his charm that after two minutes one never noticed his disfigurement. I marveled at his self-control and good manners, and felt very small when I remembered some of my own outbursts.

"I See They Got You Too"

THERE WERE setbacks. The hospital was bombed and all the patients shifted. There were infections in the grafts and an emergency for mastoid. The long job of making my claws into hands began. I lay in that hospital and watched summer turn to winter. In all that time I had ample opportunity for thinking.

Something had been happening in my thoughts, my way of looking at life. Just what it was I could not be sure. During training, my life was too full of good times, during combat too full of action, during hospitalization too full of pain, to find an opportunity to add it up, strike a sum, think it through.

Now, during convalescence, I seemed to be groping for a new concept, struggling to redefine the values that were to govern my life. I

vaguely sensed that the slap-dash, egocentric attitudes that had served me well enough as an undergraduate at prewar Oxford would no longer serve. Yet I had nothing to take their place. My awakening came suddenly, one night.

For some time now I had been allowed to be up and about on my own, and on this night I went up to London. A heavy raid was on when I arrived. At the station I managed to get hold of a taxi, but my driver seemed doubtful whether we should be able to go very far. Some machine dropped a flare and in the sudden brightness before it was put out I saw that the street was empty. What cars there were were parked along the curb and deserted.

"I'm afraid we'll be stopped, sir," said the cabbie. At that moment there was a heavy crump unpleasantly close and glass flew across the street.

"See if you can find a pub and we'll stop there," I shouted.

He drew his cab up before a dimly lit sign, "The George and Dragon." Inside there was a welcoming glow of bright lights, and we soon had our faces deep in mugs of mild-and-bitter.

Though at the hospital I had dozed off regularly to the lullaby of the German night offensive, I had never heard anything like this. The volume of noise shut out all thought, and there was no lull. It was an orchestra of madmen playing incessantly. I thought, "God! What a stupid waste

if I were to die now." I wished with all my heart that I was down a shelter. "

"We'd be better off underground tonight, sir, and no mistake." It was my cab driver speaking.

"Nonsense," I said. "We couldn't be drinking this down there," and I took a long pull at my beer.

I was pushing the glass across the counter for a refill when we heard it coming. Everyone was diving for the floor. The barmaid (she was of considerable bulk) sank from view with a desperate slowness behind the counter and I flung myself tight up against the other side, my cab driver beside me.

My hands were tight-pressed over my ears but the detonation deafened me. The floor rose up and smashed against my face, the swing-door tore off its hinges and crashed over a table, glass splinters flew across the room, and behind the bar every bottle seemed to be breaking. The lights went out, but there was no darkness. An orange glow from across the street shone through the wall and threw everything into a strong relief.

I scrambled unsteadily to my feet and was leaning over the bar to see what had happened to the barmaid when a voice said: "Anyone hurt?" and there was an AFS man shining a torch. At that everyone began to move, slowly and reluctantly as though coming out of a dream. Only the barmaid failed to get up.

"I think there is someone hurt

behind the bar," I said. The fireman nodded and went out to return almost immediately with two stretchers. They got her onto the stretcher and disappeared. She had escaped with little more than a severe cut on the head.

When we had found our way out into the street, the AFS man turned to us. "If you have nothing very urgent on hand," he said, "I wonder if you'd help here for a bit. The next house was hit and there's someone buried in there." It was clearly lit by the flames—a heap of bricks and mortar, wooden beams and doors and one framed picture, unbroken. It was the first time that I had seen a building newly blasted.

We dug, or rather we pushed, pulled, heaved and strained, I somewhat ineffectually because of my hands; I don't know for how long, but it seemed endless. From time to time I was aware of figures round me: an ARP warden, his face expressionless under a steel helmet; once a soldier swearing savagely in a quiet monotone; and the cab driver, his face pouring sweat.

And so we came to the woman. It was her feet that we saw first and, whereas before we had worked doggedly, now we worked with a sort of frenzy. She was not quite buried, and through the gap between two beams we could see that she was still alive. We got the child out first. It was passed back carefully and with an odd sort of reverence by the warden, but it was dead. She must

ave been holding it to her in the ed when the bomb came.

Finally we made a gap wide ough for the bed to be drawn out. he woman who lay there looked iddle-aged. She lay on her back id her eyes were closed. Her face ough the dirt and streaked blood as the face of a thousand working omen; her body under the cotton ightdress was heavy.

Round me I heard voices. "Where the ambulance?" "Don't move er!" "Let her have some air!"

I was at the head of the bed, and ooking down into that tired, blood-reaked, workworn face I had a nse of complete unreality. She pened her eyes and reached out her ms instinctively for the child. hen she started to weep, quite undlessly, and with no sobbing. ears were running down her cheeks hen she lifted her eyes to mine.

"Thank you, sir," she said and ok my hand in hers. She was obviously dying. And then, looking at e again, she said, "I see they got ou, too."

I pulled the cap down over my yes and walked out into the street. With difficulty I kept my pace to a alk. I wanted to run, to run anywhere away from that scene.

It started, small but insistent, eep inside of me. It was coming om a long way back, welling up ncontrollably. I was helpless with age. That woman's death had been njust, a crime, a sin against man- ind — words which even as they

passed through my mind seemed to me bitterly futile.

That that woman should so die was an enormity so great it was terrifying. It was not just the German bombs, or the German Air Force, or even the German mentality, but a feeling of the very essence of antilife that no words could convey. This was what had filled me with unutterable rage. For I had recognized in that moment what Peter and the others had instantly recognized as evil and to be destroyed utterly. I saw now that it was not crime, it was Evil itself. With awful clarity I saw myself suddenly as I was. Great God, that I could have been so self-centered, so arrogant!

How long I had been walking I don't know, but the drone of aircraft had ceased and the all-clear must have sounded.

So Peter had been right. It was impossible to look only to oneself, to take from life and not to give. He had known, and the others had known, that no price was too dear to achieve this victory.

But what could I do? I wanted to seize a gun and fire it, hit somebody, break a window, anything. I saw the months ahead of me, hospital, hospital, hospital, operation after operation, and I was in despair. Somehow I got myself home, undressed, and fell into a troubled sleep. But I did not rest; when I awoke the problem was still within me, beating insistently in my mind. Surely there must be something I could do!

For the present, at least I could write. I could tell how my self-centered delusions had been swept away by what I had experienced. I would write for these men who had taught me the truth, for Peter and for the others. And to whom would I address this book? That too I knew. To that humanity I had once professed to ignore.

If I could do this thing, I would have justified, at least in some measure, my right to fellowship with my dead, and to the friendship of those with courage and steadfastness who were still living, and who would go on fighting until the ideals for which their comrades had died were stamped forever on the future of civilization.



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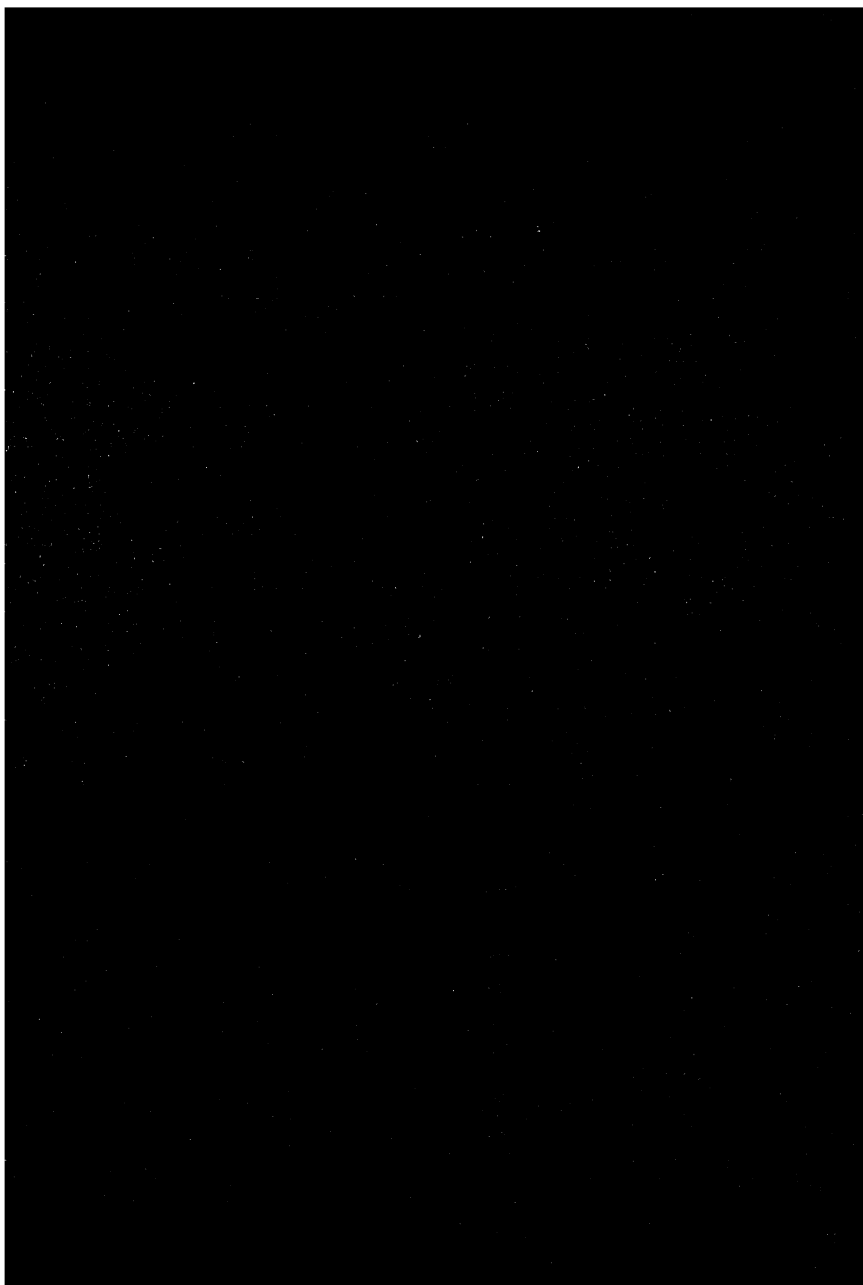
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FIFTY-FIRST YEAR

JUNE 1942

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Congress should forget the pressure groups and realize that the public is eager to make sacrifices

The People Are Ahead of Congress

Condensed from The New York Times Magazine

Dr. George Gallup

Director, American Institute of Public Opinion

TWO general conclusions seem warranted on the basis of six years of continuous surveys of American public opinion.

First: The American public is far ahead of its legislators on most matters of legislation.

Second: The public is more willing to make sacrifices than its leaders propose.

Washington newspaper reports often convey the impression that the nation is made up of selfish groups bent to get all they can at somebody else's expense. This undoubtedly comes from the actions of official and unofficial spokesmen who regard it their duty to advance the interests of the groups they claim to represent. But careful surveys of public opinion have demonstrated time and again that the farm bloc frequently does not speak for the farmers, nor labor

leaders for labor. Many leaders, unwilling to grant that the common people are as intelligent or public-spirited as they should be, oppose legislation which would require sacrifices from the groups in which they have interested themselves. Few have faith in what Lincoln called the "patriotism of the plain people."

Willingness of the public to make sacrifices has never been more clearly shown than in recent times.

The average American worker would undoubtedly consider a pay deduction of 10 percent each payday a sizable sum. Yet two thirds of all full-time employed Americans polled say they would be willing to have that amount deducted to buy war bonds or stamps. A slight majority (54 percent) would accept deductions up to 15 percent.

Had the common people been self-

ish and shortsighted, the polls would never have found them indicating their willingness to pay higher taxes long before America entered the war. A series of surveys six months before Pearl Harbor showed a substantial majority willing to pay two weeks' salary to the federal government in addition to all other taxes, and an equally substantial majority in favor of every family not on relief paying some income tax.

Nearly a year before Congress began gingerly debating price control, the people accepted the principle of complete control over prices, wages, and other aspects of social and economic existence. Congressional timidity in approaching this issue was said to have resulted from the pressure of the labor lobby and the farm bloc. Yet polls found 64 percent of the workers willing to accept for the duration the government's right to tell any worker what kind of work he shall do, how many hours he shall work, and what he shall be paid. Similarly, 60 percent of those farmers with opinions on the subject were willing to grant the government complete dictation over farm crops and prices.

A majority of workers in defense industries told interviewers as far back as January 1941 that they were ready to work longer hours. At that time nearly 90 percent of all voters were saying that defense factories should operate 24 hours a day. Moreover, a program to distribute man-

power between the jobs of fighting and working — such as Britain adopted after two years of war — has already been accepted in principle by the public. The spirit of self-sacrifice is especially notable among women. Three out of four favor a compulsory federal draft of single women between 21 and 35 for wartime jobs; single women are substantially more in favor of this than the rest of the country.

Continuous studies of public opinion show that if majority opinion had been acted upon more often — or more quickly — some of the nation's present headaches might have been avoided.

The classic example is that of rearmament. The people were in favor of a bigger army, a bigger navy, and particularly a bigger air force six years ago. While military experts were divided on the value of air power, the public was voting 8 to 1 for a stronger American air force in November 1935, two years after Hitler came to power.

The Munich Pact was only six months old in March 1939, when the American people favored repealing the embargo provision of the Neutrality Act in order to send arms and supplies to Britain; it was not until the following October that Congress repealed it. The public wanted conscription in the spring of 1940 — before any major political leader had advocated it. Congress passed the Selective Service Act the next Septem-

er. Consistent majorities favored, even warlike, aid to Britain throughout 1939-41. Relatively few persons advocated, prior to Pearl Harbor, American participation in a rooting war. But the great majority believed the Nazis were a direct threat to the United States and that our future was inextricably bound up with a British victory. Surveys found an ever-increasing majority saying that the defeat of Hitler was more important than staying out of war.

Since the people have often been ahead of their legislators, it may be well to examine today's public opinion currents for light on the future. Now that the government is vested with dictatorial wartime powers, official action may move more swiftly than opinion. But if the public continues to be ahead of its leaders to the same degree as in the past, here are some developments that may be expected:

1. Organized labor is in for stiffer regulation. Before Pearl Harbor the country was growing increasingly hostile toward the unions' policies and tactics. A good deal of this feeling is latent today and certain to break up if the public thinks labor leaders are thwarting the war effort.

2. The public will accept — perhaps even demand — more drastic wartime controls, over prices, wages,

food supplies, and many other aspects of national life. The public is considerably ahead of Congress in its desire for total mobilization of manpower and womanpower.

3. Longer working hours are likely to be put into effect.

4. Some system of compulsory savings, either by pay deductions for war bonds, or by some plan for postwar credits as in Britain, is inevitable.

I do not for a moment maintain that legislators should become rubber stamps, but I do urge that, in shaping national policy, Congress listen less to the spokesmen of pressure groups and special interests and more to the plain people. If a more determined effort were made to put into effect the ideas of the common man, I feel sure American democracy would reach a far higher level of achievement and fewer mistakes would be made.

Public opinion is, of course, not infallible. There are still too many "areas of ignorance." Public opinion can be sound only if the people are given the facts, both pleasant and unpleasant, on which to base their conclusions. But, with the facts in the public's possession, I am inclined to agree with Samuel Johnson that "about things on which the public thinks long it commonly attains to think right."



Epic of Bataan

Condensed from the dispatches and broadcasts
of men who were there

The Crippling Blow

THE FATE of Luzon and Bataan was sealed just before 1 p.m. on December 8, some ten hours after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor.

Our main bomber force was lined up on Clark Field, 40 miles north of Manila, with the crews awaiting orders to take off and bomb Japanese air and naval bases on the island of Formosa. Most of the pursuit planes were at nearby Iba Field.

The pursuits and some bombers had been aloft during the morning but had returned to the ground for orders. While these instructions were being issued, the Japanese struck.

Fifty-four heavy bombers roared over Clark Field at 10,000 feet, raining explosives on the grounded planes, runways and hangars. Iba Field was simultaneously bombed.

Eighty-six Japanese Zero fighters came in their wake and strafed the planes, ground forces and anti-aircraft batteries in low-level attacks. Some planes were saved, but the main strength of our air force was gone.

On December 10, about noon, the Japanese attacked Cavite naval base *with devastating success. Without anti-aircraft or pursuit interference their bombers crisscrossed the naval base for several hours.*

The first bomb hit the power plant, the second a fire station. Damage was widespread, casualties were heavy

and the Asiatic Fleet thus lost its effective base in the Philippines.

— Clark Lee, in an AP dispatch from Austr
April 10

Withdrawal to Bata

By 3 a.m. on New Year's morning the movement to Bataan was completed. The last blacked-out truck convoy from Manila, in bright moonlight, crossed the bridge south of San Fernando, and General Wright's men blew up the bridge.

The American lines were not continuous, but a series of foxholes, machine-gun nests, and strong points protected by barbed wire. Huge bulldozers cut two runways out of the rice fields around Cacaban for the remnants of General MacArthur's air force, a handful of pursuit planes. Small boats carried food supplies from Corregidor, mostly at night.

After smashing Japanese attacks at the end of January, there was a lull during which life on Bataan was calmer. MacArthur's army had learned it could beat the Japs and wanted reinforcements for counteroffensive.

Equipment available to the defenders proved its worth, but there was not enough of it. The army seemed to have only a few pieces of the modern equipment — one radio direction finder, one fully equipped anti-aircraft battery, one squadron of torpedo boats, one group of mount

75's. — Clark Lee, in an AP dispatch, April 11,

The Ordeal

AS EARLY as February 5, our soldiers were eating only rice and mule meat, their own pack animals. Occasionally they were fortunate enough to bag wild pig or water buffalo, but these were few and far between. Every day our men grew more undernourished, more exhausted from lack of food and sleep, but despite their exhaustion I never heard a complaint from them.

Their heroism is all the more glorious because they knew by now that the efforts of the War Department to bring them relief and supplies were doomed to failure.

Our forces on Bataan collapsed because they were physically exhausted. Day after day, week after week, the Japanese had fresh troops which they threw in lavishly. Our men had no such periodic relief.

Our positions were constantly helled with heavy mortars. The detentions made it almost impossible to sleep. The men were in rags; tattered trouser legs were cut off to make shorts; shoes were in shreds from the heavy underbrush; socks were unheard of after the first few weeks.

— Lt. Col. Warren J. Clear, in an NBC interview, April 12, '42

Quartermaster Heroes

THE Quartermaster Corps fought like heroes against the main cause of Bataan's fall: the food shortage. The job was heartbreaking. Their ranks will show many deaths but few citations.

They threshed and milled Bataan's rice crop, operated slaughterhouses, built fish traps and even distilled sea water to make salt.

The Japanese struck before the rice harvest on Luzon was completed. But the quartermasters bought the peninsula's stocks unthreshed. They also bought Bataan's few rice mills and moved them to the rear. For nearly six weeks these mills produced ample rice for the army.

Although the Philippines are world-famous for sugar, Bataan's defenders often had none.

"This is a crazy war," said a young Signal Corps sergeant. "At Tarlac (in central Luzon) we used sacks of sugar to sandbag our telephone exchange. Now we can't get a spoonful for coffee."

One of the quartermasters' greatest strokes was their operation of slaughterhouses — as long as carabao, horses and mules lasted — considering that they were butchering in the tropics and there was almost no refrigeration.

Slaughtering was done in the cool of the night. The meat was left unskinned, in quarters, to keep at least part of it clean. Sometimes maggots infested it before it got to the pot, but the cooks cut off the bad portions and cooked the rest.

— Frank Hewlett, in a UP dispatch, April 24, '42

Quinine Runs Out

DURING the last weeks on Bataan the disease rate ran up as the drug supplies ran out. Hospital No. 2 had

been keeping its patients down to 3000 by discharging 200 to 300 daily and treating them as out-patients. At Hospital No. 1, where there were 450 beds, the number of patients jumped to 1500 in the last three days. The patients had malaria, dysentery, malnutrition, beriberi and scurvy.

It was not possible to give quinine as a prophylaxis after March 1. Between March 30 and the end there was only enough for half treatment of actual malaria patients and there were 100 percent lapses.

Just before the fall as high as 80 percent of a tactical regiment had malaria, 30 percent had bacillary dysentery, 10 percent had amoebic dysentery and some had hookworm. This is indicative of the condition of the men when the Japanese started their last big drive, reinforced by men, planes and tanks.

— Nat Floyd in N. Y. Times, April 22, '42

Bataan "Air Force"

AT LEAST once our handful of planes saved Bataan. Mechanics improvised a device whereby two 300-pound bombs could be attached to the wings and released by pulling a wire. Three pursuit ships thus rigged made three trips each one night in January and bombed and strafed enemy boats that were trying to land troops on the shore. Several of the pilots had never before flown at night.

Every evening Lieutenant Colonel Reginald Vance used to fly an antiquated Philippine army training plane from Corregidor to Bataan and

back, carrying official communications. For armament he held .30-caliber rifle across his knees, his only defense against complete mastery of the air by the Japanese.

— Clark Lee, in an AP dispatch, April 16, '42

Exhaustion

THE EXHAUSTED little army surrendered to impossible odds on April 9.

American and Filipino fighters and the American nurses who stood by them to the end were overwhelmed after 15 days and 15 nights of ceaseless battle that climaxed 9 days in which they suffered the tortures of hell.

They were pounded in those 15 days by thousands of fresh Jap shoe troops, the pick of the Mikado's armies.

They were hammered hour after hour by dive bombers and high-level bombers that blew an American field hospital sky high, with more than 100 casualties.

They were battered by masses of tanks and artillery that churned the defenders' foxholes.

All these blows they withstood unflinchingly. Then fever, hunger and fatigue cut away their strength.

Even in the final showdown, with more men killed by disease and malnutrition than by Jap bullets, many of the remnants swam and rowed across the four-mile water gap to bring nurses and wounded to Corregidor.

Never have I seen such brave men and women as in those last days of

Bataan. They were beaten, but it was a fight that ought to make every American bow his head in tribute.

At dawn April 9 the water was still hick with boats bound for Corregidor and Japanese planes started bombing and machine-gunning them. Not a boat was lost, thanks to the leadly fire of anti-aircraft guns on Corregidor and machine guns on the boats.

That morning Lieutenant General Jonathan M. Wainwright ordered the evacuation to cease, because the white flag was being taken forward and the truce consequently might be endangered and the hardships of the sick, hungry men on the peninsula increased.

The great fires and explosions that I saw in the Philippines are still vivid in my mind, but I remember even more vividly the little flashes of light I saw on Bataan the night of April 9, after the surrender.

They came from soldiers hidden on the shore, and were from flashlights. They all repeated patiently,

to Corregidor, five miles away: ". . .
... (SOS) . . .
..."

— Frank Hewlett, UP dispatches, April 9, 21, '42

"*The World Will Long Remember*"
"THE Voice of Freedom" from
San Francisco announced over the radio: "Bataan has fallen!"

The soldiers on Corregidor stood in silence. Many wept openly. The Voice went on —

"With heads bloody, but unbowed, they have yielded to superior force. . . . The world will long remember the epic struggle they put up . . . they have borne all that human endurance could bear. . . ."

"But what sustained them was a force more than physical . . . it was the thought of their native land, all it holds that is most dear to them, the thought of freedom and dignity, and pride in these most priceless of all human prerogatives."

We on Corregidor listened, still in silence. But all of us breathed, "Amen."

— Dean Scheller, in an AP dispatch, April 11, '42



Medicine for the Heart

THE LATE Dr. Luther Emmett Holt, the great baby specialist, had a standard treatment for frail newborn babies who failed to gain weight. When he came to the chart of such an infant during his hospital rounds, he always wrote the following direction for the nurses:

"This baby to be loved every three hours."

— Josephine H. Kenyon, *Healthy Babies Are Happy Babies* (Little, Brown)

The Gliders Are Coming

Condensed from Air Facts

Dr. Alexander Klemin and Frederic Sondern, Jr.

ALMOST every night the aerial freight trains of the German *Luftwaffe* — big transport planes, acting as locomotives, pulling from three to six gliders behind them — roar high over the Mediterranean from supply depots in Italy to the bases of General Rommel's army in North Africa. Tons of provisions and thousands of men have thus been ferried over the heads of the blockading British. The glider is writing a new and vitally important chapter of military science. Our own air corps is going in for gliders in a big way.

Besides its pilot, each German glider carries two tons of supplies and ammunition, or 15 fully equipped infantrymen. By towing six loaded gliders, the towplane does the useful work of seven transport planes, with

great economy in fuel. The drag of the gliders cuts the towplane's speed to about 100 miles an hour, which makes it a lumbering prey for attack, but fast fighters convoy the trains through dangerous areas.

The glider is not just an airplane without a motor; it is the closest approach to a bird that aeronautical engineers have been able to devise. In the hands of a skilled pilot, even a heavily loaded glider loses altitude comparatively slowly and lands like a leaf at 30 to 40 miles an hour. It can come down wherever there is 50 feet of flat ground. It lands on skids instead of wheels, thus stops quickly.

If an airfield is convenient the gliders land there, so that the towplane can come down, too, and later haul them back for another load. But often the gliders are simply abandoned. Their cost is small compared to the military value of their cargoes.

Our army experts hope to avoid this waste. For some time, All-American Aviation Company planes have been picking up mailbags while in flight, thus giving airmail service to towns too small for an airport. This technique is being adapted to retrieve gliders from the ground after they have discharged their load.

The towed glider has put some new and menacing paragraphs into

DR. ALEXANDER KLEMIN is one of the world's outstanding authorities on aerodynamics and glider design. A graduate of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, he was its first instructor in aeronautics. During the first World War he directed aeronautical research at McCook Field, Dayton, Ohio. After the war he served as consultant for the U. S. Air Mail service. He designed several prize-winning planes, drew up the federal air-worthiness requirements for planes, and invented several useful devices, including the first amphibian landing gear. In 1925 Dr. Klemin joined the Guggenheim School of Aeronautics, New York University, where he is now a professor.

the handbook of attack. The British High Command, for example, worries much more about gliders than parachutists landing on the British Isles. For a glider, released two miles up in the air, can soar 30 miles -- and in complete silence. Sound locators cannot hear it, radio locators "beam" its plywood fuselage with difficulty if at all.

The Germans tried the technique first in the Lowlands in 1940. Released at high altitude, gliders landed 15 or 20 miles behind the Allied lines, generally unseen and unheard, in the first flush of dawn. From each craft ten men armed with machine guns and grenades spilled out and went for the pillbox or bridgehead they had been assigned to take. This type of attack rarely failed to work perfectly.

During the attack on Crete, where the Germans used great numbers of gliders, their technique was improved. One silent ship landed in the garden of the Royal Villa at Candia; its crew had orders to capture King George of Greece. Fortunately, the King had already escaped to the mountains. Such precision is not unusual for a glider. It carries sensitive instruments to determine height, rate of descent, velocity and direction. Dropping only one foot in every 15 of flight, the pilot has plenty of time to choose his landing.

The German 12-man gliders used in Crete were 50 feet long and had an 80-foot wingspread. These dimensions have been far exceeded

since then by German, British and American builders. Experts say that a glider carrying 50 men or a small tank will appear before long.

The father of the modern glider was Otto Lilienthal, who launched himself from a hill in Pomerania back in 1891. After years of research on the flight of birds, he put together a contraption of willow rods and waxed fabric, shaped like a pair of wings, and steered by the pilot shifting his weight and kicking with his legs. In 1896 Lilienthal fell and was fatally injured. But by that time he had learned to glide for 900 feet and do complete circles in the air, and had made a fateful impression on Orville and Wilbur Wright.

The Wrights flew the first really effective glider at Kitty Hawk in 1902. They made a thousand tests with it. Then they added a gasoline engine and a propeller.

With the coming of the motor-driven plane, gliding was almost forgotten until 1920 when it was reborn in Germany. The Versailles Treaty had grounded a large number of war pilots who still wanted to fly. A movement to make gliding a national sport won the staunch support of the German General Staff, which saw in it an ideal method of training.

Simple gliding -- like coasting downhill -- became too easy. Pilots learned how to utilize the air currents that rise when the wind blows against a hillside, and the upwinds under certain clouds. Well-designed gliders -- so-called sailplanes -- could

rise thousands of feet. Catapulted into the air by a "shock rope" of springy material pulled by a winch or motor car, they would rise on the updraft of air from the precipice over which they were launched, then glide to a cloud formation, rise again on its updraft, glide again to the edge of another hill, and so on until clouds and mountains gave out. In 1920, Orville Wright's glider record of 9 minutes, 45 seconds in the air still stood. By 1930, the Austrian Robert Kronfeld had made an 85-mile flight and reached an altitude of 7525 feet.

At about this time, Wolf Hirth, the German expert, found that he could soar without hills or clouds. He coasted 54 miles on "thermals," wind currents created by differences of temperature at various heights. After that the distance records for motorless flight shot up to 300, 400, and finally 465 miles.

The glider had come into its own, and just at the time when it most suited the needs of the Nazis. Göring made it possible for German clubs to get gliders for \$100 apiece. He had 300,000 qualified pilots before the war broke out. He also garnered an idea: the airplane-towed glider. In 1931, Robert Kronfeld had himself towed by an airplane 6000 feet into the air over the French coast. He then glided across the English Channel. The German General Staff never forgot that object lesson. Gliders were developed which would hold enough men to make a fighting unit, and the technique of towing

these heavy gliders was worked out.

Meanwhile some Americans had gone in for gliding. By 1932 our pioneers — including Lewin Barringer, Jack O'Meara, Richard Du Pont — were paralleling the performance of the German pilots. Frank Hawks made a towed flight behind an airplane from coast to coast. Ralph Barnaby launched a glider from the dirigible *Los Angeles*. But neither the War nor the Navy Department was impressed, and as late as June 1941, the Secretary of War laughed off Senator Pat McCarran's bill for the financing of glider flying with a pronouncement that gliders for military purposes were impracticable.

Then the lessons of Crete hit Washington with a wallop. General Arnold of the air corps had long been interested in gliders, and had sent several groups of officers to the headquarters of the Soaring Society of America at Elmira, N. Y., to study and learn. The brass hats had not been sympathetic. But now, his ideas accepted overnight, Arnold called for Lew Barringer.

Lewin Barringer is one of the four men in the United States who has a "Golden C," the Soaring Society's award to pilots who can fly 185 miles and reach an altitude of 10,000 feet in a motorless plane. He is now in charge of the air corps' glider program and it is beginning to go places. General Arnold recently announced that "we must have gliders, possibly thousands of them, capable of carrying at least 15 men each

with full equipment including rifles, machine guns and even light cannon."

The marines have had a glider school at Parris Island, S. C., for a year, with Lieut. Col. V. M. Guymon in command. The army air corps has set up its first glider pilot training station at Twentynine Palms, Cal., with a capacity of 1000 students a year. The age limit is from 18 to 32, the physical requirements not quite as stringent as those demanded of a combat pilot. The air corps has found that the average flier who has soloed in a powered plane can learn elementary gliding in four weeks. The student first tries his silent wings in a glider moored to the ground in front of a powerful wind machine. He learns the feel of the stick and becomes accustomed to the bothersome fact that there is no throttle which can gun an engine to pull him out of trouble. Then comes a launching by tow car. If the pilot has good "bird sense" he quickly learns to feel the direction and force of wind currents. He can tell from the maneuvers of the birds around him whether there are updrafts or downdrafts ahead. He finds the slope winds rising from hill ridges and the surges of air under different kinds of clouds.

It takes another four weeks to train the pilot to fly a heavy military glider in the V-formation of a tow train. Even one glider behind a towplane in rapid flight requires a lot of management. It must fly high

enough to avoid the plane's slipstream, which would bounce the glider around like a cork in a maelstrom. It must not fly so high that it pulls up the towplane's tail. In formation it must hold its position with absolute precision, since snarled tow cables can bring quick disaster to the whole train. A glider pilot must be on the alert every second. A turn, which the pilot executes much like the "rudderman" on the back of a hook-and-ladder, must be practiced again and again. And when the train takes the air, every glider must leave the ground simultaneously, an instant before the towplane.

There were only a few hundred experienced glider pilots in the United States when the war began. The air corps had to start from scratch. Production of gliders was also a bottleneck. Only a few firms could produce the highly specialized design. A glider, made either of light metal or plywood reinforced by hardwood struts, was custom-built from nose to tail. That picture is changing rapidly. It will not be long before skilled wood craftsmen of the piano and furniture industries will be molding, joining and finishing new fleets of gliders on an assembly line.

No other nation has as much stake in the development of the glider train as the United States. In any offensive against the Axis, we will have to attack heavily fortified coasts. We must clear enemy troops from a wide beach head so that our own soldiers can land from naval transports. We

will have to put down forces in mass behind the enemy's coastal lines. These forces must be fully equipped with jeeps, tanks and artillery.

All this is far from impossible. If an ordinary transport plane can tow three heavy gliders, imagine what a

Flying Fortress can haul. As planes grow bigger and more powerful, so will gliders. They are answering many of our most difficult invasion problems. The War Department is beginning to realize their value. The gliders are coming — and quickly.



Hotel Hospitality

☛ COINS you get in change at the Davenport Hotel in Spokane are as bright and shiny as the day they came from the mint. The hotel's "coin laundry" cleans and polishes them.

☛ AT the Biltmore in New York, popular with college students, there is a woman whose job it is to see that they have a good time and yet do nothing foolish. Any waiter serving more than two cocktails to a youth is fired. The Biltmore is also probably the only hotel which maintains a chapel — a nonsectarian retreat for meditation and prayer.

☛ YOU MAY have your private railroad train switched right into the basement of the Waldorf-Astoria in New York. In your room you need never struggle with a refractory window; they open automatically. If you're an amateur photographer, you can develop your negatives in the hotel's darkroom. If you want to know what's what about the current shows, you may consult a scrapbook of all the critics' reviews. And on every birthday, whether still at the hotel or not, your children will receive gifts from the management until they outgrow the enjoyment of toys.

☛ THE McAlpin Hotel in New York discovered the importance of Latin America 28 years ago. Ever since, it has had a floor set aside exclusively for Latin-American guests. The floor clerk speaks Spanish and Portuguese, as do all the waiters; all signs are in Spanish. Special rooms for tall persons are another McAlpin feature. Beds are extra long; mirrors are seven feet high; bath tubs are just short of being swimming pools.

☛ WITHIN half an hour after the arrival of a guest the management especially wishes to please, the Brown Palace in Denver sends him personal stationery printed with his name, room number and Brown Palace address.

☛ AT the St. Anthony Hotel in San Antonio, Texas, travel-worn guests can drive directly into the underground garage, register there, and take an elevator straight to their rooms without running the gantlet of the lobby.

☛ THE Hotel Bismarck, Chicago, says "Bring your children; no room charge for them."

Three Men on a Raft

Condensed from Life

Harold F. Dixon

Aviation Chief Machinist's Mate, U.S.N.

ON January 16 a U. S. Navy torpedo plane, launched from a carrier, ran out of fuel in mid-Pacific. Thirty-four days later its crew staggered ashore on a small island 500 miles to the southeast. Aviation Chief Machinist's Mate Harold Dixon, 41, who commanded the plane; Radioman Gene Aldrich, 22, and Ordnanceman Anthony Pastula, 24, had drifted across the windwept, sun-scorched Pacific on a tiny rubber raft. It is one of the epics of man's endless fight against the sea.

Dixon, who was awarded the Navy Cross for "extraordinary heroism," wrote this firsthand account of their ordeal.

THE PATROL was uneventful until late afternoon. Then squalls hid the ocean, and somehow I lost our ship. At last the gas was almost gone. There was nothing to do but land in the water.

The plane sank almost immediately. We did manage to inflate our four-by-eight-foot rubber raft and crawl aboard. We were able to salvage virtually nothing. Our life jackets, a pistol, a pocketknife, a pair of pliers --- that was all. No food. No water.

It's interesting how you remember certain things about the crises in your life. My most vivid recollection of that terrible half hour was watching Gene Aldrich's flashlight sinking. Down, down it went --- a bright spot in the crystal-clear tropical waters.

At least, I thought, if there are sharks they'll follow that instead of us.

Next morning, a rescue plane from our ship appeared, heading our way. Gene waved his shirt, but the plane passed off to the south.

A moment of deep, black fear entered my heart. I am an old-timer in the navy --- 22 years' service. Our force was in the vicinity of enemy positions. I knew that in simple military logic, the admiral would never risk his whole force for the rescue of one plane.

To the west and north of us were Japanese islands. Our only hope seemed to be in maneuvering our boat some 500 miles to the south and west where there were inhabited friendly islands.

I spent that first day observing how our boat acted. Being flat bottomed, it sailed smartly down wind. To stop drifting in the wrong direction when the wind came from the southwest, I invented a sea anchor. Around the edge of the raft was a half-inch rope. I removed this and tied one end to the raft and the other to my life jacket. This sea anchor cut adverse drift to less than one knot for every 16 knots of wind.

I knew our approximate position; and from our speed, and from the sun and moon and stars, I could tell pretty accurately where we were going. I made a map on one of the life jackets. Fortunately, I had a small celluloid aerial navigator's scale, and was able to chart our progress.

So we settled down to the business of living at sea on a tiny raft. One of the first things we found out was that it was almost impossible to sleep. To know what it was like:

1. Lie on your back with your knees well drawn up (there was not enough room to stretch our legs).

2. Have a strong man rap your head and shoulders with a baseball bat. Two raps every three seconds will duplicate the waves pounding the bottom of the boat.

3. Have a boy dash pails of cold water on your face at irregular intervals.

4. Have empty dump trucks run circles around you for sound effects.

Do all this for 34 days continually. It will get monotonous.

About the fifth day lack of water

bothered us seriously. The wind had been blowing us along at a fast clip in the general direction of south, but we had had no rain. We broiled in the sun, watching showers approach, then fade away. There were sharks playing around the boat and we didn't dare venture over the side, but we kept our clothes soaked in salt water to keep our bodies cool.

We knew that if we didn't get rain, we wouldn't last long. It was Gene who suggested that we pray for help. I had been thinking about that, too, but had been ashamed to make the suggestion.

In the blazing sun, surrounded by sharks and rolling waves, we held the first of what became a daily prayer service. Each of us mumbled his way through a prayer, then asked God to take care of our loved ones back home if we should die, and also to look after our shipmates at sea. We also asked for rain to drink.

Hardly had we stopped praying when a tremendous black cloud appeared, and rain poured from the heavens. The deluge lasted five minutes and we had our first drink in five days.

On the evening of the sixth day we sang such words as we could remember of *When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder* and the *Little Brown Church in the Vale*, and once more asked for rain and food.

The next morning Aldrich got a fish by simply leaning over the side and stabbing it. With one continuous movement, Gene swung his knife

blade through the fish and brought it into the boat on top of Tony, who rolled on the fish and held it until it quit struggling. None of us had ever eaten raw fish, but we made the try. The fish, which looked like a large perch, didn't taste good but it was food. That afternoon we had another heavy shower and more water to drink. That afternoon, too, we shot the albatross.

The bird had landed on the stern of the boat. Gene slowly reached down, picked up the pistol, and fired it right by my ear. We skinned the bird and, after eating the liver and heart, wrapped it and what was left of the fish in a few rags.

That night we remembered the old superstition that to kill an albatross brings bad luck. At midnight I noticed a strange silvery blue light coming from the bow of the boat. It came from the rags around the food. I unwrapped them, and lo and behold the albatross glowed like a flashlight, lighting up the raft and the surrounding water. The tail in particular shone like an electric-light bulb. We figured it was phosphorus from food the albatross had eaten, but in any case we knew we didn't want to glow like that. So we tossed both the albatross and the fish overboard.

Some days later we ran into a calm. I made paddles out of the thick rubber soles of my shoes, and the three of us took turns at them for 18 consecutive hours.

Sometimes as I look back on those

34 days, rains and suns, heavy seas and flat calms merge and nothing comes out but a feeling of hunger and thirst and sadness. Yet there are some things I remember well, like the day Aldrich caught the four-foot shark. He stabbed it in the gills and yanked it out of the water. Its skin was so tough that Tony had to hold the tail and Gene the head while I slit open the stomach. We ate the liver first. Next we explored the stomach, finding two six-inch sardines. We gave Aldrich one, as he had caught the shark, and Tony and I shared the other. Never have I tasted anything better. We devoured the rest of the shark's innards. Then we held up the head and tail, forming a pocket in the middle into which the blood poured. It had a strong flavor, but we drank it. Finally we ate as much flesh as we could. Incidentally, it acted as a physic. Each of us had the only bowel movement of our 34 days at sea.

That night Aldrich stuck his hand in the water to test the drift. *Whoosh* . . . a shark grabbed his fingers. He yanked his hand so hard the shark sailed out of the water, across the boat and over the other side. The shark's teeth had raked the index finger, cutting the nail through in two places. The rest of his fingers were cut almost to the bone. Later, infection set in in that nail, and I was forced to cut through it to relieve the pressure.

With each passing day we thought

our chances of rescue were growing better. But the sun was getting hotter as we worked southward, and unfortunately we worked farther east than we had hoped and farther than I had indicated on my map. When we finally made land, I was some 100 miles off in my dead reckoning.

The problem of food remained serious. We were losing weight fast, and I began to worry whether we would have the physical strength to sail the boat all the way south to inhabited islands. Aldrich sat continually on the edge of the raft trying to stab fish. Finally he got another perchlike fish, and one night I caught a young tern by the leg. It was tender and delicious. The only other food we got was two coconuts picked up as they drifted past.

By now I figured we were in the neighborhood of islands. All around us were hundreds of varieties of birds and fish. Nearby, too, were plenty of leopard sharks, vicious creatures that often threatened to upset our boat. One of them we had to fight away by punching him in the nose. Another one we managed to kill with our pistol before the weapon became too rusty for use.

By the 29th day, there was no longer much talk. Mostly we lay in our cramped positions, not caring what happened. We were beginning to resign ourselves to our fate. Then on the 33rd day we struck the beginnings of a hurricane. Huge combbers poured into our little craft. We hardly had the strength or spirit to

bail, and to work more effectively we took off our clothes. The wave roared louder and louder and louder. Suddenly the boat tipped over. All we saved was the sole of one shoe. There we were, returned to the primeval, stark naked and alone fighting the howling storm. Afterwards the sun came out. Our bones stuck out of our inflamed bodies which burned and peeled and burned again. We wanted to give up. But we shook hands and went on.

Now we imagined queer things. Tony heard choral voices singing low and sweet and beautiful. I couldn't hold my eyes open for more than a few seconds, and could hardly focus them at all. Through the night we huddled together for warmth and thought slowly and solemnly of death.

The morning of the 34th day was clear. Aldrich suddenly said, "Chief I see a field of corn." Gene is a farm boy, and I thought, "Now he has gone completely crazy." I waited until we rode the crest of a wave and stood up, the other two helping me. My heart jumped with the purest joy it has ever known. The field of corn was a shoreline of waving palm trees.

All that day we paddled with our one shoe-sole toward that beautiful green patch of land. Toward afternoon the sky clouded over. A strange silence and an increasing wind, with rain, told me that we were at the edge of a hurricane. If we didn't get ashore now, we never would.

In the late afternoon we came in over the reef in a burst of crashing surf and were tossed headlong into shallow water. We could barely stagger, but we marched ashore in military fashion. If any Japs were there, we did not want to be crawling.

But there were no Japs. It was a friendly island. We spent the night in a little shack. Next morning a na-

tive found us and notified the Resident Commissioner.

That night we slept in a bed, our bodies stretched as nearly full length as we could get them. Outside we heard the hurricane, snapping trees and pounding up a terrible surf. One more day and it would have done what starvation, thirst, wind, sun and sharks had failed to do.



Looking Into the Heart of a Tornado

MOST PEOPLE caught near a tornado are so excited that accurate observations are rare. The calmest I know of is the eyewitness account of Will Keller, a Kansas farmer:

"On the afternoon of June 22, 1928, the air had that peculiar oppressiveness that nearly always precedes a tornado. Between three and four my family and I were out in a field when I saw in the west an umbrella-shaped cloud. Dangling from its greenish-black base like great ropes were *three* tornadoes, the central and largest one perilously near and apparently headed for our place.

"We hurried to the cyclone cellar and as I was about to close the door I turned for a last look. While I watched, the lower end of the funnel-shaped cloud, which had been sweeping the ground, began to rise and I knew we were comparatively safe until it dipped again. In a few seconds the great shaggy end of the funnel was directly overhead. There was a strong gassy odor, and I could scarcely breathe.

"Looking up, I saw right into the heart of the tornado. The circular opening in the center of the funnel, entirely hollow except for what looked like a detached cloud moving up and down, was 50 to 100 feet in diameter and extended upward for at least half a mile; its walls were of rotating clouds. The whole was made brilliantly visible by constant flashes of lightning which zigzagged from side to side. Around the lower rim of the great vortex small tornadoes were constantly forming and breaking away. They looked like tails as they writhed about, and made hissing and screaming sounds.

"I had plenty of time for a good view, as the tornado cloud was not traveling at great speed. It dipped again after it passed my place and demolished the neighboring house and barn, whirling the wreckage round and round in the air. Then it zigzagged away across the country."

—Quoted from *U. S. Monthly Weather Review*
by Major William H. Wenstrom, *Weather*
(Houghton Mifflin)

Pin-Money Plungers

Condensed from The Baltimore Sunday Sun

Perry Githens

LIKE THE juke box and slot machine, the pinball game, with its flashing lights and clanging bells, has become a familiar piece of furniture in countless neighborhood candy shops, restaurants and cross-roads taverns. Most of us have fed a casual nickel into one of these mechanized games, and thousands of addicts take them as seriously as a roulette player with a system.

According to *Billboard*, 250,000 pinball machines are in operation today; averaging \$100 apiece, they represent a \$25,000,000 investment. But their cost is trifling compared to the dividends they return. An official estimate of the annual "take" of the 11,000 machines in New York City, before they were confiscated recently, was in excess of \$20,000,000. Pinball is big business.

If the New York figures hold true nationally, the American people pay about \$400,000,000 annually to be amused by pinball. The shopkeepers and saloon owners receive half of this; the rest goes to the operators, men who control 40 to 100 machines apiece.

If the game were merely one of our more vapid forms of amusement, we might shrug off these figures.

But it's a racket. A large part of the "take" from the machines goes to operators well tied in with the underworld. That is one reason why the police don't like the pinball games. Another is that they are widely used as gambling devices.

Nearly every machine bears a sign, "For Amusement Only," and the stranger who feeds in his nickels gets nothing but whatever fun he can find in seeing the gadgets flash. But watch the regular, the young fellow from the neighborhood who hangs out in the place. When he gets a high score, he whistles to Jake behind the counter. Jake looks at the blazing scoreboard and nods. Later Jake will pay off in cash or in trade. Prizes ordinarily are small; it is petty gambling, but it demoralizes many youngsters. Candy stores and lunch-rooms near schools and playgrounds have made pinball the child's primer of gambling. The nickels their families can ill spare add up. The storekeepers call the machines "rent-payers"; in the first three weeks after they were outlawed in New York, 135 candy stores went out of business.

In mechanical honesty, pinball ranks with the slot machine. The percentage of the payoff is just as

easily set. Common practice is for the storekeeper to let a machine pay generously for a few days, then tighten it up. Printed instructions tell him just how. Raising the rear legs speeds up the little steel marbles; turning the various obstacles narrows the chance to score; changing hidden switches and plugs boosts the score needed to win. The individual balls vary in weight; the right amount of force used to propel one ball into a high-scoring zone is wrong for the next.

Neighborhood experts think they can beat the game with subtle slaps and nudges calculated to guide the ball into favorable areas without disturbing the delicate mechanism switching off the machine when the sarcastic word "tilt" appears on the scoreboard. Actually, the most skillful manipulation counts for little. Dr. Clarence C. Clark, professor of general science at New York University, tabulated thousands of plays on typical pin games with the aid of experts, amateurs and even robot players. "The possibility of exercising skill is 10 percent at most," he found.

Communities are beginning to crack down on the candy-store casinos. New York City and Cleveland were successful; Philadelphia recently seized 5000 machines; Vermont and New Jersey courts sent them scurrying out of their borders. It hasn't been easy. This apparently trivial machine has backers with teeth and claws. Whenever prosecution is begun, high-priced

legal talent quickly appears on the scene, deeply concerned over the fate of an obscure candy-store owner.

Teaneck, N. J., found a typical fight on its hands. The Parent-Teachers Association denounced the machines. Kids—including boys from families on relief—were wasting lunch money on the game. The P.T.A. first asked that the machines pay heavy license fees. But on discovering that fees of \$250 a year in a neighboring town had been ineffective, they demanded complete elimination of the game. A town ordinance was enacted in spite of strong opposition. Promptly the legality of the ordinance was challenged. The case was fought through the state Supreme Court, which held that the machines were gambling devices, the ordinance valid. In a score of New Jersey towns, police and operators raced to seize the machines.

Fat profits from the machines support some unsavory characters. In New York City, Commissioner William B. Herlands of the Department of Investigation asked the police to check against its records the names and addresses of persons identified with the pin game. It developed that 13 of the 32 active members of local firms had been arrested a total of 17 times. Of 1176 pinball operators and employes, 386 had been arrested a total of 774 times; 242 of them had been convicted at least once. An even 100 of these convictions were for such major crimes as larceny, burglary and manslaughter.

This was just a quick checkup, with no effort to trace arrests under whatever other names these gentry may have used at various times.

Herlands' report also reveals that pinball has a demoralizing influence on minors. Despite signs reading "No Players under 16," children are encouraged to play the game, and many will spend every cent they can get to do so. In Brooklyn, 41 percent of all machines were in stores within one block of a school; in Manhattan, 48 percent of a random checkup of 1262 machines were in similar areas.

Police Commissioner Lewis J. Valentine and Justice Stephen S. Jackson of the Domestic Relations Court agree that the machines are a harmful influence. Children who hang out in places where pinball is played form bad associations, are often led into juvenile delinquency and eventually into serious crimes.

High license fees won't kill pinball. In fact, operators welcome licensing because it gives the game an aura of official sanction. Prosecution under most gambling laws gets nowhere, because pinball is disguised as an "amusement." The only cure seems to be a direct ban legally defining the machines as gambling devices

Climax of New York City's fight against the game was a surprise conviction which pronounced a pinball machine a gambling device even if the player received nothing but another chance to play. Immediately the police began to grab the machines — and again the legal talent gathered. Thomas E. Dewey, New York's former district attorney, was approached; wouldn't he fight the case? "I've spent 11 years fighting gangsters and their front men," he replied. "I'm too old to change my habits." Three weeks later a Supreme Court decision outlawed the pin game.

Other forces, as inexorable as the courts, are at work. The War Production Board stopped production of new pinball machines on May 1 but that doesn't get rid of the thousands now in use.

A machine weighs about 130 pounds, contains 780 feet of wire, a transformer, 100 electric relays, a tiny motor, and as many as 150 light bulbs. Following the example of New York, many cities are gunning for them, to remove a bad influence on children, to dry up one of the sources of underworld revenue, and to retrieve this valuable scrap.



Turnabout Tale

◀ FROM Fort Bragg, North Carolina, Private Eugene Saunders sent his mother, in Indiana, a batch of cookies. He had joined the Army Cooks' and Bakers' School.

— Time

“You ought to do everything you can at a time like this” — Joe Louis

Citizen Barrow

Condensed from Liberty

Paul Gallico

LAST JANUARY a 28-year-old colored boy at the zenith of a \$2,000,000 career enlisted in the U. S. Army as a \$21 private. Name: Joseph Louis Barrow. Occupation: heavyweight champion of the world.

Years ago I wrote that Joe Louis was “mean.” Then he was a primitive puncher just emerging from the pit. Somewhere on his long, hard climb Joe found his soul. It was this, almost more than his physical person, that he handed over to his country.

“You can’t think of yourself these days,” Joe said. But I can think of him. I write of him now, not especially as a hero — every unsung youth who has shouldered a gun has made a similar sacrifice — but as a simple, good American.

As a fighter Joe’s record is unequalled. He has knocked out five world champions; in defending his title 21 times, more often than the previous eight champions together defended theirs, he has scored 19 knockouts — four in the first round.

Joe has become one of the most popular of all champions, cheered by white and black alike. But he has won more than popularity. He has



won respect. The simple, unlettered colored boy has brought to the championship a dignity it has too often lacked.

Everything has come to Joe Louis the hard way. He was born in a poverty stricken, weather-grayed cabin on Buckalew Mountain in Alabama. He is Negro and white on his father’s side, Negro and Cherokee Indian on his mother’s. He never went beyond the fourth grade, and his harassed mother, left a penniless widow with seven children when Joe was two, could teach him but one thing — the difference between right and wrong. That he learned to his core.

In 1930 Joe was 16, a denizen of the Detroit jungles. He was one of thousands of colored kids who roamed the streets, dog-poor, happy-go-lucky and apparently doomed. He might have become a hoodlum except for his mother’s one simple lesson. As it was, he hoped to be a trumpet player in a band.

One day he filled in as sparring partner for a friend who was an

amateur boxer. He took an unmerciful lathering, and decided to learn something about self-defense. His opportunity came through the Golden Gloves, the newspaper-sponsored tournament for amateur boxers.

Joe developed slowly and painfully. In one bout he was floored nine times. But he kept at it. Finally he won the national amateur light-heavyweight championship. He had not yet become the 200-pounder he is today. Then he met John Roxborough, a philanthropic Detroit Negro lawyer, who helped Joe out with equipment, money and advice. Julian Black, a smart operator from Chicago, was taken into the firm, and a great old Negro ex-welterweight named Jack Blackburn was hired as trainer. On July 4, 1934, Louis made his professional debut against a Chicago heavyweight, Jack Kracken.

Blackburn told his pupil, "Jes' hit him in de body an' when he drop his guard crack him on de chin." The bell rang. Joe went for the body. Kracken dropped his guard. *Whang!* went a left to the jaw. ". . . nine, ten and out!" said the referee. The most amazing and destructive career in the history of the prize ring had begun.

In 36 fights Louis scored 30 knock-outs. His method was simple and direct. He carried murder in both hands. With the perfect coordination of a jungle cat and the wise instruction of Blackburn, his armament was complete. Early in his career, opponents were cautioned to stay away

from his right. Lee Ramage, a clever boxer, heeded this warning carefully — and was knocked cold with a left hook. Joe had an answer for them all. On June 22, 1937, he knocked out James J. Braddock to win the heavy weight title.

Louis came along at a time when the public was fed up on swindlers, fakers and swooners in the ring. Joe's honest, stunning fists brought new life to the fight game. There was never so much as a whisper against his integrity. His popularity grew with each fight. He was sincere and lethal in the ring, quiet and modest outside it.

Joe is the idol of American Negroes, an accepted member of the colored aristocracy which includes scientists and educators who have given their lives to the advancement of their race. Even under the most trying circumstances Joe never loses sight of his responsibility. "If I ever do anything to disgrace my race," he once told a reporter, "I hope I die."

In the early days of Joe's career too much victory tended to make him cocksure and lazy. He received his punishment quickly when Max Schmeling knocked him out. All his life he has had to learn his lessons the hard way. But once learned he never forgets them. In the words of Jack Blackburn, "He never make the same mistake twice."

Schmeling was the only opponent Joe Louis ever hated. Not only had Schmeling knocked Joe out, but by 1938, when they met again, he had

become an out-and-out Nazi. There has never been a grudge match quite like it. Few people knew how deeply stirred Joe Louis was.

But they knew it when the bell rang and Joe came out of his corner. It took him four seconds to reach Schmeling and let fly the first left hook. Two minutes later the German was a hospital case. Never has a challenger been torn to pieces in so brief a span — and Schmeling was one of the craftiest, most seasoned boxers in the game. Spectators felt something akin to terror as they watched Schmeling, a healthy, well-trained athlete, practically destroyed before their eyes.

The sports writer Caswell Adams has written that the Schmeling fight was the turning point in the career of Joe Louis as a man. Where he had been taciturn before, he was now pleasant, friendly. That smashing and vengeful victory had released something pent up inside him.

Today he seems almost to lean over backward to be chivalrous toward his opponents. He can even find a good word for the German. "Dat Smellin', you got to give him credit," he told me, "he stuck to the rules all the time." Joe's fight with Billy Conn will be long remembered, if only for one gallant act. Joe had been outpointed for several rounds,

Joe Louis and the Spoken Word

NO ONE ever had a higher regard for the truth than Joe Louis. What he says, he believes and means; he never says anything just to be smart. He never made a boast or contrived an alibi.

When his mother asked him what happened in the first Schmeling fight he replied, "The man just whupped me." When asked if he cared to see movies of that bout he said, "No, I saw the fight." Billy Conn's openly contemptuous remarks before their fight spurred Joe to a tirade of six words: "That boy talk big, don't he?"

The night Joe fought Buddy Baer for Navy Relief his trainer, Jack Blackburn, was sick.

"You'll have to go in the ring without me," said Blackburn. "I just can't go up them steps tonight."

"Come on," said Joe. "You'll only have to go up once." He knocked Baer out in the first round.

— Frank Graham in *N. Y. Sun*

and it seemed that Conn would win. Then Conn lost his balance, dropped his guard; Joe stood over him, right hand cocked. It would have been a punch no one could have criticized had he let it go — and his championship was at stake. But Joe stepped back, amid the spontaneous applause of 60,000 fans. Two rounds later he knocked Conn out.

You will hear it said that Louis is an automaton, coached in behavior by brilliant publicists; that even his gesture of donating two fights to the

services was merely carrying out instructions. But the Barrows are people who would naturally do things like that.

For instance, in 1935 Joe's mother paid \$269 to the Welfare Department of Detroit — the amount they had received in 1927-28, when the family was close to destitution. There were no strings to the relief they received, but when the Barrows came into money they paid it back.

Joe's fights for the army and navy relief funds were the only occasions on which any fighter has risked his title without being paid for it. Those fights represented one tenth of his career as defending champion. One lucky blow might have deprived him of his crown.

In enlisting, Joe returned everything to the country from which it came, his person, his career, the championship that is the pride of his race. Make no mistake about the total nature of his gift. When the war is over, it is not likely that he can remain the active heavyweight champion. He is 28 now — getting on for a fighter.

To some extent the automaton charge was true at first. Joe's handlers taught him about the superficial aspects of public conduct, how to dress, how to talk to the press. But no one could open up his chest and place therein the human heart that beats there. And it is from here that the simple and sincere utterances of Joe Louis are drawn.

Attending a big stage show for

Navy Relief last March, he was called upon to acknowledge a tribute. Unprepared, unrehearsed, he went to the microphone. He said: "I want to thank you for such a fine thing that you have just said. I'm only doing what any red-blooded American would. We're going to do our part and we'll win 'cause we're on God's side."

I found Private Barrow at his quarters at Fort Dix, wearing army issue khaki pants and shirt. He was reading a comic strip and listening to his portable phonograph. We fell to talking, less like interviewer and interviewee than like a couple of guys who used to be in the sports racket.

It was then that he told me why he was fighting these fights for nothing. "You got to look at it this way," he said. "You do whatever you do for your country. That's natural. Your country is what made everything possible for you. That's how you figure." You hear many versions of that statement these days. But it sounds different coming from the mouth of a colored boy in an army uniform who believes it with his heart and soul.

Joe talked about the army and soldiering. He said, "I don't want to skip anything, that's why I come in as a private. I don't want to git anything without learning."

The word "learning" was used again and again. Joseph Louis Barrow is touchingly hungry for education. (Once he said wistfully, "My only regret is that I had no school-

ng." In the army he is in school at last. If he comes out of the war an officer he will have earned it every inch of the way.

"You ought to do everything you can at a time like this," he said. "You can't think of yourself now." Citizen Barrow has set us a lesson.



How Much Do You See?

Few of us really absorb what we see with enough force to recall it later. These questions, prepared by Lester F. Miles, consulting psychologist, are based mostly on things we see every day. Test yourself, then turn to page 110 for the answers.

1. You have eaten it, but which is solid — macaroni or spaghetti?
2. On which shoulder does the mailman hang his mail pouch?
3. As you look at it when you use it — on which side of a toll telephone is the coin-return slot?
4. You have seen many pictures of Mickey Mouse. How many fingers has he on each hand?
5. On a buffalo nickel which way does the buffalo face — as you look at it?
6. His name has been in all the papers almost every day since December 7 — but which is the correct spelling?
a. MacArthur. b. McArthur.
7. Every package of cigarettes has a blue-green revenue stamp affixed across its top. Do you know the name of the man whose picture is shown on it?
8. You use one several times a day, but can you tell how many times the dinner fork has?
9. On the electric wall switches in your home, is the top or bottom position or button the "ON" position?
10. The *Normandie*, renamed the *U.S.S.* *Lafayette*, which burned at her pier, had how many funnels?
11. On which side of his breast does a policeman wear his badge?
12. How long is a dollar bill?
a. $5\frac{7}{8}$ inches. b. 6 inches. c. $6\frac{1}{8}$ inches. d. $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches.
13. In cartoons does Uncle Sam wear a mustache as well as a beard?
14. On a one-cent government stamped card, what is on the top of the stamp — "Post Card" or "Postal Card"?
15. On which side of a man's hat is the bow of the hatband worn?
16. Which hand of any watch or clock is closest to the dial? (Excluding the second hand.)
17. What is the color of the top light on the standard traffic light?
18. Are the top and bottom stripes of the American flag both red?
19. Three colors are used in printing a dollar bill. What are they?
20. You see and read a lot about our soldiers. How many chevrons do these men wear on their uniforms?
a. Corporal — b. Sergeant — c. First Class Private —

At Beltsville, Maryland, agricultural magicians have a nature by the tail.

The World's Most Fantastic Farm

Condensed from *The American Magazine*

Alfred Toombs

AT THE Department of Agriculture's Research Center in Beltsville, Maryland, hens lay colored eggs and apples defy the law of gravity. There are hogs that won't sunburn and bees with better dispositions. New types of birds, beasts and bugs are built to order. In this wonderland of agriculture scientists are remodeling nature to meet modern needs.

Beltsville can turn out just about any kind of plant or animal you can dream of—such things as fuzz-free peaches, tearless onions, a family-size watermelon.

Applegrowers have always been up against a dilemma: if the fruit is allowed to ripen well, much of it drops; if it is picked earlier, it isn't attractively colored. Poorly colored apples bring a poor price but fallen apples aren't salable at all.

Beltsville scientists, seeking a method of making the leaves stick longer on Christmas holly wreaths, found a hormone mixture helpful. So the apple men at Beltsville began experimenting with plant hormones. They discovered that a mixture of only half a teaspoonful of hormones to 100 gallons of water, sprayed on

apple trees just as the fruit is ready to drop, will keep it on the branches for another two weeks. Thus growers could pick the apples when they have achieved just the proper rosy color. If the treatment is repeated at regular intervals, the apples will never fall. One tree at Beltsville had fruit hanging from its limbs in January.

Some years ago tomato plants were being wiped out by a blight known as tomato rust. Beltsville began to experiment, and after raising thousands of plants it came through with a new model that paid no attention to blight. Then along came a new disease, known as wilt, which attacked the new plant. Growers sent out another SOS.

About this time someone remembered a funny little wild tomato that grew in Peru. It wasn't edible and the fruit had a thick crop of whiskers, but it had defied all diseases for hundreds of years. The Beltsville men began crossbreeding and finally succeeded in growing a big, smooth-shaven tomato on the Peruvian disease-resistant stock. But it was necessary to turn out 40,000 different crosses before they got what they wanted.

After years of crossing and recrossing, Beltsville turned out a streamlined turkey, nearly all white meat, designed for small families and modern refrigerators. It can fix up a chicken with almost all white meat, or all dark. It also produces a fowl with big drumsticks.

During nutrition experiments it was discovered that certain foods and dyes produced colored eggs. It was also found that other qualities in eggs could be developed for special purposes. For instance, there are chickens which lay eggs with whites especially suitable for poaching.

One problem which vexes poultry breeders is the early separation of baby chicks by sex, so they can concentrate on the hens-to-be. Beltsville has been working on this, trying to get an arrangement whereby all male chicks will be hatched with an identifying mark. They've already bred a line whose male chicks all have a black stripe, and it looks as if the trouble is licked.

There's a kind of college course for canines. This experiment has two objectives — to produce a better farm dog that can do chores around the place, and to determine whether special abilities and traits of character can be transmitted with certainty from one generation to another.

The dog experiment started with four types of dogs: Pulis, a talented Hungarian sheep dog; Border collies and German shepherds, chosen for their intelligence, aggressiveness and sheepherding ability; and chows,

which had no record as shepherds but were stable and smart. Purebred young dogs of each type were given extensive tests. When the characteristics of each dog had been established, the work of crossbreeding began. Would a pup born of a Puli-chow union have the Puli's sheepherding ability and the chow's stability?

Ada was one of the dogs born of this second generation. Her mother was a German shepherd — a former Seeing-Eye dog; her father was a Puli. She was bright but not much of a shepherd. Then she was mated to a pure Puli, an ace among the sheepherders. When the pups from this union had completed their final exams, it was found that four of the nine had Ada's extraordinary intelligence, and the other five also stood near the head of the class. What was more significant, they were all handy at herding sheep. If the pups can produce another generation of prodigies, Beltsville will be well on its way toward breeding a super sheep dog.

Beekeepers recently demanded a new model with a longer proboscis, to dig deeper into the big flowers and get more nectar. Beltsville men have turned out some test models, but they're still working on the problem. They know what they want — a bee with a gentle disposition, a love of home, ability to fly in cold weather, extra storage space for honey, and some distinguishing characteristics — like stars on the wings — that

will make it possible to tell the new bee from the old.

Seeking a strain of karakul sheep which will flourish in this country, Beltsville has worked out a formula of three quarters karakul and one quarter native sheep. If the experiment is successful the American farmer will have another source of income and American women will get cheaper Persian lamb coats.

A few years ago when vegetable oils began to replace lard, and farmers realized that their pigs were turning out fat that nobody wanted, Beltsville got started on remodeling the hog. They now produce a porker with the weight transferred to bacon and hams — plus a few other innovations. The result is a superhog.

Pigs, you see, is not just pigs. The Danish Landrace, for instance, is one of the best meat-producing hogs in the world, but it has a weak back, weak feet, and a white complexion

which would be subject to sunburn in most hog-raising areas. Beltsville began to breed Danish hogs to American strains. Now, after several generations, the main characteristic of the new hog have been pretty well established — a strong, arched back, laden with pork chops and roasts, and the Landrace's long streamlined body and thick legs that are heavy with bacon and hams. The new hog will be red, able to stand the summer sun of Kansas or Florida.

They've even tested the temperament of the new pig. Nervous hogs don't get fat as quickly as they should. So Beltsville is trying to eliminate the flighty porker and breed one which looks on life with tranquility and a good appetite.

New-model crops, like new-model airplanes, don't just grow. There must be research behind them. And behind our new agriculture is Beltsville — where life is made to order.



Censored by the Sponsor

ADVERTISING agencies have a whole set of taboos for the radio scripts of commercial programs. Thus, you mustn't mention the word "lucky" on the Camel program. One may not say "What a lucky break" or "You lucky boy." This sometimes leads to such circumlocutions as "What a fortuitous circumstance" and "You favored child of fortune." The word "strike" is also anathema. When I interviewed Joe DiMaggio on such a program it was a neat trick to discuss baseball without letting a "strike" slip in.

Similarly, on the Armour program no one is "swift"; one is quick, brisk, or agile. And in the Swift offering, knights in armor are taboo.

— Ilka Chase, *Past Imperfect* (Doubleday, Doran)

Washington Wonderland

Reprinted from Forbes

Potomacus

Law Note THURMAN ARNOLD'S Anti-Trust Division has 1,000,000 more to spend this year than last. But as the range of evangelical crackdown expands, the federal prosecutors tend to move in haste, without sufficient regard for facts or law. When a sweeping price-fixing indictment against the baking industry at length came to trial in the U. S. District Court for the District of Columbia, Arnold's bright young men took two weeks to present their case; whereupon the defense moved for a directed verdict of *acquittal*. In terminating the action without even the formality of hearing defense testimony, Judge T. Alan Goldsborough, a Roosevelt appointee, observed from the bench: "I have never, in all my over 40 years' experience, seen tried a case that was as absolutely devoid of evidence as this. That is the honest truth. I have never seen one like it."

On Capitol Hill, a special appropriation was suggested to compensate the defendants for all costs. Some way must be found, Congress insists, to protect American business against conspiracy indictments thus woven from thin air merely to provide experience for next year's law graduates.

Liquidation WASHINGTON seldom has seen a brighter vision than Arthurdale, the forgotten West Virginia mining camp which Mrs. Roosevelt undertook in 1934 to trans-

form into a model community — one, she hoped, which might point the way to a new mode of abundant living for all America. A going, taxpaying 1000-acre buckwheat farm was acquired by Subsistence Homesteads, and promptly plowed under. Into the sprawling 22-room stone house on the hilltop moved army engineers, Geological Survey crews, soil chemists, city planners, and specialists in sanitation, recreation, community singing, nutrition, crops, and handicrafts. In the White House, the First Lady, assisted by Rex Tugwell, drew plans. At various points WPA, NYA, CCC, and FSA helped. The Treasury paid out \$2,697,157 in cash, not counting free services rendered by 14 federal agencies.

By 1938, 165 homesteads of three acres each emerged, surrounded by luxurious community houses, a school, factory, and coöperative exchange. But during the next four years no substantial industries came to Arthurdale. Farming was poor. The coöperative exchange languished in the red. Another Utopia got stuck in the mud. Early this year the project was abandoned. It is to be sold, on *credit* — no down payment — to the former tenants for \$175,000.

FSA once had 197 of these rehabilitation projects of all sizes. The total government investment is \$136,168,980. One fourth of the projects already have been liquidated, and 35 more will go through the wringer this year.

Competitive Examinations

¶ FEDERAL AGENCIES in the capital are employing 100 new stenographers every day — about 2500 a month. But the government personnel in Washington is *less than one seventh* of the total for the entire country. For several months the sprouting agencies have been unable to recruit stenographic help as needed. On the day the U. S. Employment Service reported only 27,300 stenographers seeking work in all 48 states, the Civil Service Commission disclosed it needed 10,000 for the government alone! Then came from Columnist Leonard Lyons, of the New York Post, an apocryphal description of a new hurry-up test for federal stenographers. "The applicant is taken into a room where there are three objects — a washing machine, a typewriter, and a machine gun. If she can pick out the typewriter, she's hired."

"Approved for Publication"

¶ TO SAFEGUARD military secrets, corporations producing war materials must have their annual reports to stockholders approved by *nine* different agencies before sending them to the printer — (1) the Office of Censorship, for revelations of grand *strategy*, (2) Office of Facts & Figures, *new processes*, (3) Inventors Council, *new machines*, (4) the Army or Navy intelligence coordinator, *military secrets*, (5) Commerce Department, *plant capacity*, (6) Bureau of the Budget, *appropriations*, (7) Office of Government Reports, *federal property*, (8) War Shipping Administration, *traffic routes*, and (9) the Securities and Exchange Commission, *truth-in-securities*. From Washington, the report goes

to the regional military censor for the corps area or naval district in which the plant is located. The complete routine of censorship requires about six weeks. One firm recently went to press with a nine Washington O.K.'s, only to have the report blue-penciled by the regional censor at Los Angeles — after some 20,000 copies had been run. Manufacturers are pressing for consolidation of all censorship functions in one office, to save millions of dollars annually in travel expenses of top business executives. Because of their highly confidential contents and their tremendous dollar value in the speculative market — these reports, prior to final approval may be entrusted only to corporation presidents and vice-presidents — are needed every day at the plants to keep the victory lines moving.

Not Serious

¶ DESPITE the war bulletins which flow across his desk every hour, President Roosevelt still can break the White House tension with a laugh. Ernest Lindley tells us that a Washington newspaper, in its first edition, published headline reading: "President Kept 12 Rooms by Coed." The presses were stopped after 980 copies had been run and all were recalled before distribution. But when told about the misprint, the President was so amused that he ordered 12 copies to pass among his aides.

Large Order

¶ WAR REGULATION governing feminine styles present a breath-taking problem in enforcement. "It is our desire to more or less freeze the existing silhouette," says WPB — proving the bureaucracy will try anything once.

Snow Blindness ¶ OUR PRINCIPAL metropolitan newspapers receive as many as 100 army photos each week — enough for 12 solid pages. At commercial rates, they would cost about \$1 each. One ski-troop series received by the *Washington Star* comprised 158 pictures, and a few days later 28 additional ski selections arrived from the news photo syndicates — “forcing the picture editor to wear smoked glasses to avoid snow blindness.”

Army Fluff ¶ SOOTHING army pamphlets in orchid and beige for mothers, wives and sweethearts have brought Dorothy Thompson's declaration of war against the Women's Interests Section, Bureau of Public Relations, War Department. “For unmitigated bilge and coy verbiage they surpass anything ever caricatured by Alexander Woollcott,” Miss Thompson wrote at the top of her voice. “It seems, reading them, that the American Army is some sort of Ye Olde Summer Camp for spoiled and blasé children. . . . So cheer up, girls! Your man, after he has saved the world, will come home and wash the dishes, maybe do the cooking, too, like Uncle Sam taught him.”

The mother-morale literature comes in packets, Miss Thompson explains. “The other day I received seven pamphlets, of around 20 pages each, printed on high-quality glossy paper, bound in heavy colored paper covers — blue, green, gray, pink and beige — and so deluxe that 29 perfectly blank pages were bound in, just for elegance. This dainty little seven-in-one, the cost of posting which must be around a quarter, is dedicated and addressed to the women of


the United States. I'd give a good deal to know whether Secretary Stimson ever saw them; or whether General Marshall ever saw them. And, oh, what would I not give for the comments of General MacArthur!”

Guns or Mineographs? ¶ AN OFFICIAL bureau-to-bureau survey of federal publicity agencies tabulates 2995 full-time employes, assisted by 31,618 part-time workers. Salaries and expenses for government publicity during the 1941 fiscal year were \$27,700,000 — or about the cost of 100 Flying Fortresses fully equipped and loaded. One year's free mail from the federal agencies was reported at \$41,500,000 — the amount of postage which would have been collected on the same items mailed from non-government offices. Thus the measurable cost of government publicity (some critics call it propaganda) comes to at least \$69,200,000 a year — or 250 Flying Fortresses.


Representative Richard B. Wigglesworth of Massachusetts demanded the complete departmental publicity survey from the Budget Bureau. “I anticipated I would receive a few typewritten pages. When the document arrived it was 164 pages, measuring about 15 x 20 inches. . . . I am confident, however, that it does not give us anything like a complete picture.” The report did not include, for example, the publicity activities of OEM (Office for Emergency Management), then known to employ 240 persons at a cost of \$685,000 a year. The current appropriation increases the Office of Government Reports staff from 531 to 935. It has branches in every state.

Media used by the government press

agents include radio, motion pictures, press releases, lantern slides, paid advertisements, pamphlets, photographs, posters, "educational coöperation," "individual contacts," and "group contacts." Representative Philip A. Bennett of Missouri has said: "I frequently receive letters from publishers asking if something cannot be done to lessen the vast amount of material sent them by these departments. They tell me they could not give space to one thousandth part of the material they receive."

Health Note  **SCULPTOR** Warren Gilbertson had been warned he would find Washington very much at sixes and sevens. But he was hardly prepared for the reception which awaited him, he told June Provines, the Chicago *Sun's* girl-about-town. Alighting from the train, he went to a drug-store and asked for an alka-seltzer.

"We're all out of everything for headaches," answered the fountain girl.

Honest Criticism Needed  **OFFICIAL** Washington is becoming increasingly intolerant of criticism. David Lawrence, one of the few active journalists who also reported World War I, sees a concerted political movement afoot to suppress all debate on war conduct:

"There's a new drive on to stifle criticism of the Administration. It is means of the outcry that such criticism gives 'aid and comfort' to the enemy. Even if the truth reveals that the politicians inside the government are bumbling the war effort, even if they disclose colossal waste, mismanagement and incompetence, the critics must say anything about it — why, it might possibly be used by Berlin in its shell-wave broadcasts!"

Wendell Willkie likewise has taken up the cudgels against a blackout news from Washington:

"Honest criticism is a good and stimulating thing within government at all times. In wartime a watchful constructive minority is particularly important to keep the government on its toes, to keep the conduct of the great war effort which means life or death to all of us."

In England, Winston Churchill bore of his success in keeping open the normal channels of criticism. Announcing the loss of Singapore, and the first raids upon Australia, Churchill proudly told Commons:

"We have succeeded in preserving our traditional free institutions — of speech, full and active parliament, government, a free press. We have done that under conditions which at times were more strained and convulsive than have ever beset a civilized state."



A MAN may build himself a throne of bayonets,
but he cannot sit on it.

— Dean Inge

The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met

By

Edwin Balmer

MY WORLD, as I first knew it, had five fixtures: my mother and father, my sister and brother — and Winnie. There might be a Bridget in the kitchen or a Norah who made the beds and dusted, but they came and left. There was no time, so far as any of us children knew, when Winnie had "come"; and it was impossible ever to think of her "leaving." She was something you could count on.

It was about the middle of the last century when Winifred Stapleton, a girl of less than 20 newly arrived from Ireland, blue of eye and black of hair, was hired by my grandfather as nurse for his first child. Little did either know then that she was to "bring up" not only his children but also his grandchildren, was even to rock in her arms his great-grandchildren, crooning to them her haunting Irish tunes.

Winnie's room was not on the

third floor with "the maids." It was on the floor below, with ours. I think of it always as sunny and cheerful, though since it faced west it could have been sunny only part of the day. But even if the weather outside were gray and gloomy, it seemed sunny when Winnie was there.

"Tell me a story, Winnie."

"So it's a story ye'll be after wantin'? A new wan or an old wan? Faith, lave me pick up me mindin'." Her mending was sewing on buttons, repairing rips, or darning holes in small stockings; she never was idle when she told her stories. "Once at the virry top iv a mount'in — an' a tall mount'in, too, it was, I till ye —"

Not only the three of us but children from the whole neighborhood gathered about her; we would sit at her feet, wide-eyed, in a semicircle while she rocked slowly, shutting her eyes now and then as she drew upon her store of old Irish tales and her own heaven-sent gift for fancy.

She put princes and fair ladies into her stories, and giants and dragons; but the real stuff of them was courage against odds, endurance under adversity, steadfastness through discouragement.

Courage one simply had to have. If my brother or I ran away from a fight we might explain it to Mother, but never to Winnie. "Fighting is

EDWIN BALMER graduated from Northwestern University with a Phi Beta Kappa key in 1902, shortly before he reached his 19th birthday. After taking his master's degree at Harvard, he worked briefly as a reporter on the Chicago *Tribune* and then launched a vigorous career as writer and editor. For several years he was editorial adviser and contributor to *Hampden's*, at the same time writing for many other magazines. Since 1927 he has been editor of *Redbook Magazine*. In addition, he has found time to write, sometimes with a co-author, no less than 22 books, ranging from economic studies to novels and detective stories.

disgraceful," said Mother. "I hope never to hear of you fighting again."

Winnie waited until we were alone, then she said: "If the other bye is as big as ye, fight him — and lick him! If he's not up to yer size, yer mother's right. But niver run from a fight!"

Winnie simplified many things effectively, reducing them to plain terms of courage or cowardice. If you lied you did it because you were afraid; you were a coward. And nothing was more contemptible.

I am sure that Mother knew, after she had put in her polite dictum about fighting, that Winnie would have her say. Mother never gave Winnie orders. She would say, "Winnie, do you think we had better" do this or that? Usually Winnie said, "Yes, Mrs. Ba'mer"; but sometimes it was "No, Mrs. Ba'mer." And that was all.

In all ordinary relations Mother was "Mrs. Ba'mer"; but sometimes it was different. Returning home one day I was aware instantly that something was wrong. I crept upstairs quietly. The door of Mother's room was open. Peering in, I saw Mother crying. Winnie had her arms about her. "Now Nellie . . . now Nellie," Winnie was saying with tears running down her own cheeks. And Mother clung to her and was quieter.

I picked up the yellow paper from the floor and read my uncle's name. In South Africa the natives had risen against the English, and my uncle — Mother's only brother —

was dead. Winnie had looked after both Mother and her brother when they were little.

ON A TABLE at one end of Winnie's room lay her prayer book and rosary. Never anything else. When Winnie's door was shut in the daytime you knew she was repeating her prayers. A child listening outside could hear her whispering.

Upon the other table in Winnie's room, beside the mending basket, was the newspaper. The Chicago newspapers in the rip-roaring nineties were spectacular; and Winnie adored them. There was nearly always a murder, committed in some extraordinary manner, or a murder trial.

"Glory be!" Winnie would exclaim with shocked delight over the headlines. "Another murther! An' how did they do this wan?"

One startling crime was committed a half mile from where we lived. Dr. Cronin was murdered and his body put in a sewer. My father happened to have circumstantial knowledge useful in the prosecution of the murderer and was asked to testify at the trial. Nothing in his career so impressed Winnie, especially when he was able to arrange a place for her in the crowded courtroom.

About that time Winnie caught me borrowing a neighbor's bicycle without permission. "Ye shud have shame on yerself," she said reprovingly, "hookin' Mr. Wardlow's wheel

an' yer fa-ather a witness for Dr. ronin."

There were sins "by the book" which you could not commit, but Winnie's strictness stopped at a sensible line. She never sacrificed her influence over us by being unreasonable. When we were hiding barrels for an unpermitted bonfire, Winnie knew; and we knew she knew; but we knew also that she would never tell our parents, and seven times never would she tell the police.

She enjoyed, indeed, her own private feud with "the source." During one September drought a police regulation forbade the use of the hose except during certain evening hours. The order seemed absurd to Winnie, for she loved to water the garden.

"Good avenin' to you, Officer Nahaly," we heard Winnie say one afternoon in the blandest of tones. An Irish cop, who had the misfortune not to hail from her own County Cork, had come up the alley and caught her watering the flowers. She hid the hose behind her back, but there was the water squirting up into the air for everyone to see.

"Good avenin' to you, Miss Stapleton — though 'tis not avenin' at all. Not half past four in the afternoon, it is. But what might ye be holdin' behind yer back now, Miss Stapleton?"

"Shure I've me hand behind me back; and who has betther right to hold it there?"

"But what have ye in yer hand, Miss Stapleton?"

"What have I in me hand?" But by now Winnie was prepared. "This is a fine, free counthry the two iv us have come to, Officer Nahaly — with a fine, free constitution. Or hadn't ye heard iv it?"

In school I had reached the battle of Lexington. Winnie had gone a good deal farther; she would often take my book to her room after I had gone to bed.

"Iv course I heard iv it," said Nahaly warily.

"'Tis a wonder so little iv it has stuck with ye then!" Winnie exclaimed. "Only last night I read how Thomas Jiferson an' James Madison worked together on the Bill iv Rights. And shure soon the both iv them was presidents. An' do ye know why? Because they bistowed their most careful attintion, Officer Nahaly, to the siction on search and seizure."

"Search and seizure?" Things were obviously getting deep for Nahaly.

"Without due process iv law, Officer Nahaly; and well wud ye heed it. Lay wan hand on me *or* the hose and do ye know what it wud be? Search and seizure iv the blackest sort. Lay wan hand on me and George Washington wud rise from his grave — an' Benjamin Franklin with him!"

WINNIE feared nothing in all her life except the doom of uselessness.

When my sister was born she was delighted; now she had another young one to look after. She was spared infirmity. Her eyes held out and she did not deafen; her hardness seemed sometimes even to increase. Yet occasionally a little confusion came to her; and surely it was not strange for now, when I brought Caroline to the old house, Winnie rocked in her arms the great-granddaughter of the young man who so long ago had hired her.

I stepped into the room one evening after she had sung the baby to sleep. Winnie laid her down in the crib and we stood in the dark together. I felt her strong, gentle hand grasp mine.

"Ye're Edwin?" she asked me.

"Yes."

"Nellie's bye. . . . An' now ye've a young wan iv yer own."

Winnie waited a moment.

"Ye niver knew yer grandfather."

"No."

"Did I iver tell ye what he asked me? Wud I stay? That's what he wanted to know. Wud I stay?"

WE ALL TRIED to induce her to do less, to rest more; but Winnie would

not hear of it. One hot afternoon friend of my mother's found her walking a good two miles from home. She stopped her car and invited Winnie in. Winnie politely refused.

"But Winnie, how are you going to get home?"

"Shure, the same way that served me all me life — by thrusting me right foot forward and then my left forinst it."

Winnie didn't die from an illness. She died from having lived. Her young countrymen asked the privilege of carrying the pall — five from the police force and one from the engine company. During the prayer a fire alarm rang and the fireman had to go. It left an empty place and there was a moment of hesitation until my father touched my shoulder.

"You carry her, Edwin. . . . She's often carried you."

And so with a man from Corl near where she had been born nearly 90 years before, with one from Kilkenny, one from Limerick, one from Wicklow and one from Clare, I carried Winnie. Little and light she was within the casket; the great soul of her was gone away.



Illustrative Anecdotes — 57 —

¶ AT AN evening party in England some people were saying that cigarettes were worse since the war started, transportation was worse, in fact, everything was worse.

"Only the people are better," a man interjected.

— Louis Fischer, *Dawn of Victory* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce)

The Fight of the Chetniks

Condensed from Free World

Major Erwin Lessner

THE MOST elusive foe the Nazis face is General Draža Mihailovitch, who hardly more than a year ago was an inconspicuous colonel on the Serb general staff but today is famous as leader of a crafty and dauntless army of 100,000 *Chetniki*. Mihailovitch's men are generally thought of as guerrillas but they are in fact a long-established, thoroughly trained force carrying out a well-defined military program. While they remain on the offensive the Axis cannot turn Yugoslavia into a base, cannot even use its railways and roads for large-scale transit toward the Middle East. Their skill and bravery have aroused the admiration of the world.

Swastika-embazoned Nazi posters

ERWIN LESSNER was a major in the Austrian army in the first World War, winning nine decorations for valor. After the war he worked as a journalist and advertising man until 1938, when Hitler took over Austria. Major Lessner fled to Prague and volunteered in the Czech army, whereupon the Nazis sentenced him to death, *in absentia*. When the Germans reached Prague in 1939 he escaped to Norway. He fought with the Finns against the Russians in 1940-41, and then found his return to Norway cut off by the German occupation. Trapped in Sweden, he was jailed for a month at Nazi instigation. He finally managed to reach the United States last July by way of Russia. Since then his articles on European affairs have appeared in leading magazines.

Nazi military science is powerless to subdue these 100,000 Yugoslav warriors of an "invisible army" masters of the hit-and-run technique.

throughout the country proclaim that anyone aiding Mihailovitch will be shot, and offer 50,000,000 dinars — about \$1,000,000 — for information leading to his capture. But to no avail: the peasants of Serbia are not traitors.

Last summer in the town of Shabatz, 50 miles from the Nazi headquarters in Belgrade, two battalions of German infantry were stationed. Their equipment included 48 heavy machine guns, two field batteries, and motorized anti-tank guns. One day machine-gun fire suddenly broke loose. The alarm was sounded, but German gunners who ran to their posts found the gun emplacements manned by Chetniks, who had killed the Nazi guards; the anti-tank guns had disappeared into cornfields where, behind man-high stalks, Chetnik sharpshooters mowed down the Nazi soldiers. Chetniks seemed to be everywhere — on roofs, in barns and in the streets, which were soon covered with German dead and wounded. In 15 minutes it was all over.

Only a few Nazis escaped to report that a hostile army was approaching. General Dankelman set out to crush the Serbs with two mountain brigades, an armored brigade, heavy artillery, and strong air support. For two hours Shabatz was bombed from the air. Incendiaries rained on the cornfields. Then the panzers attacked — only to find that the enemy had disappeared. The earth of Serbia seemed to have swallowed its heroes.

A few days later it released them again — this time upon the mountain town of Užice, where the Germans maintained large supply depots. The garrison had been reinforced, the hills and forests nearby were constantly patrolled, and the western exit from the town was guarded by a Nazi machine-gun post.

As a platoon of infantry in German field gray approached, the Nazi guard called out greetings. The platoon replied with a volley of fire, and instantly hell broke loose at all the approaches. The town was surrounded by an enemy who had arrived unobserved. The Chetniks operated in groups of three, every group active in a predetermined area. The Germans became panicky, sought to flee; and were killed by their own machine guns which were firing madly at anything moving in the streets.

A large German transport column approached from the north. The Chetniks let it pass undisturbed. When advised by his advance guard

of the trouble in Užice, the German commander gave orders to turn about. Too late! Serb mountain batteries began firing and the column was destroyed. In an hour the Germans lost 2500 men and large amount of matériel.

Then the Germans sent three divisions against Užice. They encircled the town; not a mouse would escape. No Serb soldier was found. The Germans tortured civilians but got no information. The Chetniks had moved on, and in a few days were at Kragujevac, destroying German transport to Greece.

German vigilance was increased. Soldiers kept watch until they were exhausted — and then the Chetniks attacked. Nazi punitive expeditions raced through the country, lost their way, and were ambushed. German casualties mounted and 200 field guns, thousands of machine guns and many cars of gasoline and oil were lost.

In Dalmatian ports were hundreds of Italian trucks, crated airplanes and heavy artillery. When the Chetniks attacked Ragusa and Cattaro Bay the Italian garrison retired after only a token resistance. The Chetniks turned the town's captured guns on the small warships anchored in the bay, and only a few destroyers escaped the surprise assault. Cattaro protected by an invisible cordon, is today a safe debarkation port for possible lease-lend shipments transported by submarines of the United Nations.

The Chetniks who today control almost 20,000 square miles of their country were organized 38 years ago when the Serbs were fighting for their freedom from Turkish rule and Bulgarian aggression. Though they fought in the two Balkan Wars and the first World War, the old Chetniks lacked organization and their medieval methods were inadequate against modern armies. Draža Mihailovitch, who as a 17-year-old cadet had fought the Turks and the Bulgars and had joined the Chetniks when the Serb army was defeated in the first World War, knew their faults but realized their potentialities.

After the World War the husky, red-haired young man with the friendly blue eyes and almost feminine features could have embarked upon a life of ease. He was good company and was not averse to drinking good Serbian *slivovitz*. He married a girl he had loved since childhood, became the father of four children, and led a model family life.

But he was a restless spirit. He applied for and received a position on the general staff. To his superiors he made a sensational suggestion: to organize plans for an "invisible war," by which resistance was to continue even though the country became occupied by an enemy.

Chetnik arms depots were kept separate from those of the regular Serbian army. Massing of supplies was avoided. The mountain roads by

APRIL 27 (by wireless to the *New York Times*) — An official spokesman revealed today that General Mihailovitch, Yugoslav guerrilla leader, has made a deal to exchange Italian prisoners for fuel. General Mihailovitch has worked out the following scale of values:

One Italian soldier for one can of gasoline.

One Italian officer up to the rank of colonel, four cans.

One Italian colonel for 50 cans.

The Italian command complained that these demands were unreasonable, but finally accepted. As a result General Mihailovitch will be able to operate his mechanized equipment for some time to come.

which the Chetniks would reach their mustering places were marked with secret signs. Other markings indicated caves and hidden blockhouses where were deposited orders in secret writing. Radio transmitters were set up, unknown to all but the men who were to operate them.

When German troops overran Yugoslavia, Mihailovitch disguised himself as a peasant and hurried to the capital to launch the invisible war. The leaders were at their posts, waiting for orders. The depots, however, could not equip all who wanted to serve: instead of the 30,000 Mihailovitch had expected, almost 100,000 volunteered.

When they were ready, the Chetniks struck. Their operations spread like wildfire. Enemy forces were never

directly attacked; they were shadowed, engaged in skirmishes, and finally enclosed in a strangling noose from which they could escape only by hurried flight. Shrewdly planned sabotage was carried on incessantly. The entire railway system of the country was thrown out of gear; the journey through Yugoslavia to Turkey, an Argentine minister reported, took him 11 days instead of one. Nazi military science was helpless before this sort of improvisation. In revenge, the *Luftwaffe* ravaged peaceful villages, set farms afire, killed women and children.

Germany's war against Russia brought the return of some Yugoslav air force pilots who had escaped with their planes during the occupation and found refuge in the U.S.S.R. Mihailovitch had prepared airfields for them. The Nazis furnished gasoline — from tank cars captured by Chetniks.

The Germans were in a quandary. Generals had failed to stop Chetnik operations. The Gestapo, too, were powerless. General Milan Nedich, the Serb Quisling whom the Nazis appointed "leader" of the country, was ordered to take the field with a force of 50,000, accompanied by German artillery and armored troops.

Advancing along a line which he believed securely in German hands, his camp was surrounded by Chetniks. Of his force, 25,000 deserted. German detachments tried to organ-

ize resistance but were routed and matériel for three divisions was lost.

The Nazis have tried to starve the Chetniks out. They hold 200,000 Yugoslav prisoners of war — without whom, they believed, the country could not raise enough food for an army. But Mihailovitch lets as many as 90 percent of his soldiers work on farms from time to time. Provisioning of the Chetniks proceeded smoothly.

Equipment is a more difficult problem. Matériel cannot forever be obtained by capturing it from the Germans. Allied aid is needed. Military authorities agree that nowhere else could a few machine guns, light mortars, rifles and grenades be used to such great advantage. The Chetniks are in a position to serve the United Nations cause out of all proportion to their numbers. Moreover, needed supplies could be rushed into the battle area by transport plane and through the Adriatic ports which the Chetniks control.

As this issue of The Reader's Digest goes to press, word comes from responsible sources that Mihailovitch is attacking Sarajevo, troubled Serb city where the assassination of Archduke Francis Ferdinand precipitated the first World War. Organized resistance continues throughout Serbia and none of the incredibly cruel reprisals visited by the Germans upon the innocent Serb population has affected the fighting ardor of the redoubtable Chetniks.



The Nation's Busiest Businessman

Condensed from *Cosmopolitan*

J. P. McEvoy



ONE DAY last January President Roosevelt called Donald Marr Nelson to his office and announced with disarming non-chalance, "I'm tired of carrying the whole load. How would you like to take over the production job?"

"If I can boss it," Nelson replied softly.

"I'll put it in writing," said the President.

"Let me write it," murmured Nelson, who is no Johnny-come-lately in Pandemonium-on-the-Potomac.

Unlike Big Bill Knudsen, who, as head of OPM, had only power to advise, Nelson would boss all the production and all the buying for those 185,000 planes, 120,000 tanks and 18,000,000 tons of shipping; all the guns and shells and food and uniforms for our army, navy and air force. He would stop suggesting to industry — he would tell 'em! He would stop advising the army and navy on what and how to buy, and start ordering.

So he wrote his own ticket. There was delay — objection was raised that it was not legal. "Who's going to sue me?" Nelson demanded. He got his complete and final authority.

Donald Nelson has the frame of a

Chicago Bear fullback, the face of a Middle Western Buddha, staring solemnly through glasses. You have heard the Nelson legends: how he has 50 pipes on his desk, 50 more in a drawer, 100 en route from Chicago; how he raised his desk eight inches so he wouldn't tower over his callers; took a memory course at the Y.M.C.A. so he wouldn't forget names and faces; has his neckties specially made because ready-mades are too short for his big neck. And there are others: how he never has dictated a letter more than two pages long; turns out the light to save the government money; and after conferences tidies up the room and empties the ash trays. Also, according to legend, he has almost inhuman control over his emotions. He is quoted as saying, "It has been my experience that the man who loses his temper loses the argument."

Nelson was born in Hannibal, Missouri — Mark Twain's birthplace — in 1888, the son of an Irish locomotive engineer. As a barefoot boy he roamed the Huckleberry Finn coun-

tryside. When he was three, his mother died, and Donald was brought up by a Scottish grandmother who believed that "as the twig is bent the tree's inclined" and proceeded to bend little Donald. She taught him that pennies make dimes and dimes make dollars and started him on his slow climb to the nation's top job of buying and selling.

In Hannibal High, Nelson met the person who, next to his grandmother, made the most profound impression on him — chemistry teacher Roy Glasgow. "He gave me direction for my whole life," says Nelson. "It was to go on with chemistry that I worked my way through the University of Missouri." An exceptionally good student, he was well known on the campus, but had no time for extracurricular activities or athletics.

About this time Sears, Roebuck & Co. was combing the universities for outstanding young chemists to work in their new testing laboratories. Nelson was caught in the dragnet. His first job was to analyze boys' pants.

The laboratory was all right, but Nelson wanted to learn how the stuff was made and how to head off faults at the source, so the company arranged for him to attend the Textile Institute in Lowell, Massachusetts. He served a year's apprenticeship in the American Woolen Mills in Utica, N. Y., and returned to start Sears' textile laboratory, wearing a suit cut out of goods he had woven himself.

Twenty-four years later Donald

Nelson was running the whole show for Sears, Roebuck. Somewhere along the road he had detoured out of the laboratory ("some jobs have low ceilings") into merchandising, where he now bought and manufactured nearly a billion dollars' worth of goods a year. A glutton for work, he had shouldered his way to the top of 50,000 employees. When not traveling the country, checking personnel, inspecting factories and meeting customers, he lived with his wife in Glencoe, fashionable Chicago suburb. She sculpts; he dabbles in photography. They have no children.

Nelson knew his Washington from way back in 1933, when he was assistant to Chairman Clay Williams of the NRA. From August 1934 to April 1935 he was NRA Code Administrator and his name became a synonym for patient, persuasive and tireless negotiation. In 1938, as Chairman of the Industrial Committee, he shuttled between Washington, Chicago and the textile centers, recommending working standards for the textile industry under the Wage-Hour Law. In 1940 President Roosevelt called him to Washington to help the Treasury buy airplanes for the British. He intended to quit in a few months but FDR wouldn't let him.

Last January Nelson resigned his job as executive vice-president of Sears, Roebuck to settle down for the duration in a two-room Washington apartment. His government salary is \$15,000, compared to the

\$70,000 he made working for Sears' 12,000,000 customers, but he now has 132,000,000 customers at home — and millions more all over the world.

It is a curious and significant fact that Donald Nelson, who heads production, and Leon Henderson, who heads price control and rationing — the two top civilian wartime jobs — come from the widely separated camps of Big Business and the New Deal, and meet on the common ground of wholehearted cooperation. Nelson, in Henderson's presence one day, explained: "Leon's social-minded efforts to raise the under-dog's standard of living bring him to the same place I have arrived at by giving the largest number of people the most value for the least money. Leon would break up monopolies by government slugging. I can do it better by doing business more efficiently. The way we made most of our money at Sears was to look for a monopoly where the spread between the cost and the selling price was too big and artificially sustained. That's where we moved in and made a killing."

The modest office from which this biggest of civilian jobs is directed runs on ball bearings. Nelson's desk is clear. He keeps his appointments on the nose. He starts work at 8:15 in the morning. He has business appointments for breakfast at the Broadmoor, where he lives, and luncheon in his office. He leaves the office about seven, and he seldom takes work home.

On his desk every morning is the report of all war production boiled down to one line per item — total number required, quota for the month and cumulative day-by-day total. If one item — say medium tanks — shows a lag, he calls for a more detailed breakdown. His long training enables him to put his finger on what is wrong, and in a few minutes the man responsible is in Nelson's office, or on the long-distance phone.

We chatted for half an hour. Only one telephone call came through: five shipways had closed down because 200,000 tons of steel plates had not been delivered per Nelson's instructions. He settled this little chore in less than a minute by the office clock.

"This must be the biggest job and you the busiest man in the world," I said.

"It's pretty big," he admitted, "but I don't have much to do. You see, my job is to make the other fellow work."

For long months before Nelson took over, Washington was full of executives who could drag their feet and get by. But not any more. Nelson is there to substitute "too much and too soon" for "too little and too late." "When this job is over," he says, "I hope those of us who have had anything to do with it will be criticized only for building too much of everything. It's the only way we'll win the war. And we'll win it. We're not playing for marbles."

PICTURESQUE *speech* AND PATTERN . . .

In the quiet dusk the houses were waiting to gather in their families for the night (Virginia Lee)

The clock hands converged on twelve, pinching out the last minutes of the day (Jerry MacMullen)

Candles wrestled with the darkness.
(Stefan Zweig)

Characterizations — of Eugene Field: Children went to his lap as promptly as to a garden swing (George W. Cable) . . . *Of Lincoln:* It seemed in his later years as though the knuckles of sorrow had pushed his eyes deep into their sockets (Daniel L. Marsh)

The heart makes a record of every shining thing and plays it back like music through the years (Felix Noland)

She's pretty as a picture — nice frame too (Bobby Stockdale) . . . He's dame-dreaming.

Car-sale advertisement: Car is A-1. Owner is I-A.

Soldier at Service Club party: I don't dance, but I'd love holding you while you do.

Piers wading into the ocean on their centipede legs (Katharine Brush)

A canyon filled to the brim with hush (Dr. Charles S. Hempstead)

A brief case full of responsibility.
(Upton Sinclair)

Nimble as a spider.
(Sylvia Townsend Warner)

Seeds unzipped their jackets (Viola C. Prentice) . . . Yellow dandelions but-toning the greening sod to earth (Elisabeth Schumann) . . . A bee was busily scolding a flower (John Moore)

A white petticoat of dogwood . . . Old apple trees with cricks in their backs (Louise Redfield Peattie) . . . Shadows gesturing on a wall (Sara Teasdale)

A New Englander, explaining his marital peace: And why not? Every week I give her my pay envelope, and every night when I come home I back into my stall.

She was reaching for a hook to hang her news on (Vicki Baum) . . . The edges of her voice curled with curiosity (Maureen Daly) . . . She lives in a hollow of self-pity (David Seabury) . . . He has his heart in a sling (Walter Winchell)

He stepped out to see the night face to face (Enrique Gil Gilbert) . . . The rain came down on stilts (Oscar Williams) . . . The sky sagged like a wet circus tent (John Dos Passos) . . . His hatbrim ladling water into his collar.
(Elizabeth Troy)

New answer in Britain to persons asking directions: I don't know. I'm a parachutist myself. (Leonard Lyons)

People are combatting blackouts with brighter inside curtains. Keeping their chintz up! (London Opinion)

Fashion note: There'll be little change in men's pockets this year.
(Wall Street Journal)

Alimony: The high cost of leaving.

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ADDRESS PATTERN EDITOR, BOX 605, PLEASANTVILLE, N. Y.

Remember Pearl Harbor!

A condensation from the book by

Blake Clark

I HAVE BEEN close to the horrors and glories of one of the most crucial battles in America's history. Its beginning is a calm, sunny Sunday morning in one of the most peaceful spots in the world. Its ending sees many American planes destroyed, ships disabled, oil burning on the water, men swimming in it, nearly 3000 lives lost. "More damage in one hour than the U. S. fleet suffered in the entire World War."

I heard the rumbling noise of what I thought was coast artillery practice as we were eating our waffles and bacon.

Yamato came running in from the kitchen. "Plenty plane outside!" he exclaimed.

From the back porch we could see a squadron of planes high above. Over Pearl Harbor we saw the sky dotted with black puffs of smoke.

"That's good," said Mr. Frear, with whom I lived. "We *ought* to get ready."

Then a neighbor rushed in.

"The Japanese are bombing Oahu!" she cried.

"Oh, no, it's only practice. Don't get excited," we said.

"If you don't believe it," she exclaimed, "turn on your radio!"

I did. "Keep calm, everybody. Oahu is under attack. This is no joke. The emblem of the Rising Sun has been seen on the wings of the attacking planes." I recognized the dynamic voice of Webley Edwards, KGMB station manager.

Just then a car turned into the drive and came to a quick stop. A woman in a Red Cross uniform ran up the steps. "Come on!" she shouted. "We need help!"

I spent the day with her Red Cross unit, evacuating civilians from attacked areas. With my own eyes I saw much of what had happened. In the days after, I talked with everyone I could: commanding officers and seamen, the wounded and the unhurt, the heroes and the anonymous workers whose collective response to duty was as important as the extraordinary feats of individuals. This is their story, plain and straightforward, as it was told to me.

PEARL HARBOR, the United States' largest naval base, was the real objective, but before it could be attacked the Japanese had to disable the airfields which are an essential part of its defenses. The army's Wheeler and Hickam airfields, the

navy's air base at Kaneohe, and the marines' incompleted air base at Ewa are all within quick flying time of the Harbor.

The Japanese tried to ground every plane we had. They approached from two directions simultaneously. The method of attack on each field was the same. While low-flying planes dropped well-directed bombs on hangars, other planes sprayed the long, orderly rows of aircraft on the ground with incendiary bullets.

Typical of the surprise of the attack was the experience of the commanding officer at the Naval Air Base. He was having his breakfast coffee. Hearing planes, he looked out the window and saw three flights of three planes each, flying low and making a right turn into the entrance of the bay.

"Those fools know there is a strict rule against making a right turn!" the commander exclaimed, leaping to his feet.

His young son said, "Look, red circles on the wings!"

The first alarm was the screeching of the commander's automobile tires coming downhill to the administration building.

The mustard-yellow planes now flew low, one behind the other, no more than 50 feet above planes that lay anchored in the bay. A hundred yards away were two boats of young seamen, passing each other, the shifting crews of the anchored planes. The Japanese opened up. Machine-gun bullets made a wide lane of

geysers that led straight to the boats and the anchored planes. The planes went up in flames. A few of the boys escaped.

The Japanese flew to the end of the bay, made a loop and came back, heading straight for bombing planes on the ramp and strafing them mercilessly. They came back again. Heedless of the strafers, gun crews rushed out to salvage machine guns from the burning planes and set them up. Streams of fire converged upon the attackers. For 15 or 20 minutes this strafing attack kept up, the line of planes going continuously up and down, crossing each time directly over the planes on the ramp.

During the lull which followed, men commandeered all available cars and drove them to staggered positions on the field so that if enemy planes tried to land they would crash on the cars. Civilian employes helped put out fires and manned bulldozers to push burning planes away from the hangars.

Twenty minutes and the Japanese were back. They dropped a tremendous bomb on one hangar. They shot powerful bullets into the hurrying people on the ramp. One bullet went through a concrete wall a foot thick.

Everywhere the gallant fighters answered back, but the attackers were flying fast and were hard to hit. Two planes were brought down. The rest flew on toward the Marine Base at Ewa. Here the first wave concentrated fire on grounded air-

craft. During the momentary lull which followed, marines rushed out and dragged unburned planes off the runway, and mounted free machine guns on them. The second attack was more vicious than the first. There was no protection; cannon and machine-gun fire churned the ground. Yet the men stuck to their guns, pouring a stream of fire at each Japanese plane as it dived past.

Throughout the attack every man carried out his emergency duties. The marines distributed the ammunition, cleaned and serviced the guns, and got in telling shots at the enemy. Moving vehicles were special targets of attack, yet drivers of ammunition trucks and ambulances made their trips to every part of the field without looking first to see if the sky was clear. Usually it was not.

The marines have a one-man fire truck. In the midst of the first attack, driver Shaw climbed into his seat and set out for a line of burning planes. Strafers attacked the bright red truck before it got halfway to the planes. Shaw did not stop until a third wave shot the tires off his wheels. When an officer commented dryly upon his driving into a hail of machine-gun bullets, Shaw said, "Hell, Lieutenant, I saw a fire, and I'm supposed to put 'em out."

A master technical sergeant, in charge of a bomb-handling detail, calmly ignored the especially heavy attack in his area.

"Sergeant! Take cover!" an officer yelled.

"Hell!" he shouted back. "I'm 50 years old. Get the kids under cover!"

His bomb load went on to the line of operation.

LIEUTENANTS Welch and Taylor, sitting at the officers' club at Wheeler Field, saw dive bombers swoop low over the ammunition hangar and drop their load. The lieutenants rushed outside, hit a hundred miles an hour in their car on the way to their planes. They did not stop to hear the size or number of planes attacking, but rose to battle and headed straight for a squadron of a dozen or more of the Japanese flying over Barber's Point. They accounted for three of the enemy before they had to return for refueling.

One of Welch's three machine guns jammed, and Taylor was wounded in the arm and leg. Before Welch's gun could be unlocked or Taylor's wound receive first aid, a second wave of 15 Japanese planes swept in. Taylor had been advised not to return to the air because of his wounds, but he and Welch took off immediately.

The Japanese soon were on Taylor's tail. Welch, behind them, dived on the one most dangerous to his partner. The Japanese rear gunner poured lead into Welch's plane; bullets struck the motor, the propeller, the cowlings. Still Welch pursued like an avenging fury, letting fly with all his guns. The enemy plane burst into flames and crashed. Taylor escaped. Welch followed another plane seaward, caught it five miles offshore

and gave its two-man team an ocean grave.

These fighters were not alone. An old-timer, Lieutenant Sanders, led a unit of four planes up through an overcast of 6000 feet. He saw a group of six Japanese bombing an airfield and signaled his men to attack. The Japanese saw them and fled. The unit came in fast. Sanders opened up on the leader. The Japanese plane smoked up, faltered, and fell into the sea.

Lieutenant James Sterling was hot after one of the enemy. A Japanese plane was on his tail. Sanders closed in, but the attacker was already pouring bullets into Sterling's plane, and it burst into flames. The American continued to fight the Japanese plane ahead, and they all went into a dive — the Japanese in front, Sterling still firing at him, the second Japanese after Sterling, and Sanders following through. Down they plunged, motors roaring at full speed. Only Sanders pulled out.

In the pineapple fields of Wahiawa, thousands of people, including evacuees from Hickam Field and residents at Schofield Barracks, watched a dog-fight between Lieutenant Rasmussen and a Japanese. Rasmussen pulled up out of a fast maneuver, caught the enemy plane in his sights. Tracer bullets ripped into it. The anxious thousands broke into a great cheer when the Japanese plane fell in flames to the ground.

When Rasmussen landed, his rudder was shot away, his radio equip-

ment pulverized, and the fuselage was as full of holes as a sieve.

THE FIRST WAVE of bombers to arrive over Hickam Field chose as its objective the quarter-mile row of planes drawn up in front of the hangars in orderly formation. Ignoring the merciless strafing, the men of Hickam worked furiously to disperse the planes. Some faltered and fell, but others took their places. While the fire department fought flames at the tail of some planes, daring crew men jumped upon the wings, unfastened the heavy engines, and pulled them to the edge of the apron. Many fine engines were saved by their quick thinking.

In the second and most destructive raid, two rows of high-flying bombers dropped heavy demolition bombs directly on the most populous section of Hickam Field. For what seemed a full minute after the bombs landed nothing happened. Then the mess hall (large enough to house six basketball courts), the guardhouse, the fire station, the huge barracks, and an immense hangar all seemed to rise intact from the ground, poise in mid-air, and drop back to the earth in fragments.

The third wave came strafing. Now ground defenses were going full blast and accounted for several raiders. Green men acted like veterans, time and again dashing out under fire and taking over machine guns whose operators had just been killed.

Two Japanese boys at work on a

defense project when the attack began saw a machine gunner having trouble setting up his gun. They helped him anchor it and fed ammunition while he fired. They loaded so fast that they had to be given emergency treatment for burns. When a Nipponese plane fell near them they clipped the insignia off the pilot's shoulders for souvenirs.

On the apron opposite the hangars a lone man kept up a steady stream of fire from a .30-caliber machine gun which he had set up in the nose of a B-18 bomber. An enemy plane flew low, and turned the bomber into a flaming death trap. The lone fighter did not even try to get out. Long after the leaping flames had enveloped the nose of the plane, spectators saw the red tracer bullets from his machine gun mounting skyward.

THE JAPANESE also found time to do a bit of incidental strafing and bombing of civilians. They riddled automobiles along the roadways, killing and wounding unprotected persons. They blew the tires off the car of a major who was returning with his wife and children from church.

At Pearl Harbor the wife of a yeoman saw the attack and sent her daughter to bring her small son indoors. The girl ran down the walk to where her little brother was playing with a small wooden wagon. As they started back to the house, a plane flew low above them and spat-

tered the sidewalk with machine-gun bullets. The little wagon flew to pieces on the lawn.

Along Alewa Heights we saw children grouped around a man who held in his arms the limp body of a young girl. The family of five had been standing on the doorstep when a bomb fell. A piece of shrapnel had flown straight to his daughter's heart.

ALL THAT happened at the airfields was only a prelude. The attack on Pearl Harbor itself lasted from 7:55 a.m. to 9:15 a.m. There were probably 150 Japanese planes — torpedo planes, strafers, dive bombers, and high-altitude bombers. In the spacious waters were battleships, cruisers, destroyers, minelayers — all the types of ships that the U. S. Navy boasts. Every Japanese plane seemed to have its objective selected in advance, for they separated and each went to attack a specific warship.

Horizontal bombers, flying at about 12,000 feet, dropped armor-piercing bombs almost simultaneously on the battleship *Arizona*. One sped straight down the funnel and blew up the ship's forward magazine. Instantly torpedoes joined the bombs and the forward part of the ship blew up. Bodies flew 300 feet into the air, hurled about as tiny particles are whisked aloft in a fire. The after part of the ship shook as if it would fall apart like a stack of cards. There was a great swishing sound as fire and smoke pushed up through the seams of the deck.

Twenty men were caught in a turret. A hot blast enveloped them. They felt a pressure on their ear drums. Nauseating gas and smoke smothered them. There was confusion and danger of panic, but at one command, "Quiet," not a word was spoken. A seaman produced a flashlight, and they found their way through the thick smoke to the ladder. The man sent to open the hatch took a long time. The men waited quietly in the heavy smoke.

When the hatch was opened they burst out upon an amazing sight. The forward part of the ship was a mass of flames and shattered, twisted metal. Bodies lay thick on the deck. Men were running out of the fire, falling on the deck, jumping over the side. Japanese planes were flying low over the ship, strafing the fleeing seamen.

Out of the chaos the men heard a voice of calm reassurance.

"Take it easy. Don't get excited. Leave the ship for Ford Island." It was the surviving ranking officer. He went into the flames. Many who came out with him were so badly burned that they were barely able to stand. They stumbled along, feeling their way, helpless, yet not a man gave way to panic.

The officer worked swiftly, surely, and took no shelter from the Japanese who continued their strafing. Many of the wounded and some of those unhurt would have failed to get off the burning ship had it not been for this officer's courage. Men took heart

from his calmness, forgot about themselves, and turned to help others escape.

"When are you leaving, sir?" someone asked him.

"Not until the Japs leave!" he answered through the flames.

When the last boat pulled away with the final load of wounded, he leaped overboard and swam ashore.

ALL OVER the harbor men were leaping from decks and portholes of burning ships, sliding down the hulls as boats capsized. But hundreds were caught in their compartments. On one ship which was turning on its side, a young chaplain was standing by a porthole, helping men through. When it came his turn it was too late. "Go ahead, boys. I'm all right!" were his last words.

On another badly listing ship many were overcome by fumes from the fuel oil mixed with ether from the medical supply room, which had been hit. Another tremendous bomb landed. The concussion sent every loose thing on the ship flying. A boy was climbing an outside ladder. The concussion blew his body through the iron rungs, cutting it into as many pieces as the sections he covered.

On the same ship, while the universe seemed to be exploding around him, a Negro mess attendant who had never before fired a gun manned a machine gun on the bridge until his ammunition was exhausted.

The attackers did not get off un-

scathed. One destroyer had just downed four planes when its chief radioman got a good contact on his listening apparatus. "Submarine!" They maneuvered for the attack and dropped two depth charges; then two more. A large oil-slick appeared and bubbles covered the sea for 200 feet.

Suddenly another contact was reported, apparently a submarine heading for a cruiser nearby. The destroyer made an emergency turn and loosed another pair of depth charges; another oil-slick. They had sunk a second submarine.

Officers and men everywhere worked together and set each other inspiring examples. An ensign on one ship organized a party of volunteers to go below to the ammunition supply room, which was blocked by fire. They worked swiftly and silently, in constant danger of being blown to bits, carrying ammunition through the fire, supplying the ship's batteries. A bomb exploded and flying shrapnel mortally wounded the ensign. His men wanted to carry him above, but he ordered them to abandon him.

"It's too late to save me," he said. "Save yourselves!" He died at his post.

All available arms were put into use. A country lad from the West had a standard rifle shoved in his hand.

"Get out and shoot!" was the command.

The boy had not been trained to

handle a heavy rifle, but he had "done lots of huntin'" in his day. He drew a bead on a small dive bomber coming in, and fired. One of the freak accidents of the war occurred. Apparently his bullet hit the detonator of the bomb the Japanese was about to drop, for the plane burst in mid-air. The boy fainted.

On one ship a chaplain robed in ecclesiastical gown was setting up his reader's stand for the morning service. At the attack he dashed to the door where they were dealing out arms, and grabbed a machine gun. Using his stand for a prop, he set up the gun and fired away.

WE LEARNED in Honolulu that Sunday how narrow the dividing line is between the soldier and the civilian in wartime. Soon after the bombing started, a call came in to the headquarters of the Hawaii Medical Association. It just said, "Pearl Harbor! Ambulances! For God's sake, hurry!"

Within 20 minutes, doctors and volunteer workers had stripped the insides of over 100 delivery trucks of every description, equipped them neatly with previously prepared stretcher frames, and were speeding to the scene of action.

Women of the Motor Corps in every available car were carrying men to Pearl Harbor. The three-lane highway was an inferno. Army trucks, official and unofficial emergency wagons, ambulances, Red Cross cars and hundreds of taxis

rushing officers and men to their battle stations screamed up and down the six-mile road. The Motor Corps women were equal to the task.

The army wounded were taken to Tripler Hospital. One bomb had made a direct hit on a mess hall while three or four hundred aviators were having breakfast. Maimed and bleeding, they poured into Tripler. Surgeon King put in an emergency call to the doctors of Honolulu: "Surgical teams, quick!"

Then occurred one of life's breathtaking coincidences. At that very moment virtually every surgeon in Honolulu was listening to a lecture on war surgery delivered by Dr. John J. Moorhead of New York. The audience departed in a body for Tripler.

By another coincidence, Dr. Moorhead had been demonstrating a new surgical instrument which locates metal in the body. The instrument proved its worth that morning, saving precious hours that would have been spent waiting for X rays to be developed.

Dr. Pinkerton, making his rounds at Queen's Hospital, heard a commotion below in Emergency. Dozens of cars were bringing in wounded civilians, mutilated, burned. As the doctor rushed to give instructions, a call came from Tripler Hospital.

"Blood plasma, quick!"

In five minutes Dr. Pinkerton was at the refrigeration plant of the Hawaiian Electric Company where the local blood bank was stored.

There were 210 flasks of 250 cc. (a half pint) each. He left 60 of these at Queen's Emergency for the civilian cases and sped on to Tripler with the rest.

The call came from Pearl Harbor: "Plasma!"

The precious fluid was again divided and part hurried to the surgeons at the Harbor. It was going fast.

At 11 o'clock Dr. Pinkerton made a short appeal over the radio. In half an hour 500 people were waiting at the doors of the hospital. The staff of trained technicians worked at 12 tables but could not take the blood as fast as it was offered. Some donors stood in line for seven hours. A well-known woman painter and a waterfront washwoman waited together, talking about the treachery of the attack. Japanese by the hundreds registered silent protest with their blood.

Entire families came. The age limits were 18 to 50, but young boys lied and old men asserted their right to be included. Walter F. Frear, former Governor of the Territory, and Mrs. Frear went down. He is 78 and she 72. When it was suggested that they might be too old, Mrs. Frear said, "It ought to be very good blood. It has lasted us a long time!"

Many donors came back. One second-class seaman was recognized.

"You shouldn't come back so soon," a nurse warned him.

"My brother was killed," he said. "I want to do something."

That's what everyone in Hawaii is saying. "I want to do something."

CONVALESCENTS in the Naval Hospital were hastily evacuated to temporary quarters outside to make room for the injured, streaming in on stretchers. Numbers of young seamen had lost arms or legs, hundreds were burned. The spirit of these boys was unbelievable. The most impressive fact about the hospital, filled with wounded, many suffering unto death, was the silence. No confusion, unnecessary clamor, no crying out. You never heard screams — instead, "Watch that leg, please, ma'am. It's broken in two places."

In an hour boys had become men, and men heroes. The medical officer walked down a row of wounded to select the ones to receive immediate treatment. His trained eye at once saw the worst case. Burned skin was flapping off a young boy's entire upper body.

"Take care of my buddy, here, Doc," the boy said. "He's hurt lots worse than I am."

That sentence was spoken more often than any other throughout the day — "Take care of my buddy."

EACH AFTERNOON for days Pearl Harbor's 3000 heroic dead were buried, simply and with dignity,

without crowds of onlookers. On each grave was a bouquet of flowers. A row of tight-lipped khaki-clad marines, their eyes fixed on the distant hills, stepped forward, raised their rifles, and fired three volleys. A bugler sounded Taps. The clear notes of the bugle echoed through the quiet valley, a valley of legend and song, where happy people have lived in peace and freedom for over a hundred years.

On New Year's Day, Honolulu paid its respects to the dead in a memorial service. Hundreds of persons attended, each wearing a flower lei in honor of the dead. They gathered around the long, wide trenches in which rows of men who had fought side by side now lay side by side, each in his own coffin. Six Hawaiian girls sang the slow, sweet strains of *Aloha Oe*.

Fleet Chaplain Macguire spoke in a firm voice:

"Let no one think they died in vain. They manned their guns until the decks buckled under them from the heat. Not a whimper. Not a moan.

"It was glorious!

"Don't say we buried our dead with sorrow. They died manfully. They were buried manfully. And we will avenge their deaths, come what may!"



Almost all our faults are more pardonable than the methods we think up to hide them. — La Rochefoucauld

High Man on a Vaulting Pole

Condensed from Collier's

Arthur Mann

A SALESMAN of sporting goods, Bud Blosser, was driving along a California highway ten years ago, when he saw a lanky youngster pole-vaulting in a vegetable garden. The runway was between two rows of spinach and the youth was fully clad. Yet he was clearing a bar set twice as high as his head!

Blosser stopped his car to talk to Cornelius Warmerdam — 18, blond, lean, and unmistakably Dutch.

"How long has this been going on?" Blosser asked.

"Oh, since I was a kid," Warmerdam replied. "I jumped some in high school, but I've been workin' here on Pop's ranch ever since I graduated."

"What, no college?"

No college. So Blosser sped away to his friend Flint Hanner, athletic coach at nearby Fresno State College.

"I just saw a kid clear 13 feet in a spinach patch —"

"That's no broad jump," Hanner scoffed.

"Listen, Flint," Blosser gasped. "This jump wasn't horizontal; it was vertical — up!"

"A pole vaulter!" The coach grabbed his hat. "Why didn't you say so?"

One look satisfied Hanner, and Corny Warmerdam enrolled as a freshman at Fresno. There he began his climb to supremacy.

"Dear Mr. Schmertz," he wrote last winter to the chairman of the Millrose Games in New York. "There is no use crossing the continent to vault 14 feet. But if you will extend the runway from 125 to 137 feet, I can almost guarantee you a 15-foot jump."

Warmerdam's promise was publicized — imprudently — and the 17,000 spectators in Madison Square Garden were ready to demand their money back for anything less. But if the Coast Kangaroo was on the spot, it failed to shake his phlegmatic demeanor. He cleared all heights up to fourteen-four with inches to spare.

A silence fell over the Garden at fourteen-eight, because two records were at stake. Came the leap, and the roar of the crowd hit the steel rafters before Warmerdam had hit the sawdust pit. He had wiped out the A.A.U. indoor mark of 14 feet $7\frac{1}{8}$ inches, made a year before by Earle Meadows, 1936 Olympic champion, and beat the Millrose Games record set up two years before by Sueo Ohe, a Japanese.

Then came the big hush as the crossbar went to 15 feet. And if you want to know what a pole vaulter thinks about, here it is:

Warmerdam was concentrating on two marks on the runway, the first 120 feet from the crossbar, the second 70 feet. As he sprinted top speed down the runway, his left foot had to strike each mark if his stride was to be just right for the take-off. Next he had to slide the end of his bamboo pole into an unyielding wooden slot, eight inches deep, beneath the crossbar, absorb that shock and hoist his 165 pounds skyward, swing his six-foot body upside down and over the bar feet first, thrust the bamboo pole backward, then land in the sawdust like a falling cat, on all fours. Try it sometime.

Warmerdam made good his guarantee of a 15-footer, a new world record. And he did it with a borrowed pole two feet shorter than his own which had been lost in transit!

A week later he competed in the Boston A.A. games, this time with his favorite stick, an ancient tool that is cracked and shattered and taped and mended. He wiped away his own indoor and outdoor records with a sky-scraping vault of 15 feet 7 $\frac{1}{8}$ inches. Spectators left their seats and made a dash for the unobtrusive Dutch boy. More than 200 youngsters dogged his heels, fighting to touch him or get his autograph.

Warmerdam is one of those super-athletes, like Tilden in tennis or Ruth in baseball, who come along

every so often and embarrass the experts on form. His body lacks graceful arching as it skims over the bar. Instead, he fairly flies from the ground, and resembles a flail as he tosses his long body from the end of the pole and over the crossbar.

"It's practically all speed," he will reveal. "If you can't get up speed on the runway you can't get your weight up. And if that pole isn't nearly vertical you just can't get over the crossbar. You'll jackknife or fall back every time. When you fall back, there's no sand or sawdust. You fall on hard ground or board floor. That's a mental hazard.

"A lot of people talk about ceilings. One fellow mentioned 23 feet. That's silly. I may be able to do 16 feet this year, but if a vaulter is to jump better than 16 feet, he must be an unusual sprinter for 55 yards. He must have a 14-foot grip on a pole 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet long. And he must have a body as hard as a prize fighter's to absorb the shock. I can almost promise I'll never be that good!"

Strange as it seems, pole vaulting has always been secondary to Warmerdam. His parents came from Holland. His father saved his wages, bought 40 acres of nothing in Kings County, California, and planted it to peach and apricot trees. Then he settled down to hard scratching while he waited for the fruit trees to yield. For the son, also working on the farm, pole vaulting was the activity that afforded most fun for the least expenditure of time. When he

was ten years old he vaulted over the limb of a peach tree, using a pine stick. Later he fashioned crude up-rights and crossbar, and the panic was on. After his college course, he went into teaching and five years ago laid off competition.

But he wanted to reach 14 feet, and took it up again. Failure to clear 12 feet 6 inches in a meet got his Dutch up and he really went to work and developed his system of measuring, pacing, testing. Last season he cleared 15 feet ten times.

Warmerdam probably will end his vaulting career this year. The sport offers little for his economic future. An athletic purist, he derives no revenue whatever from competition — not even a padded expense account. He actually hired a substitute teacher in Piedmont High School so that he could cross the continent for his record-breaking performance.

The truth is he's really a farmer at heart. He hopes some day to buy acreage and farm it. On a teacher's salary, that will be no mean feat.



Practical Jokers

¶ DR. CLYDE R. MILLER of Columbia University has a method of disposing of dull books sent him by publishers. He immediately forwards the book to a friend with a note purporting to be from the book's author. It says: "I hope you will like the references to yourself in this volume and that you will not mind the free use I have made of your name." Dr. Miller likes to think of the recipient persevering to the weary end in puzzled hunt for personal mention.

— Fred C. Kelly

¶ ROBERT BRIDGES, late editor of *Scribner's Magazine*, often told the story of a Princeton classmate, who on a trip to Egypt had for several days a French-speaking native guide and courier. Near the end of the trip, the guide said, "Sire, teach me some words of your language, that I may attract your countrymen." The Princetonian complied. A year or so later, returning to Egypt, he looked up his guide and presently asked, "How did you get along with the English I taught you?" "Sire," the guide replied, "some smiled and came with me. Others were angry and turned away."

The phrase the courier had learned was "To hell with Yale."

Grandfather's Store

Condensed from
The Christian Science Monitor

Phyllis Fenner

Community service station, forum and amusement center — the village store was a place of mystery and delight to a child in the days when bustles were in vogue.



THE LITTLE general store that my grandfather and father ran in the New York State village of my childhood was the mainspring of our lives. Everything we ate, wore, owned came from it. Our playhouse was an old yellow delivery wagon taken off its wheels. Large cardboard discs from cracker barrels made wonderful shields to carry in our squirt-gun battles. All our family stories came from there, too, going back to my great-grandfather's time when goods were brought by canal.

My delight was to be sent to the store's fragrant cellar with an empty jar and pail for a quart of molasses. What a delicious, heady smell! A whiff of molasses from the big barrels lying on their sides; the tang of vinegar; the pungent reek of tar paper; a strong undercurrent of rubber from boots that hung in pairs along the wall. And over all other smells was the odor of damp, earthy floor.

On one side of the store as you entered were the dress goods and notions. Men's clothing was in the back.

And down the other side were the groceries — not many canned things then, mostly good, honest staples. You smelled the spices and flavoring extracts right away. Vanilla was in a beautiful glass jar, usually with a drop hanging on its edge that I made for first thing. There was Jamaica ginger, which fat Bill Boyd used to buy by the quarter's worth, tip up the bottle and drink 'er down. They were strong men in those days.

The men congregated around the big stove in back, sitting on barrels or leaning against the coffee grinder. Even now I can smell the steam from their damp clothing and felt boots. The grinder was red and had an enormous wheel with a wooden handle. I could give myself a good push off and ride around on it — if no one was looking. Coffee was ground by hand, and getting 20 or 30 pounds ready for the wagon deliveries was a job. One night when the usual gang of boys was hanging around, my grandfather offered a cent to the boy who could grind a pound the fastest

— and got all his orders put up for one penny.

Barrels and boxes were open, of course, and regular hangers-on would reach in for a large cracker, pry a dried herring from a box on the counter, and top it off with a dried prune or a sliver from the big York State cheese. But one man who was particularly generous at helping himself got his comeuppance. He grabbed a handful of delicious-looking little white chips out of a newly opened barrel, and poured them into his mouth. They were the first soap chips ever seen in Fenner's Store.

Near the stove stood the high desk, with wire grating around the top, where my grandfather sat on a spindly stool and figured up his accounts. Leaves from his ledger are like pages of social history, chronicling changes in customs over the years.

One account was not always a true record of what was purchased. Eliza Bailey's husband allowed her to get anything at the store she wanted but would never give her money for fear she would help her family. There were times when my grandfather thought it right to give her cash and fix up the account accordingly.

One of Grandfather's sayings was that "an honest man with no job is a better risk than a crooked one with money." He presented his bills once a year, when the farmers had sold their crops. He had his own method of collecting when that was necessary.

Art Jones had plenty of cash but wouldn't pay his bill. Finally Grandfather became so annoyed that he got a judgment on Art's potato crop. He drove out to Art's and went to work with a shovel. Art came out with fire in his eyes and a shotgun. Grandfather kept on digging potato toes. Art somehow lost confidence in his version of his rights, drove to town to see a lawyer, and came back with Grandfather's money, a chastened man.

Some people Grandfather carried on the books for years without even expecting payment. Lib Little was a queer soul, still wearing the curls of an earlier day. A small sum of money for her support had been turned over to Grandfather years before. When it was gone he kept right on sending whatever groceries she wanted, including snuff — "to kill the bugs," she said.

Because of Grandfather's reputation for square dealing, old maids and widows brought him their savings to keep for them and he paid them interest. He handled mortgages for the farmers, too; he was Justice of the Peace, and postmaster for years.

The only amusement place in town was the large hall above the store. Square dances were held there. Jingly sleigh loads of men and women would pile in from the farms bringing box suppers with them. W. children got great fun out of watching bearded old men and farm wives in their funny clothes "cutting her down" on the corners to the tune

of Tommy Regan's fiddle. Once Tommy got so excited he fell backward off the low platform, but he kept right on fiddling and calling out the figures as he fell.

The medicine shows, too, were held in the store hall and caused great excitement. The "doctor" as he delivered his spiel would offer a prize to the most popular girl in town, and the boys all bought medicine so as to be able to vote for their girls.

Another gala occasion was the visit of the drygoods salesman from Rochester. The day before his arrival, four or five big trunks would come in on the stage and be lined up in the front of the store. Next morning Mr. Dewing himself would appear, a dignified man with a little goatee, in striped pants, cutaway coat and wing collar. One whole counter was given over to his display, and we children hung around for hours with bulging eyes to see what he would bring out next. In those days women made their clothes, and needed not only dress goods but all the trimmings. Fiber shamois was used to line the leg-of-mutton sleeves. Velvet binding went all around the long, full skirts. Buttons were used plentifully, and braid, and bone for the collars. Bustles were in style, and corsets were 50 cents a pair. The women's high buttoned shoes were a great trial to Grandfather. Every button had to be moved to adjust the shoe to the purchaser's ankle. There was a machine to fasten the buttons on again, but it was no job for an impatient man.

Nearly everyone used kerosene for light and heat in those days, and every Saturday night the floor of the store would be covered with five-gallon cans waiting to be filled. But the men didn't mind waiting. They'd cut a plug from the long, brown, fruity smelling strip of chewing tobacco back of the counter (we became quite expert at imitating them, working up a nice brown spit with licorice root), and gather round the stove. An enormous spittoon stood beside it, but Jake Hogan would always walk way to the front door to spit, and then come back to finish his yarn. Night after night they'd drop in before going to bed, for a bit of gossip or to settle the world's and their neighbors' affairs — young and old, lawyer, doctor, town bum, politician, swapping yarns and ideas. Many a local social problem was settled around that stove; and sometimes the law was taken into private hands.

Joe Johnson was a wife beater, once too often. The older men discussed it: maybe Joe's wife wasn't all she should be but no man had a right to beat his wife; and her having a baby every year. The younger ones got restless, finally were on their feet growling that it was time Joe Johnson was taught a lesson. My grandfather didn't say a word but he looked speculatively at the long buggy whips hanging from the ceiling. Silently the boys took the whips and left. There was no more wife beating in that town.

If a new doctor wished to locate in town, he wrote my grandfather first. If someone wanted information about a man's credit, or reputation, he wrote to my grandfather. That round stove was in many ways the real hub of the community.

Grandfather must have built well, for though chain stores have come and gone on each side of it, Fenner's Store is still doing business. The

molasses comes in tins now; and customers are more likely to ask for gasoline than kerosene. Instead of the sociable round stove, there's a furnace in the cellar. No one stands around that of an evening. And no longer do folks know it's time to go to bed by the store's lights blinking out, for it closes at six. Most folks are off to the nearest movie, anyway. I wonder if they find it as much fun



A Hobby Goes to War

ALL OVER the country air-minded youngsters are transforming a hobby into an essential part of America's war effort. Instant identification of an approaching plane is a matter of life or death to combat flyers, and is equally important to scamen, gunners and civilian spotters. They can learn to recognize planes only by studying real ones or three-dimensional models — pictures won't do. So early this year Secretary of the Navy Knox asked the country's youth to produce 50,000 model planes in a hurry (500,000 may be needed).

The response was lively. "I am 14 and though this sounds young I can say (with caution) that I am very skillful," wrote one model-plane builder from Iowa. A girl wrote: "I am 15 and have been building model planes for six years. I can build models as exact as anyone."

The navy's Bureau of Aeronautics and the U. S. Office of Education supervise the project with the aid of local authorities, who help insure that the models will pass rigid inspection tests. The young model builders have already

received specifications of 50 types of United Nations and enemy planes. A new type of ship is put into the air and they also will be copied. The models are built on a precise scale of 1 to 72, one inch representing six feet of the plane. They are painted black to promote recognition by design and outline rather than by colors or insignia.

The importance of the youngsters' job is illustrated by the use of the models at such training centers as Anacostia Air Station, District of Columbia. Here naval aviation cadets peer through an eyepiece into an oblong box, two feet square by eight feet long. As a model is moved through the far end, the box is lighted for a second. The cadet must identify the plane in a flash. The models are also studied through the standard ring sight on aerial gun mounts for training in range estimation as well as plane identification. A model seen at 70 feet appears exactly like the real plane seen at just under a mile.

Eventually models will be distributed to civilian plane spotters.

This Summer — Watch Out for Ticks!

By

Paul de Kruif

IN 1922 a team of young U. S. Public Health Service doctors set out to trap as deadly a microbic killer as exists in the world. The disease they fought was Rocky Mountain spotted fever, the fearfully fatal sickness that lurks in woods and fields over most of our country, lying in wait for farmers, sportsmen, picnickers and all who work or play outdoors. To enter the lists against spotted fever called for courage of the highest order. Five searchers before them had tried to capture the microbe criminal, and all had died, victims of the death they were fighting.

Drs. R. R. Spencer and Ralph R. Parker set up their laboratory in an old schoolhouse in Hamilton, Montana. In the canyons of the region swarmed the ticks that carried the still unidentified microbe killers and passed them on to man. Parker collected ticks by the bagful, millions of them, as vast an amount of crawling murder as was ever assembled under one roof. He and Spencer knew that if you were bitten by a tick and caught the disease, there was still a slim chance of recovery. But the mortality rate of those who contracted spotted fever by handling the virus itself was 100 percent.

Soon this deadly fact was proved again. On the wrists, the ankles of three laboratory assistants appeared

U. S. Public Health men have won one battle against Rocky Mountain spotted fever, are close to another victory. But the disease is still a deadly peril to outdoor Americans.

a rosy red rash, which turned dark red, then purple, and spread over their bodies while fever held them in a fiery grasp. Though exhausted, they could not sleep. They became delirious. Then finally, in ten days or so, they lapsed into a stupor from which they never woke up.

Spencer and Parker stuck to it, collected more swarms of ticks, fed them on guinea pigs. In fresh-caught, starved ticks the disease was feeble. But in blood-gorged ticks the mysterious death multiplied in a fantastic manner. Spencer and Parker provided themselves with enough death to kill thousands of men. They dared not try to make a preventive out of a living virus that was so deadly. Yet vaccines prepared from killed viruses had never yet been practically effective. For a year Spencer dabbled with this death, and finally found you could gentle it by grinding up the ticks with weak carbolic acid. Thus he turned his perilous pets into a powerful vaccine.

With this strange brew the microbe hunters vaccinated themselves. Soon the news of their now charmed

lives in that terrifically dangerous laboratory spread through the mountains. Shepherders and others whose work exposed them to ticks began standing in line each spring for the new protective shots in the arm. By 1940, more than 455,000 vaccinations had made life a lot safer for outdoor western people. Among those vaccinated, but stricken with spotted fever, the death rate was only 8 percent, compared to 80 percent among those not protected.

Meanwhile our Public Health Service had come bang up against a sinister surprise. It had been thought that spotted fever raged only in the Rocky Mountain area. Suddenly it showed up in Baltimore. The victims had never been West. At first, Public Health Service men — R. E. Dyer, Adolph Rumreich, and L. F. Badger — mistook it for the mild American typhus. But then a six-year-old girl came down with something far more savage than American typhus, and her mother reported that she'd picked a blood-gorged dog tick from the girl's arm. A housewife, likewise terribly ill, had found a tick stuck to her ankle. A young hunter, deathly sick, had got blood on his hands while deticking his dog.

The microbe hunters confirmed their fears when Badger fished what was surely the Rocky Mountain spotted fever out of dog ticks found in the hills of Virginia. And more cases were reported. A bank cashier in Washington, D. C., caught the tick death while retrieving golf balls

in the rough. He was followed to his doom by the golf course keeper. A young mother living nearby broke out with the rash while nursing her firstborn in the hospital, and did not live to bring the child home.

From state after state in eastern America came similar stories. Today Rocky Mountain spotted fever is an almost nation-wide danger. It has struck in every state except the six New England states, Michigan and Wisconsin.

The Public Health Service met the thought, of course, of using the vaccine so successful in the Rocky Mountains. But you can't expect millions of people to come in for vaccination against a disease which even though so deadly, attacks only a thousand victims yearly in the whole United States.

Attempts to clean ticks out of dangerous places came to nothing. Let an infected female tick escape from an animal on which she has fed. She then lays 5000 eggs. And the crafty ways of ticks add to the difficulties of eradication. When flat and hungry — they are only $\frac{3}{16}$ th of an inch in length and breadth. They sit on branches, waving their eight legs, waiting to catch onto you as you brush by them. Then they look for a safe place to bite you (painlessly) and feed on you. It is queer how you overlook them, hiding in some hairy part of your body as they drink your blood for days and slowly increase to a half-inch in size.

The ticks do give you this chance

for life: if you find them early and pick them off you're likely to escape the spotted death. Their virulence multiplies within them the longer they feed.

Now young microbe hunter Norman H. Topping of the Public Health Service hit the disease from another angle. Once tick-bitten, the vaccine can't help you. The sulfa-drugs have no magic against the spotted death. Serum from people recovered from the sickness had proved powerless to cure infected animals or human beings. Serum from animals vaccinated with *rickettsia* — now known to be the microbe culprit — likewise failed to cure the infection, once started.

Dr. Topping set about super-vaccinating healthy rabbits. After he had got them immune enough to stand ordinarily fatal doses of savage *rickettsia*, he kept on shooting into those rabbits, again and again, vast swarms of the deadly little microbes. Over a period of months he built up an unprecedented death-fighting power in the serum of these animals. This weird supercharged serum proved to be the first *cure* in history for spotted fever-infected guinea pigs and monkeys.

Then to Topping, eager to jump his new science to men, came news of a five-year-old boy who had acquired a deadly tick at a swimming hole. Our fever fighter went to see him. The boy was desperately ill, clinging to life in the hope of being able to ride a new bicycle his parents had put by the bed to encourage

him. His doctor thought he was sure to die; delirium had already set in. Into the body of this youngster went shots of Topping's serum.

Three months later he was out riding his bicycle.

Topping's chief, Dr. R. E. Dyer, head of research in infectious diseases at the National Institute of Health, comments on this miracle in the hard-boiled way common to these Public Health men. "Topping would like to think that boy's recovery was due to the serum," he says, "but not enough data have been gathered to warrant such a statement."

Yet the supercharged serum has now been given to about two dozen people stricken with this terribly fatal infection, and of those who received it early, all have recovered. The number treated is not large enough to be statistically significant or merit scientific publication. But hopes that the serum is really an effective lifesaver are running high.

In all this there is a lesson for picnickers, golfers, sportsmen, for the parents of any child gathering flowers in the woods this summer. You are probably not vaccinated against one of the most fearfully fatal of all infectious ills. So look sharp for ticks, on yourself and on your youngsters, when undressing at bedtime. If you find them soon enough you're safe.

And for those who come down with the rosy-red spots on their wrists and ankles, if their doctors are on the alert to catch the sinister sig-

nificance of the deadly rash, there's the hope of the new serum. Then it's time to take high-speed emergency action. The serum cannot be bought at the corner drugstore. It cannot be bought at all. But if by telephone or telegraph your doctor can prove that the case is unquestionably Rocky Mountain spotted fever, and there is still a chance for life, he can ob-

tain the serum from Dr. Norman H. Topping, National Institute of Health, U. S. Public Health Service, Bethesda, Maryland.

Doctors should be absolutely certain of their diagnosis before calling Topping. He is up to his ears these days in tremendously important research on the prevention of that other spotted death, typhus.



Children Wanted

UNLESS you have a child, you may not rent an apartment in the 50-unit Los Angeles house operated by Mary Ellen Dye. Some years ago, Mrs. Dye was left a widow with a young son to support; each working day she had to take her son to a day nursery and leave him there while she taught school. Her disapproval of this daily uprooting of the child from home led to an idea: an apartment house exclusively for families with working mothers, where the children would be taken care of at home.

With her savings Mrs. Dye took over the lease on a small apartment house, and gave up teaching to care for the house children herself. The project prospered and Mrs. Dye moved to larger and larger houses. Now, with the aid of a staff, a playroom, schoolroom and playground, she cares for 50 children daily at home. Apartments rent for \$40 and \$50, plus \$15 for each child's care. Mrs. Dye says that chil-

dren don't damage a house, if it's sensibly planned. Hers has washable paint where youngsters' hands would smudge wallpaper, curtains instead of the roller shades children love to toy with. Her belief that children deserve special consideration in the planning of metropolitan housing has paid, she says, in deep satisfaction and financial success.

—Dudley Early

MARY RIDGE, a St. Louis suburban development devoted exclusively to big families, is the inspiration of Charles F. Vatterott, Jr., a real estate man and father of eight children. In developing 20 subdivisions and building over 2000 homes, he found that he had to turn down applications from large families because neighbors objected to them. In 1940 he launched Mary Ridge with the proviso that only families with children could buy or rent in the development. The average there is five children per family.

—Grit

Management and Labor Unite for War

By

William Hard

SEVERAL ARTICLES in The Reader's Digest have advocated organized coöperation between managements and unions, for improved production. This policy has now been made official by the government of the United States, for the duration of the war, in all plants producing war supplies.

At the request of Donald Nelson, chairman of the War Production Board, joint management-labor committees for greater production have been organized in hundreds of plants. They presently will be organized in thousands of others. The number of workers represented by the labor members of these committees will amount to millions. They all are called upon by Mr. Nelson to help management achieve better methods and better results.

This is a momentous happening in the history of American labor. Our government until now has been interested only in trying to see that labor should receive "justice." Now it is trying to get labor not only to receive something but to create and give something: namely, greater efficiency.

The labor members of the new management-labor committees are bona fide labor representatives. They are chosen by the unions or, where

By setting up management-labor coöperative committees in all war industries, we reach a turning point in labor history.

there are no unions, by direct vote of all the workers. Mr. Nelson does not permit them to be named by management.

Normally there are five management members and five labor members on each committee. The committee chooses its own chairman. It is a striking tribute to the good will of management that some 40 percent of the chairmen so far chosen are labor men. The management of the famous A. O. Smith Corporation of Milwaukee contented itself with five members but conceded eight to labor in order that all the unions in the plant might be represented on the committee.

Mr. Nelson did not start this experiment on theory. His office investigated some 20 plants where coöperative efforts between management and labor for greater efficiency were already in existence. These included General Electric, Western Electric, Radio Corporation of America, Westinghouse and the Doehler Die Casting Company, which was operating

a plan described in the April issue of *The Reader's Digest*. In every instance it was found that when the brains of labor were added to the brains of management, the result was improved production.

The Radio Corporation of America discovered that production improvement ideas can occur to girl clerks as well as to highly skilled artisans and eminent executives. It recently awarded one of its \$100 idea prizes to Miss Phoebe Ehle. She is an inspection clerk. She designed a basic improvement in a fixture used for straightening drive rods. Management had not thought of it.

This philosophy of management-labor coöperation is really no novelty. For decades the National Brotherhood of Operative Potters, representing labor, and the United States Potters' Association, representing employers, have worked together diligently to improve the wares they jointly produce. That spirit of positive performance has replaced the old spirit of negative battle. In 40 years the pottery industry has had just one general stoppage of work.

At first the National Association of Manufacturers was highly suspicious of Mr. Nelson's new management-labor committees. It seemed to fear that these committees might usurp some of the powers of management. Mr. Nelson explained fully to the contrary. What he said could be interpreted as follows: Management retains the power of decision. Labor

acquires the power of organized suggestion and recommendation.

The response from employers has been enlightened and impressive. Management-labor committees have been set up not only in struggling firms but in many of the most strongly established corporations in the country. They include:

United States Steel, Goodyear Rubber, Remington Arms, Aluminum Company of America, Corning Glass, Chrysler, North American Aviation, National Cash Register, Armstrong Cork, Bendix, Allis-Chalmers, Revere Copper, International Business Machines, Johns-Manville, Caterpillar Tractor, Eastman Kodak, American Locomotive. The Du Pont Company, one of America's oldest and most progressive industrial organizations, is establishing management-labor committees in 25 of its plants.

A few indications of results are beginning to trickle in. The Colt's Patent Fire Arms Company reports that labor-management coöperation has reduced the number of rejected machine guns from 17 percent to less than one percent. The management-labor committee of the Middletown, Ohio, division of the American Rolling Mill Company reports that its blast furnace department has beaten its best previous month's record by 1000 tons of pig iron, its open-hearth furnace department by 3600 tons of steel.

Plenty of loose, vague stories about "slacking" by both management and

labor are printed. The great bulk of accurate statistics point just the other way. Management-labor committees are now cracking down on absenteeism. In the Pratt & Whitney division of the Niles-Bement-Pond Company, West Hartford, Connecticut, the management-labor committee has ruled that every man coming to work late, or not reporting for work, must present an explanation satisfactory to the committee. Merit marks and demerit marks will be displayed on cards in public racks, for all employees to see. Slackers will be named.

In Milwaukee, in the Harnischfeger Corporation plant, which makes cranes and gasoline and electric shovels, the chairman of the management-labor committee, Mr. H. Menck, who is also Works Manager, has struck a blow at one of the historic causes of "slow-downs" in American industry. He summoned all employees to a meeting and said:

"We work on piece rates. Workers often go slow because they fear that if they go fast their rate of pay per piece will be cut down; and then, so far as weekly earnings are concerned, they will be just where they were before. I will frankly admit that such things have happened in this plant. So now I will give you a solemn promise and an absolute guarantee. No matter how fast you go and no matter how much you increase your production, your piece rates will not be reduced by one cent."

In return for that declaration Mr.

Menck is getting not only increased production but a lot of valuable managerial thoughts from the labor members of his committee, who include the leader of the local union, a trolley assembler, a press operator and a welder setup man.

Many managements seem to think that it impairs their dignity to listen to a labor suggestion. They seem to think that we are operating a system called "managementism." We are in fact operating a system called "capitalism." I am not afraid of the word. I do not seek the subterfuge of calling it the "free enterprise system." I am in favor of capitalism, and I call it capitalism; and what is management in capitalism?

It is nothing but top-side supervisory executive labor hired by the stockholders and working for the stockholders, just as rank-and-file labor also is working for the stockholders.

Therefore if Donald Nelson's vast experiment in coöperation between managements and unions should increase efficiency and thus reduce costs, and thus improve the operating value of the properties of the stockholders, why, then, after the war it will be the manifest duty of American managements to continue that coöperation.

I have said before that we have our choice between predatory unions which can wreck capitalism, and coöperative unions, which can fortify capitalism. I think that Mr. Nelson is tipping the scales of the

future toward coöperative unions.

And why not? American capitalism is capitalism plus Americanism. Capitalism is productivity. One fundamental of Americanism is the

value of the individual personality.

The ultimate American economic system will be everybody's personality and everybody's productivity. It will be unbeatable.



Back to the Bike

Condensed from *Country Life*

James Finan

THAT HEFTY MAN perched on a bicycle in publicity pictures is Price Administrator Leon Henderson. He is riding not merely a bike but a nation-wide trend, and the next citizen to mount a bicycle may well be yourself. The War Production Board has decided that bicycles are "not for sport but for transport" and issued a go-ahead order to the industry to produce 756,000 in 1942. It may revise that figure upward by July.

This country is taking to two wheels again. Service stations are out for bicycle business. A downtown Los Angeles garage parks bicycles at \$1 a month. Beverly Hills has installed four racks to each shopping block and sternly limits bicycle parking to one hour. The nation's 44,000 automobile dealers, deprived of new cars to sell, clamor hoarsely for the humble two-wheeler.

Fifty years ago bicycles dominated the American scene. In 1865 Pierre Lallement, a Frenchman, had turned out the first velocipede, with pedals attached to the front axle and heavy wooden wheels protected by thick iron tires. The vibration was terrific.

His contraption became known as the "boneshaker," yet it was popular. Wheels later were made of metal, the tires of solid rubber. The front wheel gradually grew larger, eventually reached a diameter of five feet. A spill from the high seat was dangerous.

By 1890 the "safety" bike — the present type — came into general use, and wheeling clubs soon made their appearance. These started the era of "century runs" — outings in which scores of riders fared forth to cover at least 100 miles. Comparatively few starters ever reached their goal, but it was great sport for holidays and Sundays.

In those same days, however, Henry Ford was tinkering in his Detroit shop, and the bike was destined to bow to the horseless carriage. From 1899's peak of 1,183,000 bicycles, U. S. production slumped to 250,000 by 1904, hit bottom with a bare 200,000 units in 1932. The industry seemed ready to fall by the road. Then, amazingly, it began to pick up. Manufacturers have turned out more than a million bikes a year every year since 1937.

Today war plants everywhere look to the bicycle to ease transportation problems. Many Ford workers cycle to their jobs at the enormous Willow Run bomber plant. Douglas Aircraft at Santa Monica, California, has installed parking racks for employees' bikes. At a west coast Consolidated Aircraft plant 400 workers and foremen pedal from job to job on the huge outdoor assembly line.

A temporary freezing order was clamped on retail sales early in April. Defense workers will get first call on bikes before the present freezing order is relaxed.

The bicycle boom was not caused by the war. It began about 1934. Manufacturers, realizing that a bonanza lay ahead if bikes could be sold to adults, put on a publicity and sales promotion campaign including "bicycle academies" in department stores which offered lessons in riding. Over a million women have become bicycle fans in the past three years.

Our bikes used to average 50

pounds. Now, stripped of weighty, cumbersome junk designed to catch the eyes of children, and equipped with thin, almost frictionless rubber tires instead of the lately ponderous balloon type, the standardized wartime model weighs only 34 pounds. It sells for around \$35 and compares with Europe's best.

One fifth of the country's 28,000,000 passenger cars will be laid up by the end of this year, according to the Automobile Manufacturers' Association. By far the greatest part of passenger-car mileage, however, has been spent on routine daily short-haul trips — getting to work, taking the commuter to his train, and shopping — most of which can be made on a two-wheeler. The average person can cycle ten miles an hour on level ground. A two-speed gear raises this to nearly 15.

The North Shore Railroad already has racks at most of its commuter stations near Chicago. Clerks at supermarkets lug groceries to the curb and pack them into the handlebar baskets of women shoppers. San Diego recently put its city employees on bicycles. The mayor of West Palm Beach, Florida, permits women employees to wear slacks in municipal offices if they cycle to work. Colorado's revenue director has ordered his staff to mount bikes for the duration, and the governor plans to spread the idea to other state departments. Meter readers and bill collectors make their rounds by bicycle in Chicago, on the Eastern Shore of Mary-

land, in southern New Jersey, and elsewhere.

One effect of the current bicycle boom will be improvement of the nation's health. Cycling for short trips gives you a workout without tiring you. The bicycle that takes the city-dweller to work in the morning will carry him to the country on week-ends. Railroads — which for years have promoted week-end "bike trains" — will carry your bike free in the baggage car, any day, anywhere, on your regular train ticket.

Men and women who formerly hurtled through space, sealed in an automobile against contact with their surroundings, now experience a new pleasure in entering the countryside at bike's pace. Miss Eudora Stegner, an English teacher in New York City, who makes a bicycle tour with a friend each summer, has pedaled 6000 miles through 12 states, Cuba, Quebec and the Gaspé Peninsula. Last year she rode into the mountains of southeast Kentucky.

"We didn't make the 90 miles a day that we do on main roads," she explained, "but for gaining an intimate acquaintance with people and with the country, a bicycle is superior to any other mode of travel."

Bicycle traffic has grown so heavy that more than 300 towns and cities in 32 states now license bicycles. Registration cuts down accidents and thefts. Until Los Angeles police began registering them in 1934, only 14 percent of stolen bikes were recovered; now they get back nine out of every ten.

Park-planning officials dream of the day when the shoulders of roads and parkways will be paved for cycle paths, and scenic sections of the country will be linked by trails as in Europe, where the bicycle is the poor man's roadster. New York's enterprising Park Commissioner Robert Moses has already paved 20 miles of such cycle paths, and expects to complete 140 miles this year. Bicycling's "good old days" evidently lie straight ahead.



Illustrative Anecdotes — 58 —

¶ DURING the first World War, Marshal Foch's chauffeur, Pierre, was constantly besieged by his comrades with: "Pierre, when is the war going to end? You ought to know."

Pierre tried to satisfy them. "The moment I hear anything from the Marshal, I will tell you."

One day he came to them.

"The Marshal spoke today."

"He did? Well, what did he say?"

"He said: 'Pierre, what do you think? When is this war going to end?'"

— Lion Feuchtwanger, *The Devil in France* (Viking)

What Can India Do?

Condensed from *The American Mercury*

Allan A. Michie

WHEN Japan reached India's gates it became the fashion for Americans to tell the British what to do about the problem of India: the 200-year-old headache would disappear overnight and India would be able to defend herself against the Japanese if Britain would simply grant India freedom.

The unfortunate truth is, however, that there is no simple solution for India's problems. For India is not a united nation but a hodgepodge of conflicting racial, religious and political elements. Ethnographically, its 390,000,000 people form a melange of 45 races split into 2400 castes and tribes. Culturally, it consists of 225 language groups with nine major religions. The hatred the adherents of the various religions bear toward each other is exceeded only by the bitterness between the various sects of each.

Politically, India contains 11 provinces with a measure of self-government — "British India" — and 562 states ruled by feudal native princes. The struggle over independence is commonly presented as a three-cornered affair among the British government, the All-India Congress

Party, representing the Hindus, and the Moslem League. That is oversimplification; both of the major Indian parties are divided by quarreling factions.

Under British rule these conflicting races and religions achieved something like general unity. If and when the British withdraw, India's problem is to weld these hate-charged groups into one nation. Most impartial, on-the-spot observers agree that there would be a period of bloody internal conflict before the new leaders could get control. The British do not think unity can be achieved at this time. The Congress Party disagrees. Meanwhile, the vast hungry mass of India, almost 90 per cent illiterate, has little interest in the struggle. Freedom and independence are names which mean as little to them as Fascism or Nazism. They are concerned only with today's bowl of rice.

Both the British in India and the Indians themselves are to blame for today's impasse. Both can justify, in part, their failure to bring India more fully into the struggle. The problem is not to determine who is at fault; it is to decide what can be

done. Nearly three precious, perhaps fatal, years have been allowed to slip past.

IF THE Japanese and/or the Nazis conquer India, they will capture the raw material arsenal of Asia. India's deposits of high-grade iron ore are second only to those of the United States. India produces one third of the world's manganese, and has huge reserves of coal and aluminum-bearing bauxite.

India's war production has been underestimated. Her factories are manufacturing some 700 munitions items, including the bulk of the Indian army's machine guns, and its small ammunition and uniforms. The huge Indian-owned and managed Tata iron and steel works, the largest in the British Empire, makes light armor plate which is assembled around tank engines shipped in from Britain; steel bars for guns; shells and other munitions. An American aircraft factory has been set up at Bangalore to assemble planes shipped out in parts from the U. S. Cars and trucks, textiles, aviation gasoline and lubricating oils are being manufactured in Karachi, Hyderabad and Calcutta.

But this production, though important, is insignificant beside the tremendous needs. India still depends for its heavy equipment on America and Britain. The Congress Party claims, correctly, that Britain has not encouraged the industrialization of India, despite the desperate need

for war production, because of fear of competition after the war. At the same time the Congress Party itself has not done much to encourage India's industrialization. Mohandas Gandhi's village industry movement, for instance, is based upon a return to the handicrafts and local self-sufficiency.

Recruits have poured into the Indian army as fast as equipment could be provided for them. The Indian army, distinct from the British army in India, now numbers 1,250,000 men. All are volunteers.

While in India I talked to scores of young men who had tramped miles to reach the nearest recruiting station. Many of them had never heard of the Congress Party and its policy of passive resistance to the war effort. They were eager to become soldiers, not because of any love for the British, but because they loved the army.

"I want to count my enemy by his heels," explained one tough little Punjabi.

Those of us who have seen the Indians in action in Libya, Syria, and Malaya agree that they are among the finest troops in the world. Their fighting qualities, discipline and smartness have seldom been given the credit they deserve.

The vast bulk of India's army unfortunately is still in training. For the first two years of the war, the troops were rushed to Egypt, Iraq and Iran as soon as trained and equipped. And neither the Indian

army nor Britain's small 60,000-strong garrison in India has much mechanical equipment.

The Indian navy is almost nonexistent. It consists of half a dozen minesweepers and naval patrol boats. But the British have a force of secret strength at the naval base of Trincomalee on Ceylon, the strategic island which dominates the entrance to the Bay of Bengal. Trincomalee (called Trinca by the British) has been secretly built up over the past few years and its real importance is still in the hush-hush class.

The Royal Indian Air Force has been hopelessly weak until recently. At the end of 1941 it consisted of two operational squadrons with 300 pilots in training. All the planes were antiquated Hawkers dating from the early 1930's and absolutely useless against Japanese navy Zero planes. Since the Jap invasion of Burma, air reinforcements have been rushed to India. British Blenheim bombers, Hurricane and Spitfire fighters, American P-40's and Flying Fortresses are pouring in. The air defense of India has been taken over by one of Britain's toughest airmen, Air Marshal Sir Richard Peirse, who directed Britain's bombing offensive against the Germans throughout 1941.

THIS SPRING, with the Japanese already established on the Burma side of the Bay of Bengal, the British government offered India the concessions it had withheld for two and a half years of the war. Scholarly,

smiling Sir Stafford Cripps, long a friend of India, was the British negotiator. Britain could not have had a better one.

British-Indian relations had always been conducted in an atmosphere of crimson-carpeted stairs and marble halls. Cripps, in sharp contrast, stepped off an RAF plane at Delhi, carrying his own bags, portable typewriter and brief case. Instead of staying at the Viceroy's New Delhi Palace, he set up headquarters in a modest bungalow.

Cripps's plan was briefly this: during the war Britain would direct India's defense but India would appoint a member to Churchill's War Cabinet, a concession which had not then been granted to the Dominions. At the end of the war, elections would be held for the provincial legislatures, and the lower houses would choose by proportional representation a constitutional congress. The 562 princely states would be invited into this congress. To take care of the Moslem minority, the British proposed that states or provinces which did not agree to the new constitution could formulate their own constitutions, which would be equally recognized by the British.

Jawaharlal Nehru, able leader of the Congress Party, tacitly accepted the British political plan but insisted on the appointment of an Indian defense minister to run India's war effort. Britain was reluctant to grant this seemingly logical request for two reasons. First, there was no one in

the Indian political field qualified to handle the job. Second, old Mohandas Gandhi, the most important man in India to thousands of his followers, has steadfastly refused to abandon his policy of passive resistance and nonviolence. Gandhi has agreed that India must resist aggression, but his methods can hardly stop Japanese tanks and dive bombers.

Still, Cripps persuaded the Churchill government to authorize him to accept Nehru's demand for an Indian defense minister, provided that matters of strategy were left to General Wavell. Nehru and his Congress Party then rejected the whole Cripps plan because of the provision allowing dissatisfied minorities to remain outside the proposed federal union. And Mohammed Ali Jinnah, leader of the Moslem League, also turned down the British proposal — because it did not definitely set up a separate Moslem India.

Cripps failed. But if his efforts did nothing else, they revealed to the world how immense are the internal barriers to India's independence.

TO GRANT freedom to India's depressed millions would be a stroke of incalculable value to the cause of the United Nations in the Far East. It would prove to the vast populations of Asia that the cause of the

United Nations was indeed a fight for freedom, destroying at once the appeal of Japanese "Asia for the Asiatics" propaganda.

But India cannot be defended by a grant of freedom alone. Many Americans seem to think that "independence for the Indians" is a magic formula which would suddenly create huge, fully equipped Indian armies able to repel any Japanese thrust. It is too bad that this is not so. Except for the protection of light anti-aircraft guns, India's great coastal cities and ports lie naked before the onrushing Japanese. It is impossible to defend every mile of India's long coastline, and the Japanese can land almost any place they choose. The complete conquest of the subcontinent, however, is a military assignment so formidable that it may require more men and equipment than the Japanese have available at the present time.

India needs tanks and guns and airplanes in astronomical quantities from America and Britain, and she needs them in a hurry. She might have produced these things herself if the British and the Indians had been able to agree ten years ago, but it is late and the Japanese are close. Slavery far worse than British Imperialism is creeping nearer every day.

India's awakening — and Britain's — may have come too late.



Sophie Halenczik's Greenhorns

Condensed from The New Yorker

Rose Feld

THE DAY Frankie Halenczik went off to camp was one of festivity for his mother, Sophie. First there had been a family dinner consisting of mighty servings of goulash and apple *Strudel*, Frankie's favorite dishes. And then the *Gazette* published a picture of Sophie and Frankie standing under an American flag. It was captioned "Proud American Mother Bids Smiling Farewell to Soldier Son."

Sophie, who does housework by the day and comes to us every Friday, had difficulty in attending to her tasks that week. She carried the clipping in her apron pocket and took it out every few minutes to look at it, with the same proud smile the photographer had caught.

"Is wonderful. No?" she asked me. "Me, Sophie Halenczik, proud American mother."

"It's good of both of you," I said, "though Frankie looks very serious."

Sophie chuckled. "Not serious," she explained. "He was mad. The family. Nine at the table." She counted them on her fingers. "Me and Frankie, then Mary and Irene and Annie, and Dolores," mentioning her three daughters and her grandchild. "Then Kathi and the two boys." They were cousins, recently arrived from Europe, and were liv-

ing with Sophie until Kathi's husband, Paul, who had just got a job in Massachusetts, could make a home for them.

"When the photographer come for the picture," Sophie continued, "they all want to be in it. So Frankie get mad. He say he ain't goin' to be in no picture with a lot of greenhorns. He mean his cousins. Not nice. No? So to make things good, I say nobody be in except me." Sophie looked slyly at me from under her lowered eyelids. "Anyway, I like it better that way. Just Frankie and me."

Sophie's world had new horizons from the moment she assumed the role of proud American mother. In our town there are about a dozen committees engaged in war relief work of one kind or another. Sophie, as far as I could gather, joined all of them. After her day's work she patched clothes that were being sent abroad, sold tickets for benefits and washed dishes at benefit suppers.

Sophie was happiest with the committee that sent clothes to refugee children in England. The chairman was Mrs. Thornton Scudder, leader of our town's social register. Her husband, who had died in London the year before, had held important diplomatic posts. When, after 30 years

of living abroad, Mrs. Scudder returned and opened the imposing old Scudder house on Settler's Hill, everyone wondered what her dinners would be like and if one could live up to the cosmopolitan brilliance of her conversation.

Nobody found out, for Mrs. Scudder had no dinner parties. People who met her said she was cold and austere. The only time I saw her was at the meat counter of our general store. She seemed friendly enough with the butcher and looked exactly what she was — an elderly New England woman who had learned in her travels how to wear simple, good clothes and carry a lorgnette without looking a fool. I don't know how willingly she became chairman of the Committee for Refugee Children, but she accepted.

One good old American method of raising funds is a supper. The menu is invariably the same: cold meats, potato salad, baked beans, pie and coffee. When Sophie told me the committee was planning such an event, I asked her where.

"We don't know yet," she answered. "The ladies would like to have it at Mrs. Scudder's house."

"It's a big house," I said.

"Sure," Sophie agreed, grinning at me, "and they all crazy to see it."

At the next committee meeting the doctor's wife, by prearrangement, asked Mrs. Scudder if she would have the supper in her house. It was obvious Mrs. Scudder didn't like the notion.

"It's not that I don't want to open my house," she said finally, "but I thoroughly dislike ham and potato salad and pie."

Before anybody could recover to make a courteous reply to this flagrant criticism of a sacred American institution, Sophie's voice cut the heavy atmosphere.

"Me, too, Mrs. Scudder!" she called from her place at the ironing board where she was pressing garments to be sent to England. "Also baked beans. They give me pain in the stomach."

This was the first time, probably, that Mrs. Scudder had been aware of Sophie as a person. A few women laughed in nervous embarrassment, but Mrs. Scudder did not.

"I quite agree with you, Mrs. —"

"Halenczik," Sophie said. "Sophie Halenczik."

"Halenczik," Mrs. Scudder repeated. "You're Czech, aren't you? I remember your picture in the *Gazette* last spring." She looked gravely at Sophie, then smiled. "Tell me, Mrs. Halenczik," she went on, "what kind of supper would you prepare if you had it at your house?"

Sophie looked as if she had been trapped into making an assertion that would destroy her standing as an American. But, relying on Mrs. Scudder's leadership and Frankie's patriotic service, both unimpeachable, she answered bravely, "Frankie, he want goulash and noodles and apple *Strudel* filled with nuts before he go to camp."

"Goulash and noodles and apple *Strudel*," Mrs. Scudder repeated softly, and those who sat near her said it sounded like a sigh burdened with unforgettable memories of happiness.

"Or maybe I make paprika chicken for main dish and *marillen Knödel* for dessert," Sophie continued, with increasing courage. "My husband, he was crazy about that."

Before anyone knew how it happened, Sophie was seated next to Mrs. Scudder and the two were excitedly talking food. The rest sat entranced as they listened to the discussion of the respective virtues of *Stollen*, *Sauerbraten* and chopped veal in grape leaves plucked in the heat of summer.

"And *piroshki*. Can you make *piroshki*?" Mrs. Scudder asked in a voice almost breathless with unbelief.

"Sure, I make *piroshki*," Sophie declared proudly. "I make them filled with sour cherries. And sugar and sour cream over them. No?"

A groan of delight escaped the austere lips of Mrs. Thornton Scudder. She gazed at Sophie as though she were some precious discovery in a world of drab monotony. Then she shook her head.

"No. It would be impossible," she said, half to herself, and then continued, almost wistfully, "I was thinking it would be wonderful to give a supper at my house of paprika chicken and *Strudel* or —"

"We could sell a hundred tickets

at a dollar apiece easily," the treasurer of the committee broke in, shrewdly raising the price that had been planned.

Then Sophie casually introduced the news which rocked our town for days.

"I do it if you want, Mrs. Scudder. I get Kathi to help me."

"Who's Kathi?" Mrs. Scudder asked.

"Kathi is my cousin," Sophie explained. "She live with me. She and the two children, until her husband get fixed. They come from Europe four months ago."

"From Europe? Four months ago?" The women around the table were held by the intonation of Mrs. Scudder's voice.

"Sure. They greenhorns," Sophie explained. "Paul — he is Kathi's husband — he have to hide when the Nazis find out about him. He belong to the Masaryk party."

"How did they get here?" Mrs. Scudder asked, her eyes wide with amazement.

"We help them," Sophie answered. "A friend of Paul, he come one day with a letter from Paul and he tell us he can get them out if we have money for the tickets. He don't say where they are; he say it's a secret."

"Well?" Mrs. Scudder said gently.

"Well, we collect the money. We all got a little something in the bank — Mary and Irene and Annie. No? And then we get a mortgage on the house for the rest." The intense faces

around the table confused her for a moment. "That's all right," she explained, smiling at her listeners assuringly. "They pay back some day. We come to America like that, too. My husband's brother — he work in a bakery — he help us. We pay back every penny. That's all right."

"You brought over four refugees and are now taking care of three of them?" Mrs. Scudder said in a voice trembling with emotion.

Sophie shook her head in perplexed denial.

"They relatives. Not refugees. They don't come from England. They cousins, greenhorns, just like we was when we come here."

Mrs. Scudder rose to her feet and looked down the length of the table, her eyes brimming as she addressed the other women. Sophie was bewildered to hear herself described as a heroine.

There was a long story in the *Gazette*, with a picture showing Sophie and her refugees; there was a supper of goulash and noodles and apple *Strudel* at Mrs. Scudder's house, prepared by Sophie, Kathi and several of our town's hostesses, who were happy to serve under Sophie's leadership; there was the announcement that the committee had pledged itself to pay off the mortgage on Sophie's house through a series of suppers. Sophie still doesn't know what to make of it.

"I don't understand," she said to me. "I always think refugees are the people in England what need clothes and medicine. No?" Her smile was perplexed. "Anyway," she added, "we got some nice pictures in the paper. I send them to Frankie and I tell him we got three refugees at home, not three greenhorns. That make him feel fine."



Personal

Glimpses

At a brilliant social event which Thomas A. Edison attended reluctantly at his wife's urging, the inventor finally escaped his admirers to sit in a corner. A friend noticed that he kept looking at his watch, and drawing near, heard Edison sigh deeply and murmur to himself: "If

there were only a dog here."

— *Wall Street Journal*

EVERY MORNING at nine-thirty, King George V and his sister, Princess Victōria, chatted over the telephone. In telling about this custom, the King said:

"Of course we're not always too polite. One morning her telephone bell rang at the usual time, and she took up the receiver and said, 'Hullo, you old fool.' And the voice of the operator broke in, 'Beg pardon, Your Royal Highness, His Majesty is not yet on the line.'"

— John Gore, *King George V* (Scribners)

Don't Tie Up Your Mind

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

I WAS a very young man selling advertising for a trade paper when a suspender manufacturer in a tumbail New England town taught me a lesson.

He was the last prospect I had to call on before I came home from an unsuccessful trip, and my job might depend on getting an order from him. The night before, I worked out a definite plan of attack, deciding just how much space I would sell him and rehearsing my arguments till I was letter-perfect.

Next morning I recited so fluently that my customer never got a chance to speak until I laid my order blank on his desk. I had filled it out. Thirteen quarter pages. I handed him my fountain pen.

For a moment he looked at me, smiling.

"All right, son," he said and signed the order. I began to thank him, but he stopped me.

"I'm doing the thanking," he said. "You just saved me about \$800. If you'd given me a chance to speak, I'd have told you half an hour ago that I'd decided to use 13 half pages."

I must have looked foolish enough to make him sorry for me.

"Now I'll give you something that you can thank me for. Advice. Do you want it?"

I'd have taken advice, right then, from a college sophomore. So I nodded.

"You wouldn't tie up your hands before a boxing match," he said, "but you thought it was clever to tie up your mind before an argument. It isn't clever, son. Keep on doing it and you'll run into worse surprises than this one."

Then he tore up the contract and had me make out one for the 13 half pages. That contract didn't save my job, but the lesson has saved me other things that mattered more.

When I was applying for my next job, I had my mind tied down tight to the exact salary my employer should pay me. But I remembered those 13 quarter pages, and let the boss tell me the higher figure he had tied *his* mind to. The lesson worked, and it has been working ever since.

Recently, before attending a board meeting, I reviewed all the things I was going to tell that mule-headed fellow director who was heading us straight for the red. But I let him talk first and he offered a better compromise than I had intended to suggest.

The other day I set out, iron-jawed, to tell those politicians in the assessor's office just how much they should cut my assessment and what

I'd do if they didn't. On the way I remembered my suspender maker. Instead of the surly defiance I'd expected to meet, I found friendliness, and came away with a very reasonable revaluation.

My new water heater fell short the three simultaneous tubfuls it was guaranteed to furnish. My immediate reaction was to write a frothing letter to the contractor and demand a rebate on the price. But I merely asked him for a fair adjustment. It turned out that he thought I should have a larger heater and offered to install it free.

A young kinsman was bent on quitting college to make a foolish

marriage, despite threats and browbeatings from his parents. I had more browbeatings ready for him, but just in time remembered to keep my mind untied. I didn't lecture. I listened. And the boy's militant defiance talked itself down into an admission that he was unhappy about his decision but had persisted because his pride wouldn't let him knuckle under to bullying.

Taking opposition for granted is a good way to make sure of meeting it. But if you follow the advice of my suspender-making guardian angel and *keep your mind untied* you'll be astounded how often people turn up on your side of a question.



Seekers After the Truth

¶ A FATHER and his young son were walking one day when the boy asked how the electricity went through the lighting wires.

"Don't know," said the father. "Never knew much about electricity."

A little later the boy asked what caused lightning and thunder.

"To tell the truth," said the father, "I never exactly understood that myself."

"Say, Pop," began the lad after a while. "Oh, well, never mind."

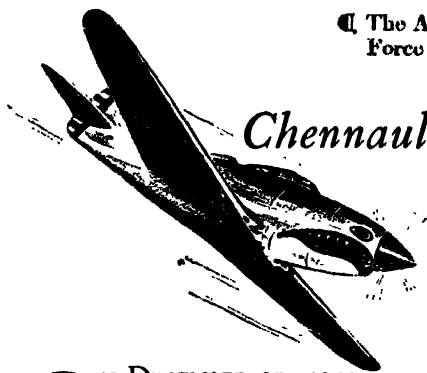
"Go ahead," said the father. "Ask questions. Ask a lot of questions. How else are you going to learn?" — Contributed by Mrs. Steven M. Siesel

¶ A DEALER in fruits and vegetables employed a boy to be at his shop every morning at three o'clock to deal with the truck farmers. He himself got there at eight. One night after a late party the dealer decided to check up on the boy, and dropped by his shop at 2:30 in the morning. Three o'clock came — no boy; 3:05, no boy. At 3:07 the boy hurried in.

"So?" yelled the boss. "Bankers' hours, eh?"

— Contributed by F. P. Adams

¶ The American Volunteer Group of the Chinese Air Force has written an epic in aviation history



Chennault and His Flying Tigers

Condensed from The American Legion

William Clemmens

ON DECEMBER 21, 1941, seven Japanese planes took off from Indo-China to raid the Kunming terminus of the Burma Road. They expected no difficulty. Had not the Rising Sun dominated the eastern skies for four years?

Suddenly three pairs of planes appeared out of the clouds and swooped down on the Japs. In 20 seconds six of the raiders fell in flames. The frightened survivor, when he reached his base, could report little except that on the prow of each fighter plane was painted the head of a grinning, saber-toothed tiger shark.

Three days later 80 Japanese aircraft set out to bomb Rangoon. They knew that the British there had only 36 pursuit ships. Furthermore, it was Christmas Eve and the Christians would be celebrating. The leaders were nearing their target when 18 "shark" planes, again maneuvering in pairs, appeared out of nowhere. In less than one minute, 11 Nipponese pursuit ships and 8 bombers plummeted down in flames. The rest scattered and fled.

The Japanese High Command was

baffled. Who were these mysterious and terrible air fighters?

They were "Flying Tiger Sharks," a band of young men making their initial appearance as the American Volunteer Group of the Chinese Air Force, led by tall, wiry 51-year-old Claire L. Chennault, an ex-schoolteacher from Waterproof, La. Their effective fighting force — until recently — was never more than 44 pursuit ships. Outnumbered 20 to one, with ammunition for only one minute's firing each time they took to the air, with no reserves or support, in the 90 days following December 21 these Flying Tigers are credited with destroying 457 Japanese planes — 30 for every AVG plane knocked out; 92 Japanese airmen killed for every AVG pilot lost — a record unequalled in any war.

The secret of their amazing victories lies in a new technique of air fighting taught them by their dogged, weatherbeaten leader. The story of the Flying Tigers is essentially the story of Chennault.

Born in Texas, the son of a cotton planter, Chennault was brought up

in Louisiana and attended Louisiana State University. He was a rural schoolmaster for seven years, and was the father of three boys when he enlisted in 1917. A second lieutenant in aviation when the Armistice came, he stayed on to become one of the army's best pilots.

When Captain Chennault demonstrated a revolutionary idea — dropping troops and light field guns by parachute — no one except three Russian observers was interested. He wrote a textbook in which he described another revolutionary tactic. The traditional dogfight, one plane against one, was outmoded, he said. If two planes flew together as a team, weaving their way through an enemy formation, they could concentrate double fire-power upon enemy planes.

To show air corps officials what he meant by teamwork, he and two of his wingmen performed banks, dives and even loops while their planes were tied together with 30-foot ropes. But the brass hats viewed this demonstration merely as a stunt. Retired in 1937 because of deafness incurred in flying open planes, Chennault settled down with his wife and their eight youngsters in Louisiana.

Two of his lieutenants also retired and went to China to help train combat pilots. When they heard that China wanted an American air adviser, they convinced Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek that Chennault was the man for the job.

Shortly after Chennault's arrival,

in July 1937, China was attacked by Japan and her force of less than 100 combat planes was soon wiped out. But Chennault would not give up. He studied the weaknesses of Japan's aircraft, pilots and tactics. He pleaded for American planes. But aid to China at that time was merely a subject for political debate in Congress, preoccupied with the Lease-Lend Act which gave priorities to the European nations. Finally, in December 1940, 100 obsolescent P-40 pursuit ships, originally destined for Sweden, were sent to China.

Chennault would have to keep half the planes in the shops to supply spare parts to keep 50 in the air. He had no skilled mechanics, no ammunition; high octane fuel was rarer than gold. Worse, China had no pilots to fly the P-40's. In a desperate effort he returned to Washington last summer and obtained permission to recruit pilots from the U. S. As a result, a group of adventurous young airmen obtained leave and, with 200 mechanics, followed him to China.

The Chungking government provided an operating base at Kunming. Hundreds of coolies surfaced runways, built hidden shelters to protect the planes and shops from bombs, buried huge fuel tanks — and laid out a baseball field.

Chennault taught his men all he had learned about the Japanese. Then he drilled them in his method of air fighting: never fly alone, always in teams of two; make your ammunition count; don't try to get every

one of the enemy — strike hard, then head for home.

AVG pilots are paid \$600 a month, plus \$500 for every Japanese plane brought down, provided it can be found and identified. In the defense of Rangoon, some 50 Japanese aircraft fell into the water, and the AVG has destroyed more than 200 grounded enemy planes; but for all these the Flying Tigers made no bonus claim.

Since the superstitious Japanese fear sharks, the Group painted a shark's head on the snout of each plane. When they learned that the tiger is a favorite deity in China they called themselves "Tiger Sharks." But soon they were known as the "Flying Tigers."

By November 1941, Chennault had two fully trained fighting squadrons of 18 men each and a partial squadron of 8. At last he was ready to strike a blow for China. But at that moment the British in Burma called for help to defend Rangoon, a port vital to the Burma Road. So Chennault sent his First Pursuit, headed by Arvid Olsen of Los Angeles, winging down the road to Mandalay. It was men of that squadron who blasted 19 Japanese planes out of the sky last Christmas Eve.

All through Christmas day the Japanese sent wave after wave of bombers with escorts of fighters. In relays the Flying Tigers and two RAF squadrons rose to meet them, knocking down 18 enemy planes. At dawn on the 26th the enemy was

back again. Of the 80 which attacked Rangoon that day, 22 were blasted out of the sky. The assault on Burma was halted. The AVG First Pursuit had only 12 shark-nosed planes left; not a single ship was whole. But 59 Japanese aircraft — one tenth of all the combat force the invaders then had on the mainland — had been destroyed in three days.

The "Old Man" wired them from Kunming, "I knew you would, God bless you." Tokyo broadcast a formal complaint: "The American Volunteer Group will, unless they cease their unorthodox tactics, be classed as guerrillas, and the Japanese will therefore show this irregular force no quarter."

The little band of Americans became the sparkplug of Allied resistance all over the Asiatic mainland. By mid-January enemy air forces on the Burma front were reduced to half their original strength. The AVG were sure that if they had had more ships they and the RAF could have wrung mastery of the air from the Japanese.

Chennault pleaded with Washington for bombers. These, with a protective escort of his fighter planes, could slow down the yellow men's invasion of Malaya. But Washington could send him no bombers. Somehow he got hold of 12 obsolete Russian bombers. Using these slow, cumbersome deathtraps, AVG fliers put Hanoi, largest-Japanese air base in the Southern Pacific, out of commission for three days.

The battles that followed each other in unending succession took further toll of his P-40's, and Chennault had coolies search the jungle to recover bits of planes and motors with which to patch his battle-scarred ships. Cables, radio messages and emissaries pleaded with Washington in vain.

In February of this year came a windfall. The Pan-American Airways manager of China's wartime airline chanced to discover on the Calcutta docks, among lease-lend supplies from the United States, some cases of P-40 parts. He convinced the British that he knew where they were to go and signed a receipt. Before the proper papers could catch up with the shipment, relays of Chinese planes had rushed these parts to Chennault. Two days later the AVG had downed 26 more of the enemy.

Chennault's ability to get fuel and ammunition for his fighters is uncanny. Part is derived from the Japanese. A "lost" truck here, a stray consignment of engines or parts there, a cargo of ammunition "borrowed" from somewhere else, have kept the AVG flying and fighting.

When the AVG began to attack the Japanese on their own airdromes, Chennault devised a new technique. Two P-40's, moving wing to wing, would attack. High above them, a third would stand by, ready to dive in if enemy planes got on his teammates' tails. Somehow the Old Man obtained demolition bombs, which

some of the Flying Tiger pilots carried in their laps.

On February 9 a fleet of 42 Japanese bombers lay in an airdrome camouflaged by mango trees. Flying at 18,000 feet, Jack Newkirk of Scarsdale, N. Y., Charles Bond of Dallas and Bob Little of Spokane spotted the planes by the flames from their exhausts; they were being warmed up. Bond and Little dived, raked the airdrome with their machine guns and demolition bombs, leaving behind 16 flaming wrecks. Three Japanese pursuits took off to give battle, but Newkirk, on guard aloft, sent two of them crashing and the other fled. That same day, six other Flying Tigers destroyed 13 bombers at another airdrome.

The enemy struck back at AVG bases but the Americans were notified of their approach by Chennault's Chinese air-raid warning corps with their little portable radios. Because of this corps the Tigers are seldom caught off guard. When bombs damage their flying fields the holes are quickly filled by coolies, who consider it an honor to help the AVG.

Often the Tigers get away without a casualty, thanks to Chennault's acrobatic combat technique. But all of them cannot get away all the time. How many casualties the Flying Tigers have suffered is a military secret. One, limping home from a fight, was forced down by five Zero fighters and machine-gunned where he fell. Another, whose engine was shot to pieces, bailed out; the Japa-

nese followed him down and shot his parachute to ribbons. After that, AVG pilots convoyed any parachuting teammates safely to the ground.

Losses thinned the AVG. Often only two Flying Tigers challenged three Jap squadrons — a job for 50

fighters. Yet they kept on — writing in blood and courage an epic chapter in America's history. In April, Chennault — after five years on the retired list, with the rank of captain — was commissioned a brigadier general on active duty.



Private Life of the Fiddler Crab

IN Bahia Honda, Panama, we were fascinated by a huge colony of fiddler crabs, brightly colored creatures with eight legs, one small claw and a great fiddling claw. When scurrying around brandishing their great claws, they looked through our binoculars like gaily dressed cowboys at full gallop, waving their sombreros.

Day after day we watched them dig, cat, duel and pursue the ideal of male fiddlerdom: the female. When foot-loose flirts wandered provocatively far from their own holes, the males would go racing about on tiptoe, great claws extended stiffly in one direction, small claws extended just as stiffly in the opposite direction. Once a male succeeded in getting close to a female, he would literally dance her along in the circle of his great nipper arm, never touching her, but trying to tease her to his hole. The fiddler's dance was an amusing counterpart of the giddy Panamanian carnival dance, the tamborito, in which the man performs with his right arm, hat in hand, extended in a slight curve around the girl, not touching her, while his feet do intricate steps as she pretends to try to escape.

We concentrated on an especially brilliant emerald-backed fiddler who

had been trying vainly for at least an hour to attract a drab little female four inches away. She apparently paid no attention at all, redigging her hole and feeding busily. At last, however, she appeared to see him. With this slight encouragement, he speeded up the tempo of his dance, pumping his great purple claw frantically up and down, and adding extra clogging steps to the prancing of his eight green legs. The female sidled an inch or two in his direction; her suitor danced still faster, and at last won her fascinated attention. As she watched, almost hypnotized, an inch away, he revolved slowly before her like a mannequin, so that his back of iridescent-green faced her alternately with his purple claw. Finally she approached within reach. He stroked her legs gently, did one more brief prancing jig, then dashed suddenly down his hole, his bright claw vanishing last with a final irresistible waggle. At once the female followed after.

Five minutes later, as we still watched, the male reappeared briefly at the mouth of the hole, kicked up a plug of mud, and deftly flipped it over the entrance as a most eloquent "Do Not Disturb." And we saw no more of them.

— William Beebe, *Book of Days* (Harcourt, Brace)

☞ Interstate tariffs on food products
raise the cost of living for all

State Barriers for Starvation

Condensed from The Kiwanis Magazine

O. K. Armstrong

CLOSE BY a huge "Welcome to Florida" sign just over the St. Marys River, I watched loaded trucks pull to a stop. Officials examined their contents. "What's this inspection for?" I asked.

"Checking on eggs and other produce," one of them answered. "Eggs brought in from Georgia or other states must pay a four-cent per case tax to Florida."

Later, in Jacksonville stores I saw some eggs labeled "Fresh Florida Eggs" and others "Shipped Eggs." The law requires these labels, in order to discriminate in favor of home-state eggs. The seller must not label eggs "fresh" which are produced outside Florida.

Curious to find out how Georgia took this slur, I consulted officials in Atlanta and learned that Georgia retaliated with laws requiring every case of eggs brought into the state to pay a two-cent inspection tax — and the word "shipped" must be marked *on each egg*. Even eggs sent by army quartermasters to a training camp in Georgia must pay the tax.

Georgia's Commissioner of Agriculture is empowered to declare an

embargo on fruits and vegetables from other states, if he deems Georgia crops sufficient for home needs. Thus one man could erect a trade wall around an entire state.

Every state has laws favoring its own products and discriminating against those from other states. The Department of Commerce has listed 1500 such statutes, most of which are directed against outstate food-stuffs and fuel. The theme is: "Home markets for home products!"

Consumers must foot the bill for this "protection." Every home pays tribute to the favored few producers who are protected by discriminatory laws. The annual total runs into millions of dollars.

This trade-barrier rivalry began when the depression forced the states to scramble for new revenues. "Tax the enterprise of other states!" became their motto. It increased as local pressure groups induced legislatures to bar outstate food, fuel and other commodities. In both of these aims, trade barriers have failed. Taxes on outstate products seldom pay for the cost of collecting them, and favors to pressure groups are always made at the public's expense.

Interstate tariff walls break our national market into segments, each retaliating against its neighbors. The egg war such as Florida and Georgia are waging has spread: laws in 32 states now favor home-laid eggs. Although eggs are important in a balanced diet, particularly for children, consumption of them is far below what it should be. Thus trade barriers lower our standard of living. Vice-President Wallace has said that at least 40,000,000 people in the United States suffer from insufficient diet. Trade-barrier laws are in part to blame.

The U. S. Public Health Service has issued model rules for milk, cream, butter, ice cream and cheese. Yet 20 states have set up dairy regulations stricter than federal requirements — simply to establish monopolies for local producers, who thereby maintain higher prices.

The District of Columbia has the most flagrant trade barrier in this field. Washington is now a boom city of 800,000 people, yet fewer farmers are allowed to supply milk for the capital than in 1929, when the population was half its present size. The District milkshed is confined to a few nearby counties of Maryland and Virginia. For its milk Washington pays two cents per quart more than the average for eastern cities. Pasteurization, wherever done, renders milk practically free from germs, but the District demands pasteurization within its borders. Thus milk from a distance is effec-

tively shut out. Requirements for dairy barns and equipment are so expensive that few farmers can meet them, and under war rationing it is impossible for a new dairyman to build and equip a plant. He must, for example, have metal milking stools — wooden ones are forbidden. Federal rules call for chlorine sterilization of milk utensils, but the District demands steam sterilization. Among many other stipulations are such items as one hemmed towel for every two teats for each milking.

Officials estimate that for normal efficiency Washington people need one third more milk and cream than are obtainable. Both can safely be transported from far beyond the Washington monopolistic dairy shed; and there's plenty of surplus in Philadelphia and New York.

Seven states recently have forced higher prices on dairy foods by requiring inspection at the source of supply by officials of the importing states. Pennsylvania bars evaporated cream and dry milk unless the manufacturer pays Pennsylvania to duplicate an adequate inspection already made in the producing state. Louisiana requires that its tags be attached to containers of outstate milk upon inspection at the source. Twenty-nine states prohibit the importation of "filled milk," a low-cost pasteurized and vitaminized food made by extracting the animal fat from milk and substituting an equal amount of vegetable fat.

California's quarantines and in-

spectations practically exclude fruits and vegetables from other commonwealths. Containers for the retail sale of jams, jellies, preserves, peanut butter and salad dressing must be approved by the board of health. The director of agriculture may regulate the marketing of any farm crop if he thinks there is a greater quantity than California needs. Duplicate inspection fees imposed upon competition increase the cost of "protection."

Oleomargarine, largely a product of the South, is a wholesome, nutritious food made from cottonseed oil and soybean oil. Federal pure-food standards require that it shall be properly labeled, shall contain at least 80 percent of animal or vegetable fat, be fortified with a certain amount of vitamins, and be made with pasteurized skim milk. Yet taxes and regulations for labeling and retailing practically prevent this food from entering more than half the states.

Northern dairy states discriminate against margarine to eliminate its competition with butter. Wisconsin levies a tax of \$1000 each year on manufacturers of margarine, \$500 on wholesalers, \$25 on retailers and hotels and \$5 on boardinghouses serving it. In addition, each pound is taxed 15 cents. These restrictions were disguised as revenue measures, but taxes in a recent year netted only \$14.42.

Washington, Idaho, Montana, North Dakota, Minnesota, Wyoming, South Dakota, Nebraska, and

Oklahoma also levy prohibitive taxes upon margarine. Bitter retaliation has resulted. Louisiana authorizes an embargo on products from states that discriminate against Louisiana products. Other southern states sharply restrict northern dairy foods.

Inspection and sanitary regulations have established livestock and poultry trade barriers in 32 states. Several of these require disease tests from 10 to 90 days in advance of importation and a quarantine of one to three months after reaching their destination. Five states discourage importation of poultry by demanding expensive tests not required of resident hatcheries.

As a member of the Missouri legislature from 1932 to 1936, I witnessed the tide of trade-barrier laws set in. Missouri now has 30 discriminatory statutes. Recently I visited numerous points along the state's borders and the capitals of several of our seven adjoining commonwealths to note the effect of Missouri's protection of its products. All seven retaliate with motor-transportation laws, some of which make it almost impossible for Missouri foodstuffs to get across the line. Several hit Missouri with "use taxes" such as Oklahoma's four cents a gallon on Missouri gasoline and the two percent tax on almost every item Missouri sends into Arkansas. I found Missouri bakers bitter about an Iowa law which requires that bread imported from other states be weighed at the first stop.

No one questions a state's duty to protect the health of its citizens, but trade barriers abuse such powers. The states should abandon rivalry and retaliation by repealing all laws that discriminate against the products and enterprise of any other state, and establish uniformity and reciprocity. Only an awakened public opinion is needed to obtain action. A bill is now before Congress to set aside state laws which impose unreasonable burdens upon interstate motor traffic.* Similar measures should abolish other trade barriers, and Congress should establish a joint

* See "Barriers Between the States Must Go!" *The Reader's Digest*, April, '42.

federal-state commission to deal with the problem.

This subject is scheduled for discussion at the annual conference of state governors in June. Legislatures of 43 states hold regular sessions early in 1943, and the remaining five possibly will hold special sessions. Citizens may obtain a list of trade barriers in their states by writing to Paul T. Truitt, Department of Commerce, Washington, D. C. For the public good, citizens should fight the pressure of minority groups that seek protection or special favors. Rarely has there been a better opportunity to demonstrate democracy at work.



Divorce Proceedings

ONE MONTH after Julia Hoyt married my ex husband (wrote Ilka Chase), I was going through a trunk and found a box of my calling cards engraved "Mrs. Louis Calhern." They were the best cards—thin parchment, highly embossed—and it seemed a pity to waste them, and so I mailed them to my successor. But aware of Louis' mercurial marital habits, I wrote on the top one, "Dear Julia, I hope these reach you in time."

— Ilka Chase, *Past Imperfect* (Doubleday, Doran)

ADHERING to quaint Hollywood custom, the author Lewis Browne and his former wife chummily attended a party together, listened to the announcement of their divorce over the radio. Next day, Conductor Leopold Stokowski, who was also at the party, petulantly called up Lewis.

"I think it is very indecent of you two to be having such a good time," chided Stokowski. "At least, when my wife and I were divorced, we *grieved*!"

— PERRY MEYER

The Frenzied Home Front, 1917-18

Condensed from The Chicago Sun

Louis L. Pryor

HERE, you don't have to wait in line. You're no slacker. Step right up to the desk."

A deputy sheriff near the door of the marriage license bureau in Chicago was speaking to a young man wearing a conspicuously new uniform. Here and there in the long line a head drooped. Although it was only 11 o'clock in the morning, 250 civilian couples were waiting their turn. The day before, 1126 couples had secured licenses.

The time was April 10, 1917, four days after the United States declared a state of war with Germany.

In Pittsburgh, couples storming the marriage license bureau were confronted with a sign printed in black on a yellow background:

A man who marries a girl to shirk his duty to his country will shirk his duty to his wife. Girls, beware!

Newlyweds were not the only evaders. After conscription was enacted 150,000 draft-dodgers were arrested.

On the other hand, countless "Wake Up America" parades were held throughout the nation in commemoration of Paul Revere. In New York a million people lined Fifth Avenue to cheer Marshal Joffre. From Philadelphia came word that "no self-respecting citizen would purchase goods from a store which does not display an American flag."

Against this backdrop, *The Literary Digest* observed: "Raising armies is more difficult than raising flags, and one of the chief difficulties is the popular feeling against conscription."

"Food Will Win the War"

VIRTUALLY overnight, food waste became the center of national criticism. "Bread bullets," the United States was told, "are going to win the war." That war was only two months old when official estimates predicted the smallest yield of winter wheat in 13 years. Almost hysterically a movement started for "a garden in every backyard and vacant lot." Railroads offered the use of land along their rights-of-way. The Boy Scouts — their slogan, "Every Scout Feed a Soldier" — went in for nation-wide hoeing.

Old Man H.C.L. (high cost of living) moved in on the nation's dinner tables. Trading in May wheat was stopped by the Chicago Board of Trade when it reached the record-breaking price of \$3.25 a bushel. Before the war was a week old potatoes in Chicago were 90 cents a peck. A "fair price" for bacon in November was 50 cents a pound. By February 1918 eggs were 73 cents a dozen. Here is a typical joke of the day:

He — "They own a limousine."

She — "That's nothing. I know

people who eat potatoes twice a day."

In August Congress had passed a bill which, President Wilson explained, was "not to control food but to release it from the control of speculators." This was characterized by the New York *American* as "the most drastic legislation ever enacted by Congress."

Two months later an acute sugar famine threatened. Housewives stood in lengthening lines at grocery stores clamoring for sugar, while candy makers in New York City kept on using 750,000 pounds of sugar daily.

"Hooverizing," as food skimping was called, reached into every nook and cranny. In February 1918 the Food Administration forbade hotels and restaurants to serve more than two ounces of wheat bread per person; Mondays and Wednesdays were to be wheatless days, Tuesday meatless day, Saturday porkless day. By March, Food Administrator Herbert Hoover declared that the most critical food shortage in its history confronted the nation; householders as well as restaurants were not to use more than $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of wheat products per person a week. But the rationing system was voluntary.

Next month, April, came grimmer news. Brooklyn bakers were ordered to discharge all Germans in their employ because of complaints of glass found in bread. Pulverized quartz was found in Chicago flour.

Editorialized Hearst's *Chicago American*, "This is a day of great discouragement. Onesays, 'Everything

is so hopeless.' Another moans about the high cost of food. Another, too rich to care how much food costs, growls on account of income tax or the difficulty of getting cheap labor."

A lighter note was interjected by the *Cleveland Press*. "Three hundred New York society women," it commented, "have organized to teach the poor how to economize. In self-defense the poor should organize to teach the rich how to spend money."

In this atmosphere jazz was born. The *Ziegfeld Follies* of 1917 starred Will Rogers, Bert Williams, W. C. Fields and Fanny Brice, with a fitting finale by Victor Herbert entitled, "Can You Hear Your Country Calling?" One of the day's most popular songs was "Keep the Home Fires Burning."

Fuel Fails

IN FEBRUARY 1918 the home fires I started going out, as the war industries cried for more and more coal. Coal lines formed in the cities. "Give me just two bags," pleaded a young, well-dressed woman. Another, without coal for four days, cried that her three children were freezing. It was the eleventh month of the war.

Fuel Administrator Garfield earlier had promulgated the "ear-muff edict" — aimed to effect a 10 to 15 percent saving — under which 70-degree heat was to be the maximum, except on physician's orders. Even so, on December 31 came New York State's first "black-out," 22 years

before the word was coined. To conserve coal the state fuel administrator ordered six lightless nights. Saturday night alone was allowed to remain incandescent.

In mid-January, Administrator Garfield had closed manufacturing plants east of the Mississippi for five days, declared Monday for 10 weeks a holiday on which offices, factories, stores (except drug and food stores) should use only enough fuel to keep goods from freezing; theaters were closed one night a week. This drastic order worked so well that after a month it could be suspended. Spring, too, was at hand. And, for the first time, as a fuel-saving invention, came daylight saving, on April 1, 1918.

"Gasless Sundays" did not come until August 25; all automobiles, with limited exceptions, were thereafter to be idle on Sundays. When three taxicabs braved Chicago streets they were wrecked by indignant citizens and soldiers, the latter lustily swinging sledge hammers.

In the same month the War Industries Board advised automobile manufacturers to convert their plants to 100 percent war work before January 1. And in October the Board slapped a ceiling of \$12 on a pair of shoes, effective June 1, 1919 — the first step to regulate prices of wearing apparel. Profiteering was not limited to food, fuel, clothing. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, complained to the House Naval Committee of "prices beyond reason" paid by the navy — "as an

example, a fishing vessel was appraised for \$30,000. The owner would not sell to the navy for less than \$112,000."

Volunteer Dollars

MEANWHILE, in the spring of 1917, had come the first Liberty Loan call for two billion "volunteer dollars." High-powered publicity rammed into crescendo, as newspapers, movie theaters, and that curious precursor of radio, the "Four-Minute Men" organization, sprang into action. Frequently its members' names were listed in movie ads along with the names of movie attractions. At the end of the feature picture, an American flag was thrown on the screen, followed by an announcement: "Mr. — will speak for four minutes on a subject of national importance." Upwards of a million speeches — in theaters, churches, on street corners — were made by minute men.

That first Liberty Loan drive was oversubscribed by four million Americans. Soon Liberty Bonds became the legal tender of the day, with store advertisements presenting everything from console phonographs to women's high white shoes above the recurrent words: "Liberty Bonds Accepted as Cash."

In October 1917, just as the Second Liberty Loan was getting steamed up, the new "War Taxes" rolled into view. The *Cleveland Press* emphasized, "you cannot buy any article that has been freighted by rail or

water, you cannot ride on a train, send a telegram, visit a theater, buy a bottle of patent medicine, a tube of toothpaste or any other toilet article, own an auto, or buy a share of stock without paying tribute to Uncle Sam."

"It's conscription of wealth," was the cry heard most generally.

Women at Work

YOUNG WOMEN scurried to take courses in motor truck and ambulance driving. Railroads started hiring women, the first one as a car inspector. Women letter carriers appeared. Then the word "farmerette" was coined and the Department of Labor bulletined: "Women to do farm work are needed in Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Minnesota, Nebraska, Georgia, New York and Vermont." Women's Liberty Loan committees organized "Three-Minute Women," thereby scooping the Four-Minute Men by 60 seconds. But, observed the *Ohio State Journal*, "one of the hardest things to persuade a patriotic girl of is that it's better to be a good dishwasher than a poor ambulance driver."

High Wages and Rents

BY MIDSUMMER, 1918, came stories of fabulous wages in a field still uninvaded by women — the shipyards. "There are various ways of becoming a plutocrat," explained a *Chicago Daily News* reporter. "The discovery of a gold mine is a good way; also it can be done by hammer-

ing rivets." Quoting the rate of pay for a riveter in a government shipyard at eight cents for each rivet inserted on weekdays and 16 cents on Sundays, the reporter told of three men — a riveter, a "heater" and a "holder" — who worked eight hours one Sunday. They managed 1014 rivets and were paid \$162.24. Said one of them, "The government needs boats, you know."

Wages in general were high, rents still higher. Landlords, taking advantage of an acute shortage, not only boosted rentals to the sky but in many cases refused to rent to families with small children. A linotype operator advertised in a Waukegan, Ill., newspaper that his two little children would be taken out in the backyard and shot if he couldn't rent a flat or a house where they would be tolerated. Finally, in August 1918, the government decided to build homes for war workers.

Meanwhile, newspapers were receiving letters from readers on extremely provocative subjects. "I am a forewoman in a downtown shop," wrote one reader, "and have heard conversations between some of the 'war brides, one of whom informed me that she became acquainted with a soldier while visiting a camp and married him two months later. She said she doesn't need to worry now about finding work, since the government is sending her his pay, and if he never comes back from 'over there' she will have a pension for life. From this shop, where 80 girls

are employed, 17 have married soldiers after a few weeks' acquaintance. Do you think Uncle Sam is so foolish as to allow these 'war brides' to pick his pocket for probably 50 years?"

Silver Lining

BUT WITHAL there was patriotism, real, earnest. In one Chicago block a flag of 24 stars was raised, representing the number of boys in service who lived in that block. There were Gold Stars, too, for

those who died, and Gold Star Mothers. Even in prison cells patriotic fervor flared high: 600 men, paroled from three Illinois prisons, doffed convict stripes to work as free men in munitions plants at Rock Island, using their pay to buy bonds.

ALL OF THIS happened a long time ago. But it does not read too strangely, for something not unlike it is happening again today. Whatever differences there may be are mostly in today's favor.



The Apt Response

¶ AS A YOUNG barrister the Earl of Birkenhead protested a judge's obvious sympathy for his opponent's side. The judge rebuked him and their remarks developed a distinctly personal flavor. Finally the exasperated judge exclaimed, "Young man, you are extremely offensive."

"As a matter of fact," said the Earl, "we both are. But I am trying to be, and you can't help it."

— Winston Churchill, *Great Contemporaries* (Putnam)

¶ ONCE when Henry Ward Beecher was in the midst of an impassioned flight of oratory, a drunken man in the balcony waved his arms and crowed like a rooster. Instantly Beecher stopped, took out his watch, and remarked: "What, morning already? I wouldn't have believed it, but the instincts of the lower animal are infallible."

— Edgar DeWitt Jones, *Lords of Speech* (Willett, Clark)

¶ ROSSINI, the famous 18th century actor, had dined thinly, for his host's table afforded a snip of this, a snack of that. As coffee was being served, the host said, "I hope you will soon do us the honor of dining here again."

"Certainly," said the hungry Rossini briskly. "Let's start now."

— Jack Goodman and Albert Rice, *I Wish I'd Said That!* (Simon and Schuster)

The Britannica

Condensed from The Saturday Review of Literature

William A. Lydgate

ON THE 11th floor of a Chicago office building works the man who has the biggest editorial task in the world. He will never read all the articles that go into his publication. To do so he would have to plow through 24,000 pages and 35,000,000 words.

As it is, he works 12 to 13 hours a day. At home he reads manuscripts until two or three o'clock in the morning; his sleep has not averaged more than five hours a night for ten years. He is a friendly, unhurried, ascetic-looking man with iron-gray hair. You probably never heard his name. He is Walter Yust, editor-in-chief of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

It is his task to assemble and publish the reference book which is a byword for scholarly authority, written by 3700 experts in all branches of universal knowledge. After a decade at his grueling job — first as associate editor, later as editor — Yust still retains a keen sense of hu-

mor. He delights in telling how filing clerks working on the *Britannica* index volume once listed gallstones under Geology, defense mechanisms under Military, Pope Innocent under Law, physics under Direct Action.

The *Britannica's* 14 editions stretch over 174 years. It was founded in 1768 by "a society of gentlemen in Scotland" consisting of three men — Colin Macfarquhar, a printer; Andrew Bell, an engraver; and William Smellic, a scholar of "convivial habits" and a close friend of Robert Burns. The *Britannica* was a Scottish institution for more than a hundred years, but today is wholly American — owned by Sears, Roebuck & Co.

Although the cheapest *Britannica* costs \$150, more than 40 percent of all sets are bought by families with incomes under \$2500. Most of them pay for it in installments. Sales jumped 35 percent last year. People wanted to know more about the countries caught up in the war, and about military affairs in general.

The *Britannica* has reached every country in the world and influenced events both great and small. A set was presented to the Shah of Persia by the British Ambassador more than 100 years ago, and the Shah climaxed his list of resounding titles with "Most Formidable Lord and

WILLIAM A. LYDGATE is editorial director of the American Institute of Public Opinion, which conducts the Gallup poll. Born in Hawaii, he worked on a newspaper in Honolulu before he went east to attend Yale University. After his graduation in 1931 he joined the editorial staff of *Fortune* and later became a writer for *Time*, covering national affairs and the business world. He has been associated with the Institute of Public Opinion since 1935.

Master of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*." In a dispute with Britain over a Canadian boundary, Secretary of State James G. Blaine produced a map from the *Britannica* to support the American contention, and won the decision. A clerk in Macy's, a New York department store, was asked by a customer why a silk dress rustled — and gave the correct answer. Her department head overheard her, and inquired how she knew. "I read up on silk in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* when I took this job," she said. He gave her a raise.

I have spent my spare evenings for the past year and a half reading the *Britannica* — sometimes looking up special subjects, sometimes opening a volume at random. It is a most fascinating book for casual reading — a rich collection of good literature. Its contributors include many famous authors.

Macaulay's essay on Samuel Johnson, for example, was written for the *Britannica* and still appears in the latest edition. Julian Huxley is the author of an article on Courtship of Animals, written with subtle humor in a simple style which makes it entertaining reading even for those who know nothing about biology. G. K. Chesterton wrote the article on Charles Dickens. Thomas De Quincey, Sir Walter Scott, Robert Louis Stevenson, Swinburne — all have written for the *Britannica*.

The current edition carries an interesting biography of Wilbur Wright

by his brother Orville. Henry Ford wrote the article on Mass Production. There are also articles by Alfred E. Smith on New York State, Charles Evans Hughes on the Monroe Doctrine, Bernard M. Baruch on Raw Materials. General Sir Archibald P. Wavell contributed accounts of famous battles. Yust's favorite selection is T. E. Lawrence's "Science of Guerrilla Warfare."

Authors are paid two cents a word. For his essay on the principles of socialism, Bernard Shaw received \$68.40. Albert Einstein earned \$86.40 for his article on Space-Time.

A naval officer wrote Yust to say that all his belongings had gone down with his ship at Pearl Harbor, except the notes prepared for a *Britannica* article. The notes were water-soaked, but he wrote the piece as best he could from them. His contribution, on Blockade, will appear in this year's revision.

The *Britannica* has had only one really bitter critic in the last two generations. He was the late Willard Huntington Wright (S. S. Van Dine) who in 1917 wrote an entire book, *Misinforming the Nation*, in which he denounced the *Britannica*. He called it "full of rabid prejudices, personal animosities, scholastic ignorance." It incensed him to find that Ibsen's *Ghosts* was called "repellent," that Alexander Graham Bell was accorded only 15 lines, that there were no biographies of Cézanne, Kreisler, Rachmaninoff, Burbank or Diesel. Every omission and

misconception Wright complained about has been corrected.

When historian Mary Beard complained that not enough space was given to women, Yust checked up. He found that of approximately 13,000 biographies, all but 800 were of men. Yust invited Mrs. Beard to take charge of preparing biographies of outstanding women, and several women writers have been working for months on that project.

The *Britannica* nearly went under 15 years ago. It owes its survival to Julius P. Rosenwald. When he was head of Sears, Roebuck, the firm put up a million dollars to help finance the Fourteenth Edition, and later acquired full stock control. That edition, which cost \$2,000,000 to prepare, appeared just before the crash of '29. For the next three years orders fell off, heavy deficits piled up. Then a Sears executive, E. Harrison Powell, undertook the task of putting the encyclopaedia business on its feet.

A new edition, Powell found, took from three to 13 years to prepare; by the time the last volume was ready for printing, the first volumes were out of date. Moreover, while a new edition was in preparation the public stopped buying the old one — just when money was most needed for salaries, research and printing.

Powell's solution was to arrange for continuous revision, bringing out a revised edition each year rather than a completely new edition every 10 or 15 years. The idea pulled the

Britannica out of the financial ash heap. In three years it began to make money.

Another of Powell's innovations was the *Britannica Book of the Year*, a million-and-a-half-word volume which summarizes the main events of the preceding year and is sold to set owners for \$2.85. Next he organized a *Britannica* research service, giving each owner the privilege of asking for information on 50 questions over a ten-year period — questions not covered in full in the *Britannica*. This research service has supplied reports on such subjects as pruning trees, the history of laundering from 300 B.C. to the death of Cleopatra, the evolution of walking sticks.

In 1939, Powell put the *Britannica* on the air, giving away a set to anyone who could stump the experts of "Information, Please." *Britannica's* 514 salesmen occasionally have difficulty because prospects are sure they are going to win free sets. The *Britannica* gets around this by promising a full refund to the buyer if he wins a set within 90 days. To date refunds have been paid to only two people.

Yust is assisted by a world-wide staff of departmental editors. For example, all articles having to do with biology are handled by Julian Huxley. Under Yust's supervision, Huxley decides what subjects shall be covered and which experts shall write the articles. Other departmental editors include Decms Taylor

(music), Grantland Rice (sports), Roscoe Pound (law), Lt. Col. Calvin Goddard, U.S.A. (military), Captain Leland P. Lovette, U.S.N. (navy). Because the war has made communication with foreign authors difficult, more and more articles are written by Americans.

The problem of revision is simplified by the fact that about 30,000 topics, representing 75 percent of all the material, are not likely to be changed. Yust plans, however, to have every article studied twice every ten years and revised if necessary. Extensive changes have, of course, been made recently in medicine and in military, naval, aeronautical and industrial classifications.

Yust claims that the only quality necessary in an encyclopaedia editor is infinite patience. He has had many a headache over such obscure bits of information as the length of the Ozark River. He wrote to five authorities and got five different answers. "The hardest thing in this world to get is a fact," Yust concludes sadly.

He would like some day to find time to read the *Britannica* from cover to cover. Only one living person claims to have accomplished that feat. His name, believe it or not, is Shirk — A. Urban Shirk, a sales manager who lives on Long Island. It took him four and a half years.



Ultimates

¶ CROSSING a footbridge that leads into the famous Giant Redwood Forest in California automatically touches off a record of Nelson Eddy singing "Trees."

— *The New Yorker*

¶ FOR WAR RELIEF, a piece of imported Roquefort cheese was made available to New York gourmets for sniffing purposes, at 50 cents a sniff.

— *Time*

¶ WITH tobacco supplies limited, French stores are selling cigarette cases with special compartments for butts.

— *Newsweek*

¶ LEWIS & CONGER in New York City sells towels marked with such names as Alcatraz, The White House, The Polish Embassy and Buckingham Palace to give the home a traveled look.

— *Mademoiselle*

¶ THE NAVAL ORDNANCE plant of the Hudson Motor Car Co. ran the following help-wanted ad (and meant it):

WANTED — Toolmakers and jig and fixture inspectors; age limits 45 to 98 years.

— *N. Y. Post*

The Joy of Walking

Condensed from The New York Times Magazine

Donald Culross Peattie

AMERICA, land of the rubber tire, is going off wheels and learning to walk.

Of this I sing.

Yesterday I moved from a house 11 miles from my children's school to a new home, where, by walking three quarters of a mile, they can board the school bus. So I save rubber. But to get the morning mail I also must go down to the highway, making a mile-and-a-half round trip during which I climb back up a 300-foot hill.

I set out this morning, my mind full of the usual Monday humdrums, complaining to myself that in this way I missed the news broadcast and consumed a valuable half-hour of my freshest energies. But I came back to my desk with blood tingling, with every stale, mundane concern washed out of my head.

I had heard the titmouse calling his merry song of *peet-o, peet-o*, and song sparrows tuning up on the alder bushes where the catkins were hanging out all pollen-dusty and fertile. I had heard the brook gurgling among its boulders, and smelled fresh loam, lichen wet with dew, spawn of toadstool. I had seen the mountains in long shafts of early light and a flight of band-tailed pigeons flashing white wings across a valley. The oats were

shooting, pale green and tender, out of the fine black earth in the fields, and I heard a plowman shout at his old white horse as he turned the end of a velvety furrow.

Had I taken my car to run down to the mailbox I should have had only a fleeting glimpse, or none, of these fine sights. Above the noise of the wheels how should I have heard the sea-dirge of the pines, or the chuckling of linnets, or the jolly scampering of lizards on old leaves? True, I should have "saved" about 25 minutes of my priceless time. For what? For the sake of a more sluggish digestion, of a wider girth beneath my belt, staler air in my lungs, duller thoughts in my head, a posture grown by that much older.

Something happens to the walker who knows how to think and observe as he goes. In the first place he is physically prevented from wasting his time and cluttering his mind in ways that, we get to imagining, are inevitable. While you are walking you cannot be reached by telephone or telegraph, or reach anybody else. That in itself is a blessing. You cannot, as you do even in an automobile, twiddle the radio and so let in the war and the stock market, a flood of soda-pop and chewing-gum spiels, and all the quizzes and jazes that

wrangle on the innocent air. You cannot play bridge or consult an astrologer, bet on a horse or go to a movie. In compensation for these deprivations, walking offers you health, happiness and an escape from civilization's many madnesses.

I have often started off on a walk in the state called mad — mad in the sense of sore-headed, or mad with tedium or confusion; I have set forth dull and even thoroughly discouraged. But I never came back in such a frame of mind, and I never met a human being whose humor was not the better for a walk. It is the sovereign remedy for the hot-tempered and the low-spirited — provided, of course, that you know how to walk.

When about 8 years old I was taught to walk by an elderly man, a master of the art. He showed me how to carry that good companion, a stick, without tiring of it; how to climb without getting winded, slanting your body forward, going on the balls of your feet and respecting the hill ahead of you. From him I learned that you should never take a high-road if you can find byroad or foot-path. He taught me not to chatter; he instructed me to quench thirst well before I started out, to go stoutly shod and lightly clad.

That was country walking. Later I learned the joys of city streets — at their most magical in the dusk and early in the morning. To enjoy city walking you have to throw yourself into a mood of loving humanity. For a whistling boy must be your

bird song, girls' faces your wayside flowers, the flow and roar of the street your clattering, swirling streams, and tall buildings your sun-smitten crags. And by night you have the spattered office lights above for your winking constellations.

But, better than curb-trotting, I think we city dwellers shall for pleasure be riding out again to the end of bus or trolley line or taking a suburban train to some outlying point, there to step forth amid country sights and sounds. We shall smell again the bittersweet reek of leaf fires where village people are raking their lawns. We shall hunt for spice-bush, and set our teeth in the thin sweet bark just to taste and smell again that tingling aromatic principle.

We shall be carrying bird glasses and cameras and snacks of lunch. Personally, I'm down on sandwiches. Far rather would I take shelled pecans and sweet dried currants, with dark chocolate for dessert, and in warm weather, cider or apple juice, since they are refreshing even if not iced. But rather than carry too much heavy liquid, I'd chance buttermilk from some old spring-house, or just nice, wet well-water, tasting a little, with a cool astringent tang, of iron from the pump and tin from the dipper.

So, good luck to you, fellow hiker, wherever you go! May you never run out of tobacco or songs; may the trees be great and old and the girls young and comely. May the sun

shine upon your cheek and the shade lie upon the back of your neck. May you find wood and strawberries and sassafras. But he who slingeth away the bottle and hindereth not the pic-

nic paper, he that carveth the beech bole and she that expects others to carry her coat, camera and pack — may their socks be lumpy, and farm dogs bite their calves!



Swat the Ragweed

By

Edward F. Hartung, M. D.

MIDSUMMER spawns the scourge. Under the hot August sun myriads of tiny blooms release their dusty pollen, and the air-borne poison flies across the land.

In homes and offices, women find it difficult to draw a normal breath, and dread the sleepless nights. In defense factories, on farms, men stop work to rub their itching, half-blind eyes, or to shake with uncontrollable sneezing fits. These sufferers, hundreds of thousands of them, know that the ragweed season has come again; that from mid-August to mid-October they will find no respite from a wearing, weakening affliction that feels like influenza — with a few sinus headaches and malarial chills thrown in for bad measure.

Ragweed is much the commonest cause of "hay fever." It grows in almost every part of the U. S. But if the plant is cut or pulled out before the period of pollination, it can cause no hay fever and it cannot propagate. A thorough campaign of eradication, intensively pressed during the month preceding August 15, could largely rid the whole country of it. Most of the

nation's sufferers could be relieved if only the cities would extirpate the pest. For the majority of us are urbanites, and vacant lots and neglected streets are the ragweed's favorite domain.

But who is to do so vast a job? It is obviously beyond the scope of uncoördinated individual work, but is it not a challenge to our new and nation-wide Civilian Defense agencies? Could not the O.C.D. in each community enlist and coördinate the efforts of Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Red Cross volunteers, and other civic groups?

Civilian Defense means more than preparing for bombs from the sky. It means working now, from the ground up, to maintain the efficiency and health of every community at top peak. It means learning to coöperate and carry through on projects helpful to everyone. The ragweed is not too lowly an enemy for our metal. Its elimination will make life more liveable for many Americans; it will step up the nation's power to produce; it will permanently benefit every community.

Here is a Civilian Defense job that can start now.

New Women Workers Speed Plane Production

Condensed from Aviation

Don Wharton

TO ACHIEVE our 1942 production goals, the call has gone out for millions of women to help "man" the assembly lines. How will women respond to this call? Their achievements in the aviation industry give an inspiring answer.

Not much more than a year ago there were no women in our aircraft factories, except for a few seamstresses and inspectors. Even as late as Pearl Harbor there were only a few hundred. In March of this year, however, the industry had more than 15,000 women in coveralls. By June that figure will be tripled, and by the year's end should reach 100,000. From coast to coast women are working on every type of plane, from light trainers to the heaviest four-engine bombers.

Glenn Martin now hires more women each month to make bombers than the entire industry had employed before December 7. At Consolidated, 2500 women are at work, and every Liberator or Coronado bomber that it turns out is built partly by woman's hand.

This minor industrial revolution began in the California plant where Vultee makes trainers and pursuit ships. Early in 1941 — months before OPM asked aircraft plants to ex-

Outdistancing men in many jobs, women are proving their worth in war factories, and demand for them is growing.

periment with women workers — Vultee hired 25 women and put them on electrical and radio subassembly, attaching wires and fitting out junction boxes. In three weeks the experiment proved a success: weekly production of some units had increased 25 percent, a few had zoomed 50 percent. The men, to keep pace, increased their own output.

Vultee hired more women, placing them in machine shops, on drill presses, milling machines, cut-out saws. Today it uses women on 30 types of jobs. Foremen report that on repetitive work, efficiency has increased. One showed me a girl pulling a mass of wires through a long, tight tube — in 15 minutes against her male predecessor's half-hour. An other foreman pointed out a woman fitting 63 wires into a junction box little larger than a handbag; she has cut that operation down from two hours to an hour and a half. A fuselage frame starts down the powered conveyor assembly line, passes sta-

tions at which are installed throttles, controls, instrument panels, and so on. Beginning bare and skeletonlike, it emerges as a completed fuselage, ready to be attached to tail and wings — and nowhere en route does a man touch it.

In the past few months Vultee's experience has been matched by plant after plant. At Vega's attack bomber factory one foreman, 20 percent of whose crew are women, was asked what percentage he considered ideal. "One hundred percent," he said. Many foremen who resisted the placing of women are now begging for them. "Where weight and fatigue are not factors," one told me, "women are as good as men. Better!"

Almost every aircraft plant has efficient women rivet teams. When North American substituted women for men in the tubing department, production went up 20 percent. One woman, who has a child at home and a husband in the navy, operates a bending machine which used to be a bottleneck. "Now," her foreman says, "she's bending faster than the trimmers can take it." At North American's Texas plant a girl who formerly worked in a beauty parlor feeds 8000 metal clips a day into a machine — 2000 more than men had averaged.

At Northrop, which hired 400 women in 50 days, there was one job that only two men in the plant could do. For a year the foreman had tried to train a third but couldn't find anyone who had the knack — until he

tried a woman. She mastered it in a week. At Lockheed some departments use girls as shock troops — when a man begins slowing down a girl is stationed next to him. Invariably he's spurred on.

One reason women are doing so well is that airplane manufacturing methods have changed. To get mass production, many operations have been broken down into smaller ones which are more repetitive, more monotonous. Ages of sewing and knitting have conditioned women to monotony; their finger dexterity has been proved superior to that of men; they have more patience.

A foreman at a large bomber plant told me that many young men come to work with notions about plane-building being a romantic business, but after working at a machine that trims tiny pieces of metal, half a mile from final assembly, they are disappointed and dissatisfied. Women are more realistic, he says. After men have mastered a single operation they usually want to move on to something new, but women are satisfied to stick to one job and learn how to do it better. "Women don't try to hide their greenness," an instructor at North American said.

California plants are pooling their experience with women employes. For instance, when Douglas found that women operating electric hand drills tired quickly, it consulted other companies. Vultee had a solution: a "lazy arm" which supports the drill's weight, so that the woman

can concentrate on its operation. Douglas ordered "lazy arms" and an increase in production resulted.

When women are first brought into a factory there are a few chaotic days of masculine yoo-hooing and gaping. At a Douglas plant where the practice persisted, the girls took the matter in their own hands. After lunch they lined up near the door as the men came streaming in, and gave them the works — whistling and yelling such catcalls as "Tarzan!" and "Body beautiful!" Since then the Douglas girls have had no trouble.

Most personnel men prefer women between 25 and 35. They favor married women and give top rating to the divorced, separated or widowed who have children to support. Wives of men in military service also rank high. In one day Lockheed hired 30 Pearl Harbor widows for whom the navy was seeking jobs. North American asks every worker who is called into service to hand in the name of his wife, sister or sweetheart, for whom they try to find a job.

Social butterflies are not wanted and most personnel men are on guard against college women and those with an exceptionally high I.Q. Glamour girls are turned down cold — they're distracting to the men. When this became known some of them appeared for interviews in unbecoming clothes and without makeup. Plain-Janes in employment lines proved to be veritable beauties when they showed up for work.

At North American's Texas plant all these rules are broken. One out of every six of its girl workers went to college. Get-acquainted dances are held every week. The best riveter in the shop is a beauty with a Bachelor of Science degree in biology. Nearby, soldering a fuel gas float, is another college graduate who prepared to teach art; and on the same floor, working an electric hand drill, is Mrs. Dossie Deeds who has three sons in the Marines. Mrs. Deeds appeared in the employment office shortly after one son was captured at Wake Island. Asked what she could do, she said: "I've got just enough sense to believe I can do anything anybody else can, if you'll give me a few days to catch on."

The Ford bomber plant welcomes college girls at a starting wage of 75 cents an hour. Most plants start women — the same as men — at 60 cents an hour, which with overtime exceeds \$30 a week.

Many plants report that women workers bring an increase in absences, partly offset by fewer hangovers and by the fact that women don't watch the clock as closely as men. Some plants have made uniforms compulsory, others let the women wear whatever slacks or coveralls they like. A net or scarf is usually required to keep hair out of machinery. Jewelry, high heels and shoes with open toes are taboo. Despite lectures showing the danger from metal slivers, some women won't give up open-toed shoes until caught. Nowhere, how-

ever, have women created a serious problem, nor have they asked special favors of any consequence.

Women have filled the gaps in manpower caused by the Selective Service decision not to give blanket deferment to aircraft workers. "In a pinch," one personnel director said, "we could run this bomber plant with 85 percent women." Estimates in other factories vary between this

figure and 50 percent. In general, the more women workers a plant has used, the more it believes it could employ. Instead of slowing down production, women have stepped it up. The aviation industry's experience proves that women in coveralls don't mind grease, grime, or hard factory work, and can do their share in the greatest production drive the world has known.



So That's How It Started! — 25 —

The Liars' Club

WHEN I was a newspaper freelance in Burlington, Wisconsin, in 1929, my Christmas bills called for drastic action. To swell my earnings I concocted a fantasy about the annual meeting of a "liars' club," at which a jury of newspapermen and lawyers had awarded a medal to a retired sea captain, Anthony Delano, for the year's best lie. The captain's tale was that his ship, running at three knots, had come abeam of a whale's tail. An hour later, the ship drew abeam of the whale's head. The whale was, therefore, three nautical miles long.

The Milwaukee *Journal* bought my story and requested a picture of the formal presentation of the medal. The factual basis for my yarn was merely that a group of reputable Burlington citizens — lawyers, newspapermen, the police chief and the retired sea captain — liked to swap tall tales at the police station. I dug up an old medal and per-

suaded the police chief to pose pinning it on Captain Delano.

That, I thought, would be the end of it. But a news service picked up the story and printed it from coast to coast. Artistic liars everywhere clamored to be allowed to join the "club" and compete for the medal. Thus the now-famous Burlington Liars' Club became a reality with regular headquarters in a local store. Lies accompanied by a stamped return envelope were acknowledged by membership cards. A real medal was produced with a place to insert the annual winner's name.

Out of the whole crop of tall tales since sent in by contestants from all over the country, the 1933 winner is my favorite. Bruno Ceresa of Langeloth, Pa., said his grandfather had a clock so old no one knew how long it had been in service. But there was a hole in the back of the case where the shadow of the pendulum had worn through.

— Mannel Hahn in *The Rotarian*

America's Enemy No. 2: Yamamoto

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

Willard Price

PERHAPS our chief individual enemy, next to Adolf Hitler, is leather-faced, bullet-headed, bitter-hearted Isoroku Yamamoto, Commander in Chief of the Japanese fleet, a man whose whole life has been dedicated to the crushing of white supremacy.

"When war comes between Japan and the United States," he once wrote to a friend, "I shall not be content merely to occupy Guam, the Philippines, Hawaii and San Francisco. I look forward to dictating peace to the United States in the White House at Washington."

I met Isoroku Yamamoto long before he had become an admiral and unapproachable. But he was already hating, icily. It was in 1915 in the home of Baron-Admiral Uriu. The

elderly Baron said I should talk to this grim, sulky fellow guest. "I am a goner; he is a comer," said Uriu.

I began asking questions. Yamamoto answered them, always directly, sometimes brutally. That night I wrote it all down in my notebook.

Young Yamamoto began to hate America when his father told him tales of the hairy barbarians who had come in their black ships, brokered down the doors of Japan and threatened the Son of Heaven.

For many years the boy saw no foreigners. His home was in Nagaoka in the bleak northwest of Japan. Every winter the men had to go on straw snowshoes after wood, or to fish in the icy waters of the Sea of Japan. There the boy got his first strong taste of the sea and liked it.

He spoke with a kind of sour satisfaction of the typhoons and blizzards, of the capsizing of a fishing boat and his cold swim to a cavern in the cliff where he had to stay two days until the sea had quieted. He made up his mind either to be a fisherman when he grew up or to join the navy.

"Why did you choose the navy?" I asked him.

He smiled his frostbitten smile "I wanted to return Commodore Perry's visit."

WILLARD PRICE, as the editor of *World Outlook* and on his own hook, has traveled about the Orient for years. He has a wide acquaintance in Japan, and has studied that country's leaders at close range. Mr. Price's varied activities have included editorial work for *The Survey*, an investigation of the sources of U. S. immigration from Europe, the direction of a motion picture in Africa, and publicity work for colleges in China and the Philippines. He has contributed many articles to the magazines and written half a dozen books, three of which are about Japan: *Children of the Rising Sun*, *Pacific Adventure* and *Barbarian*.

His barbarian-hating father was named Teikichi Takano, a rather grim man, I gathered, and very poor. After he died the boy was adopted into the more prosperous Yamamoto family.

The Yamamoto home boasted the most sumptuous Buddhist shrine in town. Also there was a very plain god-shelf, bearing a simple miniature of a Shinto temple.

The army leaders had sensed the value of Shinto in their plans. They had revived the ancient faith, made it a rallying point for emperor-worship, twisted it to emphasize the mission of divine Japan to dispel the darkness that enveloped a godless globe.

All this suited Isoroku. He bowed only perfunctorily before the golden Buddha — but he placed daily offerings on the god-shelf.

Japanese history, as Isoroku studied it in school, had been rewritten to suit the militarists. It taught myths that made gods of the Nipponese people, "Seed of the Sun."

"Were you ever taught the theory of evolution?" I asked Yamamoto.

"Yes — as a Western idea — and perhaps applying to the West. But our teachers always made clear the special place of our people."

"You don't mean," I questioned, "the story of the gods Izanagi and Izanami who gave birth to the Japanese islands and the people who inhabit them? No modern, educated Japanese would actually take such a legend seriously?"

Yamamoto stiffened. "Were there any other questions you wished to ask?"

I went on to the safer ground of questions regarding school routine.

"What did you like best in school?"

"Drill. We made long marches in the snow or rain. We sometimes spent the night in the open. We stormed imaginary forts. We were taught maneuvers suited to the hills, the plains, the woods, how to cross rivers, how to invade seacoasts."

"When did this training begin?"

"When school began, at the age of six. The greatest sport was the annual military maneuvers of 10,000 boys divided into two armies, the one entrenched, the other attacking an hour before dawn. Regular army officers commanded us. Of course we fired only blanks — but our rifles, grenades, machine guns and field guns were all the real thing — not dummies. It was good practice."

A trained militarist at 17, Yamamoto entered the Naval Academy. Here he studied for three years, and spent another year on training ships.

As an ensign on Admiral Togo's flagship, Yamamoto fought in the battle which destroyed the Russian fleet. He lost two fingers, but he had a perfect opportunity to observe at close range the tactics of one of the greatest naval strategists, and he learned that it was possible for the yellow man to whip the white. That seems to have set his life pattern. Now that he knew it could be done, it must be done.

By the time I met him he had decided what weapon would be most effective in accomplishing his purpose. "The most important ship of the future will be a ship to carry aeroplanes," he said to me that day in 1915, though the "aeroplane" was then as clumsy as its name and the aircraft carrier remained in the womb of imagination.

The brown, brusque man in the tea pavilion ended the interview on a sour note. I asked him the usual question about Japanese-American relations and expected the usual guff.

"They cannot mend until they break," he snapped. I looked in vain for any trace of regret in his manner.

Count Okuma, then Premier, told me Yamamoto had a future. No one else seemed to have heard of him. As the years ticked by I noted his activities.

He became Chief Instructor in the Kasumigaura Naval Air Corps. Then, in 1925, he was Naval Attaché in the Japanese Embassy at Washington. Here he learned English thoroughly and improved his game of poker. After returning to Japan he was appointed commander of the *Isuzu*, then of the *Akagi*. Always he argued for aircraft and aircraft carriers.

He also talked oil. Japan as yet hardly realized that she was in the oil age. But Yamamoto came from

AS FAR BACK AS 1924 the great ship-building yards of the Inland Sea began to hum 24 hours a day. Since Tokyo was under treaty obligation to report its building, it began to cheat. Its so-called "light cruisers" had the armament and speed of pocket battleships. The submarines it described as medium-sized later recorded a fantastic cruising radius. Washington and London knew Japan was lying but could obtain no exact data.

In succeeding years Japan's naval program grew by leaps and bounds. The approaches to Japan's dockyards became a no-man's land. Tall barbed-wire fences were erected 10 and 15 miles from the yards themselves, to hinder foreign "peeping Toms." The workers were compelled to live within these reservations, and their infrequent visits outside were rigidly supervised by the naval intelligence. Behind these walls the navy built its superdreadnaughts.

In 1937 two 35,000- and two 45,000-tonners were begun. In 1940 four more 45,000-ton dreadnaughts were put on the ways. There is good reason to believe that the Japanese fleet now has in service four of these new super battleships.

— Mark J. Gayn

the Japanese oil fields; he grew up oil-minded. He realized that oil was the lifeblood of mechanized warfare. Japan did not have enough — but there was enough in the East Indies. Therefore the Japanese navy was destined to sail southward.

But it would never dare to do so if it were only three fifths as large as America's navy or Britain's. He so bitterly attacked the "degradation"

of the "5-5-3" treaty ratio that he was chosen to go to London in 1934 and upset it.

Rear Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto, Special Envoy to the London Naval Parley, refused to see reporters as he crossed the American continent. An interpreter blandly brushed them off with the explanation that the Admiral did not speak English. But when the envoy arrived in England, he immediately broke into voluble English. Between gangplank and taxicab he said:

"Japan will not submit to the continuance of the ratio system. There is no possibility of any compromise."

Even if he had desired to yield, he would not have dared. The Black Dragon Society had vowed that if this happened the Japanese envoy and all his aides would be assassinated.

The British suggested that if the ratio were abandoned the three powers should at least agree to an interchange of information so that each should always know the building programs of the others.

"Very sorry, but no," said Yamamoto.

"But it would be of value to Japan to know at all times what the others are building."

"We can find out," said Yamamoto bluntly. "But you can't find out what we're doing."

At last the Washington Naval Treaty of 1922, first great venture of the human race to do away with armaments, lay in ruins in London,

broken on the rock that he had provided for it. I happened to be in Tokyo when he came home. A parade of admirals and 2000 members of reservist and patriotic associations, including the Black Dragons, welcomed him. He went to the palace to receive the congratulations of the Emperor. Time having been turned backward and the world plunged toward certain war, Japan rejoiced.

Since that time Japan has secretly and swiftly increased its naval armament. Any published figures of Japan's naval strength should be taken as a very mild approach to the truth. For example, the number of Japan's aircraft carriers is usually estimated at from seven to nine. But Brigadier General Scwell, British military expert, has told us there are 15. The United States, according to prewar Senate figures, has six.

In battleships, cruisers, destroyers and submarines Japan at least rivals our combined Pacific and Asiatic fleets. She is also far ahead in airplane strength.

Yamamoto's continued pressure for more and more aircraft and carriers sometimes brought criticism in Japan.

"How," someone asked, "can you expect to destroy a battleship except with a battleship?"

"With torpedo planes," replied Yamamoto, and he quoted a Japanese proverb: "The fiercest serpent may be overcome by a swarm of ants."

The sinking of the *Repulse* and

Prince of Wales made his meaning clear.

Yamamoto is now 58, a hard chunk of a man, hair cropped as short as the bristles on a beaver-tail cactus, lips thick, jowl heavy, chin prominent. He is, I hear, as surly and abrupt as he was in Admiral Uriu's tea pavilion. I have never met him again and never wanted to. But I have seen him occasionally and his house in Kamakura. It is a small place. He lives simply — except for

his smoking, drinking and eating, which are all on a grand scale. He takes pride in the fact that they do not hurt him. He dissipates hard, works hard. He plays hard, too. He has a conquest complex, enjoys having opponents, plays games to win. For many years he has been navy champion in poker, bridge, chess, and go.

He is a man of tremendous conceit with the brains and stomach to back his bluff.



Answers to "How Much Do You See?"

(Page 25)

THE FIGURES at the right in parentheses are the scoring values to each correct answer. Add these up after you have checked your answers and compare your score to the nearest figures given below.

1. Certain kinds of spaghetti	(5)	12. c. $6\frac{1}{8}$ inches	(5)
2. Left	(5)	13. No	(5)
3. Left	(5)	14. "Postal Card"	(5)
4. Four — a thumb and three fingers	(5)	15. Wearer's left	(5)
5. To your left	(5)	16. Hour hand	(5)
6. a. MacArthur	(5)	17. Red	(5)
7. DeWitt Clinton	(5)	18. Yes	(5)
8. 4	(5)	19. Green, black and blue	(5)
9. Top position is "ON" on all standard wall switches	(5)	20. a. 2	(1)
10. 3	(5)	b. 3	(1)
11. Upper left side	(5)	c. 1	(3)
		Total score . . .	

80 or over: Excellent. Indicates good detailed observation of the commonplace experiences you meet every day.

60 to 79: Slightly above average.

45 to 59: Average.

Below 35: Poor.

Battle of the Soo

Condensed from The Nautical Gazette

Nathan Cohen

SPRING COMES to the iron ore country when the first freighter smashes through the great ice fields at Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, passes up the Soo locks, and points westward into Lake Superior for the ore which lies waiting at the docks. Spring came early this year. On March 23 Captain Paddy Brown plunged the broad bow of the ice-breaker *Ste. Marie* through the last mountainous barrier and cleared the channel which released the Great Lakes fleet for another season. Until this year no ship had ever entered the canal before April 1.

At Fort William, Ontario, Canadian head of the lakes, a silk hat goes to the skipper who brings in the first boat; Captain William Lorenyen of the *South Park* won it this year. At Duluth, 5000 persons bought tickets in a pool on the time of the first arrival in port. The *W. G. Muther* broke the timer's photoelectric beam at 11:19:37 a.m. on March 26 and Carl Erickson, a coal dock worker, won \$1000.

It was important this year that the bannels be opened early. Through merica's vast inland seas flows bre than 85 percent of the coun-

try's iron ore on its way to the steel mills of the East and Middle West. By the end of the season there must be enough ore on steel mill stock piles to last until the first boat starts out again next spring. This vast volume of ore must be hauled by water; the railroads simply couldn't handle it. And without ore, war production would come to a dead halt.

The 1942 job which faces the fleet is enormous. In a 250-day season, 300 freighters will have to float 92,000,000 tons of ore through the Soo — 12,000,000 tons more than ever before. For eight months there will be no Sundays, holidays, or rest for men and vessels. Wives and sweethearts who kissed their boys good-bye in the spring will wait until winter to see them again. Each ship will sail the equivalent of twice around the world.

It was a grim determination to achieve this quota that sent Captain Brown and an armada of powerful tugs into early battle with the ice fields. Although Great Lakes channels are frozen over from one end to the other during the winter, it is at Sault Ste. Marie, where the Soo locks raise and lower ships into and out of

Lake Superior, that the drama of the spring ice breakup is enacted. Here the ice runs deep. "It's the toughest ice on the continent," says Commander John Trebus of the Soo coast guard. He had brought back the sharp-edged cutter *Tahoma* from an early spring foray against the ice with one blade of her propeller gone, another pointing forward and the third twisted aft.

In the Soo country there are two types of ice. One is the solid 36-inch blue sheet which covers St. Marys River for 63 miles. The other is the 40-mile barrier in Lake Superior's narrow Whitefish Bay, north and west of the locks, which by spring has gigantic windrows 15 to 20 feet thick.

Two types of ice, but only one technique, says Commander Trebus: "You just batter at it until it cracks. You drive at it, back away, then drive into it again. In Whitefish, once you cut it, the boat sails along for 100 feet like a skiff in the breeze. Then you plow into another underwater iceberg, and the ship shakes from one end to the other. If it's a really deep block you just stay in one spot, your engines groaning, and wait it out."

If after a six-hour wait the boat still fails to move ahead, the men empty the water tanks forward and the bow rises out of the ice cakes. Then the boat smashes heavily down on the ice instead of cutting through it, and the ice usually surrenders.

After a pathway to the lake is

cracked open the traitorous northwest wind may send the ice back into the bay, blocking the ships that have come up from the Soo, crushing them against the shoals. Such a rebellion was staged this spring.

On Easter Sunday six freighters were steaming along the narrow channel when the wheelsman of the *Dunn, Jr.*, saw massive cakes of ice driving toward the ship. There was no alternative but to drive into the jam. The *Dunn*, a 600-footer, plunged her bow into the ice, followed by blows from the next two freighters, but the bergs drove them back toward the shoals. By sundown the three boats were solidly aground. On the sixth day tugs released the fleet, by then increased to 80 ships. The jam had held up movement of 800,000 tons of iron ore.

At the Sault, residents remember the year when an early freeze caught a fleet of 247 vessels. Farmers in Model T Fords drove out over the ice with food and fuel for 5000 sailors. When finally released, 149 vessels bound for Lake Superior ports and 98 downbound with grain and ore passed through the narrow channel in single file in the greatest parade of ships the lake had ever known.

More tonnage passes through the Soo locks in eight months of navigation than in a year through the Panama, Suez and Kiel canals combined. In 1941, once every 18 minutes, 24 hours a day, from April 1 to December 15, the locks lifted a freighter

into Whitefish Bay or lowered one into St. Marys River. It is the busiest waterway in the world. In a single day the lifts have handled three quarters of a million tons of freight. Reduced to 50-ton carloads, this represents 376 trainloads of 40 cars each.

For this lockage service, lake carriers pay no toll: a treaty between the United States, Great Britain, and Canada guarantees free use of Great Lakes boundary waters. If the war department collected the standard Panama toll of 80 cents for each ton of freight, the income last year alone would have totaled \$80,000,000 or more than twice the amount it has cost the government to build the locks, widen the channels and maintain them for 87 years.

To accelerate the movement of ore, captains race toward Lake Superior ports without knowing where they will dock for cargo. At the locks they receive their first orders, whether to sail on to the Duluth-Superior harbor — an inland port which ranks second to New York in tonnage — or to one of the other four ore shipping centers. But even as a craft sails along the channel, new orders may be signaled by electric flashes, whistles or megaphone. If a blast furnace operator in Pennsylvania wants a special grade of ore, three days' notice is enough. In that time it will be mined, analyzed and shipped 100 miles into Duluth. A freighter will arrive to load it just as the ore gets to the pockets.

Great Lakes carriers are the most

efficient in the world. They are 400 to 600 feet long, with machinery astern instead of amidships, deck-houses fore and aft. The vast expanse between is a long, unbroken battery of hatches for the iron ore. They make the 1500-mile round trip journey from the head of the lakes to lower lake cranes in seven days, and they are in port less than 13 hours during the trip.

They can be loaded in three hours and unloaded in four. Several seasons ago, a gang of Two Harbors ore punchers loaded the steamer *D. G. Kerr* with 15,507 tons of iron ore in 16½ minutes to placate the captain whose ship had been detained 24 hours because of harbor congestion.

The men who sail the lakes are tough, smart and thrifty. The greenest deckhand gets \$109 a month and his keep. If he stays with his ship until the end of the season, he receives a ten percent bonus. If he follows the general practice he saves most of his wages in the marine bank which his captain operates as a branch of a lake-wide service established by the Lake Carriers Association. Last year crews of 284 vessels deposited \$2,681,717 through their banker-captains, money that had been mostly gambled away before the founding of this bank in 1911. At the Soo the sailors have their own library — detective stories, sea yarns, westerns, the classics, poetry and technical texts. Boxes of books are hauled aboard, day or night, as the ships go through the canal.

Summer sailing days pass prosaically, scrubbing decks, polishing metal, filling coal bunkers. But when the dark fall storms strike, captains climb into pilothouses for a 36-hour siege, crews batten down hatches and go below. Even ocean sailors admit there is no fury like the short, choppy rollers of a Great Lakes gale. They punch at a ship in series of threes, so rapidly that a freighter once caught broadside has little chance of righting itself. On the high seas, a master can run before a storm for days, but on the lakes there is not room for such maneuvering. A skipper can only call upon the durability

of his ship; aware that the waves can smash his vessel in two in a single night's pounding; knowing that in 20 years 116 ships have gone down.

The question being asked by marine men, "Can the fleet haul 92,000,000 tons of iron ore through the Soo?" will be answered by the weather. Whitefish Bay and its ice already have struck a damaging spring offensive. But sailors on the lakes say they will complete the job — if the November winds behave and St. Marys River ice doesn't again freeze early to capture an entire fleet.



They're in the Army Now

❧ A DOZEN company comrades at Fort MacArthur, San Pedro, were stopped, while on leave in Los Angeles, by a bashful child who handed each a slip of paper bearing a girl's address. "It's my sister," the child gulped. "She wants some soldier to write to her." When the boys finally got around to comparing notes, they discovered that nine had already received identical answers to their hopeful letters. Each started: "My name is Bonnie Mae. I am six years old."

— Collier's

❧ AVIATION students at Brooks Field, San Antonio, Texas, have to get used to the "hot seat" as a part of their course. When they make an error operating a dummy training plane, the instructor

gives them an electric shock in the seat of their pants.

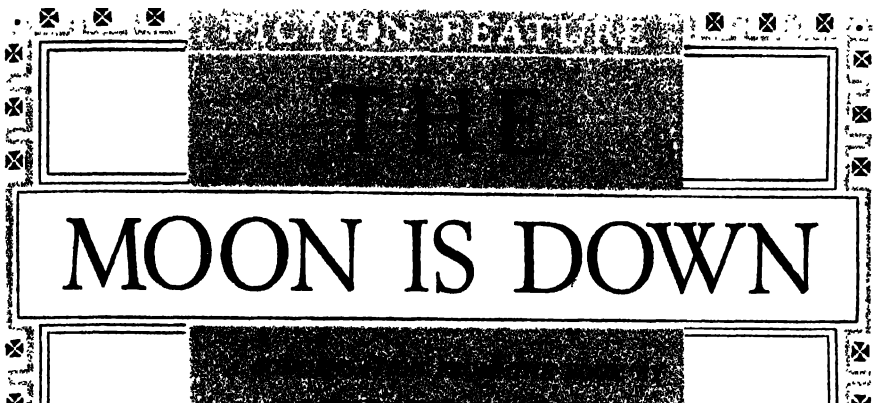
— Adapted from *Newsweek*

❧ LEARNING the phrases incidental to sentry duty proved confusing for one Negro of the 76th. An officer of the day was surprised when this gentleman challenged him with: "Halt! Look who's here."

— Collier's

❧ CORPORAL Lowell Harmer, Camp Callan, San Diego, earns money operating a recording machine into which soldiers dictate messages, mostly to girls. To get a customer into a freely sentimental mood, Corporal Harmer plays what he calls a "mush record." "Then I tell the guy to pour it on thick and not mind about me."

— Collier's



MOON IS DOWN



By 10:45 it was all over. The town was occupied, the defenders defeated, and the war finished. The invader had prepared for this campaign as carefully as he had for larger ones. On this Sunday morning the local troops, all twelve of them, had been away; Mr. Corell, the popular storekeeper, had donated prizes for a shooting-competition to take place six miles back in the hills. The local troops, big, loose-hung boys, heard the planes and in the distance saw the parachutes, and they came back to town at double-quick step. When they arrived, the invader had flanked the road with machine guns. The loose-hung soldiers, having very little experience in war and none at all in defeat, opened fire with their rifles. The machine guns clattered for a moment and six of the soldiers became dead riddled bundles and three, half-dead riddled bundles, and three of the soldiers escaped into the hills with their rifles.

By 10:30 the brass band of the invader was playing beautiful and sentimental music in the town square while the townsmen, their mouths a little open, stood about staring at the gray-helmeted men who carried sub-machine guns in their arms.

By 10:38 the riddled six were buried, the parachutes were folded, and the battalion was billeted in Mr. Corell's warehouse by the pier, which had on its shelves blankets and cots for a battalion.

By 10:45 old Mayor Orden had received the formal request that he grant an audience to Colonel Lanser of the invaders, an audience which was set for 11:00 sharp at the Mayor's five-room palace.

The drawing-room of the palace was very sweet and comfortable. The gilded chairs covered with their worn tapestry were set about stiffly like too many servants with nothing to do. On the mantel, flanked by fat vases, stood a large, curly porcelain clock which swarmed with tumbling cherubs. The paintings on the wall were largely preoccupied with the amazing heroism of large dogs faced with imperiled children. Nor water nor fire nor earthquake could do in a child so long as a big dog was available.

Beside the fireplace old Doctor Winter sat, bearded and simple and benign, historian and physician to the town. He watched Joseph, the Mayor's servingman, who went about testing each of the gilded

chairs to see whether it had moved since he had last placed it.

"Eleven o'clock?" Doctor Winter asked. "They'll be here then, too. A time-minded people, Joseph."

And Joseph said, without listening, "Yes, sir."

"Time and machines."

"Yes, sir."

"What's the Mayor doing, Joseph?"

"Dressing to receive the colonel, sir."

"And you aren't helping him? He will be ill-dressed by himself."

"Madame is helping him. Madame wants him to look his best."

Through the glass window of the entrance door a helmeted face looked in and there was a rapping on the door. It seemed that some warm light went out of the room and a little grayness took its place.

Doctor Winter looked up at the clock and said, "They are early. Let them in, Joseph."

Joseph went to the door and opened it. A soldier stepped in, dressed in a long coat and carrying a sub-machine gun over his arm. He glanced quickly about and then stepped aside. Behind him an officer stood in the doorway. The officer stared at Doctor Winter, and said, "Are you Mayor Orden, sir?"

Doctor Winter smiled. "No, no, I am not."

"You are an official, then?"

"No, I am the town doctor and I am a friend of the Mayor."

"Where is Mayor Orden?"

"Dressing to receive you. You are the colonel?"

"No, I am Captain Bentick." He bowed and Doctor Winter returned the bow slightly. "Our military regulations, sir, prescribe that we search for weapons before the commanding officer enters a room. We mean no disrespect, sir." And he called over his shoulder, "Sergeant!"

The sergeant moved quickly to Joseph, ran his hands over his pockets, and said, "Nothing, sir."

Captain Bentick said to Doctor Winter, "I hope you will pardon us." And the sergeant went to Doctor Winter and patted his pockets. His hands stopped at the inside coat pocket. He reached quickly in, brought out a little flat, black leather case, and took it to Captain Bentick. Captain Bentick opened the case and found there a few simple surgical instruments. He closed the case again and handed it back to Doctor Winter.

Doctor Winter said, "You see. I am a country doctor. One time I had to perform an appendectomy with a kitchen knife. I have always carried these with me since then."

Captain Bentick said, "I believe there are some firearms here?" He opened a little leather book that he carried in his pocket.

Doctor Winter said, "You are thorough."

"Yes, our local man has been working here for some time."

Doctor Winter said, "I don't suppose you would tell who that man is?"

Bentick said, "His work is all done. I don't suppose there would be any harm in telling. His name is Corell."

And Doctor Winter said in astonishment, "George Corell? Why, that seems impossible! He's done a lot for this town. Why, he even gave prizes for the shooting-match in the hills this morning." And as he said it his eyes began to understand what had happened and his mouth closed slowly, and he said, "I see; that is why he gave the shooting-match. Yes, I see. But George Corell—that sounds impossible!"

The door to the left opened and Mayor Orden came in. He was dressed in his official morning coat, with his chain of office about his neck. His white hair was so recently brushed that only now were the hairs struggling to be free, to stand up again. From behind him Madame emerged, small and wrinkled and fierce. She saw Captain Bentick.

"Oh," she said, "the colonel!"

Captain Bentick said, "No, ma'am, I'm only preparing for the colonel. Sergeant!"

The sergeant, who had been turning over pillows, looking behind pictures, came quickly to Mayor Orden and ran his hands over his pockets.

Captain Bentick said, "Excuse him, sir, it's regulations."

He glanced again at the little book in his hand. "Your Excellency, I

think you have firearms here. Two items, I believe?"

Mayor Orden said, "Firearms? Guns, you mean, I guess. Yes, I have a shotgun and a sporting rifle." He said deprecatingly, "You know, I don't hunt very much any more. I always think I'm going to, and then the season opens and I don't get out."

Captain Bentick insisted. "Where are these guns, Your Excellency?"

The Mayor rubbed his cheek and tried to think. "Why, I think—" He turned to Madame. "Weren't they in the back of that cabinet in the bedroom with the walking sticks?"

Madame said, "Yes, and every stitch of clothing in that cabinet smells of oil. I wish you'd put them somewhere else."

Captain Bentick said, "Sergeant!" and the sergeant went quickly into the bedroom. He soon came back, carrying a double-barreled shotgun and a rather nice sporting rifle.

"It's an unpleasant duty. I'm sorry," said the captain. "That's all, thank you, Your Excellency. Thank you, Madame."

He turned and bowed slightly to Doctor Winter. "Thank you, Doctor. Colonel Lanser will be here directly. Good morning!"

And he went out the front door, followed by the sergeant with the



two guns in one hand and the sub-machine gun over his right arm.

Madame inspected a table for dust with her finger. "I wish we knew how many officers are coming," she said. "I don't know whether to offer them tea or a glass of wine."

Doctor Winter shook his head and smiled. "I don't know what is proper."

Mayor Orden said, "Well, I don't want to drink wine with them."

Madame appealed to the doctor. "Didn't people in the old days compliment each other and take a glass of wine? Shouldn't we keep civilized procedure alive?"

The Mayor looked at her steadily for a moment and his voice was sharp. "Madame, I think with your permission we will not have wine. Six town boys were murdered this morning. I think we will have no hunt breakfast."

He turned to the doctor. "Do you know how many men the invader has, Doctor?" he asked.

"Not many," the doctor said. "I don't think over 250; but all with those little machine guns."

"What about the rest of the country?"

The doctor raised his shoulders and dropped them again.

"Was there no resistance anywhere?" the Mayor went on hopelessly.

And then the doctor raised his shoulders. "I don't know. The wires are cut or captured. There is no news."

Mayor Orden unbuttoned his coat and took out his watch and looked at it and put it back and buttoned his coat again, one button too high. Madame went to him and rebuttoned it correctly.

Doctor Winter asked, "What time is it?"

"Five of eleven."

"A time-minded people," the doctor said. "They will be here on time. Do you want me to go away?"

Mayor Orden looked startled. "Go? No — no, stay." He laughed softly. "I'm a little afraid," he said apologetically. "Well, not afraid, but I'm nervous." And he said helplessly, "We have never been conquered, for a long time —" He stopped to listen. In the distance there was a sound of band music, a march.

Soon there came a gentle tap on the door, and Joseph went to open it. A gray figure, helmeted and gauntleted, appeared.

"Colonel Lanser's compliments; Colonel Lanser requests an audience with Your Excellency."

Joseph opened the door wide. The helmeted orderly stepped inside and looked quickly about the room and then stood aside. "Colonel Lanser!" he announced.

A second helmeted figure walked into the room, and his rank showed only on his shoulders. Behind him came a rather short man in a black business suit. The colonel was a middle-aged man, gray and hard and tired-looking. He had the square

shoulders of a soldier, but his eyes lacked the blank look of the ordinary soldier. The little man beside him was bald and rosy-cheeked, with small black eyes and a sensual mouth.

Colonel Lanser took off his helmet. With a quick bow, he said, "Your Excellency!" He bowed to Madame. "Madame!" And he said, "Close the door, please, Corporal."

Lanser looked questioningly at the doctor, and Mayor Orden said, "This is Doctor Winter."

"An official?" the colonel asked.

"A doctor, sir, and, I might say, the local historian."

Lanser bowed slightly, and turned toward his companion. "I think you know Mr. Corell," he said.

The Mayor said, "George Corell? Of course I know him. How are you, George?"

Doctor Winter cut in sharply. He said, very formally, "Your Excellency, our friend, George Corell, prepared this town for the invasion. Our benefactor, George Corell, sent our soldiers into the hills. Our dinner guest, George Corell, has made a list of every firearm in the town. Our friend, George Corell!"

Corell said angrily, "I work for what I believe in! That is an honorable thing."

Orden's mouth hung a little open. He was bewildered. He looked helplessly from Winter to Corell. "This isn't true," he said. "George, this isn't true! You have sat at my table. Why, you helped me plan the hos-

He was looking very steadily at Corell and Corell looked belligerently back at him. There was a long silence. Then the Mayor's face grew slowly tight and very formal. He turned to Colonel Lanser and he said, "I do not wish to speak in this gentleman's company."

Corell said, "I have a right to be here! I am a soldier like the rest. I simply do not wear a uniform."

The Mayor repeated, "I do not wish to speak in this gentleman's presence."

Colonel Lanser said, "Will you leave us now, Mr. Corell?"

And Corell said, "I have a right to be here!"

Lanser repeated sharply, "Will you leave us now, Mr. Corell? Do you outrank me?"

Corell looked at the Mayor angrily, and then went quickly out. Doctor Winter chuckled.

Now the Mayor's cook Annie, straw-haired and red-eyed, put an angry face into the doorway. "There's soldiers on the back porch, Madame," she said. "Just standing there."

"They won't come in," Colonel Lanser said. "It's only military procedure."

Madame said icily, "Annie, if you have anything to say, let Joseph bring the message."

"I didn't know but they'd try to get in," Annie said. "They smelled the coffee."

"Annie!"

"Yes, Madame," and she with-

The colonel said, "May I sit down?" And he explained, "We have been a long time without sleep."

The Mayor seemed to start out of sleep himself. "Yes," he said, "of course, sit down!"

The colonel looked at Madame and she seated herself and he settled tiredly into a chair. Mayor Orden stood, still half dreaming.

The colonel began, "We want to get along as well as we can. You see, sir, this is more like a business venture than anything else. We need the coal mine here and the sea fishing. We will try to get along with just as little friction as possible."

The Mayor said, "I have had no news. What about the rest of the country?"

"All taken," said the colonel. "It was well planned."

"Was there no resistance anywhere?"

The colonel looked at him compassionately. "I wish there had not been. It only caused bloodshed. We had planned very carefully."

Orden stuck to his point. "But there was resistance?"

"Yes, but it was sad and foolish to resist. Those who resisted are now one. The people as a whole are quiet."

Doctor Winter said, "The people don't know yet what has happened."

"They are discovering," said Laner. "They won't be foolish again." He cleared his throat and his voice became brisk. "Now, sir, I must get on business. The coal must come out

of the ground and be shipped. We have technicians, but the local people will continue to work the mine. Is that clear? We do not wish to be harsh."

And Orden said, "Yes, that's clear enough. But suppose the people do not want to work the mine?"

"I hope they will want to, because we must have the coal."

"But if they don't?"

"They must. They are an orderly people. They don't want trouble." The colonel waited for the Mayor's reply and none came. "Is that not so, sir?" he asked.

Mayor Orden twisted his chain. "I don't know, sir. They are orderly under their own government. I don't know how they would be under yours."

The colonel said quickly, "We are going to keep your government. You will still be the Mayor, you will give the orders, you will penalize and reward. In that way, they will not give trouble."

Mayor Orden looked at Doctor Winter. "What are you thinking about?"

"I don't know," said Doctor Winter. "It would be interesting to see. I'd expect trouble."

Mayor Orden turned to the colonel. "Sir, I am of this people, and yet I don't know what they will do. Perhaps you know. Some people accept appointed leaders and obey them. But my people have elected me. They made me and they can unmake me. Perhaps they will if they think I

have gone over to you. I just don't know."

The colonel said, "You will be doing them a service if you keep them in order."

"A service?"

"Yes, a service. It is your duty to protect them from harm. We must get the coal, you see. Our leaders do not tell us how; they order us to get it. You must make your people do the work and thus keep them safe."

Mayor Orden asked, "But suppose they don't want to be safe?"

"Then you must think for them."

Orden said, a little proudly, "My people don't like to have others think for them. Maybe they are different from your people. I am confused, but that I am sure of."

Now Joseph came in quickly and he stood leaning forward, bursting to speak. Madame said, "What is it, Joseph?"

"Pardon, Madame," said Joseph. "Pardon, Your Excellency. It's Annie. She's getting angry, sir. She doesn't like the soldiers on the back porch."

The colonel asked, "Are they causing trouble?"

"They are looking through the door at Annie," said Joseph. "She hates that."

The colonel said, "They are carrying out orders."

"Well, Annie hates to be stared at," said Joseph.

Madame said, "Joseph, tell Annie to take care."

"Yes, Madame." Joseph went out.

The colonel's eyes drooped with tiredness. "There's another thing, Your Excellency," he said. "Would it be possible for me and my staff to stay here?"

Mayor Orden thought a moment and he said, "It's a small place. There are larger, more comfortable places."

"It isn't that," said the colonel. "We have found that when a staff lives under the roof of the local authority, there is more tranquillity."

"You mean," said Orden, "the people feel there is collaboration involved?"

"Yes, I suppose that is it."

Mayor Orden looked hopelessly at Doctor Winter, and Winter could offer him nothing but a wry smile. Orden said softly, "Am I permitted to refuse this honor?"

"I'm sorry," the colonel said. "No. These are the orders."

"The people will not like it," Orden said.

"Always the people! The people are disarmed. The people have no say."

Mayor Orden shook his head. "You do not know, sir."

From the doorway came the sound of an angry woman's voice, and a thump and a man's cry. Joseph came scuttling through the door.

"She's thrown boiling water," he said. "She's very angry."

There were commands through the door and the clump of feet. Colonel Lanser got up heavily. "Have you no control over your servants, sir?" he asked.

Mayor Orden smiled. "Very little," he said. "She's a good cook when she is happy. Was anyone hurt?" he asked Joseph.

"The water was boiling, sir."

Colonel Lanser said, "We just want to do our job. It's an engineering job. You will have to discipline your cook."

"I can't," said Orden. "She'll quit."

"This is an emergency. She can't quit."

"Then she'll throw water," said the doctor.

The door opened and a soldier stood in the opening. "Shall I arrest this woman, sir?"

"Was anyone hurt?" Lanser asked.

"Yes, sir, scalded, and one man bitten."

Lanser looked helpless, then he said, "Release her and go off the porch."

"Yes, sir," and the door closed behind the soldier.

Lanser said, "I could have her shot; I could lock her up."

"Then we would have no cook," said Orden.

Madame said, "Excuse me, sir, I will just go and see if the soldiers hurt Annie," and she went out.

Now Lanser stood up. "I told you I'm very tired, sir. I must have some sleep. Please coöperate with us for the good of all." When Mayor Orden made no reply, "For the good of all," Lanser repeated. "Will you?"

Orden said, "I don't know. The people are confused and so am I. When the town makes up its mind what it wants to do, I'll probably do that."

"But you are the authority."

Orden smiled. "You won't believe this, but it is true: authority is in the town. I don't know how or why, but it is so."

Lanser said wearily, "I hope we can trust you. I don't like to think of the means the military will take to keep order."

Mayor Orden was silent.

"I hope we can trust you," Lanser repeated.

Madame came through the door then. "Annie is furious," she said.

"She is next door, talking to Christine. Christine is angry, too."

"Christine is even a better cook than Annie," said the Mayor.



UPSTAIRS in the little palace of the Mayor the staff of Colonel Lanser made its headquarters. There were five of them besides the colonel. Major Hunter was an engineer, a haunted little man of figures. Captain Bentick was a family man, a lover of dogs and pink children and Christmas. He was too old to be a captain, but a curious lack of ambition had kept him in that rank. Captain Loft, by contrast, was almost too young. He was as

much a captain as one can imagine. He lived and breathed his captaincy. He had no unmilitary moments. A driving ambition forced him up through the grades, and generals were afraid of him because he knew more about the deportment of a soldier than they did. Lieutenants Prackle and Tonder were snotnoses, undergraduates, trained in the politics of the day, believing the great new system invented by a genius so great that they never bothered to verify its results. For these young officers, the war so far had been play — fine weapons and fine planning against unarmed, planless enemies. They had lost no fights and suffered little hurt.

Colonel Lanser alone knew what war really is in the long run. Lanser had been in Belgium and France twenty years before and he tried not to think what he knew — that war is treachery and hatred, the muddling of incompetent generals, the torture and killing and sickness and tiredness.

On the upper floor of the Mayor's palace this staff had made a kind of club, where they wrote and read letters, drank coffee and planned and rested. From the windows they could look down over the town to the waterfront, to the docks where the shipping was tied up, where the coal barges pulled up and took their loads and went out to sea.

There was a large table in the center of the room and Major Hunter sat with a T-square and triangle,

working at a design for a new railroad siding.

Prackle was showing Tonder a picture of an actress which he had clipped from a magazine. "There are some pretty girls in this town, all right," he said. "As soon as we get settled down and everything going smoothly, I'm going to get acquainted with a few."

The door opened and Colonel Lanser came in. His staff gave him military courtesy — not very rigid, but enough.

Then, as he relaxed in a chair, Lieutenant Prackle said, "When do you think the war will be over, sir?"

"Over? What do you mean?"

"How soon will we win?"

Lanser shook his head. "Oh, I don't know. The enemy is still in the world."

Prackle said, "If it's quiet around Christmas, do you think there will be some furloughs granted?"

"I don't know," said Lanser. "Such orders will have to come from home. Do you want to get home for Christmas?"

"Well, I'd like to."

"Maybe you will," said Lanser, "maybe you will."

Lieutenant Tonder said, "We won't drop out of this occupation, will we, sir, after the war is over?"

"I don't know," said the colonel. "Why?"

"Well," said Tonder, "it's a nice country, nice people. Our men — some of them — might even settle here."

Lanser said jokingly, "You've seen some place you like, perhaps?"

"Well," said Tonder, "there are some beautiful farms here. If four or five of them were thrown together, it would be a nice place to settle, I think."

"You have no family land, then?"

"No, sir, not any more. Inflation took it away."

Lanser was tired now of talking to children. He said, "Ah, well, we still have a war to fight. We still have coal to take out. Do you suppose we can wait until it is over before we build up these estates?" His manner changed. He said, "Hunter, your steel will be in tomorrow. You can get your tracks started this week."

There was a knock at the door and a sentry put his head in.

"Mr. Corell wishes to see you, sir."

"Send him in," said the colonel. And he said to the others, "This is the man who did the preliminary work here. We might have some trouble with him."

Corell came in, rubbing his hands. He radiated good-will and good-fellowship. He was dressed still in his black business suit, but on his head there was a patch of white bandage, stuck to his hair with a cross of adhesive tape. "Good morning, Colonel," he said.

"Good morning." The colonel made a circular gesture of his hand. "This is my staff, Mr. Corell."

"Fine boys," said Corell. "They did a good job. Well, I tried to prepare for them."

Lanser said, "You did very well. I wish you hadn't killed those six men, though."

Corell spread his hands and said comfortably, "Six men is a small loss for a town of this size."

Lanser said sternly, "I am not averse to killing people if that finishes it. But sometimes it is better not to."

Corell had been studying the officers. He looked sideways at the lieutenants, and he said, "Could we — perhaps — talk alone, Colonel?"

"Yes, if you wish. Lieutenant Prackle and Lieutenant Tonder, will you go to your room, please?" And the colonel said to Corell, "Major Hunter is working. He doesn't hear anything when he's working." Then, looking at the bandage on Corell's head, he said bluntly, "Have they tried to kill you already?"

Corell felt the bandage with his fingers. "This? Oh, this was a stone that fell from a cliff in the hills this morning."

"You're sure it wasn't thrown?"

"What do you mean?" Corell asked. "These aren't violent people. They've forgotten about fighting."

"Well, you've lived among them," said the colonel. "You ought to know." He stepped close to Corell. "But if you are safe, these people are different from any in the world. I've helped to occupy countries before. I was in Belgium twenty years ago." He shook his head a little as though to clear it, and he said gruffly, "You did a good job. We should thank

you. I mentioned your work in my report."

"Thank you, sir," said Corell. "I did my best."

Lanser said, a little wearily, "Well, now what shall we do? Would you like to go back to the capital?"

"No, sir; I'll stay here."

Hunter glanced up from his board and remarked, "You'd better start wearing a helmet."

Now Corell moved forward in his chair. "I thought I might help with the civil administration, Colonel."

Lanser walked to the window and looked out, and then he swung around and said quietly, "What have you in mind?"

"Well, you must have a civil authority you can trust. I thought perhaps that Mayor Orden might step down now and — well, that I might take over his office."

Lanser looked at him sharply. "Do you know what the people think of you?" he asked.

"I have many friends here. I know everyone."

"You will have their hatred in time," said the colonel.

"I can stand that, sir. They are the enemy."

Now Lanser hesitated a long moment before he spoke, and then he said softly, "You will not even have *our* respect."

Corell jumped to his feet excitedly. "This is contrary to the Leader's words!" he said. "The Leader has said that all branches are equally honorable."

Lanser went on very quietly, "I hope the Leader knows. I hope he can read the minds of soldiers." And then almost compassionately he said, "Yours is a difficult and brave branch of the service. You should be greatly rewarded." For a moment he sat quietly and then he pulled himself together and said, "Now we must come to exactness. I am in charge here. My job is to get coal out. To do that I must maintain order and discipline, and to do that I must know what is in the minds of these people. I must anticipate revolt. Do you understand?"

"Well, I can find out what you wish to know, sir. As mayor here, I will be very effective," said Corell.

Lanser shook his head. "I think you will never again know what is going on here. I think no one will speak to you. I think without a guard you will be in great danger. It will please me if you go back to the capital, there to be rewarded for your fine work."

"But I wish to stay here, sir," said Corell.

Lanser went on as though he had not heard. "Mayor Orden is more than a mayor," he said. "He is his people. He knows what they are doing, thinking, without asking, because he will think what they think. By watching him I will know them. He must stay. That is my judgment."

Corell said, "My work, sir, merits better treatment than being sent away."

"Yes, it does," Lanser said slowly. "But to the larger work I think you are only a detriment now. If you are not hated yet, you will be."

Corell said stiffly, "You will, of course, permit me to wait until there is an official ruling on my application to remain?"

Lanser's voice was tight. His eyes were slitted. He said harshly, "Wear a helmet. keep indoors, do not go out at night, and, above all, do not drink. Trust no woman nor any man. Do you understand that?"

Corell looked pityingly at the colonel. "I don't think you understand. These are simple, peaceful people. I know them."

"There are no peaceful people. When will you learn it? We have invaded this country — you, by what they call treachery, prepared for us. Can't you understand that we are at war with these people?"

"We have defeated them."

Lanser said disgustedly, "I'm tired of people who have not been at war who know all about it." He held his chin in his hand and said, "I remember a little old woman in Brussels — sweet face, white hair; delicate old hands. She used to sing our national songs to us in a quivering, sweet voice." He dropped his hand from his chin, and he caught himself as though he had been asleep. "We didn't know her son had been executed," he said. "When we finally shot her, she had killed twelve men with a long, black hatpin. I have it yet at home. It has an enamel button

with a bird over it, red and blue."

Corell said, "But you shot her?"

"Of course we shot her."

"And the murders stopped?"

"No, the murders did not stop. And when we finally retreated, the people cut off stragglers and they burned some and they gouged the eyes from some, and some they even crucified."

Corell said loudly, "These are not good things to say, Colonel."

"They are not good things to remember," said Lanser.

Corell said, "You should not be in command if you are afraid —"

As he spoke there was a tumble of feet on the stairs; the door burst open, and Captain Loft came in. Loft was rigid and cold and military; he said, "There's trouble, sir."

"Trouble?"

"I have to report, sir, that Captain Bentick has been killed."

Lanser said, "Oh — yes — Bentick!"

There was the sound of a number of footsteps on the stairs and two stretcher-bearers came in, carrying a figure covered with blankets.

The lieutenants came in from the bedroom, their mouths a little open. Lanser said, "Put him down there," and he pointed to the wall beside the windows. When the bearers had gone, Lanser knelt and lifted a corner of the blanket and then quickly put it down again. And still kneeling, he looked at Loft and said, "Who did this?"

"A miner," said Loft.

"Well, make your report!"

Loft drew himself up and said formally, "I had just relieved Captain Bentick on duty at the mine. Captain Bentick was about to leave to come here when I had some trouble about a recalcitrant miner who wanted to quit work. He shouted something about being a free man. When I ordered him to work, he rushed at me with his pick. Captain Bentick tried to interfere." He gestured slightly toward the body.

Lanser, still kneeling, nodded slowly. "Bentick was a curious man," he said. "I don't think he liked to fight very much. . . . You captured the man?"

"Yes, sir," Loft said.

Lanser stood up slowly and spoke as though to himself. "So it starts again. We will shoot this man and make twenty new enemies. It's the only thing we know, the only thing we know."

IN THE TOWN the people moved sullenly through the streets. Some of the light of astonishment was gone from their eyes, but still a light of anger had not taken its place. In the coal shaft the workingmen pushed the coal cars sullenly. The small tradesmen stood behind their counters and served the people; but talk was in monosyllables.

In the drawing-room of the palace of Mayor Orden a small fire burned and the lights were on, for it was a gray day outside and there was frost in the air. The Mayor and

Doctor Winter stood talking before the fire. In the middle of the room was a large square table, with chairs placed stiffly about it.

"I wonder how much longer I can remain mayor," Orden was saying. "There are things I don't understand." He pointed to the table. "I don't know why they have to hold this trial in here. They're going to try Alex Morden here for killing that fellow with a pick. You remember Alex? He has that pretty little wife, Molly."

"I remember," said Winter. "She used to teach in the grammar school. Well, I guess Alex killed an officer, all right. Nobody's questioned that."

Mayor Orden said bitterly, "Nobody questions it. But why do they try him? Why don't they shoot him? This is not a matter of doubt. Why must they try him — and in my house?"

Winter said, "I would guess it is for the show. There's an idea about it: if you go through the form of a thing, you have it, and sometimes people are satisfied with the form of a thing. Particularly if it comes from your house, where the people expect justice —"

He was interrupted by the opening of the door. A young woman entered. She was about thirty and quite pretty. She said quickly, "Annie told me to come right in, sir."

"Why, of course," said the Mayor. "You're Molly Morden."

"Yes, sir, I am. They say that Alex is to be tried and shot."

Orden looked down at the floor for a moment, and Molly went on, "They say you will sentence him. It will be your words that send him out."

Orden looked up, startled. "What's this? Who says this?"

"The people in the town." She held herself very straight and she asked, half pleadingly, half demandingly, "You wouldn't do that, would you, sir?"

"How could the people know what I don't know?"

Doctor Winter said, "That is a mystery that has disturbed rulers all over the world — how the people know."

"Alex is not a murdering man," Molly said. "He's a quick-tempered man, but he's never broken a law. He's a respected man."

Orden rested his hand on her shoulder and he said, "I have known Alex since he was a little boy. I knew his father . . ."

Molly interrupted. "You wouldn't sentence Alex?"

"No," he said. "How could I sentence him?"

"The people said you would, for the sake of order."

Mayor Orden stood behind a chair and gripped its back with his hands. "No," he said. "I'll not sentence him. He has committed no crime against our people."

Molly was hesitant now. She said, "But will they — kill Alex?"

Orden stared at her and he said, "Dear child, my dear child."

She held herself rigid. "Thank you." Then she turned stiffly and went out.

She had just closed the door when Joseph entered. "Excuse me, sir, the colonel wants to see you. I said you were busy. I knew she was here. And Madame wants to see you, too."

Orden said, "Ask Madame to come in."

Joseph went out and Madame came in immediately.

"I don't know how I can run a house . . ." she began.

"Hush!" Orden said. Madame looked at him in amazement. "Sarah, I want you to go to Alex Morden's house. Do you understand? I want you to stay with Molly Morden while she needs you. Don't talk, just stay with her."

Madame said, "I've a hundred things —"

"Sarah, I want you to stay with Molly Morden. Don't leave her alone. Go now."

She comprehended slowly. "Yes," she said. "Yes, I will. When will it be over?"

"I don't know," he said. "I'll send Annie when it's time."

She kissed him lightly on the cheek and went out. Orden called, "Joseph, I'll see the colonel now."

Lanser came in. "Good morning, Your Excellency," he said. "I should like to speak to you alone." As Winter went out, Lanser waited courteously. He watched the door close. "I will not tell you, sir, how sorry I am about this."

Mayor Orden bowed, and Lanser went on, "I like you, sir, and I respect you, but I have a job to do. You surely recognize that."

Orden did not answer.

"There are rules laid down for us. This man has killed an officer."

At last Orden said, "Why didn't you shoot him then? That was the time to do it."

Lanser shook his head. "If I agreed with you, it would make no difference. You know as well as I that punishment is largely for the purpose of deterring the potential criminal. Thus, since punishment is for others than the punished, it must be publicized. It must even be dramatized."

Orden turned away and looked out of the window at the dark sky. "It will snow tonight," he said.

"Mayor Orden, you know our orders are inexorable. We must get the coal. If your people are not orderly, we will have to restore that order by force." His voice grew stern. "We must shoot people if it is necessary. If you wish to save your people from hurt, you must help us to keep order. Now, it is considered wise by my government that punishment emanate from the local authority. It makes for a more orderly situation."

Orden said softly, "So the people did know. That is a mystery." And louder he said, "You wish me to pass sentence of death on Alexander Morden after a trial here?"

"Yes, and you will prevent much

bloodshed later if you will do it."

Orden went to the table and pulled out the big chair at its head and sat down. And suddenly he seemed to be the judge, with Lanser the culprit. He drummed with his fingers on the table. He said, "You and your government do not understand. In all the world yours is the only government and people with a record of defeat after defeat for centuries and every time because you did not understand people." He paused. "This principle does not work. There is no law between you and us. This is war. Don't you know you will have to kill all of us or we in time will kill all of you? You destroyed the law when you came in, and a new law took its place. Don't you know that?"

Lanser said, "May I sit down?"

"Why do you ask? That is another lie. You could make me stand if you wished."

Lanser said, "Personally, I have respect for you and your office, and" — he put his forehead in his hand for a moment — "you see, what I think, sir, I, a man of a certain age and certain memories, is of no importance. I might agree with you, but that would change nothing. The military, the political pattern I work in has certain tendencies and practices which are invariable."

Orden said, "And these tendencies and practices have been proven wrong in every single case since the beginning of the world."

Lanser laughed bitterly. "I, an

individual man with certain memories, might agree with you. But I am not a man subject to memories. The coal miner must be shot publicly, because the theory is that others will then restrain themselves from killing our men."

Orden said, "We need not talk any more, then."

"Yes, we must talk. We want you to help."

Orden sat quietly for a while and then he said, "I'll tell you what I'll do. How many men were on the machine guns which killed our soldiers?"

"Oh, not more than twenty, I guess," said Lanser.

"Very well. If you will shoot them, I will condemn Morden."

"You're not serious!" said the colonel.

"But I am serious."

"This can't be done. You know it."

"I know it," said Orden. "And what you ask cannot be done."

Lanser said, "I suppose I knew. Corell will have to be mayor after all." He looked up quickly. "You will stay for the trial?"

"Yes, I'll stay. Then Alex won't be so lonely."

Lanser looked at him and smiled a little sadly. "We have taken on a job, haven't we?"

"Yes," said the Mayor, "the one impossible job in the world, the one thing that can't be done."

"And that is?"

"To break man's spirit permanently."

THE SNOW did not wait for night.

By eleven o'clock it was falling heavily in big, soft puffs and the sky was not visible at all. Over the town there hung a blackness that was deeper than the cloud, a sullenness and a dry, growing hatred. There seemed to be eyes looking from behind the drawn curtains, and when the military patrol walked down the main street, the eyes were on the patrol, cold and sullen.

In the little palace drawing-room the court was in session. Lanser sat at the head of the table with Hunter on his right, then Tonder, and, at the lower end, Captain Loft with a little pile of papers in front of him. On the opposite side, Mayor Orden sat on the colonel's left and Prackle was next to him. Beside the table two guards stood with bayonets fixed. Between them was Alex Morden, a big young man with deep-set eyes. He was wide of shoulder, narrow of hip, and in front of him his manacled hands clasped and unclasped.

Captain Loft read from the paper in front of him, "When ordered back to work, he refused to go, and when the order was repeated, the prisoner attacked Captain Loft with the pick-ax he carried. Captain Benticke interposed his body and received a blow on the head." A medical report is appended. Do you wish me to read it?"

"No need," said Lanser. "Make it as quick as you can."

"These facts have been witnessed

by several of our soldiers. This military court finds that the prisoner is guilty of murder and recommends a death sentence.'"

Lanser sighed and turned to Alex. "You don't deny that you killed the captain, do you?"

Alex smiled sadly. "I hit him," he said. "I don't know that I killed him."

Orden said, "Good work, Alex!" And the two looked at each other as friends.

Colonel Lanser said, "Do you want to offer any explanation? I can't think of anything that will change the sentence, but we will listen."

Loft said, "I respectfully submit that the colonel should not have said that. It indicates that the court is not impartial."

Orden laughed dryly. The colonel looked at him and smiled a little. "Have you any explanation?" he repeated.

Alex lifted a hand to gesture and the other came with it. He looked embarrassed and dropped them. "I was mad," he said. "I have a pretty bad temper. He said I must work. I am a free man. I got mad and I hit him. I guess I hit him hard. It was the wrong man." He pointed at Loft. "That's the man I wanted to hit."

Lanser said, "It doesn't matter whom you wanted to hit. Are you sorry you did it?" He said aside to

the table, "It would look well in the record if he were sorry."

"Sorry?" Alex asked. "I'm not sorry. He told me to go to work — me, a free man! I used to be alderman. He said I had to work."

"But if the sentence is death, won't you be sorry then?"

Alex sank his head and really tried to think honestly. "No," he said.

"You mean, would I do it again?"

"That's what I mean."

"No," Alex said thoughtfully, "I don't think I'm sorry."

Lanser said, "Put in the record that the prisoner was overcome with remorse. Sentence is automatic. Do you understand?" he said to Alex.

"The court has no leeway. The court finds you guilty and sentences you to be shot immediately. Captain Loft, is there anything I have forgotten?"

"You've forgotten me," said Orden. He stood up and pushed back his chair and stepped over to Alex. "Alexander," he said, "I am the elected mayor."

"I know it, sir."

"Alex, these men are invaders. They have taken our country by surprise and treachery and force."

Captain Loft said, "Sir, this should not be permitted."

Lanser said, "Hush! Is it better to hear it, or would you rather it were whispered?"



Orden went on as though he had not been interrupted. "When they came, the people were confused and I was confused. We did not know what to do or think. Yours was the first clear act. Your private anger was the beginning of a public anger. I know it is said in town that I am acting with these men. I can show the town, but you — you are going to die. I want you to know."

Alex dropped his head and then raised it. "I know, sir."

Lanser said, "Is the squad ready?"

"Outside, sir."

Orden said softly, "Are you afraid, Alex?"

And Alex said, "Yes, sir."

"I can't tell you not to be. I would be, too, and so would these young — gods of war."

Lanser said, "Who is commanding the squad?"

"Lieutenant Tonder, sir."

Orden said, "Alex, go, knowing that these men will have no rest, no rest at all until they are gone, or dead. You will make the people one. It's a sad knowledge and little enough gift to you, but it is so. No rest at all."

Alex shut his eyes tightly. Mayor Orden leaned close and kissed him on the cheek. "Good-bye, Alex," he said.

When the guard took Alex out, the men about the table sat silent. Orden looked toward the window and saw a little round spot being rubbed clear of snow by a quick hand. He stared at it, fascinated, and

then he looked quickly away. He said to the colonel, "I hope you know what you are doing."

"Man," said the colonel, "whether we know or not it is what must be done."

Silence fell on the room and each man listened. And it was not long. From the distance there came a crash of firing. Lanser sighed deeply. Orden put his hand to his forehead and filled his lungs deeply. Then there was a shout outside. The glass of the window crashed inward and Lieutenant Prackle wheeled about. He brought his hand up to his shoulder and stared at it.

Lanser leaped up, crying, "So, it starts! Are you badly hurt, Lieutenant?"

"My shoulder," said Prackle.

Lanser took command. "Captain Loft, there will be tracks in the snow. Now, I want every house searched for firearms. I want every man who has one taken hostage. You, sir," he said to the Mayor, "are placed in protective custody. And understand this, please: we will shoot, five, ten, a hundred for one."

Orden said quietly, "A man of certain memories."

THE DAYS and the weeks dragged on, and the months dragged on. The snow fell and melted and fell and melted and finally fell and stuck. The dark buildings of the little town wore bells and hats and eyebrows of white and there were trenches

through the snow to the doorways. In the harbor the coal barges came empty and went away loaded, but the coal did not come out of the ground easily. The good miners made mistakes. They were clumsy and slow. Machinery broke and took a long time to fix. The people of the conquered country settled in a slow, silent, waiting revenge.

Accidents happened on the railroad too. Avalanches poured down on the tracks and rails were spread. No train could move unless the tracks were first inspected. People were shot in reprisal and it made no difference. Now and then a group of young men escaped and went to England. And the English bombed the coal mine and did some damage and killed some of both their friends and their enemies. And it did no good. The cold hatred grew with the winter, the silent, sullen hatred, the waiting hatred. The food supply was controlled — issued to the obedient and withheld from the disobedient — so that the whole population turned coldly obedient. But there was a point where food could not be withheld, for a starving man cannot mine coal, cannot lift and carry. And the hatred was deep in the eyes of the people, beneath the surface.

Now it was that the conqueror was surrounded, the men of the battalion alone among silent enemies. And these men thought always of home. They came to detest the place they had conquered, and they were curt with

the people and the people were curt with them, and gradually a little fear began to grow in the conquerors, a fear that it would never be over, that they could never relax or go home, a fear that one day they would crack and be hunted through the mountains like rabbits, for the conquered never relaxed their hatred. The patrols, seeing lights, hearing laughter, would be drawn as to a fire, and when they came near, the laughter stopped, the warmth went out, and the people were cold and obedient. And the soldiers, smelling warm food from the little restaurants, went in and ordered the warm food and found that it was oversalted or overpeppered.

Thus it came about that the nerves of the conquerors wore thin and they shot at shadows in the night. The cold, sullen silence was with them always. Then three soldiers went insane in a week and cried all night and all day until they were sent away home. And others might have gone insane if they had not heard that mercy deaths awaited the insane at home, and a mercy death is a terrible thing to think of.

From the upstairs room of the Mayor's palace the comfort seemed to have gone. On the table were two gasoline lanterns which threw a hard, brilliant light and they made great shadows on the walls, and their hissing was an undercurrent in the room.

Major Hunter's drawing-board was permanently ready now, because

there were so many accidents. His T-square moved up and down the board and his pencil was busy.

Lieutenant Prackle, his arm still in a sling, sat in a straight chair behind the center table, reading an illustrated paper. At the end of the table Lieutenant Tonder was writing a letter. He looked up to say "I hate these damn lanterns. Major, when are you going to get that dynamo fixed?"

"It should be done by now," said Major Hunter. "I've got good men working on it."

"Did you get the fellow that wrecked it?" Prackle asked.

And Hunter said grimly, "It might be any one of five men. I got all five." He went on musingly, "It's so easy to wreck a dynamo if you know how. Just short it and it wrecks itself." He said, "The light ought to be on any time now."

Prackle still looked at his magazine. "I wonder when we will be relieved. I wonder when we will go home for a while. Major, wouldn't you like to go home for a rest?"

Hunter looked up from his work and his face was hopeless for a moment. "Yes, of course."

Suddenly the electric lights came on and Tonder automatically reached out and turned off the two gasoline lanterns. The hissing was gone from the room.

Tonder said, "Thank God for that! That hissing gets on my nerves. It makes me think there's whispering." He folded the letter he had been

writing and he said, "It's strange more letters don't come through. I've only had one in two weeks."

Prackle said, "Maybe nobody writes to you."

"Maybe," said Tonder. He turned to the major. "If anything happened — at home, I mean — do you think they would let us know — anything bad, I mean, any deaths or anything like that?"

Hunter said, "I don't know."

"Well," Tonder went on, "I would like to get out of this godforsaken hole!"

Prackle broke in, "I thought you were going to live here after the war?" And he imitated Tonder's voice. "Put four or five farms together. Make a nice place . . ."

There was a light tap on the door and Joseph came in with a scuttle of coal. He moved silently through the room and set the scuttle down so softly that he made no noise, and he went toward the door again. Tonder said loudly, "Joseph!" And Joseph turned without replying, without looking up. And Tonder said still loudly, "Joseph, is there any wine or any brandy?" Joseph shook his head.

Tonder started up from the table, his face wild with anger, and he shouted, "Answer, you swine! Answer in words!"

Joseph did not look up. He spoke tonelessly. "No, sir; no, sir, there is no wine."

And Tonder said furiously, "And no brandy?"

Joseph looked down and spoke tonelessly again. "There is no brandy, sir." He stood perfectly still.

"What do you want?" Tonder said.

"I want to go, sir."

"Then go, goddamn it!"

Joseph went silently out, and Tonder took a handkerchief out of his pocket and wiped his face. Hunter looked up at him and said, "You shouldn't let him beat you so easily."

Tonder sat down in his chair and put his hands to his temples and he said brokenly, "I want a girl. I want to go home. I want a girl. There's a girl in this town, a pretty girl. I see her all the time. She has blond hair. She lives beside the old-iron store. I want that girl."

Prackle said, "Watch yourself. Watch your nerves."

At that moment the lights went out again and the room was in darkness. Hunter spoke while the matches were being struck and an attempt was being made to light the lanterns; he said, "I thought I had all of them. I must have missed one."

The door opened quietly and Captain Loft came in and there was snow on his helmet and snow on his shoulders. His nose was pinched and red and his overcoat collar was high about his ears. He took off his helmet and brushed his shoulders. "What a job!" he said.

"More trouble?" Hunter asked.

"Always trouble. I see they've got your dynamo again. Well, I think I fixed the mine for a while."

"What's your trouble?" Hunter asked.

"Oh, the usual thing — the slow-down and a wrecked dump car. I saw the wrecker, though. I shot him. I think I have a cure for it, Major, now. I can't starve the men or they can't work, but if the coal doesn't come out, no food for the families. We'll have the men eat at the mine, so there's no dividing at home. That ought to cure it. They work or their kids don't eat. I told them just now."

"What did they say?"

Loft's eyes narrowed fiercely. "Say? What do they ever say? Nothing! Nothing at all! But we'll see whether the coal comes out now." He took off his coat and shook it, and his eyes fell on the entrance door and he saw that it was open a crack. He moved silently to the door, jerked it open, then closed it. "I thought I had closed that door tight," he said.

"You did," said Hunter.

Prackle still turned the pages of his illustrated paper. "Those are monster guns we're using in the east. I never saw one of them. Did you, Captain?"

"Oh, yes," said Captain Loft. "I've seen them fired. They're wonderful. Nothing can stand up against them."

Tonder said, "Captain, do you get much news from home?"

"A certain amount," said Loft.

"Is everything well there?"

"Wonderful!" said Loft. "The armies move ahead everywhere."

"The British aren't defeated yet?"

"They are defeated in every engagement."

"But they fight on?"

"A few air raids, no more."

"And the Russians?"

"It's all over."

Tonder said insistently, "But they fight on?"

"A little skirmishing, no more."

"Then we have just about won, haven't we, Captain?" Tonder asked.

"Yes, we have."

Tonder looked closely at him and said, "You believe this, don't you, Captain?"

Prackle broke in, "Don't let him start that again!"

Loft scowled at Tonder. "I don't know what you mean."

Tonder said, "I mean this: we'll be going home before long, won't we?"

"Well, the reorganization will take some time. The new order can't be put into effect in a day, can it?"

Tonder said, "All our lives, perhaps?"

And Prackle said, "Don't let him start it again!"

Loft came very close to Tonder and he said, "Lieutenant, I don't like the tone of your questions."

Hunter looked up and said, "Don't be hard on him, Loft. He's tired. We're all tired."

"Well, I'm tired, too," said Loft, "but I don't let treasonable doubts get in."

Tonder got out his handkerchief and blew his nose, and he spoke a little like a man out of his head. He

laughed embarrassedly. He said, "I had a funny dream. I guess it was a dream."

Prackle said, "Make him stop, Captain!"

Tonder said, "Captain, is this place conquered?"

"Of course," said Loft.

A little note of hysteria crept into Tonder's laughter. He said, "Conquered and we're afraid; conquered and we're surrounded." His laughter grew shrill. "I had a dream — or a thought — out in the snow with the black shadows and the faces in the doorways, the cold faces behind curtains. I had a thought or a dream."

Prackle said, "Make him stop!"

Tonder said, "I dreamed the Leader was crazy."

And Loft and Hunter laughed together and Loft said, "The enemy have found out how crazy. I'll have to write that one home. The papers would print that one. The enemy have learned how crazy the Leader is."

And Tonder went on laughing. "Conquest after conquest, deeper and deeper into molasses." His laughter choked him and he coughed into his handkerchief. "Maybe the Leader is crazy. Flies conquer the flypaper. Flies capture two hundred miles of new flypaper!"

Gradually Loft recognized that the laughter was hysterical and he stepped close to Tonder and slapped him in the face. He said, "Lieutenant, stop it!"

Tonder's laughter went on and

Loft slapped him again in the face and he said, "Stop it, Lieutenant! Do you hear me?"

Suddenly Tonder's laughter stopped and the room was quiet except for the hissing of the lanterns.

AT NIGHT no one walked in the streets, for the curfew was strict. The houses were dark lumps against the snow. Every little while the patrol of six men passed, their boots squeaking on the packed snow.

The small, peak-roofed house beside the iron shop wore its snow cap like the others. No light came from its shuttered windows and its storm doors were tightly closed. But inside a lamp burned in the small living-room. It was a warm, poor, comfortable room, the floor covered with worn carpet, the walls papered in warm brown with an old-fashioned fleur-de-lis figure in gold.

In a cushioned old rocking-chair beside the table Molly Morden sat alone. She was unraveling the wool from an old blue sweater and winding the yarn on a ball. And on the table beside her was her knitting with the needles sticking in it, and a large pair of scissors. She was pretty and young and neat.

Suddenly she stopped her work, and looked toward the door, listening. The tramping feet of the patrol went by in the street and the sound of their voices could be heard faintly. The sound faded away. Molly ripped out new yarn and wound it on the ball. And again she stopped. There

was a rustle at the door and then three short knocks.

"Yes?" she called.

A heavily cloaked figure came in. It was Annie, the cook, red-eyed and wrapped in mufflers. She slipped in quickly, as though practiced at getting speedily through doors and getting them closed again behind her. She stood there red-nosed, sniffing, glancing quickly round the room.

Molly said, "Good evening, Annie. I didn't expect you tonight. Take your things off and get warm."

"I can't," said Annie importantly. "They're coming."

"Who are coming?" Molly said.

"His Excellency," said Annie "and the doctor and the two Anders boys." Annie held out her hand and there was a little package in it. "Take it," she said. "I stole it from the colonel's plate. It's meat."

Molly unwrapped the little cake of meat and put it in her mouth, and she spoke around her chewing. "Did you get some?"

"I cook it, don't I? I always get some."

"Why are they coming?" Molly asked.

Annie sniffed. "The Anders boys are sailing for England. They've got to. They're hiding now."

"Are they?" Molly asked. "What for?"

"Well, it was their brother, Jack was shot today for wrecking that little car. The soldiers are looking for the rest of the family. You know how they do."

"Yes," Molly said, "I know how they do. Sit down, Annie."

"No time," said Annie. "I've got to get back and tell His Excellency it's all right here."

Molly said, "Did anybody see you come?"

Annie smiled proudly. "No, I'm awfully good at sneaking."

"How will the Mayor get out?"

Annie laughed. "Joseph is going to be in his bed in case they look in, right in his nightshirt, right next to Madame!" And she laughed again. "Joseph better lie pretty quiet."

Molly said, "How soon are they coming?"

"Oh, maybe three quarters of an hour," Annie said. "I'll come in first. Nobody bothers with old cooks." She started for the door and she turned midway, and as though accusing Molly of saying the last words she said truculently, "I'm not so old!" And she slipped out.

Molly went on knitting for a moment and then she got up to put a few lumps of coal in the stove. Before she could get to her chair, there was a knocking on the outer door. As she opened it a man's voice said, "I don't mean any harm. I don't mean any harm."

Molly backed into the room and Lieutenant Tonder followed her in. Molly said, "Who are you? You can't come in here. What do you want?"

Lieutenant Tonder was dressed in his great gray overcoat. He took off his helmet and spoke pleadingly, "I don't mean any harm, Miss. I

only want to talk, that's all. I want to hear you talk. That's all I want."

"Are you forcing yourself on me?" Molly asked.

"No, miss, just let me stay a little while and then I'll go. Just for a little while, can't we forget this war? Just for a little while, can't we talk together like people — together?"

Molly looked at him for a long time and then a smile came to her lips. "You don't know who I am, do you?"

Tonder said, "I've seen you in the town. I know you're lovely. I know I want to talk to you."

And Molly still smiled. She said softly, "You don't know who I am." She sat in her chair and Tonder stood like a child, looking very clumsy. Molly continued, speaking quietly, "Why, you're lonely. It's as simple as that, isn't it?"

Tonder licked his lips and he spoke eagerly. "That's it," he said. "You understand. I knew you would." His words came tumbling out. "I'm lonely to the point of illness. Can't we talk, just a little bit?"

Molly picked up her knitting. "You can stay not more than fifteen minutes. Sit down, Lieutenant."

She looked quickly at the front door. The house creaked. Tonder became tense and he said, "Is someone here?"

"No, the snow is heavy on the roof. I have no man any more to push it down."

Tonder said gently, "Who did it? Was it something we did?"

And Molly nodded, looking far off. "Yes."

He sat down. "I'm sorry." After a moment he said, "I wish I could do something. I'll have the snow pushed off the roof."

"No," said Molly, "no."

"Why not?"

"Because the people would think I had joined with you."

Tonder said, "Yes, I see how that would be. You all hate us. But I'll take care of you if you'll let me."

Now Molly knew she was in control, and her eyes narrowed a little cruelly and she said, "Why do you ask? You are the conqueror. Your men don't have to ask. They take what they want."

"That's not what I want," Tonder said. "That's not the way I want it to be."

And Molly laughed, still a little cruelly. "You want me to like you, don't you, Lieutenant?"

He said simply, "Yes," and he raised his head and he said, "You are so beautiful, so warm. Oh, I've seen no kindness in a woman's face for so long!"

"Do you see any in mine?" she asked.

He looked closely at her. "I want to."

She dropped her eyes at last. "You're making love to me, aren't you, Lieutenant?"

And he said clumsily, "I want you to like me. Surely I want you to like me. I have seen you in the street. I've given orders that you mustn't be molested. Have you been molested?"

And Molly said quietly, "Thank you; no, I've not been molested."

His words rushed on. "Maybe I want to make love to you. A man needs love. A man dies without love. His inside shrivels and his chest feels like a dry chip. I'm lonely."

Molly got up from her chair. She looked nervously at the door and she walked to the stove and, coming back, her face grew hard and her eyes grew punishing and she said, "Do you want to go to bed with me, Lieutenant?"

"I didn't say that! Why do you talk that way?"

Molly said cruelly, "Maybe I'm trying to disgust you. I was married once. My husband is dead. You see I'm not a virgin." Her voice was bitter.

Tonder said, "I only want you to like me."

And Molly said, "I know. You are a civilized man. You know that love-making is more full and whole and delightful if there is liking, too."

Tonder said, "Don't talk that way! Please don't talk that way!"

Molly glanced quickly at the door. She said, "We are a conquering



people, Lieutenant. You have taken the food away. I'm hungry. I'll like you better if you feed me."

Tonder said, "What are you saying?"

"Do I disgust you, Lieutenant? Maybe I'm trying to. My price is two sausages."

Tonder said, "You can't talk this way!"

"What about your own girls, Lieutenant, after the last war? A man could choose among your girls for an egg or a slice of bread. Do you want me for nothing, Lieutenant?" she asked tauntingly. "Is the price too high?"

He said, "You fooled me for a moment. But you hate me, too, don't you? I thought maybe you wouldn't."

Molly laughed. She said, "It's not nice to be hungry. Two sausages, two fine, fat sausages can be the most precious things in the world."

"Don't say those things," he said. "Please don't!"

"Why not? They're true."

"They aren't true! This can't be true!"

She looked at him for a moment and then she sat down and her eyes fell to her lap and she said, "No, it's not true. I don't hate you. I'm lonely, too. And the snow is heavy on the roof."

Tonder got up and moved near to her. He took one of her hands in both of his and he said softly, "Please don't hate me. I'm only a lieutenant. I didn't ask to come here. You didn't

ask to be my enemy. I'm only a man, not a conquering man."

Molly's fingers encircled his hand for a moment and she said softly, "I know; yes, I know."

"I'll take care of you," he said. "We have some right to life in all the killing." His hand rested on her shoulder. But suddenly she grew rigid and her eyes were wide and staring. She spoke as though she saw a vision.

"I tried to comfort him but he was beyond comfort. He didn't know what was happening. He didn't even kiss me when he went away."

Tonder's hand released her. "That was your husband?"

Molly said, "Yes, my husband. You took him out and you shot him."

Tonder stood back, his face full of misery. "Good night," he said. "God keep you. May I come back?"

"I don't know."

"I'll come back."

He looked at her and then he quietly went out of the door, and Molly sat staring at the wall. "God keep me!"

She stayed for a moment staring at the wall. The door opened silently and Annie came in. Molly did not even see her.

Annie said disapprovingly, "There was a man came out. I saw him. He looked like a soldier."

And Molly said, "Yes, Annie, it was a soldier."

"What was he doing?"

"He came to make love to me."

Annie said, "Miss, what are you

doing? You haven't joined them, have you?"

"No, I'm not with them, Annie."

Annie said, "If the Mayor's here and they come back, it'll be your fault if anything happens."

"I won't let anything happen. Where are they?"

"They're out behind the fence," said Annie.

"Tell them to come in."

And while Annie went out, Molly got up and smoothed her hair, trying to be alive again.

There was a little sound in the passage. Two tall, blond young men entered. They were dressed in pea-jackets and dark turtle-neck sweaters. They looked almost like twins, Will Anders and Tom Anders, the fishermen.

"Good evening, Molly. You've heard?"

"Annie told me. It's a bad night to go."

Tom said, "It's better than a clear night. What's the Mayor want, Molly?"

"I don't know. I heard about your brother. I'm sorry."

The two were silent and they looked embarrassed. Tom said, "You know how it is, better than most."

"Yes, yes, I know."

Annie came in the door again and she said in a hoarse whisper, "They're here!" And Mayor Orden and Doctor Winter came in. Orden went to Molly and kissed her on the forehead.

"Good evening, dear."

He turned to Annie. "Stand in

the passage, Annie. Give us one knock for the patrol, one when it's gone, and two for danger."

Doctor Winter was at the stove, warming his hands.

"We got word you boys were going tonight," he said. "We heard you were going to take Mr. Corell with you."

Tom laughed bitterly. "We thought it would be only right. We're taking his boat."

"Can you take him? Isn't he cautious at all?"

"Oh, yes, he's cautious, in a way. At twelve o'clock, though, he walks to his house usually. We'll be behind the wall. I think we can get him to the boat."

Orden said, "I wish you didn't have to. It's just an added danger. If he makes a noise, the patrol might come."

Tom said, "He won't make a noise, and it's better if he disappears at sea."

Molly took up her knitting again. She said, "Will you throw him overboard?"

Will blushed. "He'll go to sea, ma'am." He turned to the Mayor. "You wanted to see us, sir?"

"Why, yes, I want to talk to you. Doctor Winter and I have tried to think —"

There was a sharp knock on the door and the room was silent. Molly's needles stopped, and the Mayor's outstretched hand remained in the air. First faintly and then growing louder, there came the tramp of the

patrol, the squeak of their boots in the snow. They passed the door and their footsteps faded in the distance. There was a second tap on the door. And in the room the people relaxed.

Orden went on slowly. "I want to speak simply. This is a little town. Justice and injustice are in terms of little things. Your brother's shot and Alex Morden's shot. The people are angry and they have no way to fight back."

Winter said, "It's funny for a doctor to think of destruction, but I think all invaded people want to resist."

Will Anders asked, "What's all this for, sir? What do you want of us?"

"We want to fight them and we can't," Orden said. "They're using hunger on the people now. Hunger brings weakness. You boys are sailing for England. Maybe nobody will listen to you, but tell them from us — from a small town — to give us weapons."

Tom asked, "You want guns?"

"No, Tom, we could not use guns. Tell them we need simple, secret weapons, weapons of stealth, explosives, dynamite to blow up rails, grenades, if possible, even poison." He spoke angrily. "This is no honorable war. This is a war of treachery and murder. Let us use the methods that have been used on us! Let the British bombers drop us little bombs to use, to hide, to slip under the rails. Then we will be armed, secretly armed."

Winter broke in. "They'll never know where it will strike. The soldiers, the patrol, will never know which of us is armed."

Tom wiped his forehead. "If we get through, we'll tell them, sir, but — well, I've heard it said that in England there are still men in power who do not dare to put weapons in the hands of common people."

Orden stared at him. "Oh! I hadn't thought of that. Well, we can only see. If such people still govern England and America, the world is lost, anyway. Tell them what we say, if they will listen. We must have help, but if we get it" — his face grew very hard — "if we get it, we will help ourselves."

Winter said, "If they will even give us dynamite to hide, to bury in the ground to be ready against need, then the invader can never rest again, never!"

The room grew excited. Molly said fiercely, "Yes, we could fight his rest, then. We could fight his sleep."

Will asked quietly, "Is that all, sir?"

"Yes." Orden nodded. "That's the core of it."

The door opened and Annie came quietly in. She said, "There's a soldier coming up the path. He looks like the soldier that was here before. There was a soldier here with Molly before."

The others looked at Molly. Annie said, "I locked the door."

There was a gentle knocking at the outside door. Orden went to Molly.

"What is this, Molly? Are you in trouble?"

"No," she said, "no! Go out the back way. You can get out through the back. Hurry, hurry out!"

Orden said, "Molly, if you're in trouble, let us help you."

"The trouble I'm in no one can help me with," she said. "Go now," and she pushed them out of the door.

The tapping continued, and a man's voice could be heard.

Molly went to the center lamp, and her burden was heavy on her. She saw the big scissors lying beside her knitting. She picked them up wonderingly by the blades. The blades slipped through her fingers until she held the long shears and she was holding them like a knife, and her eyes were horrified. Slowly she raised the shears and placed them inside her dress.

The tapping continued on the door. She heard the voice calling to her. She leaned over the lamp for a moment and then suddenly she blew out the light. Her voice was strained and sweet. She called, "I'm coming, Lieutenant, I'm coming!"

IN THE DARK, clear night a white, half-withered moon brought little light. The wind was dry and singing over the snow, a quiet wind that blew steadily, evenly from the cold point of the Pole. Over the land the snow lay very deep and dry as sand.

Near the mine entrance the guards watched the sky and turned their listening-instruments against the

sky, for it was a clear night for bombing. On nights like this the feathered steel spindles came whistling down and roared to splinters.

Down toward one end of the village a dog complained about the cold and loneliness. He raised his nose to his god and gave a long and fulsome account of the state of the world as it applied to him. The six men of the patrol slogging dejectedly up and down the streets heard the singing of the dog, and one of the muffled soldiers said, "He's getting worse every night. I suppose we ought to shoot him."

And another answered, "Why? Let him howl. He sounds good to me. I used to have a dog at home that howled. They took my dog when they took the others," he said factually, in a dull voice.

And the corporal said, "Couldn't have dogs eating up food that was needed."

"Oh, I'm not complaining. I know it was necessary. I can't plan the way the leaders do. It seems funny to me, though, that some people here have dogs, and they don't have even as much food as we have. They're pretty gaunt, though, dogs and people."

"They're fools," said the corporal. "That's why they lost so quickly. They can't plan the way we can."

"I wonder if we'll be allowed to have dogs again even after it's over," said the soldier. "I've heard the Leader doesn't like dogs. I've heard they make him itch and sneeze."

"You hear all kinds of things," the corporal said. "Listen!" The patrol stopped and from a great distance came the bee hum of planes.

"There they come," the corporal said. "It's been two weeks, hasn't it, since they came before?"

The guards at the mine heard the high drone of the planes. "They're flying high," a sergeant said, and Captain Loft tilted his head back to listen. "I judge over 20,000 feet," he said. "Maybe they're going on over."

"Aren't very many." The sergeant listened. "Not more than two or three."

High in the air the two bombers cut their throttles and soared, circling. And from the belly of each one tiny little objects dropped, hundreds of them, one after another. They plummeted a few feet and then little parachutes opened and drifted small packages silently and slowly downward toward the earth. Then the planes flew away.

The tiny parachutes floated like thistledown and the breeze spread them out and distributed them as seeds on the ends of thistledown are distributed. They drifted so slowly and landed so gently that sometimes the ten-inch packages of dynamite stood upright in the snow, and the little parachutes folded gently down around them. They looked black against the snow. They landed in the white fields and among the woods of the hills and they landed in trees and hung down from the branches. Some

of them landed on the housetops of the little town, some in the small front yards.

One of the little parachutes came down in the street ahead of the patrol and the sergeant said, "Careful! It's a time bomb."

"It ain't big enough," a soldier said.

"Well, don't go near it." The sergeant turned his flashlight on the object, a little parachute no bigger than a handkerchief, colored light blue, and hanging from it a package wrapped in blue paper.

"Now don't anybody touch it," the sergeant said. "Harry, you go down to the mine and get the captain. We'll keep an eye on this damn thing."

The late dawn came and the people moving out of their houses in the country saw the spots of blue against the snow. They went to them and picked them up. They unwrapped the paper and read the printed words. They saw the gift and suddenly each finder grew furtive, and he concealed the long tube under his coat and went to some secret place and hid the tube.

And word got to the children about the small package of chocolate wrapped with each tube, and they combed the countryside in a terrible Easter egg hunt, and when some lucky child saw the blue color, he rushed to the prize and opened it and then he hid the tube and told his parents about it. There were some people who were frightened,

who turned the tubes over to the military, but they were not very many. And the soldiers scurried about the town in another Easter egg hunt, but they were not so good at it as the children were.

In the drawing-room of the palace of the Mayor, Captain Loft stood beside the table.

"All right," he called, "bring it in."

A soldier entered; in his arms he held a number of the blue packages.

Loft said, "Put them on the table." The soldier gingerly laid the packages down. "Now go upstairs and report to Colonel Lanser that I'm here with the — things," and the soldier wheeled about and left the room.

Loft picked up one of the packages, and his face wore a look of distaste. Colonel Lanser came quickly into the room, followed by Major Hunter.

"Have you examined these, Hunter?" asked Lanser.

Hunter pulled out a chair and sat down. "Not very carefully," he said. "There are three breaks in the railroad all within ten miles."

"Well, take a look at them and see what you think," Lanser said.

Hunter reached for a tube and stripped off the outer covering. "It's commercial dynamite," he said. "It has a regular cap and fuse — about a minute, I suppose." He tossed the tube back onto the table. "It's very cheap and very simple," he said.

"It's kind of devilish, this thing," said Colonel Lanser. "The wrapper is blue, so that it's easy to see. Unwrap the outer paper and here" — he picked up the small package — "here is a piece of chocolate. Everybody will be looking for it. I'll bet our own soldiers steal the chocolate. Why, the kids will be looking for them, like Easter eggs."

Hunter looked up from the copper cap he was examining, and he asked, "How general is this? Did they drop them everywhere?"

Lanser was puzzled. "Now, that's the funny thing. I've talked to the capital. This is the only place they've dropped them."

"What do you make of that?" Hunter asked.

"Well, it's hard to say. I think this is a test place. I suppose if it works here they'll use it all over. The capital orders me to stamp this out so ruthlessly that they won't drop it any place else."

"Yes, sir," Loft broke in. "We must stop this thing at once, sir. We must arrest and punish people who pick these things up, before they use them."

Lanser was smiling at him. "Take it easy, Captain Loft. Let's see what we have first, and then we'll think of remedies."

He took a new package from the pile and unwrapped it. He took the little piece of chocolate, tasted it, and he said, "This is a devilish thing. It's good chocolate, too. I can't even resist it, myself. The prize in the

rab-bag." Then he studied the print on the inside of the wrapper. He read aloud " 'To the unconquered people: hide this. It is a present from your friends to you and from you to the invader of your country. Do not try to do large things with it.' " He began to skip through the bill. "Now here, 'rails in the country.' And, 'work at night.' And, 'tie up transportation.' Now here, 'Instructions: rails. Place stick under rail close to the joint, and tight against a tie. Pack mud or hand-beaten snow around it so that it is firm. When the fuse is lighted you have a slow count of sixty before it explodes.' "

He looked up at Hunter and Hunter said simply, "It works."

Lanser looked back at his paper and he skipped through. " 'Bridges: Weaken, do not destroy.' And here, 'transmission poles,' and here, 'culverts, trucks.' " He laid the blue and bill down. "Well, there it is."

Loft said angrily, "We must do something! There must be a way to control this. What does headquarters say?"

Lanser pursed his lips and his fingers played with one of the tubes. "I could have told you what they'd say before they said it. I have the orders. Set booby traps and poison the chocolate." He paused for a moment and then he said, "Hunter, I'm a good, loyal man, but sometimes when I hear the brilliant ideas of headquarters, I wish I were a civilian, an old, crippled civilian. What will happen? One man will pick up one

of these and get blown to bits by our booby trap. One kid will eat chocolate and die of strychnine poisoning. And then?" He looked down at his hands. "They will poke them with poles, or lasso them, before they touch them. They will try the chocolate on the cat. Stupid traps won't catch them twice."

Loft cleared his throat. "Sir, this is defeatist talk," he said.

Lanser turned on him. "Loft, I think I'll recommend you for the General Staff. You want to get to work before you even know what the problem is."

A soldier looked in through the doorway. "Mr. Corell to see you, sir."

Lanser replied, "Tell him to wait." He continued to talk to Loft. "Now it's dynamite, Captain. Pretty soon it may be poison."

Loft said anxiously, "They haven't dropped poison yet."

"No, but they will. Can you think what will happen to the morale of our men if they knew that arsenic was about? Would you or they drink or eat comfortably?"

Hunter said dryly, "Are you writing the enemy's campaign for them, Colonel?"

"No, I'm trying to anticipate it."

Loft said, "Sir, we sit here talking when we should be searching for this dynamite."

"Yes," said Lanser, "we must search, of course. You take a detail, Loft. Get Prackle to take one. I wish we had more junior officers.

Tonder's getting killed didn't help us a bit. Why couldn't he let women alone?"

Loft said, "I don't like the way Lieutenant Prackle is acting, sir. He's jumpy and he's gloomy."

"Yes," Lanser said, "I know. But try to keep him in hand. Start your search. I don't want any shooting unless there's an overt act, do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," said Loft, and went out of the room.

"And I suppose, Hunter, you'd better get to your rails. You might as well expect that tonight is the time when they'll really blow them, though."

Hunter stood up and he said, "Yes. I suppose the orders are coming in from the capital?"

"Yes."

"Are they —"

"You know what they are," Lanser interrupted. "You know what they'd have to be. Take the leaders, shoot the leaders, take hostages, shoot the hostages, take more hostages, shoot them" — his voice had risen but now it sank almost to a whisper — "and the hatred growing and the hurt between us deeper and deeper."

Hunter hesitated. "Have they condemned any from the list of names?" and he motioned slightly toward the Mayor's bedroom.

Lanser shook his head. "No, not yet. They are just arrested so far. Well, get to your work, Major. I have to see Corell."

When Mr. Corell came in, he was a changed man. His left arm was in a cast, and his face was sharp and bitter.

"I should have come before, Colonel," he said, "but your lack of cooperation made me hesitant."

Lanser said, "You were waiting for a reply to your report, I remember."

"I was waiting for much more than that. You refused me a position of authority. You said I was valueless. You left the Mayor in his office, contrary to my advice."

Lanser said, "Without him here we might have had more disorder than we have."

"That is a matter of opinion," Corell said. "This man is a leader of a rebellious people."

"Nonsense," said Lanser; "he's just a simple man."

With his good hand Corell took a black notebook from his right pocket and opened it. "You forgot, Colonel, that I had my sources, that I had been here a long time before you. I have to report to you that Mayor Orden has been in constant contact with every happening in this community. On the night when Lieutenant Tonder was murdered, he was in the house where the murder was committed. When the girl escaped to the hills, she stayed with one of his relatives. I traced her there, but she was gone. Whenever men have escaped, Orden has known about it and has helped them. And I even strongly suspect that he is some-

where in the picture of these little parachutes."

Lanser said eagerly, "But you can't prove it."

"No," Corell said, "I can't prove it. The first thing I know; the last I only suspect. Perhaps now you will be willing to listen to me."

Lanser said quietly, "What do you suggest?"

"These suggestions, Colonel, are a little stronger than suggestions. Orden must now be a hostage and his life must depend on the peacefulness of this community. His life must depend on the lighting of one single fuse on one single stick of dynamite."

He reached into his pocket again and brought out a paper. "This, sir, was the answer to my report from headquarters. You will notice that it gives me certain authority."

Lanser looked at the paper and he spoke quietly. "You really did go over my head, didn't you?" He looked up at Corell with frank dislike in his eyes. "I heard you'd been injured. How did it happen?"

Corell said, "On the night when your lieutenant was murdered I was waylaid. The patrol saved me. Some of the townsmen escaped in my boat that night. Now, Colonel, must I express more strongly than I have that Mayor Orden must be held hostage?"

Lanser said, "He is here, he hasn't escaped. What more do you suggest?"

"Orden's life must be a pledge against rebellion."

"And if they rebel and we shoot Orden?"

"Then that little doctor is next; although he holds no position, he's next in authority in the town."

"And when we shoot him, what then?"

"Then we have authority. Then rebellion will be broken. When we have killed the leaders, the rebellion will be broken."

Lanser asked quizzically, "Do you really think so?"

"It must be so."

Lanser shook his head slowly and then he called, "Sentry!" The door opened and a soldier appeared in the doorway. "Sergeant," said Lanser, "place Mayor Orden and Doctor Winter under arrest. Bring Winter here immediately."

The sentry said, "Yes, sir."

Lanser looked up at Corell and he said, "You know, I hope you know what you're doing. I do hope you know what you're doing."

IN THE drawing-room of the palace of the Mayor the table had been cleaned up, and a soldier stood guard at Mayor Orden's bedroom door. Annie was on her knees in front of the coal grate, putting little pieces of coal on the fire. She looked up at the sentry standing in front of Mayor Orden's door and she said truculently, "Well, what are you going to do to him?" The soldier did not answer.

The outside door opened and another soldier came in, holding Doc-

tor Winter by the arm. Doctor Winter said, "Hello, Annie, how's His Excellency?"

And Annie pointed at the bedroom and said, "He's in there."

"He isn't ill?" Doctor Winter said.

"No, he didn't seem to be," said Annie. "I'll see if I can tell him you're here." She went to the sentry and spoke imperiously. "Tell His Excellency that Doctor Winter is here, do you hear me?"

The sentry did not answer and did not move, but behind him the door opened and Mayor Orden stood in the doorway. He ignored the sentry and brushed past him and stepped into the room. For a moment the sentry considered taking him back, and then he returned to his place beside the door. Orden said, "Thank you, Annie. Don't go too far away, will you? I might need you."

Annie said, "No, sir, I won't."

Orden said, "Is there something you want, Doctor?"

Winter grinned sardonically and pointed over his shoulder to his guard. "Well, I guess I'm under arrest. My friend here brought me."

Orden said, "I suppose it was bound to come. What will they do now, I wonder?" And the two men looked at each other for a long time and each one knew what the other one was thinking.

And then Orden continued as though he had been talking. "You know, I couldn't stop it if I wanted to."

"I know," said Winter, "but they don't know." And he went on with a thought he had been having. "A time-minded people," he said, "and the time is nearly up. They think that just because they have only one leader and one head, we are all like that. They don't know that in a time of need leaders pop up among us like mushrooms."

Orden put his hand on Winter's shoulder and he said, "Thank you. I knew it, but it's good to hear you say it. The little people won't go under, will they?" He searched Winter's face anxiously.

And the doctor reassured him, "Why, no, they won't."

"I wonder why they arrested you, too," Orden said. "I guess they will have to kill you, too."

"I guess so," said Winter.

"You know so." Orden was silent for a moment and then he said, "You know, Doctor, I am a little man and this is a little town, but there must be a spark in little men that can burst into flame. I am afraid, I am terribly afraid, but at the same time I feel a kind of exultation, as though I were bigger and better than I am."

Colonel Lanser entered the room, and the sentries stiffened. "Orden," said Lanser sternly, "these things must stop."

The Mayor smiled helplessly at him. "They cannot stop, sir."

Colonel Lanser said harshly, "I arrested you as a hostage for the good behavior of your people. Those are my orders."

"But that won't stop it," Orden said simply. "You don't understand. When I have become a hindrance to the people, they will do without me."

Lanser said, "Tell me truly what you think. If the people know you will be shot if they light another fuse, what will they do?"

The Mayor looked helplessly at Doctor Winter. Lanser pressed him. "What will they do?"

"I don't know," said the Mayor. "I think they will light the fuse."

"Suppose you ask them not to?"

Winter said, "Colonel, this morning I saw a little boy building a snow man, while three grown soldiers watched to see that he did not caricature your leader. He made a pretty good likeness, too, before they destroyed it."

Lanser ignored the doctor. "Suppose you ask them not to?" he repeated.

Orden seemed half asleep; his eyes were drooped, and he tried to think. He said, "I am not a very brave man, sir. I think they will light it, anyway." He struggled with his speech. "I hope they will, but if I ask them not to, they will be sorry."

"But you think they will light it?" Lanser insisted.

The Mayor spoke proudly. "Yes, they will light it. I have no choice of living or dying, you see, sir, but — I do have a choice of how I do it. If I tell them not to fight, they will be sorry, but they will fight. If I tell them to fight, they will be glad, and

I who am not a very brave man will have made them a little braver." He smiled apologetically. "You see, it is an easy thing to do, since the end for me is the same."

Lanser said, "If you say yes, we can tell them you said no. We can tell them that you begged for your life."

And Winter broke in angrily, "They would know. You do not keep secrets. One of your men got out of hand one night and he said the flies had conquered the flypaper, and now the whole nation knows his words. They have made a song of it. The flies have conquered the flypaper. You do not keep secrets, Colonel."

Orden went on quietly, "You see, sir, nothing can change it. You will be destroyed and driven out." His voice was very soft. "The people don't like to be conquered, sir, and so they will not be. Free men cannot start a war, but once it is started, they can fight on in defeat. Herd men, followers of a leader, cannot do that, and so it is always the herd men who win battles and the free men who win wars. You will find that is so, sir."

Lanser was erect and stiff. "My orders are clear. Eleven o'clock was the deadline. I have taken hostages. If there is violence, the hostages will be executed."

And Doctor Winter said to the colonel, "Will you carry out the orders, knowing they will fail?"

Lanser's face was tight. "I will

carry out my orders no matter what they are, but I do think, sir, a proclamation from you might save many lives."

From the distance there was a sound of an explosion. And the echo of it rolled to the hills and back again. The whistle at the coal mine tooted a shrill, sharp warning. Orden stood very tense for a moment and then

he smiled. A second explosion roared — nearer this time and heavier — and its echo rolled back from the mountains. Orden looked at his watch and then he took his watch and chain and put them in Doctor Winter's hand.

"How did it go about the flies?" he asked.

"The flies have conquered the flypaper," Winter said.



Sikorsky's Dream of the Future

WHEN I was about 11 years old, I had a wonderful dream. I saw myself walking slowly along a narrow, luxuriously decorated passageway, on both sides of which were walnut doors similar to stateroom doors on a steamer. A spherical electric light from the ceiling produced a pleasant bluish illumination. I felt a slight vibration under my feet, different from that of a steamer or a railroad train. It didn't seem strange to me in my dream that I was traveling on a large flying ship, although at that time no such thing existed.

Over 30 years later, in 1931, Sikorsky Aircraft delivered the first American Clipper to Pan American Airways. I had test-piloted this plane before it was

furnished and decorated, and now Pan American officials invited me to accompany them on a flight over New York City.

I sat comfortably in the front cabin watching the city in the setting sun. As it grew dark, I decided to see what was going on in the rear. While I was walking toward the smoking lounge the steward turned on the lights. I stopped in surprise. I realized that I had seen all this a long time ago — the passageway, the bluish lights, the walnut doors and walls, the elegant entrance to the lounge. Finally I remembered my childhood dream.

It was the same scene in every detail.
— Igor I. Sikorsky, *The Story of the Winged*
(Dodd, Mead)

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